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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XCI.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1895.

ALONE IN CHINA. A STORY. (With four Illustrations).....	<i>Julian Ralph</i> 685
AMERICANS IN PARIS.....	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i> 272

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Standing on their Feet for Hours at a Time" 277	"He had one Picture in the Salon"..... 283
"The American Colony is not wicked"..... 279	Listening for a Voice to speak his Name once
"What might some Time happen if these were	more 284
Love-matches" 281	

ANNIE TOUSEY'S LITTLE GAME. A STORY. (With Illustration)...	<i>Margaret Sutton Briscoe</i> 179
ARABIA—ISLAM AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.....	<i>William H. Thomson, M. D.</i> 625
AT THE GRAND HÔTEL DU PARADIS. A STORY. (With two Illustrations)..	<i>Thomas A. Janvier</i> 510
AT THE SIGN OF THE BALSAM BOUGH.....	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i> 674

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Livery of Fashion being all discarded"..... 675	Seated on Bundles of Camp Equipage..... 679
The Luxury of a French Cook..... 677	Beside the Stream..... 681
The Camp on the Island 678	A Boat-Song..... 682

BALMORAL.—See "Queen Victoria's Highland Home."

BEAR-CHASING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.....	<i>Frederic Remington</i> 240
--	-------------------------------

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Gone away" 241	Conversation at 4 A.M. 247
Crossing a dangerous Place 242	The Finale 248
Watering Horses in a 'Dobe Hole 243	Dan and Rocks 249
The Bear at Bay 245	The Return of the Hunters..... 250
Timber-Topping in the Rockies..... 246	

"BOBBO." A STORY.....	<i>Thomas Wharton</i> 346
-----------------------	---------------------------

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 346	"And every Time the Princess sighs, } 350
"He had been out very late himself"..... 347	Her tearful Subjects wipe their Eyes." }
The Magistrate..... 348	Tail-piece..... 357
"And looked Devastation at the Magistrate".. 349	

BOSTON.—See "Literary Boston thirty Years ago" and "Roundabout to Boston."

CENTRAL AMERICA.—See "Three Gringos in Central America" and "Out of the World at Corinto."

CHINA.—See "House-Boating in China," "In the Garden of China," "Every-Day Scenes in China," "Alone in China," and "Plumblossom Beebe's Adventures."

COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.—See "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

COUPONS OF FORTUNE, THE. A STORY.....	<i>Mary Stewart Cutting</i> 670
---------------------------------------	---------------------------------

CRACKER COWBOYS OF FLORIDA.....	<i>Frederic Remington</i> 339
---------------------------------	-------------------------------

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 339	Fighting over a stolen Herd..... 343
A Cracker Cowboy..... 340	A Bit of Cow Country..... 344
In wait for an Enemy..... 341	Cowboys wrestling a Bull..... 345

CZAR, THE NEW, AND WHAT WE MAY EXPECT FROM HIM. }*E. Borges, Ph. D.* 129
(With Frontispiece Portrait.) }

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A Proposal under Difficulties (Farce by John Kendrick Bangs; Illustrations by Edward Penfield), 151. A terrible Punishment (Tom Masson), 160. A good Excuse, 160. Fair, yet unfair (Illustration by W. T. Smedley), 161. The ruling Passion, 161. A chirographical Error, 162. Willing to work, 162. Satisfied, 162. Checkmated (Illustration by E. G. Emmet), 162. The Pacha's Levee (Robert Howard Russell; Illustrations by C. D. Gibson), 317. A Kentucky Wit (G. P.), 321. A Muscle strained (Illustration by H. M. Wilder), 321. Bookish Rhymes (John Kendrick Bangs), 322. An unhappy Tribute, 322. Hoist with his own Petard, 322. All right, 322. A Rejection (Illustration by W. T. Smedley), 323. The new Man (Illustration by E. M. Ashe), 324. A clever Arrangement, 324. Mr. O'Flaherty's Precaution, 324. His Explanation, 324. A monumental Truth-teller (Laurence Hutton; Illustration by T. de Thulstrup), 479. A national Prejudice, 480. The Butterfly Girl (Illustration by W. S. Van Schaick), 481. Ideas for sale (John Kendrick Bangs), 482. Public Taste is confirmed, 482. Patriotism on Tap, 482. Over the Club Table, 482. A nice Point (Illustration by E. G. Emmet), 483. Removing the Opportunity (R.), 483. A heroic Physician, 483. Trouble in converting the Island of Lagilolo (W. A. Curtis), 484. A Fable (H. R. G.), 485. This was a good One (William Henry Siviter), 485. Settled out of Court, 485. More Work than Profit (Illustration by H. M. Wilder), 485. Golf on Horseback (Illustration by C. Gray-Parker), 486. The Inter-State Beau Company, Limited (John Kendrick Bangs), 644. Anecdote of Professor Stonehenge (H. C.), 646. Patriotic to the Last, 646. What he needed (Illustration by W. T. Smedley), 647. The Trials of a Country Editor, 647. Rhymes in a Library (B.), 647. Not an Orator (W. J. Lampton), 648. A painful Necessity, 648. Always a Winner (Illustration by Pruett Share), 648. "Five Meals for a Dollar" (F. Hopkinson Smith; Illustration by A. B. Frost), 803. A great Invention, 806. The humorous far West, 806. A Warning (Illustration by Rosina E. Sherwood), 807. An appreciative Notice, 807. Pinto Bill as a Publisher (Frank A. Parker), 808. A terrible Possibility, 808. Where the Trouble lay (Illustration by W. T. Smedley), 809. Expert Testimony (Alex. R.), 809. A Stupid Map (Illustration by A. S. Daggy), 810. The Bicyclers (Farce by John Kendrick Bangs; Illustrations by Edward Penfield), 961. Where he drew the Line, 968. Wished to go on (Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock), 969. A Question of Import, 969. The Woe of a Humorist (Carlyle Smith), 970. An Incident of the Franco-Prussian War (W. A. Curtis), 970. A wise Method (Illustration by W. H. Hyde), 971. If the Man Famine Continues (Illustration by E. M. Ashe), 972.

EDITOR'S STUDY.....*Charles Dudley Warner*

Some Results of Civilization, 146. Mental Epidemics, 147. Mediæval Florence and present-day New York, 149. Recent Discoveries in Egypt, 149. The Charm of Italy, 310. Race Differences, 312. National Pride, 313. Evolution of the Newspaper, 474. The new Nation in the East, 476. Our Consular Service, 477. The Italian Earthquakes, 639. Venice, the City of Pleasure, 641. The Growth of Gayety in England, 798. London Quiet, 800. British Caste, 801. Clovelly, 956. England in Summer, 957. The Drink Problem in Great Britain, 959.

EVANGEL, AN, IN CYENE. A STORY.....*Hamlin Garland* 375

EVERY-DAY SCENES IN CHINA.....*Julian Ralph* 358

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Country Girl in Summer.....	359	On the Tow-path of the Grand Canal.....	367
Funeral Party waiting for a Boat.....	360	Ruins of a Stone Bridge.....	368
Drying Shoes, a frequent Sight along the Banks of Rivers after Rain	361	Bare Foot and Shoe of a Chinese Lady.....	368
A Reach of the Grand Canal.....	361	A private Canal.....	369
Sawing Logs—the usual Way in China.....	362	A Pi-lo, or Arch of Honor.....	370
Freight-boats on the Grand Canal.....	363	Foreigners buying Curios.....	371
A poor Peasant's Tomb.....	364	A Mandarin's Garden.....	372
Natives inspecting the House-boat.....	365	"Acres of Ducks".....	373
Boat-loads of fertilizing Weed.....	365	A Pirate-catcher	373
An ancient Obelisk.....	366	Street Scene in Soo-Chow.....	374

EVOLUTION OF THE COW-PUNCHER.....*Owen Wister* 602

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The last Cavalier.....	605	There was no Flora McIvor.....	613
A Sage-brush Pioneer.....	607	The Fall of the Cowboy.....	616
What an unbranded Cow has cost.....	609		

FAMILIAR GUEST, A.....*William Hamilton Gibson* 76

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece	76	An animated Brush.....	80
A Corner of my Table.....	77	A Specimen in three Stages.....	81
The Rose-bush Episode.....	78	Tail-piece	81
The Artist's Visitor.....	79		

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY REVIVAL, A.....*Rev. Dr. J. H. Hobart* 555

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LITERARY NEW YORK.....*W. D. Howells* 62

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Meeting with Whitman.....	67	Charles F. Browne ("Artemus Ward").....	71
John J. Piatt.....	68	Mrs. R. H. Stoddard.....	72
Mrs. John J. Piatt	69	R. H. Stoddard.....	73
William Allen Butler.....	70	Edmund Clarence Stedman.....	74

FRONTIER FIGHT, A.....*General G. A. Forsyth, U. S. A.* 42

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Surprise.....	51	In the Pits.....	57
The Defiance of Roman Nose	53	The Rescue.....	58
The Defence from the Island.....	55		

CONTENTS.

v

FRONTISPIECES:—"Nicholas II. of Russia," 2; "Commedia," 164; "Hermia in the Wood," 326; "Fording the Adams River," 488; "Nautch Dancer," 649; "Saint Cecilia," 812.	
FUTURE IN RELATION TO AMERICAN NAVAL POWER, THE.....	<i>Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.</i> 767
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY, THE.....	<i>Poultney Bigelow</i> 202, 390, 524, 784, 822

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Execution of John Palm	203	The Demand for the Surrender of Colberg.....	525
Portrait of Queen Luise	205	Nettelbeck.....	527
Two Philosophers meet at Jena.....	209	Gneisenau's Money	528
Jena and its Surroundings (Map).....	211	Nettelbeck threatens the Governor.....	529
French Troops enter a German Village.....	213	Schill.....	531
Map showing the Relation of Jena to Paris and Berlin, and the Political Divisions of 1806..	214	Nettelbeck and Gneisenau on the Ramparts at Colberg.....	533
Receiving News of the Declaration of War in the Prussian Camp.....	215	Gneisenau	535
Flight of the Prussian Army after Jena.....	216	General Scharnhorst.....	537
Napoleon at the Desk of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci.....	395	Frederick William III.....	539
Map showing the Route of Queen Luise's Flight and the Territory overrun by Napoleon in the Winter of 1806	396	Despatches for England.....	541
Queen Luise.....	399	One of Schill's Followers.....	785
East Side of the old Castle of Königsberg.....	400	Death of Schill in the Market-place at Stralsund	787
The Flight of Queen Luise.....	401	Hofer conferring with the Austrian Stadtholder	791
Frederick William III. waiting for the End of the Conference on the Raft.....	403	Andreas Hofer brought a Prisoner from the Mountains.....	793
Alexander I. of Russia.....	404	Hardenberg.....	794
Napoleon's Headquarters at Tilsit.....	405	The Iron Cross.....	822
Luise and Napoleon at Tilsit.....	407	"Every Highroad of Prussia was alive with Uniforms".....	829
Prussia before and after the Treaty of Tilsit...	408	Prussian Gendarmes bringing in Prussian Recruits to the French Army	831
House at Tilsit in which Queen Luise received Napoleon.....	409	Alexander I. leaving the Ball at Wilna to sign the Declaration of War against Napoleon..	833
		Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow.....	836

GIFT OF STORY-TELLING, THE.....	<i>Brander Matthews</i> 717
GOLF, OLD AND NEW.....	<i>Andrew Lang</i> 139
GRAND PRIX, THE, AND OTHER PRIZES.....	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i> 26

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Restaurant among the Trees.....	27	"The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo".....	34
Interested in the Winner.....	29		
"Around some stately Dignitary".....	31		

HEARTS INSURGENT. A NOVEL. (Begun as } "The Simpletons.")	<i>Thomas Hardy</i> 117, 251, 410, 585, 753, 849
--	--

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"There on the Gravel lay a white Heap".....	118	"I ought not to be born, ought I?" said the Boy.....	601
"Her Advent seemed ghostly—like the flitting in of a Moth".....	252	"She excitedly continued to tear the Linen into Strips".....	754
"A small slow Voice rose from the Shade of the Fireside".....	410	Jude at the Mile-stone	896

HINDOO AND MOSLEM.....	<i>Edwin Lord Weeks</i> 650
------------------------	-----------------------------

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Nautch Dancer.....	650	Afghan	660
The Moollah.....	653	Public Letter-writer, Lahore.....	661
Hindoo and Moslem Barbers.....	655	Fakir, Twilight.....	662
Hindoo Women, Suburbs of Bombay.....	656	A Fakir, Benares.....	663
Hindoos at a Village Well.....	657	Young Nautch Girl.....	664
Snake-charmer.....	659	Fakirs at Benares.....	665
Beloochee	660	Feast of Ganesha, Benares.....	666

HOROSCOPE OF TWO PORTRAITS, THE. A STORY.....	<i>Candace Wheeler</i> 303
HOUSE-BOATING IN CHINA.....	<i>Julian Ralph</i> 3

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The House-boat "Swallow".....	5	Fishing with Cormorants.....	12
Such a Net as is seen on every Stream.....	6	An Irrigation Shed.....	13
How a Mandarin travels.....	7	One House in Quin-san.....	15
A Miller's House on a private Canal.....	8	The Wall of Soo-Chow.....	16
A Water-side Town.....	9	A Chinese Baby.....	17
An ancient Pagoda in Ka-din.....	10	Tail-piece.....	17
An Express Boat.....	11		

INDIA.—See "Notes on Indian Art," "Hindoo and Moslem," and "Recent Impressions of Anglo-Indian Life."	
IN THE GARDEN OF CHINA.....	<i>Julian Ralph</i> 1--

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Village Girl.....	159	A Stucco Garden Wall.....	193
Boy of the lower Class.....	190	Ornamental Court-yard Door.....	195
A Water-side Rest-House	191	Corner of a Ten-Garden.....	196
A typical Stone Bridge.....	192	Passing through a Fish-Shade.....	201

JAMIE. A STORY.....	<i>Ian Maclaren</i>	559
JAMIE THE KID. A STORY. (With three Illustrations).....	<i>Josiah Flynt</i>	776
JIMTY. A STORY.....	<i>Margaret Sutton Briscoe</i>	439

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece	439	Madame the Proprietress.....	442
Jimty.....	440	"Mr. Stone is now a semi-professional Racon- teur"	455
"Thus it was that I heard the Major's Story".....	441		

JOAN OF ARC.—See "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc."

LITERARY BOSTON THIRTY YEARS AGO.....	<i>William Dean Howells</i>	865
---------------------------------------	-----------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Looking out of Boylston Place.....	865	Celia Thaxter.....	872
Samuel Bowles	866	White Island Light, Isles of Shoals, early Home of Mrs. Thaxter.....	873
The Water-side at Beverly.....	866	E. P. Whipple	874
James R. Osgood	867	Harriet Prescott Spofford.....	875
Park Street Church, Boston.....	868	George Ticknor.....	876
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	869	Julia Ward Howe.....	877
J. T. Trowbridge.....	870	The Ticknor Mansion.....	877
Lucy Larcom	870	Arlington Spy Pond.....	878
The old Cemetery next the Park Street Church.....	871		

LITTLE ROOM, THE. A STORY.....	<i>Madelene Yale Wynne</i>	467
MEN AND WOMEN AND HORSES. A STORY. (With four Illustrations)...	<i>Brander Matthews</i>	813
MENTAL TELEGRAPHY AGAIN.....	<i>Mark Twain</i>	521
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. (Illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey; } Comment by Andrew Lang.)		326

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hermia in the Wood.....	326	Helena pursues Demetrins.....	334
Oberon	327	The Transformation of Bottom.....	335
Titania	329	Bottom and Titania.....	337
Enter Theseus	331	The Re-entrance of the Players.....	338
In Quince's Shop.....	333		

MIRACLE, A. A STORY.....	<i>M. E. M. Davis</i>	38
--------------------------	-----------------------	----

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

DOMESTIC.—Police Census of New York, 316. New York Legislature of 1895, 478. Richard Olney appointed Secretary of State, 478. Income Tax declared null and void, 478. Presbyterian General Assembly, 478. Harlem Ship-Canal opened, 643. Revival of Business, 643. Murder of Bannock Indians, 960. Earthquakes on the Atlantic Seaboard, 960. International Yacht-Race, 960.

FOREIGN.—Armenian Villages pillaged, 960. Bulgaria: Assassination of Stambuloff, 802; Attacks on Mussulmans, 960. China: Li Hung Chang shot, 150. Missionaries murdered at Whasang, 802, 960. Cuba, Rebellion in, 150, 316, 643, 960. France: Attempted Assassination of Baron Rothschild by an Anarchist, 960. Germany: Bill for the Repression of Socialism rejected by the Reichstag, 316; Baltic Ship-Canal opened, 643. Great Britain: William Court Gully elected Speaker of the House of Commons, 150; Oxford defeats Cambridge on the Thames, 150; Demands on Nicaragua, 316; Queen Victoria's Birthday celebrated, 478; Henry Irving and Walter Besant knighted, 478; Fall of the Liberal Government, 643; Elections, 802. Italy: Parliamentary Elections, 478; Activity of Anarchists, 960. Japan and China, Treaty of Peace between, 150, 316, 478. Russia: Nine Hundred Nihilists arrested, 960. Sandwich Islands: Ex-Queen Liliuokalani sentenced, 150.

DISASTERS.—Reine Regente foundered, 150. Explosion in a Mine at Evanston, 150. Earthquakes in Austria, 316. Earthquakes in Italy, 316, 478. Bursting of a Dam at Bongy, France, 316. Tornado in Iowa, 316. Pacific Mail Steamer Colima foundered, 478. The Dom Pedro wrecked, 478. Cholera in Japan, 802. Cotterthon foundered, 802. Destruction of Pyzytyk, Poland, by Fire, 960. Twenty-six Persons killed by a Boiler Explosion in a Denver Hotel, 960.

OBITUARY.—Almy, Rear-Admiral John J., 478. Badeau, General Adam, 150. Beecher, Rev. Edward, 802. Brooks, Rev. Arthur, 802. Burnett, Peter H., 478. Campbell, Lord Colin, 643. Cooper, Paul Fenimore, 316. Coppée, Henry, 150. Dana, James D., 316. Fairbanks, Franklin, 316. Faithfull, Emily, 478. Gannett, Abbie M., 150. Green, Robert S., 316. Gresham, Walter Q., 478. Hayman, General S. B., 316. Houghton, Henry Oscar, 960. Hovenden, Thomas, 960. Hunt, Richard M., 802. Huxley, Thomas Henry, 643. Jackson, Justice Howell E., 802. Marvil, J. H., 150. Maxey, Samuel Bell, 960. McCulloch, Hugh, 478. McDonald, Marshall, 960. Morris, Luzon Burritt, 960. Peel, Sir Robert, 316. Rice, Alexander H., 802. Seelye, Julius H., 316. Stone, David M., 150. Strong, Ex-Justice William, 960. Tauchnitz, Baron von, 960. Volk, Leonard W., 960.

NOTES ON INDIAN ART.....	<i>Edwin Lord Weeks</i>	567
--------------------------	-------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Window in the Palace of Amber, showing Marble Lattice and inlaid Glass Decoration....	569	The Taj Mahal.....	577
Windows in old Delhi.....	570	Sculpture around the Doorway of a Temple, Muttra (Modern).....	578
Doorway of the Mosque of Purana Kela, near Delhi	570	The Jumma Musjid, Delhi.....	578
Balconies of the Palace of the Seths, Ajmeer..	571	Carved-wood Bracket and Capital, Bombay....	579
Upper Galleries of Hindoo House of carved and painted Wood.....	572	Window of Queen's Mosque, Ahmedabad.....	580
Gateway of Mosque, Futtipoor Sikri.....	573	In the Court of the Palace of the Seths, Ajmeer	581
Shah Jehan.....	574	Stone Brackets at Muttra.....	582
The Taj Mahal, from across the Jumna	575	Teak-wood Doorway, Ahmedabad.....	583
		Vista in the new Art Museum, Lahore.....	456

OUT OF THE WORLD AT CORINTO.....	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i>	933
----------------------------------	------------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

On the Way to Corinto	937	President Zelaya of Nicaragua	940
Principal Hotel and principal House at Corinto	938	The President's Palace at Managua.....	941
Harbor of Corinto	939		

PARIS.—See “Grand Prix and other Prizes” and “Americans in Paris.”

PEOPLE WE PASS.—See “Petey Burke and his Pupil.”

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC. }	<i>Louis de Conte</i>	82, 227, 456, 543, 743, 879
A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.			

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Governor keeps his Promise to Joan.....	83	Joan and La Hire.....	544
The Paladin's Appearance in Camp.....	87	Joan and the “Dwarf”.....	747
Joan reprimands the Conspirators	90	Joan's Entry into Orleans.....	751
Joan discovers the disguised King.....	237	Joan surprises the Conspirators.....	880
The Examination of Joan.....	459	The Capture of the Tourelles.....	889
Joan Puzzles the Scholars.....	463	Joan dictating Letters to her Parents.....	891
Joan chooses her Standard-bearer.....	466	The Siege of Orleans.....	893

PETEY BURKE AND HIS PUPIL. A STORY. (With four Illustrations).....	<i>Julian Ralph</i>	617
PILGRIM ON THE GILA, A. A STORY. (With two Illustrations).....	<i>Owen Wister</i>	837
PLUMBLOSSOM BEEBE'S ADVENTURES. A STORY. (With six Illustrations)...	<i>Julian Ralph</i>	943
QUEEN VICTORIA'S HIGHLAND HOME.....	<i>J. R. Hunter</i>	699

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Balmoral from the Park.....	699	Lohn Loch and Loch-Na-Gar.....	707
Mills near Balmoral.....	700	Procession to the Ballroom	709
Lawn Front of the Palace of Balmoral	701	Abergeldie Castle.....	710
Loch Avon	703	In the Pine Forest	711
Loch-Na-Gar.....	704	Ballaterich, where Byron lived.....	713
The Bridge of Invercauld.....	705	Highlanders' Dance.....	714
On Dee-side.....	706		

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, SOME.....	<i>Hon. Seth Low</i>	142
RECENT IMPRESSIONS OF ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.....	<i>Edwin Lord Weeks</i>	903

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Marketing, Seharunpoor	905	The Polo Match, from the Mess Tents.....	913
Chota Hazri	907	The Garden Party—Sunset.....	915
The Fort, Bombay, from Malabar Hill.....	908	Under the Punkah at the Yacht Club.....	917
Punkah Wallah.....	909	The Chaprussi, Government House.....	918
The Khansamah.....	910	The Tempters.....	919
Sunset from the Cumbullu Hill.....	911	Modern Fire-worshippers	920

ROME IN AFRICA.....	<i>William Sharp</i>	95
---------------------	----------------------	----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The ancient Port of Carthage.....	99	View of El Kef.....	108
Remains of Roman Gate of Entrance into an- cient Zeugis.....	100	The Gate of Caracalla in profile.....	109
Bedonin of Carthage.....	101	El Kantara, the ancient Calceus Herculis.....	110
Susa (Hadrumentum).....	102	Ruins of Timgad (ancient Thamagas).....	111
Gate of Caracalla, Tebessa	103	City of Constantine, in the Valley of the Rou- mel.....	113
The ruined Basilica of Tebessa.....	104	An Aurasian Arab	114
Bedouin Girl, near the ruined City of Oudina..	105	El Djem—the amphitheatre of Thysdrus.....	115
Arab Market outside Tebessa	107	The Carthage Aqueduct	116

RONZANO.....	<i>Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly</i>	722
ROSAMOND'S ROMANCE. A STORY.....	<i>George A. Hibbard</i>	219
ROUNDAABOUT TO BOSTON.....	<i>William Dean Howells</i>	427

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Casa Falier, in Venice, where Mr. Howells lived	427	Brattle Street, Cambridge.....	432
John Lothrop Motley	429	English Elms at Lowell's Gate.....	433
Charles Hale.....	430	Syringa Thicket, Lowell's Garden.....	434
Theodore Winthrop.....	430	Lowell's Willows.....	435
Richard Hildreth.....	431	“It's Lincoln's Hand”.....	437

SIMPLETONS, THE.—See “Hearts Insurgent.”

SOME IMAGINATIVE TYPES IN AMERICAN ART.....	<i>Royal Cortissoz</i>	165
---	------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Commedia".....	164	"Scene at New Bedford".....	173
"The Hermit-Thrush".....	166	"Dawn—early Spring".....	175
Thomas Wilmer Dewing.....	167	Frederick William Macmonnies.....	176
"A Summer Evening".....	169	Pan—Design for Fountain.....	177
Dwight William Tryon.....	171	Sir Harry Vane.....	178

STORY OF A SONG, THE.....	<i>David Graham Adee</i>	505
---------------------------	--------------------------	-----

THANKSGIVING BREAKFAST, A. A STORY.....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	923
---	----------------------------------	-----

THREE GRINGOS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.....	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i>	490, 730
---------------------------------------	------------------------------	----------

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fording the Adams River.....	488	A Halt at Trinidad.....	504
Head-piece.....	490	A Village in the Interior.....	731
Somerset.....	491	P. Bonilla, the President of Honduras.....	733
Our Military Attaché.....	492	The Capital of Honduras.—1, Bridge connect-	
Our Naval Attaché.....	993	ing Tegucigalpa with its Suburb; 2, Bird's-	
In a Central-American Forest.....	495	eye View of Tegucigalpa; 3, Statue of Mo-	
A Drawer of Water.....	496	razan; 4, the Bank of Honduras.....	735
A Stretch of Central-American Railway.....	497	Morazan, the Liberator of Honduras.....	737
General Luis Bogran, ex-President.....	499, 736	Barracks of Tegucigalpa after the Attack of the	
Native Method of drying Coffee.....	501	Revolutionists.....	738

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, THE.....	<i>Francis N. Thorpe</i>	285
--------------------------------------	--------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Benjamin Franklin.....	285	God of Corn and Sweet-Potatoes—ancient	
Initial.....	285	American Pottery in the Museum.....	293
Old Surgeons' Hall, Fifth Street below Library,		College Hall, from the West.....	293
1765-1807.....	286	The Athletic Field.....	295
University of Pennsylvania, 1807-1829.....	287	In the Library.....	296
The Medical Laboratory.....	288	Veterinary Department.....	297
One of the old College Buildings, Ninth Street		Bit of ancient American Pottery in the Museum	297
between Chestnut and Market, 1829-1874....	289	Provost William Pepper.....	298
A Lecture in Anatomy.....	290	In the Stables of the Veterinary Department..	299
In the Hospital.....	291	The Dog Hospital, Veterinary Department....	300
Caspar Wistar.....	292		

WHAT THE MADRE WOULD NOT HAVE. A STORY. }	<i>Robert C. V. Meyers</i>	18
(With Illustration.)		

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS.....	<i>Owen Wister</i>	268
---------------------------	--------------------	-----

POETRY.

ALL-SOULS DAY.....	<i>Rosamond Marriott-Watson</i>	226
BOOKRA.....	<i>Charles Dudley Warner</i>	730
EARTH'S RAVISHMENT.....	<i>James Herbert Morse</i>	267
ONE BRIEF YEAR.....	<i>Marrion Wilcox</i>	94
ORISONS. (With Illustration).....	<i>Louise Imogen Guiney</i>	75
PEBBLES. SEVEN POEMS. (With twelve Illustrations).....	<i>William Dean Howells</i>	516
SUNRISE ON MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN.....	<i>Alice Brown</i>	715
THE TRILOGY.....	<i>Julian Hawthorne</i>	489
THE VANISHED VOICE.....	<i>Richard Burton</i>	473
TWO.....	<i>Laura Spencer Portor</i>	955
WHY SHOULD WE CARE?.....	<i>John Vance Cheney</i>	95

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HOUSE-BOATING IN CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

AFTER reading all about China by twenty-five authors, I supposed that few travellers go there because of its filthy cities, terribly bad inns, and the hostility of the people toward foreigners. I supposed that if any one did go there he would certainly be hooted at and hustled, if not stoned, as so many of the heroic authors say they were; he would risk catching the cholera, the small-pox, or the black-death, and he would sustain himself upon a diet of rats and cats amid a dirty, poverty-stricken people swarming upon a wretched country. Even after I reached China I found that there were plenty of Europeans in the treaty ports who knew no more of the land on whose edge they live than to repeat these calumnies. In spite of everything, I travelled about two of the eighteen provinces. And by choosing the best part of the empire, by carrying a large stock of that good-nature which works the greatest magic with the Chinese, and by being properly counselled, I enjoyed the most delightful of all my journeys—one so completely delightful that I do not hesitate to recommend it to the great army of globe-trotters, even to the most fastidious ladies and the tenderest children among them.

I saw filthy cities—though few more dirty than I have seen in other parts of the world—notably Cuba—therefore I avoided all of them except Ka-din, which proved that not all are especially dirty. I did not trouble the inns, and am not even certain that I saw a single one of them. I was terribly cursed by an old hag in Soo-chow, but that gave her pleasure and did me no harm. I was otherwise charmingly entertained by a very good-natured, playful people, who never failed to grin at me, and who always got

heartily laughed at in return, because we were both so funny-looking in each other's eyes. As for the small-pox, cholera, and black-death, I have no doubt that, as Mr. England of Foo-chow told me, "these epidemics grow wearisome when the funerals become incessant," but I did not see one European who dreaded them, or more than one who had ever caught one of these every-day luxuries. I made my longest journey in the *Swallow* houseboat, with every European comfort, eating as if I were a very rich man in London or in Paris, waited on by eleven servants, at an average daily cost of about five dollars each for two of us, enjoying as rich, as fertile, and as beautiful a country as the sun is able to visit in his rounds, and being amused and informed by a constant succession of the liveliest, the funniest, the strangest, and the most interesting experiences that I am able to imagine with my Occidental intellect.

The owner of the *Swallow* was a typical Anglo-Oriental, who called up pages of Thackeray and Kipling simultaneously. He had the round and yellowish face, the indispensable gray-white hair, the calm yet slightly languid expression, the loose, light-colored clothes—everything, in short, that completes the English intruder in the far East. He fitted perfectly in the crowd on board the *Empress of Japan*, bound out to China, with its long-robed, priestlike Chinese waiters and room stewards, with its daily call to tiffin instead of luncheon, with its English women in startlingly short walking-skirts, its live lord and lady, its rows of wicker settees on deck (each with a place for a bottle and a glass), its American missionaries with pigtailed coiled up like the back hair of their wives, and its ancient, tiny, stunted trees set about in por-

celain jars, as we see the flowering plants of each season at home.

It was a great joy to hear his talk with the China boys, uttered in a low tone in pidjin-English. After tasting the fish at tiffin he would say: "Boy, what side have catchee this? B'long shad or b'long tai?"

If the boy (a man of fifty or 500 years; you could not be sure which) replied, "My no savey; t'ink um b'long tai," the owner of the *Swallow* would say, "Pay my the bill-of-fare; my look-see what t'ing."

He variably ordered the attendants either to "catch" or to "pay" him what he wanted, and the Chinese went gravely to catch the matches or to pay him his hat. They followed him topside when he went up stairs, they went chop-chop when he was in a hurry, and when he suggested that they maskee whatever they were doing, they dropped it instantly; for maskee means "never mind." Having lived in Asia twenty-six years, he did nothing—that is to say, the China boys did everything for him, each one making it a point to pass his orders to the next one, to be passed on to the next, and thus on again, until it became a mystery who it was that finally did the things—a mystery that lasted all the time I was in China. One thing is certain, it is a method that requires a large population. No number short of four hundred and fifty millions of Chinamen could carry out the plan successfully.

When we reached Shanghai, and my friend pressed upon me his splendid great house-boat, the *Swallow*, and when I declared that I had not the heart to rob him of it, he merely replied, with a trifling gesture of impatience at my dulness, "My dear fellow, I have two of those boats, you know." I discovered later that even in Asia, where the life of the transplanted European seems all luxury and ease, not every white man has everything in pairs—two of the best of every sort of thing—one for his friends and one for himself. But not all were comparable with the owner of the *Swallow* in many another respect. To merely lend a house-boat to a stranger in Asia would be like giving him a third leg, or a Pullman car without an engine to drag it. Therefore its owner asked leave to attend to the hiring of the crew and the supplying of provisions. Finally he said that he would take a little thirty-six-hour sail with me

to Shanghai's only country resort, "the Hills," in order that I might learn how such a strange craft should be managed, and get acquainted with my servants at the same time. I know that there was not any further act of kindness that could be conceived, or he would have practised it.

We let the boat worry and struggle through the tangle of craft beside the city, while we drove five miles out to meet it. There we came upon the *Swallow*, with its broadside of Ning-po varnish and double plate-glass blazing in the sunlight. We started so late on a Saturday and returned so early on the following Monday that I saw and noted nothing but the Hills, where we spent Sunday, and the owner's methods in dealing with the crew. The Garden of China is an immense level bed of the alluvial deposit of three of that empire's great rivers. Several of its interior cities, like Soochow, are said to have been on the sea-coast in Marco Polo's time, or earlier, and such hills and mountains as one finds here and there above the luxuriant plain must once have been islands. These do not take on a sentimental or a semi-religious relation with the people, as old Fuji does in Japan, but the foreigners do the next thing to worshipping them—they revel upon them, long for them, rush to them whenever they can, adore them. They are to the Europeans in China what the mountains and the sea would be to the people of Dakota or Nebraska if they had samples thereof within a day's call. So everlasting and so tedious does that flat empire of rice and cotton fields become to the European in Shanghai that he must be pretty poor if he does not own a house-boat, or a share in one, in order to flee to the nearest tiny hills on Sundays and holidays in the pleasant parts of each year. To me this fondness for the Hills was difficult to understand, for the level country around them is verdant, picturesque, and lovely in the extreme, while the Hills are but tiny excrescences, not so large or so tall as the Navesink Highlands, behind Sandy Hook.

With all the leading books on China and all the best periodicals of London and New York on the shelves and table, with brilliant American lamps to read by, and the hustling industry of a Yankee clock sounding softly in the pretty saloon, with good *chow* (which is food) to stay

if it were not that he would be certain to run away and set up a laundry inside of six months, he would be here in America to-day, even if he wanted many times his home salary of five dollars (gold) a month. He used to send in word to the cabin—through Ananias, which was our waiter and “boy”—that one thing after another had gone. “Ice have lunned away” (run away), it was at one time; then, “Alle flesh meat have go,” and “no gottee blead”; or, “Cook say wantchee butter—no have got.” When anything “went,” there was nothing to do about it, unless it happened to be one of the few edibles that we and the Chinese have in common, such as poultry, game-birds, pork, vegetables, eggs, and fruit. As we heard of each departure of some vitally necessary part of our provisions, Mr. Weldon, who greatly loves the good things of earth, would put down his knife and fork and exclaim: “What! No ice! Heavens! Let’s scoot for home, chop-chop!”

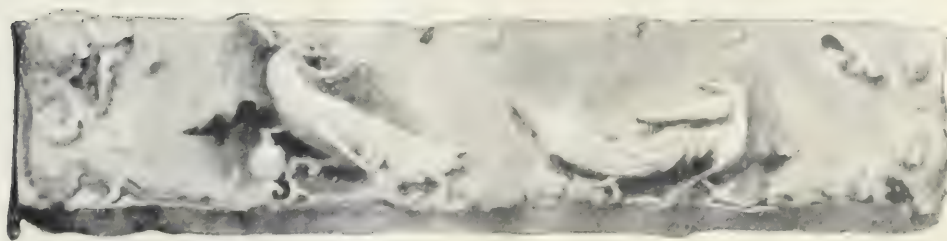
“Maskee,” the boy said every time; “cook say can do.”

It is my belief that if that cherubic boy in the galley had nothing but pots and pans and a fire, he would have beaten the *chef* of the *Café Riche* making delicacies out of the air. For no matter what had “alle lunned away,” the next meal was even more of a rhapsody and a dream of the culinary art than any that went before. Such sauces, such pastry, such puddings as he could make—especially after all the principal staples of food had been consumed—I have not often tasted anywhere. It would have been a fair bet



A CHINESE BABY.

to match him against a Frenchman at making omelets and ragouts, against the world at puddings and sauces, and if the Scotch people could taste oatmeal porridge as he cooked it, there would be an emigration from Scotland that would leave the land barons all the room they want. It is said of cooks, as a rule, that they must love good eating or they cannot produce it. On that basis the Frenchmen argue. They hold that no woman can cook, because no woman “lives to eat.” But little Ah Chow, the *Swallow's* cook, used to turn from his dainty and exquisite creations to load his stomach with a lot of mucilaginous rice and half-raw fish and half-cooked vegetables dipped in inky soy three or four times a day in company with the coolie crew.





“ASKA HEEM WHO THAT IT WAS TOLDA HEEM WHICH IT WAS TESSA GUARINO WAS FALSE TO HEEM.”

WHAT THE MADRE WOULD NOT HAVE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

TONIO laughed till he showed all his white teeth, the madre was so persistent in her efforts to find out everything about him. He turned his face toward the women, his eyes so bright and clear that it was difficult to believe them sightless.

"Aska heem," whispered the younger woman, "who that it was tolda heem which it was Tessa Guarino was false to heem."

The other whispered back in her caressing voice: "Why not ask yourself, Signora Bandi? It is better to put your questions to him, and in the Italian, than to me in the American, which you know not so fluently as I, thereby forcing me to get them back into the Italian that he may understand them. Bacco! 'It is better to fall from the window than from the roof.'"

The Signora Bandi tossed her head. "You know, madre," she said, in her native tongue, following the lead of the madre, "my husband knew him well at home. He has a romantic story, and I adore romantic stories. But my husband laughs at romance, and will not tell it to me. Thus I come to you, speaking like the Americans, so that if he should by chance hear he will not understand, this Tonio. And, as I have told you, he must not know who I am, nor that I ask concerning him. He might speak of it to my husband, and, poor me! how I should be laughed at!" She smiled insinuatingly. "Is it not so?"

The madre bent her deep, pathetic eyes on the questioner. The madre's face was a net-work of fine lines, like the under side of a vine leaf; the lines were accentuated at this moment, for she elevated her brows.

"Surely," cried Tonio, "there is some one with you, madre mia."

"Never," unhesitatingly said the madre, scandalized at such a supposition on his part. "Would I let another hear the story you tell to me alone? Not so. It was but a woman of the house spoke in at the door. They make such impossible propositions, these women of the house. And who told you that Tessa Guarino was false to you?"

"Fede mia!" laughed Tonio. "Not done yet? Well, it was my friend Beppo

—who else? Tessa told him I was useless after I had the accident to my eyes. Tessa was so proud and ambitious—and who would want a useless husband? She went to Turin while I was in the hospital, to get away from me and the people who might have called her cruel for despising me. Then Beppo goes to America to establish his banca and to assist the emigrants who are so helpless in a strange land. He is so clever, is Beppo. Then I write to Beppo. I will come to him with the money Uncle Luigi, the olive-grower, has left me, and he shall advise me what to do with it, and take care of it for me while I am with him, as so many are deceiving me and taking from me now that I am blind. So I come, and Beppo is overjoyed. And that is all. I will not speak of these matters again, madre. I will not."

"Va!" said the madre, straightening the sheets on the bed. She gave a look of dismissal to the Signora Bandi. "Va!"

The Signora Bandi bowed graciously to her.

"Buon giorno," she whispered, politely, and tiptoed herself away.

"Is there not some one with you, madre?" asked Tonio.

"There is not," the madre answered, decisively. She went on putting the room to rights, and Tonio, wishing to keep her as long as possible, gossiped with her about the people in the house, and her strictures regarding the little Felippo, and the padrone's monkey in the cellar.

All the time the madre was telling herself that here was a fresh lamb for Beppo Bandi to shield from the American shearers. The madre would not have put a centesimo in any banca in the quarter, for it seemed to her the proprietors of the bancas were responsible to no one for the faithful use of the money in their care, and she considered Beppo Bandi one of the most irresponsible of those who took charge of the finances of their countrymen. Ordinarily it mattered little to her what the Signor Bandi did; but this new man was blind, and she did not know what laws looked after the blind here—were there not laughable laws for the protection of dumb animals, even?

As the madre would have remarked in

the American tongue, which she had found so easy to acquire fluently, Tonio was noda een eet with Beppo Bandi, who had such grandiose ways about him. No; this was her house; she might be held accountable for what took place in it, and she did not intend to get herself into any scrape with the authorities in abetting the Signor Bandi in anything he had planned against the blind man. And, mark you, the Signora Bandi was to play a part in this matter—the Signora Bandi, who refused to speak to the sightless one, but whispered in her adopted tongue the questions she wished the madre to put to him when his room was being set to rights in the morning. All that about romantic stories and husbands who laugh at their wives for having a taste for the like was zoppo (lame). The signora was in league with her husband concerning Tonio: had not Tonio money?

"I will not have it," the madre said. "Yet," spreading her hands with the palms outward, her head on one shoulder, "every theenga goes een thisa so facile country."

She glanced at Tonio as he sat in his chair by the window, the air blowing his curly hair over his brow. He reminded her vaguely of some one she had known when she was young—just such hair that some one had had, just such teeth. It made her restless, this resemblance. Si, she said in the way he would understand, as she had already told him this was a so large house he was in: there were men here in charge of the padrone with the broken back, and he sent them out each day with organs, lame men commanding better wages than the sound ones; then there was a man with a harp who worked on independent principles; un operajo, who did nothing; un sartore; un calzolajo, who mended the little Felippo's shoes so badly. The Signor Bandi's banca was on the ground-floor, as he already knew—the Signor Bandi who was so fond of him, and had taken him for a walk each of the five nights he had spent in America. And children? Cielo! a million—and the little Felippo was several hundred of them. When his good friend Signor Bandi had him out for the nightly walks, Tonio should ask his questions in detail: Italiano was becoming troublesome in describing many things after the new tongue had been acquired. He had

only been here a matter of a few days; in a month or so he would begin to learn; why, the little Felippo spoke scarcely any Italiano nowadays. It was tiresome answering questions at best, but to describe American affairs in the Italian language, that was doubly wearing, and not to her liking. The madre liked better to take her knitting to the hall downstairs and sit in the American rocker, and be refreshed with beer by the tenants who wished to keep in her good graces. Sometimes a newly come tenant would offer chianti from Logamarsino's round the corner. But that was when they had just reached these shores; in a few weeks it would be beer.

The madre jerked the pillow across the bed, hitting the exact spot for which she intended it. "Poverty is the mother of all the arts," she said, not displeased at the accuracy of her aim.

Just then the little Felippo rushed in to report that the monkey had bitten him "with his teeth." The madre clasped her hands in speechless agony. Tonio gave the little Felippo money for a red and green kite with silver stars upon it.

"Altro!" laughed the little Felippo, marching off, followed by the madre. "And the wind whistled through—"

Tonio sat at the window. The air was balmy as it was at home, and probably forced you to think of familiar things now so far away. Beppo had told him the sky here was brighter than the home sky, but without that softness and nameless something which makes your heart full, and which distinguishes the sky at home. Beppo said the stars at night here were so bright they seemed fairly to sting; there was no tender opalescent medium between them and your sight.

Beppo was undoubtedly kind; no one could be kinder.

And why should the madre these several days since he had been here ask so much about him and his story, which even Beppo did not speak of at all? Si, the madre had asked so much, turning and twisting her persistent questions to such a puzzling degree that he believed he had told her everything. Yet why had he not kept that back about Tessa Guarino!

Ah, the madre always came to him in the mornings, when he had the long day before him ere Beppo should come and take him out for a while in the evening, and she had asked and asked, and with

her questions rudely waked much in him that had lain quiet so long—Tessa.

Waiting by the window, he thought he could see Tessa now—she who had told him that she loved him, and then turned him away when his eyes were ruined, and fled to Turin. Beppo Bandi, his friend, had long ago told it all to him in the hospital, and told it so feelingly. He felt no rage against Tessa, for what could she have done with a sightless husband? Only—

He rose and paced the floor, his hands out to prevent him knocking against the furniture.

What a child he was to think over all the past that was gone forever! Maybe it was a little feeling of homesickness, too, which caused his mind to go groping like another blind thing after that which could never come back.

Still, it was homesickness that prompted him to come to Beppo when Uncle Luigi, the olive-grower, died and left him the money. With the means of getting to his friend there came the longing. Beppo had known Tessa very well, though he had too harshly gone against her for her treatment of her lover. Tonio had worshipped Tessa so long that he had let other friends slip away; when he had the money he acknowledged that he had for a long while been lonely; he wanted some one who cared for him and who had known him in his less helpless days, some one even who had known Tessa, and who might now and then talk a little about her. So he had come to Beppo in America. He was sorry, though, that he had come at a time when the wife whom Beppo had married over here was ill; in all the five days he had been in the house Beppo's wife had grown no better. He should like to meet Beppo's wife, but he must wait until she was well again. Listen! There were the children of the house playing down in the street, their young voices reaching up to him. He wondered if they would be scared if he should find his way to them; he wanted companionship, and every one but the children was so busy here.

But, no, better wait for Beppo. Beppo did not like him to trust himself alone in the streets, where there were so many who took advantage of helplessness. Beppo told him that the boys already called him the blind Dago, and there was a law here restraining such going about unattended.

But it was lonely; there was no one but the madre, who came to arrange his room in the morning, and Beppo in the evening. Yet it was unreasonable to complain. Who knows but when Beppo's wife was well enough he might go down to her sala, and she might go about with him for a while till he got better acquainted with the streets and the language? The madre had said that in a month he would begin to learn the language.

There! the little Felippo's kite against the window. And hear that, now! That was the madre scolding because a man had not paid his rent.

Tonio laughed. He should not come to that; Beppo had his money, and it was enough to keep him for a long time, for years, even, should he extend his visit here so long. And then he could always have a home at his uncle's olive farm, which was now partly his.

Oh, listen to the madre! She was using another of her incessant proverbs—"He who relies upon another's table is apt to dine late"; and how the poor man appealed to her, and swore by St. Joseph she should have her money Saturday night.

Tonio knew what some such oaths were worth. Tessa had sworn by the saints that she loved him, and would always cleave to him.

"Cielo m' ajuti!" he cried, angrily. "Heaven help me! Must it always be Tessa?"

Ah, the children of the house! They were very noisy now, and he could hear the scolding of the monkey the little Felippo had liberated amongst them.

A clock somewhere struck eleven. Nine hours to wait for Beppo, and— There was some one in the room.

"Chi va là?" he called out.

A woman's voice, strained and peculiar, addressed him.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A friend," was the answer—"a friend. Tell me, for I must hasten, is it true that you ran away from Tessa Guarino after you knew she had given you her heart? Was it the accident to your eyes that caused you to disappear, or did you run away from Tessa Guarino? Tell me—tell me. Non lo credo—I do not believe it. Tell me!"

Tonio started toward the speaker. "Who are you?" he cried. "I cannot see you. But your voice— Tell me who you are."

His words rang out so loudly that the madre left off rating her other lodger and came to him.

"On my life," she said, crossly as her tender voice would permit, "no one is in your room but you and me. 'He who sees with his eyes believes in his heart.' You must have slept and dreamed."

Slept and dreamed! But one may dream awake.

He found his chair by the window. "Your pardon, madre mia!" he cried. "I must have dreamed, as you say."

The madre left the room.

"I will not have it," she said, on the way down stairs. "The Signor Bandi is too ambitious. 'Who climbs too high is sure to fall.' And then his wife! What is going on in my house? I get into no scrapes."

The little Felippo screaming on the pavement, she went there to be rendered desolate by the sight. She gave him money to buy hokey-pokey snowballs flavored with yum-yum, for which he had a passion.

"Altro!" laughed the little Felippo as he marched away. "And he got it where the chicken—"

As the madre re-entered the house she encountered the Signora Bandi. The Signora Bandi's eyes were shining, and her face was strange.

"Whadda the madder weetha you?" asked the madre. "Look likea you see un sorcio—a mouse. So! You' fase ees whide like curd; you all raddled."

The Signora Bandi laughed merrily. "I go to my husband," she said, and passed into the banca.

"Her husban'!" said the madre, looking after her. "They no good, the both of them. She been een Tonio's room; she goa to tell her husban' whad it was. I will not have it."

In the banca the Signora Bandi saw a bare low room with a huge fire-proof safe in one corner, some chairs against the sides, much shipping news pasted on the walls, and a counter. Behind the counter sat her husband examining papers and account-books. He glanced up; when he saw who it was had come in, his face became sullen, as it had looked since Tonio had foisted himself upon him.

"Beppo," said his wife, speaking as though she had been running and had not yet regained her breath, "you must tell me the truth about Tonio."

"Liberamente," he growled. "Ask what you will."

"I know," she said, "about the accident to his eyes in the oil factory, and I know about the money he gave to you."

"What money?" he asked.

She looked at him.

"Then," she said, "he is to be only as some of the others?"

He came out from behind the counter.

"My soul," he said, "be careful."

She only continued to look at him.

"As though I do not know," he went on, "of your going to him daily with the madre, trying to get from him all he chooses to tell. You know his story as I have told it to you. He was running away from Tessa Guarino when he went to his uncle's factory and the accident occurred. Of course he has made it out otherwise, and has said that I told him Tessa Guarino ran from him to Turin that time he was in the hospital and I went to him every day. That is what you came to ask me, doubtless?"

She answered not a word.

"Now," he said, "go to your sala. Have I not furnished it for you with beautiful red furniture fit for a queen? And go no more with the madre when she arranges that man's room, I command you. It will only be till to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"To-morrow he will be taken. I cannot keep him. Why should I? What is he to me?"

"But taken! What is it you mean?"

He smiled and pushed back her hair, and patted it on the top.

"My pigeon," he said, "is he not a pauper operajo, an artisan, who slipped in undetected? Surely you know the laws of this so grand country send such as that back? I should be held responsible were I to detain him."

"But his money?" she insisted.

"What money?" he asked, as before. "He is a blind pauper."

Looking at her, Beppo thought a strange shadow crept over her face from the brow downward. He had never seen the like before, and for the first time he felt that he did not understand his wife. Heretofore he had commanded, and she had submitted till she had become the mere creature of his will. He had counted on her, and she had done good service, acquiescing in his views because of that

promise to take her back to Italy which he had made to her.

And now did she presume to contest with him? A new admiration for her came to him; it was almost as though she were his equal. Bah! And opposition to his treatment of Tonio had developed this new strength in her!

But Tonio's money was a figment of Tonio's brain, the brain evidently having been injured at the time the eyes were blinded. He had it all down in the books, and he was ready to swear to it all—Tonio's money was a figment of Tonio's brain. Only, he feared his wife would demur at first, for she had seen Tonio give him the bag.

"There!" he said. "Have I not promised you Italia, and in one short week? Go to your apartment. And, remember, no more going to Tonio." He tossed his head impatiently. "In a week, I tell you. We *must* go; I am not deceiving you. It is either that or prison, for I have speculated in these American stocks, and lost the money of the clients. Now do you believe you will go back to Italy?"

"And he gave you no money?" she persisted.

He raised his hand and let it fall upon her cheek.

"That is his money," he said. "Go!"

She turned to leave the room.

"Come back," he called out.

She walked to him and stood.

"Sit down," he said.

She seated herself.

"Smile," he said.

And she smiled.

But there was something else to conquer in her, he thought, and feeling that this was so, and that it proved so much strength in her, he admired her as she sat like a statue in the chair, splendid in her repose and reserve power.

"Now you may go," he said. "And not a word of this quarrel to any one. You understand? Speak!"

"Not a word of this quarrel," she repeated, "to any one."

The veins swelled in his neck; his face was suffused.

"Gioja mia!" he said, passionately.

"My darling! If you knew how I adore you—if you knew how I have wished to make a fortune for sake of you! And you do not love me as you could. But you shall yet. In a week, I tell thee, it is Italia, and all my life for thee."

A step sounded on the floor, and a client came in. The Signor Bandi went behind the counter, and with a courteous wave of the hand dismissed his wife.

And so Tonio was to be sent back as a pauper emigrant! And Beppo had his money! And Beppo had lied to Tonio about Tessa Guarino, and to Tessa Guarino about Tonio!

The madre was in the hall absorbing tithes from her lodgers' pitchers.

"Madre," said the Signora Bandi, "go with me once again to the blind man."

"Noda eef I know eet," returned the madre, with American fluency, and knitting rapidly. "I geda mysel' into noa theeng likea the soup. 'It is better to be without food than without honor.'"

"But," pleaded the Signora Bandi, "I wish you to ask him questions for me, madre mia. I do not care to have him know that the Signor Bandi's wife questions him, as I have told you, and—"

"You goda one husban'," interrupted the madre, looking out into the street with much interest; "he goda one voise like mysel'. 'The eye of the master sees more than foureyes of the servants.' And whad make you red of one cheek? Va!"

"The cheek was leaned upon," answered the Signora Bandi, and walked stiffly away.

The madre became impressive. The Signora Bandi went into her sala, which was furnished with the beautiful red furniture fit for a queen. She sat down at the window behind the lace curtains, which were looped back with bunches of artificial flowers.

She heard little of the noise of the densely populated street. But she saw much. She saw Italy. She saw Tonio and the woman he had loved and who had loved him; she saw Beppo, and the way he had imposed upon both.

"Infedele!"

She rose and went to the mirror to see that mark upon her cheek. Her foot touched something. It was the small iron box in which her husband kept most of the money, the great safe in the banca being largely for appearance. This small iron box might be carried by a strong person, as the Signor Bandi, but the Signora Bandi could scarcely lift it, as she tried now. And Tonio's money was in that box! Tonio! Blind Tonio! Tonio defrauded of his money and his love by her husband!

She put the wine on the table, the oil, and the Parmesan.

When Beppo came in to dinner there was a soup and a beautiful bird.

His wife was cheerful. But Beppo noticed the red mark he had made on her cheek, and he frowned. Then he laughed and talked about Tonio, making a jest of him. And still his wife was cheerful. He laughed louder than ever about Tonio, and opened a second bottle of wine, and drank and drank. Then, the meal over, he again told his wife not to go near the man.

"I will not," she said.

Instead, when her husband had gone to the banca, she went down the stairs and sat some little time with the madre in the hall.

The madre was not talkative.

"Madre," at last said the Signora Bandi, rising, "my husband and I leave you next week. We return to Italy—a short visit, you understand."

The madre nodded.

"You might," pursued the signora, "desire to rent the apartment in our absence. It is but right that I should tell you."

"Excellent!" said the madre. "'Pleasant words are valued, and do not cost much.' And how joyous that must be—a so short visit to Italy! Oh!" The little Felippo ran in from the street with the information that the Irlandese boys in the next block had ruined his head. The madre was made sick with terror, and dared not examine the fractures.

The Signora Bandi felt of the head, and gave the little Felippo money with which to purchase waffles with sugar on them from the man who had the barrow with the stove in it at the corner.

"Altro!" laughed the little Felippo, marching away. "And the band played—"

The signora went up to her apartment again.

She knew what the madre would do. From behind the lace curtains she saw her leisurely go from the house, her earrings glistening in the sun, and seek the neighborhood.

Nothing could be undone now. She looked round her at the elegances Beppo had provided for her—at the alabaster figures on the mantel, which a friend of Beppo's had painted brilliantly, at the one mat of yellow fur, at the other mat of heaven's own blue, upon which was a

great dog, bearing in his mouth a basket of the large red roses. She felt sorry for Beppo. But nothing could be undone now. At about five o'clock, and when the Signor Bandi had gone to the shipping offices, as was his wont, to ascertain what vessels were due next and their complement of his compatriots on board, a man came up to the Signora Bandi as she sat in her sala with her hands in her lap. She looked more idle when she saw the man, and yawned as though she were a wealthy woman and knew not how to pass the time. Assuredly everything must go on now. The man told her he had heard that she contemplated revisiting Italy shortly, and he had come to wish her a good voyage, and "a rivederci!"

"Who knows?" she said. "My husband and I may not return so soon to this place. Who knows?"

The man answered that that would be sad, and bowed and went away. Then she got the supper ready. At seven o'clock, when the Signor Bandi sat supping, a tramp of feet was heard on the stairs. The clients had come for their money. The Signor Bandi was horror-stricken that they should doubt the stability of the banca.

Altro! said the spokesman; surely not that, but one sometimes desires one's money; was it not so?

"Of a truth," replied the Signor Bandi. They should have it to-morrow—early.

That was very well, said the spokesman, but if to-morrow early, why not to-night?

Ah, but it was so long past banking-hours, protested the Signor Bandi.

But then, said the spokesman, the signore had taken their money from them at any and all hours. So why not return it the same way?

The Signor Bandi laughed. Certainly, it should be done now, at this very minute. Why not? Although it was unusual. Whereupon some of the clients said they did not want their money; as long as the signore was so ready to return it, they did not want it, and looked round the sala, which was so charming, and the drawing-room of a prosperous man and his beautiful wife. But the spokesman said, well, he should take his.

Certainly, said the signore, merrily. The sum was not large, and this small iron box here might have the amount in it,

and so save the trouble of opening the great safe in the banca.

The Signor Bandi lifted the box to the table and opened it. His wife leaned forward; there was the very bag Tonio had given him. The Signor Bandi counted out the money for the spokesman.

"Any one else?" he asked. "The more the merrier!"

The clients laughed. One of them clapped the signore on the shoulder, and pointed scornfully at the spokesman.

The Signora Bandi knew how it would be; and so it was. For in walked the madre with blind Tonio. Tonio was laughing.

"The madre brought me for my money," he said, "Beppo."

"What money?" asked Beppo.

"Oh, the bag I gave you the day I landed," said Tonio. "It has my name on it in blue letters."

"It is there," spoke the madre, pointing into the box. "Va!"

"Oh, that bag, Tonio!" said the Signor Bandi. "Here it is."

He tossed the bag to the madre. It fell to the floor with an odd sound. The madre picked it up, and showed that it had only small disks of wood in it. The Signor Bandi pointed to Tonio, then to his own head, and made a significant motion with his hands, which the clients understood.

The madre looked from the Signor Bandi to his wife. She laid the bag upon the table softly.

"Keep it for me, Beppo," said Tonio.

"I do not understand the madre. And it is time for you to take me for my evening walk, is it not? I will stay here, madre mia. Leave me here. Grazie!"

The clients dwindled away, some of them shoving the spokesman, who looked ashamed. The madre went last of all, and slowly, thoughtfully, her sad eyes downcast.

The Signor Bandi closed the door, and came back to the table and the iron box.

"And your wife," said Tonio; "she is better?"

The Signor Bandi looked at his wife. His lips were spanned till you could see his teeth, yet he was not smiling. He put his hand to his side, and his wife moved toward Tonio. He came nearer to her, and she got closer to the blind man.

"My wife, Tonio?" said the Signor Bandi. "Dio! I fear me my wife will die this night."

"Perduto!" Tonio cried out in alarm and sympathy. "Perduto!"

"Tonio," said the Signor Bandi, briskly, "what would you do if you were brought face to face with Tessa Guarino, who was so false to you?"

Tonio became pale. "I would," he answered, "pity her and love her. I should not see her; I am blind—blind. But your wife?"

"But, love Tessa!" cried the Signor Bandi. "Surely you would not love her after all that has passed?"

He had reached his wife. She went no farther from him. She stood upright, facing him, her hands folded back of her. Her breast was heaving.

"Yes," came the answer of Tonio; "I should love her. I loved her once, I shall love her always. Il cuore—"

"Despite her treatment of you?"

"I was blind. Should a woman be tied to a blind husband?"

"And suppose she married, and immediately after your accident?"

"No, no," cried Tonio, putting his hands out helplessly. "No, no, Beppo."

"Suppose she married?" insisted Beppo. "Suppose she is here in the house with us; that she has been in your room with the madre over and over again, getting the madre to question you with *her* questions? Suppose she has informed on you, and will have you sent back to Italy as a blind pauper, after having taken your money and filled the bag with wooden blocks?"

Tonio's hands pressed his head. "And you told me she was in Turin!" he gasped.

"She did not go," replied the Signor Bandi. "She is false as a devil. She was false to you and false to me."

"To me, yes," said Tonio. "But how false to you? To me, yes; but I was blind."

"Tonio! Tonio!" screamed Beppo's wife. "Tonio! Tonio!"

Tonio fell back against the wall. "Tessa!" he cried. "It was your voice in my room—and the madre said I dreamed. Tessa!"

"Yes, Tessa," she went on, rapidly, watching that arm of her husband's. "I am false to Beppo, but never to you. He told me you had deserted me; he madened me. I never knew of the accident to your eyes till he had made me his wife and had me over here in America. He will send you back to Italy, because he

knows I cannot hate you, and after he has robbed you of your money. Oh, bene mio, bene mio!" she cried. "My love, my love!"

"I will not have it," said the caressing voice of the madre, as she opened the door and went between the Signora Bandi and her husband's arm.

No one knew how it was done, but the madre had turned the arm inwardly against the owner of it. The Signor Bandi lay upon the floor quite still after a short gasp or two.

"I said I would not have it," said the madre. "An' nowa you skeep—gid oud. Takea the money, whad you wand. 'When a pretty woman laughs, it is certain that the purse complains.' Go!"

She was at the iron box fumbling its contents.

"Tessa, what does it mean?" Tonio was saying. "I cannot see. What does it mean? Beppo! You love me, Tessa—you, Beppo's wife?"

"His widow," answered the Signora Bandi. "His widow. I love you. Better thee blinded than a god with sight like the sun. The madre did it by accident as Beppo was about to strike me down. He is dead instead of me. The madre wishes to have the authorities think that you and I are the assassins, and so she would have us leave the house. Will you take the chances with me, and go?"

"Anima mea," he said. "Lead thou."

When the madre turned out the gas

and left the room she said to herself, musingly: "I said I would not have it. The apartment is closed. The Signor Bandi has gone away for a few days. His wife has gone as well. Also their blind friend. First the signora goes; she carries a small satchel, of a yellow leather, with two small silver clasps upon it. With her is the blind Tonio. The Signor Bandi comes to the door with them and tenderly embraces his wife, and then goes in and closes and locks the door, saying he will take a later train, after he has attended to some affairs connected with the banca. That is all I know, all that I can tell. 'He who knows nothing doubts nothing;'" and went and sat in the hall downstairs, knitting and accepting the hospitality of her lodgers.

But when the apartment and the banca were opened there was held to be incontestable proof that the Signor Bandi had died by his own hand. The stiletto was his; his books told of ruinous stock operations, which had eaten up much of the money of the clients, who had threatened to become clamorous, and he had been on the eve of running away to Italy. There was even a suspicion that he had first made away with his wife and the blind guest he was about to treat so shamefully. But this was never proved, nor what had become of them.

"Va!" said the madre, languorously. "'Truth is the daughter of time.' Felippo, my joy, leda you oud the scimia—the monkey—I breaka you' sweet fase."

THE GRAND PRIX AND OTHER PRIZES.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

I THINK the most satisfying thing about the race for the Grand Prix at Longchamps is the knowledge that every one in Paris is justifying your interest in the event by being just as much excited about it as you are. You have the satisfaction of feeling that you are with the crowd, or that the crowd is with you, as you choose to put it, and that you move in sympathy with hundreds of thousands of people, who, though they may not be at the race-track in person, wish they were, which is the next best thing, and which helps you in the form of moral support, at least. You feel that every one who passes by knows and ap-

proves of your idea of a holiday, and will quite understand when you ride out the Champs Élysées at eleven o'clock in the morning with four other men packed in one fiacre, or when, for no apparent reason, you hurl your hat into the air.

There are two ways of reaching Longchamps, the right way and the wrong way. The wrong way is to go with the crowd the entire distance through the Bois, and so find yourself stopped half a mile from the race-track in a barricade of carriages and hired fiacres, with the wheels scraping, and the noses of the horses rubbing the backs of the carriages in front. This is entertaining for a quar-

ter of an hour, as you will find that every American or English man and woman you have ever met is sitting within talking distance of you, and as you weave your way in and out like a shuttle in a

of mind to lose money cheerfully and politely, like the true sportsman that you ought to be.

The right way to go is through the Bois by the Lakes, stopping within sound



THE RESTAURANT AMONG THE TREES.

great loom you have a chance to bow to a great many friends, and to gaze for several minutes at a time at all of the celebrities of Paris. But after an hour has passed, and you have discovered that your driver is not as clever as the others in stealing ground and pushing himself before his betters, you begin to grow hot, dusty, and cross, and when you do arrive at the track you are not in a proper frame

of the waterfall at the Café de la Cascade. The advantage of this is that you escape the crowd, and that you have the pleasing certainty in your mind throughout the rest of the afternoon of knowing that you will be able to find your carriage again when the races are over. If you leave your fiacre at the main entrance, you will have to pick it out from three or four thousand others, all of which look ex-

actly alike; and even if you do tie a red handkerchief around the driver's whip, you will find that six hundred other people have thought of doing the same thing, and you will be an hour in finding the right one, and you will be jostled at the same time by the boys in blouses who are hunting up lost carriages, and finding the owners to fit them.

You can avoid all this if you go to the Cascade and take your coachman's little ticket, and send him back to wait for you in the stables of the café, not forgetting to give him something in advance for his breakfast. It is then only a three minutes' walk from the restaurant among the trees to the back door of the race-track, and in five minutes after you have left your carriage you will have passed the sentry at the ticket-box, received your ticket from the young woman inside of it, given it to the official with a high hat and a big badge, and will be within the enclosure, with your temper unruffled and your boots immaculate. And then, when the races are over, you have only to return to the restaurant and hand your coachman's ticket to the tall chasseur, and let him do the rest, while you wait at a little round table and order cooling drinks.

All great race meetings look very much alike. There are always the long grand stand with human beings showing from the lowest steps to the sky-line; the green track, and the miles of carriages and coaches encamped on the other side; the crowd of well-dressed people in the enclosure, and the thin-legged horses cloaked mysteriously in blankets and stalking around the paddock; the massive crush around the betting-booths, that sweeps slowly in eddies and currents like a great body of water; and the rush which answers the starting-bell. The two most distinctive features of the Grand Prix are the numbers of beautifully dressed women who mix quietly with the men around the booths at which the mutuals are sold, and the fact that every one speaks English, either because that is his native tongue, or because, if he be a Frenchman, he finds so many English terms in his racing vocabulary that it is easier for him to talk entirely in that tongue than to change from French to English three or four times in each sentence.

But the most curious, and in a way the most interesting feature of the Grand Prix day is the queer accompaniment to

which the races are run. It never ceases or slackens, or lowers its sharp monotone. It comes from the machines which stamp the tickets bought in the mutual pools. If you can imagine a hundred ticket-collectors on an elevated railroad station all chopping tickets at the same time, and continuing at this uninterruptedly for five hours, you can obtain an idea of the sound of this accompaniment. It is not a question of cancelling a five-cent railroad ticket with these little instruments. It is the same to them whether they clip for the girl who wagers a louis on the favorite for a place, and who stands to win two francs, or for the English plunger who has shoved twenty thousand francs under the wire, and who has only the little yellow and red ticket which one of the machines has so nonchalantly punched to show for his money. People may neglect the horses for luncheon, or press over the rail to see them rush past, or gather to watch the President of the Republic enter to a solemn fanfare of trumpets between lines of soldiers, but there are always a few left to feed these little machines, and their clicking goes on through the whole of the hot dusty day, like the clipping of the shears of Atropos.

The Grand Prix is the only race at which you are generally sure to win money. You can do this by simply betting against the English horse. The English horse is generally the favorite, and of late years the French horse-owners have been so loath to see the blue ribbon of the French turf go to perfidious Albion that their patriotism sometimes overpowers their love of fair play. If the English horse is not only the favorite, but also happens to belong to the stable of Baron Hirsch, you have a combination that apparently can never win on French soil, and you can make your bets accordingly. When Matchbox walked on to the track last year, he was escorted by eight gendarmes, seven detectives in plain clothes, his two trainers, and the jockey, and it was not until he was well out in the middle of the track that this body-guard deserted him. Possibly if they had been allowed to follow him round the course on bicycles he might have won, and no combination of French jockeys could have ridden him into the rail, or held Cannon back by a pressure of one knee in front of another, or driven him to making such excursions

into unknown territory to avoid these very things that the horse had little strength left for the finish.

But perhaps the French horse was the better one, after all, and it was certainly worth the loss of a few francs to see the Frenchmen embrace and kiss each other with delight over their victory. To their minds, such a defeat of the English on the field of Longchamps went far to wipe away the memory of that other victory on the field near Brussels.

Grand Prix night is a fête-night in Paris—that is, in the Paris of the Boulevards and the Champs Élysées—and if you wish to dine well before ten o'clock, you should engage your table for that night several days in advance.

You have seen people during Horse Show week in New York waiting in the hall at Delmonico's for a table for a half-hour at a time, but on Grand Prix night you will see hundreds of hungry men standing outside of the open-air restaurants in the Champs Élysées, or wandering disconsolately under the trees from the crowded tables of l'Horloge across the Avenue to those of the Ambassadeurs, and from them to the Alcazar d'Été, and so on to Laurent's and the Café d'Orient. Every one apparently is dining out-of-doors on that night, and the white tables, with their little lamps, and with bottles of red wine flickering in their light, stretch under the trees from the Place de la Concorde up to the Avenue Matignon. There are splashing fountains between them and bands of music, and the voices of the singers in the cafés chantants sound shrilly above the chorus of rattling china and of hundreds of people talking and laughing, and the never-ceasing undertone of the cabs rolling by on the great Avenue, with their lamps approaching and disappearing in the night like thousands of giant fire-flies. You are



INTERESTED IN THE WINNER.

sure to dine well in such surroundings, and especially so after the great race—for the reason that if your friends have won, they command a good dinner to celebrate the fact; or should they have lost, they design a better one in order to help them forget their ill fortune.

The spirit of adventure and excitement that has been growing and feeding upon itself throughout the day of the Grand Prix reaches its climax after the dinner hour, and finds an outlet among the trees and Chinese lanterns of the Jardin de Paris. There you will see all Paris. It is the crest of the highest wave of pleasure that rears itself and breaks there.

You will see on that night, and only on that night, all of the most celebrated women of Paris racing with linked arms about the asphalt pavement which circles around the band-stand. It is for them their one night of freedom in public, when they are permitted to conduct themselves as do their less prosperous sisters, when, instead of reclining in a victoria in the Bois, with eyes demurely fixed ahead of them, they can throw off restraint and mix with all the men of Paris, and show their diamonds, and romp and dance and chaff and laugh as they did when they were not so famous. The French swells who are their escorts have cut down Chinese lanterns with their sticks, and stuck the candles inside of them on the top of their high hats with the burning tallow, and made living torches of themselves. So on they go, racing by—first a youth in evening dress, dripping with candle grease, and then a beautiful girl in a dinner gown, with her silk and velvet opera cloak slipping from her shoulders—all singing to the music of the band, sweeping the people before them, or closing in a circle around some stately dignitary, and waltzing furiously past him to prevent his escape. Sometimes one party will storm the band-stand and seize the musicians' instruments, while another invades the stage of the little theatre, or overpowers the women in charge of the shooting-gallery, or institutes a hurdle-race over the iron tables and the wicker chairs.

Or you will see ambassadors and men of title from the Jockey Club jostling cockney book-makers and English lords to look at a little girl in a linen blouse and a flat straw hat, who is dancing in the same circle of shining shirt fronts *vis-à-vis* to the most-talked-of young person in Paris, who wears diamonds in ropes, and who rode herself into notoriety by winning a steeple-chase against a field of French officers. The first is a hired dancer, who will kick off some gentleman's hat when she wants it, and pass

it round for money, and the other is the companion of princes, and has probably never been permitted to enter the Jardin de Paris before; but they are both of the same class, and when the music stops for a moment they approach each other smiling, each on her guard against possible condescension or familiarity; and the hired dancer, who is as famous in her way as the young girl with the ropes of diamonds is in hers, compliments madame on her dancing, and madame calls the other "mademoiselle," and says, "How very warm it is!" and the circle of men around them, who are leaning on each other's shoulders and standing on benches and tables to look, smile delightedly at the spectacle. They consider it very *chic*, this combination. It is like a meeting between Madame Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert.

But the climax of the night was reached last year when the band of a hundred pieces struck buoyantly into that most reckless and impudent of marches and comic songs, "The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." The cymbals clashed, and the big guns emphasized the high notes, and the brass blared out boastfully with a confidence and swagger that showed how sure the musicians were of pleasing that particular audience with that particular tune. And they were not disappointed. The three thousand men and women hailed the first bars of the song with a yell of recognition, and then dancing and strutting to the rhythm of the tune, and singing and shouting it in French and English, they raised their voices in such a chorus that they could be heard defiantly proclaiming who they were and what they had done as far as the boulevards. And when they reached the high note in the chorus, the musicians, carried away by the fever of the crowd, jumped upon the chairs, and held their instruments as high above their heads as they could without losing control of that high note, and every one stood on tiptoe, and many on one foot, all holding on to that highest note as long as their breath lasted. It was a triumphant reckless yell of defiance and delight; it was the war-cry of that class of Parisians of which one always reads and which one sees so seldom, which comes to the surface only at unusual intervals, and which, when it does appear, lives up to its reputation, and does not disappoint you.



“AROUND SOME STATELY DIGNITARY.”

It happened a short time ago, when I was in Paris, that the ranks of those members of the Institute of France who are known as the Forty Immortals were incomplete, one of the Forty having but lately died. I do not now recall the name of this Immortal, which is not, I trust, an evidence of ignorance on my part so much as it is an illustration of the circumstance that when men choose to make sure of immortality while they are alive, in preference to waiting for it after death, they are apt to be considered, when they cease to live, as having had their share, and the world closes its account with them, and opens up one with some less impatient individual. It is only a matter of choice, and suggests that one cannot have one's cake and eat it too. And so, while we can but envy the present member in his green coat and his laurel wreath of the Immortals of France, we may remember the other sort of immortality that came to François Villon and François Millet, who were not members of the Institute, and whose coats were very ragged indeed. I do, however, remember the name of the gentleman who was elected to fill the vacancy in the ranks of the Forty, and in telling how he and other living men take on the robe of immortality I hope to report the proceedings of one of the most interesting functions of the French capital. He was the Vicomte de Bornier, and his name was especially impressed upon me by a paragraph which appeared in the *Figaro* on the day following his admittance to the Academy.

"M. Manel," the paragraph read, "the well-known journalist, has renounced his candidacy for the vacant chair among the Forty Immortals. M. Manel will be well remembered by Parisians as the author who has written so much and so charmingly under the *nom de plume* of 'Le Vicomte de Bornier.'" Whether this was or was not fair to the gentleman I had seen so highly honored I do not know, but it was calculated to make him a literary light of interest.

You are told in Paris that the title of Academician is the only one remaining under the republic which counts for anything; and, on the other hand, you hear the Academy called a pleasant club for old gentlemen, to which new members are elected not for any great work which they are doing in the world, but because their point of view is congenial to those

who are already members. All that can be said against the Academy by a Parisian has been printed by Alphonse Daudet in *The Immortals*. In that novel he charges the Academy with numbing the style of whosoever wears its green livery; he says that he who enters its door leaves originality behind, that he grows conservative and self-conscious, and that whatever freshness of thought or literary method may have been his before his admittance to its venerable portals is chilled by the severe classicism of his thirty-nine brethren.

This may or may not be true of some of the members, but it certainly cannot be true of all, as many of them were never distinguished as authors, but were elected, as were De Lesseps and Pasteur, for discoveries and research in science, medicine, or engineering.

Nor is it true of M. Paul Bourget, who is the last distinguished Frenchman to be received into the ranks of the Immortals. The same observations which he made to me while in this country, and when he was not an Academician, upon Americans and American institutions, he has repeated, since his accession to the rank of an Immortal, in *Outre Mer*. And the freedom with which he has spoken shows that the shadow of the palm-trees has not clouded his cosmopolitan point of view, nor the classicism of the Academy dulled his wonderful powers of analysis. In his election, representing as he does the most brilliant of the younger and progressive school of French writers, the Academy has not so much honored the man as the man has honored the Academy.

M. Daudet's opinion, however, is interesting as being that of one of the most distinguished of French writers, and it is a satire which costs something, for it shuts off M. Daudet forever from hope of election to the body at which he scoffs, and at the same time robs him of the possibility of ever enjoying the added money value which attaches to each book that bears the leaves of the Academy on its title-page. Since the days of Richelieu, Frenchmen have mocked at this institution, and Frenchmen have given up years of their lives in working, scheming, and praying to be admitted to its councils, and died disappointed, and bitterly cursing it in their hearts. We have on the one hand the familiar story of Alexis Piron, who had engraved on his tombstone,

*"Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien."*

And on the other there is the present picture of M. Zola knocking year after year at its portals, asking men in many ways his inferior to permit him a right to sit beside them. If you look over its lists from 1635 to the present day you will find as many great names among its members as those which are missing from its rolls; so that proves nothing.

No ridicule can disestablish the importance of the work done by the Academy in keeping the French language pure, or the value of its Dictionary, or the incentive which it gives to women who examine and report from time to time on literary, scientific, and historical works.

A short time ago the anarchists of Paris determined to actively ridicule the Académie Française by putting forth a foolish person, Citizen Achille Le Roy, as a candidate for its honors. As a preliminary to election to the Academy a candidate must call upon all of its members. It is a formality which may be considered somewhat humiliating, as it suggests begging from door to door, hat in hand; but Citizen Le Roy made his round of visits in triumphal state, dressed in the cast-off uniform of a Bolivian general, and accompanied by a band of music and a wagonette full of journalists. Wherever he was not received he deposited an imitation bomb at the door of the member who had refused to see him, either as a warning or as a joke, and much to the alarm of the servants who opened the door. He concluded his journey, which extended over several days, by being photographed outside of the door of the Institute, which was, of course, the only side of the door which he will ever see.

The Institute of France stands beyond the bridges, facing the Seine. It is a most impressive and ancient pile, built around a great court, and guarded by statues in bronze and stone of the men who have been admitted to its gates. The ceremony of receiving a new member takes place in one end of this quadrangle of stone, in a little round hall, not so large as the auditorium of a New York theatre, and built like a dissecting-room, with three rows of low-hanging stone balconies circling the entire circumference of its walls. One part of the lowest balcony is divided into two large boxes, with a high desk between them, and a flight of steps leading down from

it into the pit, which is packed close with benches. In one of these boxes sit some members of the Institute, and in the other the members of the Académie Française, which is only one, though the best known, of the five branches into which the Institute is divided. Behind the high desk sits the President, or, as he is called, the Secrétaire Perpétuel of the Academy, with a member on either side. It is the duty of one of these to read the address of welcome to the incoming mortal.

It is a very pretty sight and a most important function in the social world, and as there are no reserved places, the invited ones come as early as eight o'clock in the morning to secure a good place, although the brief exercises do not begin until two o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour the street outside is lined with long rows of carriages, guarded by the smartest of English coachmen, and emblazoned with the oldest of French coats of arms. In the court-yard there is a fluttering group of pretty women in wonderful toilets, surrounding a few distinguished-looking men with ribbons in their coats, and encircled by a ring of journalists making notes of the costumes and taking down the names of the social celebrities. A double row of soldiers—for the Institute is part of the state—lines the main hall leading to the chamber, and salutes all who pass, whether men or women.

I was so unfortunate as to arrive very late, but as I came in with the American ambassador I secured a very good place, although a most awkwardly conspicuous one. Three old gentlemen in silk knickerbockers and gold chains bowed the ambassador down the hall between the soldiers, and out on to the steps which lead from the desk between the boxes in which sat the Immortals. There they placed two little camp-stools about eight inches high, on which they begged us to be seated. There was not another square foot of space in the entire chamber which was not occupied, so we dropped down upon the camp-stools. We were as conspicuous as you would be if you seated yourself on top of the prompter's box on the stage of the Grand Opera-house, and I felt exactly, after the audience had examined us at their leisure, as though the Secretary was about to suddenly rap on his desk and auction me off for whatever he could get. Still, we sat among the Immortals, if only for an hour, and that was something.



"THE MAN THAT BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO."

The venerable Secretary peered over his desk, and the other Immortals gazed with polite curiosity, for the ambassador had only just arrived in Paris, and was not yet known.

The gentleman on the right of the Secretary was François Coppée, a very handsome man with a strong kind face, smoothly shaven, and suggesting a priest or a tragic actor. He wore the uniform of the Academy, which Napoleon spent much time in devising. It consists of a coat of dark green, bordered with palm leaves in a lighter green silk; there are, too, a high standing collar and a white waistcoat and a pearl-handled sword. The poet also wore a great many decorations, and smiled kindly upon Mr. Eustis and myself, with apparently great amusement. On the other side of the President, back of Mr. Eustis, was Jules Claretie, the playwright and critic; he is a tall man with a Vandyc beard, and it was he who was to read the address of welcome to the Vicomte de Bornier.

Below in the pit, and all around in the balconies, were women beautifully dressed, among whom there were as few young girls as there were men. These were the most interesting women in Parisian society—the ladies of the Faubourg St.-Germain, who at that time would have appeared at scarcely any other function, and the ladies who support the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the pretty young daughters of champagne and chocolate making papas who had married ancient titles, and who try to emulate in their interests, if not in their toilets, their more noble sisters-in-law, and all the prettiest women of the high world, as well as the sisters of pretenders to the throne and the wife of President Carnot. The absence of men was very noticeable; the Immortals seemed to have it all to themselves, and it looked as though they had purposely refrained from asking any men, or that the men who had not been given the robe of immortality were jealous, and so staid away of their own accord. Those who were there either looked bored, or else posed for the benefit of the ladies, with one hand in the opening of their waistcoats, nodding their heads approvingly at what the speaker said. In the pit I recognized M. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the *Times*, entirely surrounded by women. He wore a gray suit and a flowing white tie, and he

did not seem to be having a very good time. There were also among the Immortals Jules Simon, the remaining one of the Corsican brothers from whom the elder Dumas drew his characters, and Alexandre Dumas fils, dark-skinned, with little black observant eyes and white curled hair and crisp mustache. He seemed to be more interested in watching the women than in listening to the speeches, and moved restlessly and inattentively. When the exercises were over, and the Academicians came out of their box and were presented to Mr. Eustis, Dumas was gravely courteous, and spoke a few words of welcome to the ambassador in a formal, distant way, and then hurried off by himself without waiting to chat with the women, as the others did. He was the most interesting of them all to me, and the least interested in what was going on. There were many others there, and it was amusing to try and fasten to them the names of Pasteur and Henri Meilhac, Ludovic Halévy, and the Duc d'Aumale, the uncle of the Comte de Paris, who was then alive, and Benjamin Constant, who had the week before been admitted to the Institute. Some of them, heavy-eyed men, with great firm jaws and heavy foreheads, wearing their braided coats uneasily, as though they would have been more comfortable in a surgeon's apron or a painter's blouse, kept you wondering what they had done; and others, dapper and smiling and obsequious, made you ask what they could possibly do.

The Vicomte Bornier opened the proceedings by reading his address to the beautiful ladies, with his cocked hat under his arm and his mother-of-pearl sword at his side, and I am afraid it did not appeal to me as a very serious business. It was too suggestive of an afternoon tea. There was too much patting of kid-gloved hands, and too many women altogether. It was a little like Bunthorne and the twenty maidens. If the little theatre had been crowded with men eager to hear what this new light in literature had to say, it might have been impressive, but the sight of forty distinguished men sitting apart and calling themselves fine names, and surrounded by women who believed they were what they called themselves, had its humorous side. I could not make out what the speech was about, because the French was too good; but it was eminently char-

acteristic and interesting to find that both Bornier and D'Haussonville made their most successful points when they paid compliments to the ladies present, or to womenkind in general, or when they called for revenge on Germany. I thought it curious that even in a eulogy on a dead man, and in an address of welcome to a live one, each Frenchman could manage to introduce at least three references of Alsace-Lorraine, and to bow and make pretty speeches to the ladies in the audience.

There is a peculiarity about this second address which is worth noting. It concerns itself with the virtues of the incoming member, and as he is generally puffed up with honor, the address is always put into the hands of one whose duty it is to severely criticise and undervalue him and his words. It is a curious idea to belittle the man whom you have just honored, but it is the custom, and as both speeches are submitted to a committee before they are read, there is no very hard feeling. It is only in the address read after a member's death that he is eulogized, and then it does not do him very much good. On the occasion of Pierre Loti's admission to the Academy he, instead of eulogizing the man whose place he had taken, lauded his own methods and style of composition so greatly that when the second member arose he prefaced his remarks by suggesting that "M. Loti has said so much for himself that he has left me nothing to add."

It is very much of a step from the Académie Française to the Fête of Flowers in the Bois de Boulogne, but the latter comes under the head of one of the shows of Paris, and is to me one of the prettiest and the most remarkable. I do not believe that it could be successfully carried out in any other city in the world. There would certainly be horse-play and roughness to spoil it, and it is only the Frenchman's idea of gallantry and the good-nature of both the French man and woman which render it possible. It would be an easy matter to hold a fête of flowers at Los Angeles or at Nice, or in any small city or watering-place where all the participants would know one another and the masses would be content to act as spectators; but to venture on such a spectacle, and to throw it open to any one who pays a few francs, in as great a city as Paris, requires, first of all, the highest

executive ability before the artistic and pictorial side of the affair is considered at all, and the most hearty co-operation of the state or local government with the citizens who have it in hand.

On the day of the fête the Allée du Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois is reserved absolutely for the combatants in this annual battle of flowers, which begins at four o'clock in the afternoon and lasts uninterruptedly until dinner-time. Each of the cross-roads leading up to the Allée is barricaded, and carriages are allowed to enter or to depart only at either end. This leaves an open stretch of road several miles in extent, and wide enough for four rows of carriages to pass one another at the same moment. Thick woods line the Allée on its either side, and the branches of the trees almost touch above it. Beneath them, and close to the roadway, sit thousands of men, women, and children in close rows, and back of them hundreds more move up and down the pathways. The carriages proceed in four unbroken lines, two going up and two going down; and as they pass, the occupants pelt each other and the spectators along the road-side with handfuls of flowers. For three miles this battle rages between the six rows of people, and the air is filled with the flying missiles and shrieks of laughter and the most graceful of compliments and good-natured *blague*. At every fifty yards stands a high arch, twined with festoons trailing from one arch to the next, and temporary flag-poles flying long banners of the tricolor, and holding shields which bear the monogram of the republic. The long festoons of flowers and the flags swinging and flying against the dark green of the trees form the Allée into one long tunnel of color and light; and at every thirty paces there is the gleaming cuirass of a trooper, with the sun shining on his helmet and breastplate, and on other steel breastplates; which extend, like the mirrors in *Richard III.*, as far as the eye can reach, flashing and burning in the sun. Between these beacons of steel, and under the flags and flowers and green branches, move nearly eight miles of carriages, with varnished sides and polished leather flickering in the light, each smothered with broad colored ribbons and flowers, and gay with lace parasols.

It is a most cosmopolitan crowd, and it is interesting to see how seriously some

of the occupants of the carriages take the matter in hand, and how others turn it into an ovation for themselves, and still others treat it as an excuse to give some one else pleasure. You will see two Parisian dandies in a fiacre, with their ammunition piled as high as their knees, saluting and chaffing and calling by name each pretty woman who passes, and following them in the line you will see a respectable family carriage containing papa, mamma, and the babies, and with the coachman on the box hidden by great breastworks of bouquets. To the proud parents on the back seat the affair is one which is to be met with dignified approval, and they bow politely to whoever hurls a rose or a bunch of wild flowers at one of their children. They, in their turn, will be followed by a magnificent victoria, glittering with varnish and emblazoned by strange coats of arms, and holding two coal-black negroes, with faces as shiny as their high silk hats. They have with them on the front seat a hired guide from one of the hotels, who is showing Paris to them, and who is probably telling them that every woman who laughs and hits them with a flower is a duchess at least, at which their broad faces beam with good-natured embarrassment and their teeth show, and they scramble up and empty a handful of rare roses over the lady's departing shoulders. There are frequent halts in the procession, which moves at a walk, and carriages are often left standing side by side facing opposite ways for the space of a minute, in which time there is ample opportunity to exhaust most of the ammunition at hand, or to express thanks for the flowers received. The good order of the day is very marked, and the good manners as well. The flowers are not accepted as missiles, but as tributes, and the women smile and nod demurely, and the men bow, and put aside a pretty nosegay for the next meeting; and when they draw near the same carriage again, they will smile their recognition, and wait until the wheels are just drawing away from one another, and then heap their offerings at the ladies' feet.

There are a great number of Americans who are only in Paris for the month, and whom you have seen on the steamer, or passing up the Rue de la Paix, or at the banker's on mail day, and they seize this chance to recognize their countrymen, and grow tremendously excited in hit-

ting each other in the eyes and on the nose, and then pass each other the next day in the Champs Élysées without the movement of an eyelash. The hour excuses all. It has the freedom of carnival-time without its license, and it is pretty to see certain women posing as great ladies, in hired fiacres, and being treated with as much *empressement* and courtesy by every man as though he believed the fiacre was not hired, and the pearl necklace was real and not from the Palais Royal, and that he had not seen the woman the night before circling around the endless tread-mill of the Jardin de Paris. Sometimes there will be a coach all red and green and brass, and sometimes a little wicker basket on low wheels with a donkey in the shafts, and filled with children in the care of a groom, who holds them by their skirts to keep them from hurling themselves out after the flowers, and who looks immensely pleased whenever any one pelts them back and points them out as pretty children. But the greater number of the children stand along the road-side with their sisters and mothers. They are of the good bourgeois class and of the decently poor, who beg prettily for a flower instead of giving one, and who dash out under the wheels for those that fall by the way-side, and return with them to the safety of their mother's knee in a state of excited triumph.

When you see how much one of the broken flowers means to them, you wonder what they think of the cars that pass toppling over with flowers, with the harness and the spokes of the wheels picked out in carnations, and banked with shields of nodding roses at the sides and backs.

These are the carriages entered for prizes, and some of them are very wonderful and very beautiful. One holds a group of Rastaguères, who have spent a clerk's yearly income in decorating their victoria, that they may send word back to South America that they have won a prize from a board of Parisian judges.

And another is a big billowy phaeton blooming within and without with white roses and carnations, and holding a beautiful lady with auburn hair and powdered face, and with the lace of her Empire bonnet just falling to the line of her black eyebrows. She is all in white too, with white gloves, and a parasol of nothing but white lace, and she reclines rather than sits in this triumphal car of

pure white flowers, like a Cleopatra in her barge, or Venus lying on the white crest of the waves. All the men recognize her, and throw their choicest offerings into her lap; but whenever I saw her she seemed more interested in the crowds along the road-side, who announced her approach with an excited murmur of admiration, and the little children in blouses threw their nosegays at her, and then stood back,

abashed at her loveliness, with their hands behind them. She was quite used to being pelted with flowers at one of the theatres, but she seemed to enjoy this tribute very much, and she tossed roses back at the children, and watched them as they carried her flowers to the nurse or the elder sister who was taking care of them, and who looked after the woman with frightened admiring eyes.

A MIRACLE.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

IT was the Fourteenth of July. Dolly Lammitt came out on the gallery and looked at the bit of tricolor which floated from a tall staff on the lawn. The glories wreathed about the pillars, and running along under the wide eaves, made a sort of frame for her slender young figure in its white gown.

Such glories! You would never dream of insulting them by placing before them such limiting adjectives as "morning" and "evening." For they bloom—the glories at San Antonio—all day and all night; great blue disks that sway in the wind and laugh in the sun's face, and call the honey-bees to their hearts with an almost audible murmur.

The green lawn sloped imperceptibly from the one-storied yellow adobe house to the river—the opalescent river San Antonio—which here made one of its unexpected curves, and then rippled away in the direction of the old Mission of San José, half a mile below.

The yuccas which hedged the lawn were in bloom, their tall white-belled spikes glistening in the sunlight; a double thread of scarlet poppies marked the path to the river; the jalousied porch which jutted from one end of the house was covered by a cataract of yellowish-pink roses, whose elusive "tea" scent filled the morning air.

But Dolly's eyes came back from all this blossoming to dwell once more on the glories. She loved them; she was even proud of them, as, indeed, she had a right to be. Did not her own grandfather—or was it her grandmother— But wait a bit; the story is worth telling.

It was away back in the early fifties. The *Eclipse* swung her way clear of the

overhanging mustang-grape vines on Buffalo Bayou, and shoved her nose against the muddy landing at the foot of Main Street. The little town of Houston lay as if asleep in the gray fog of early morning. But at the shrill prolonged sound of the *Eclipse's* whistle everybody, it would seem, came hurrying down the black slippery bluff to watch the landing of Count Considérant and his colonists.

The chattering sallow-faced strangers thronged the guards and the upper deck, gazing down with curious eyes until the gang-plank—amid the lusty whoops of the negro deck hands—was pushed out; then they disappeared within.

The crowd on the bluff and along the single straggling street had increased, and there was a faint questioning cheer when the French *émigrés* came marching up the slope, keeping step, two and two, men and women.

At the head of the column walked Monsieur le Comte himself—a commanding figure in his velvet coat and cocked hat, with his long hair floating over his shoulders. He carried a naked sword in his hand. The tricolor of France, borne by one of his lieutenants, waved above his head, mingling its folds with the stars and stripes. Madame la Comtesse stepped daintily along beside him. As he set foot on the soil of Texas he lifted his sword, and the self-exiled band burst with one voice into the "Marseillaise." The echoes of the unknown tongue arose, piercing, powerful, resonant, on the strange air, and sped away to die in the silences of the wide prairies.

"*Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!*" said Monsieur le Comte, bowing right and left to the curious, silent, unresponsive American citizens and citizenesses.

Near the tail end of the procession walked, arm in arm, Achille Lemaître and Étienne Santerre. They fell a little silent when the song ceased. It was very deep, that sticky black mud, and their faces expressed a profound if momentary disgust for the free and untrammelled soil of the New Paradise. Both were young—mere lads, in fact. But both “came from somebody.” Achille’s grandmother, old Margo Lemaître, had spat in the Queen Marie Antoinette’s face as she ascended the guillotine with her hands tied behind her; and Étienne was the grandson of the famous “tall sonorous Brewer of the Faubourg St.-Antoine”—the formidable Santerre of the French Revolution.

“One has the head quite dizzy after all those days on shipboard,” remarked Achille, presently. “But behold us at last in the Promised Land!” He repeated between his teeth a snatch of the “Marseillaise.” “How that was glorious,” he exclaimed—“that time of our grandfathers, when the blood spouted from the mouth of Mother Guillotine!”

Étienne shivered a little, and Achille laughed. “You were ever a chicken-heart, Étienne,” he said, with good-natured contempt, “and afraid of the very smell of blood. For myself—”

Étienne was not listening. They had come up the bluff, and halted on its brow while Monsieur le Comte made his little speech to the *Maire*. There was a brown, weather-beaten cottage on their right; the magnolias shading it were full of blooms—white mysterious cups, like those whose petals had dropped all night long on the deck of *Eclipse*, where the lads lay a-sleeping. A girl leaned over the low gate, staring with blue, wide-open eyes at the *émigrés*. Étienne gazed at her like one in a dream; when they moved on he blushed and sighed, pressing the arm of his companion.

And when, a week later, the Fourierists started on their long, crawling journey to found their *phalanstère* at Réunion, Jenny Lusk, the blue-eyed girl, who had in the mean time become Citoyenne Santerre, accompanied her husband.

Monsieur le Comte, ever restless, ever dreaming lofty Utopian dreams which never came true, left the *phalanstère* at Réunion before it was fairly established. Achille Lemaître, taking a dramatic leave

of Citizen Santerre and his wife, followed the *Fondateur* to San Antonio.

He was very lonesome—Achille—the morning after his arrival in the old Mexican-American town. He wandered about the quaint river-thridded streets, with the sound of strange speech in his ears, ready to cry, between wishing himself back at Réunion with Étienne and thinking of his old mother in France.

Suddenly, at a turn of the street—it was that Flores Street where the *acequia* rushes limpid and musical by the low adobe houses, and lithe, beautiful women swing in their hammocks on latticed balconies—he met Dolores Concha and her weazened, leather-colored old nurse.

“But you are much too young,” said Monsieur le Comte, frowning, when, cap in hand, and blushing all over his round young face, Achille presented himself, a few weeks later, to ask the *Fondateur*’s permission to marry. “You are nothing but a boy.”

“Pardon, M’sieu le Comte,” stammered Achille, “I am nearly twenty. I am the youngest of the six sons of my father. The others all married before they were nineteen; and my father himself, Jean Lemaître—”

“Never mind Jean Lemaître,” the Count cut him short, and he promised the necessary papers. “Since the Señorita is an orphan, and has a *dot*,” he added. “But I am sorry you do not marry an American. A brown-skinned Mexican—pah!”

“Ah! but when you see Dolores, M’sieu le Comte!” cried Achille.

And M’sieu le Comte, when he saw Dolores, admitted that it truly made a difference.

It was to the yellow adobe house—bought with her *dot*—whose yucca-hedged garden sloped down to the river’s edge, that Achille took his wife the day after their marriage—at which Monsieur le Comte “assisted” in the old Cathedral on the Plaza.

A *propriétaire* in his own right! A land-owner! Monsieur Achille Lemaître’s socialistic theories vanished into the soft air perfumed by his own roses. He continued to sing the “Marseillaise,” and to talk fiercely about the charms of *La Mère Guillotine*; and he planted a flag-staff on his lawn, whence floated on each successive anniversary of the taking of

the Bastille *ce brave étendard*, the tricolor of the republic. But he no longer dreamed of sharing his worldly possessions with a Fourierist *phalanstère*. No more, however, did Monsieur le Comte in his fine mansion just across the river.

One morning, some months after Achille became husband and *propriétaire* in one day, he came into the room where his young wife was sitting. His face wore a pleased expression; his lips parted in a smile beneath his budding mustache.

"Soul of my Soul," cried Dolores, in the mixed Spanish and French which they employed in their intercourse with each other, "why, then, do you smile?"

"It is, Angel of my Life," replied Achille, "that I have planted a seed by my front door step."

"In the soft little spot on the right, by the pillar?" demanded his wife, with lively interest.

Achille nodded.

"Ah," cried Dolores, triumphantly, "I have myself planted a seed in that very spot this morning."

Achille looked a little vexed. "But, my Soul's Love—" he began.

"It came from Monterey," she continued, "from a vine which grew over my mother's doorway. I remember it quite well. It has white flowers, like little silver trumpets, and the smell of them is heavenly."

"The seed I have planted," said her husband, "came from a vine on my grandmother's balcony at Auteuil. It has big red flowers—oh, red as the blood of Marat in his bath-tub."

"My mother's vine," murmured Madame Lemaître, dreamily, with her large dark eyes fixed on the ceiling, "has a long slim leaf that glistens in the sun."

"The vine of Margo Lemaître," remarked the *propriétaire*, looking out of the window, "has a leaf round as a saucer."

A coolness which lasted several minutes followed these reminiscences; but it melted in a couple of kisses.

Both planters, however, during the next week, inspected frequently—and surreptitiously—the flower bed under the edge of the veranda. They surprised each other there one morning before the sun was up. Both drew back, blushing guiltily; but both sprang forward again with a cry, for there, in very truth, was a little vinelet, with trembling pale green twin leaves.

The leaves were heart-shaped.

"It is the vine of my mother," Dolores said, thoughtfully. "I now remember that the leaves were like hearts."

"It is Margo Lemaître's vine," roared Achille. "I can see the leaves with my eyes shut. They were precisely of this fashion."

Upon this they quarrelled. Monsieur stamped his foot and swore, and madame fled to her own bedchamber, where she remained weeping, and refusing to come out even to dinner. Then they made up. But only for a little while.

The vine crept up and up, catching hold of the pillar and spreading out its heart-shaped leaves and shaking them in the wind. And Achille and Dolores watched it, and disputed over it, and berated each other in French and Spanish, and even in very imperfect "American."

"The flowers will be white, like little silver trumpets," cried the wife.

"The flowers will be red as the blood of Marat in his bath-tub," blustered the husband; "and if I have a son he shall receive under those red flowers his name of Maximilien Robespierre!"

"*Ay de mi! Santa Maria Purissima!*" wailed Dolores. "I will not bear a son to be called after a bloody monster! My son shall have the name of the good St. Joseph!"

It was a terrible time!

But one morning Achille came out of his house, where in the early dawn a night-light was still burning. His face was swollen with weeping, and he staggered as he walked, like a man in liquor.

He crossed the garden to the little gate which opened upon the river steps, and stopped, putting his hands out blindly to grasp the railing. "She will die!" he whispered hoarsely, looking around with blurred eyes which saw nothing. "Mother of God, she will die, never knowing how much I love her! And I, who have made her weep, brute that I am! Oh, if she will only live! But she will die, she will die!" And he shook the railing with such fury that a loose piece at the end fell into the river and swirled around on the dimpling eddy.

"Señor!" It was the shrill voice of the old nurse calling him from the veranda.

But he durst not turn his head.

He heard her come pattering down the path, and his knees became as water.

"Señor," said Marta, "come and see your son."

His son! He shook from head to foot, staring at her with dazed eyes. "Dolores?" he stammered.

"Santa Maria!" said Marta, impatiently. "Do you think your wife is such a fool that she cannot bring a man-child into the world without dying?"

"I will tear down that monster of a vine before the red flowers bud upon it," he said within himself, following her, and wiping the glad, foolish tears from his eyes. He glanced up, from habit, at the subject of all their childish quarrels.

He stopped, open-mouthed.

The vine, in one unheeded night, had burst into bloom. The blossoms of it were not white, like little silver trumpets, nor red, like the blood of Marat in his bath-tub. A row of great heavenly blue disks starred the lintel like a crown.

He reached up and plucked one of these miracles, and tiptoed into the hushed and darkened room.

"Heart of my Body!" he sobbed, falling on his knees by the bedside, "our vine has blossomed!" and he laid the glory on her white bosom.

Dolores smiled—an adorable, weak, young-mother smile. "Life of my Soul!" she said, uncovering the little bundle which lay on her arm, "behold your son! He shall be called Maximilien Robespierre."

"But no!" said Achille, solemnly; "we will name our son *Jesus-Mary*."

Such was the mysterious origin of the blue glories which to-day riot over every house in San Antonio. They may wish to tell you a different story down there, but it would be foolish to listen even, since this is the true one.

Achille Lemaître was killed in a charge at the battle of Shiloh, and his wife, dying shortly after of grief at his loss, left her young son in the care of Monsieur le Comte, his godfather.

And by the time *Jesus-Mary* had reached the age *convenable* for a Lemaître to enter the holy estate of matrimony, and had fetched his American wife to the yellow adobe house by the river, he had become, through persistent mispronunciation and the American fashion in initial letters, Mr. J. M. Lammitt.

Dolly, baptized Dolores in memory of

her beautiful grandmother, continued to look with unnatural intentness at the glories, blushing, but pretending not to see Mr. Steven Santer, who had fastened his little skiff at the landing and was coming up the poppy-bordered walk.

He took off his straw hat as he approached. "Good-morning, Miss Lammitt," he said, boldly, though inwardly quaking at his own audacity.

They sat down on the steps together.

Mr. Steven Santer was a good-looking blond young man from somewhere near the East Fork of the Trinity. He had come to San Antonio some weeks earlier on account of business, and staid on account of Dolly Lammitt.

"What is that?" he asked, suddenly, starting up from his seat, for a puff of wind had caught the pennant fastened to the staff on the lawn and unfurled it.

"That," replied Dolly, "is a French flag. My father always puts it out on the Fourteenth of July. The Fourteenth of July," she explained, with condescension, "is the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille."

"I know," said Santer. "My father," he added, as if apologizing for his own acquaintance with the subject—"my father always runs up a French flag on the Fourteenth of July."

"My grandfather," said Dolly, "came over from France with Count Considérant to the *phalanstère* at Réunion."

"So did my father! Why, they must have sailed together in the *Nuremberg*!"

"What an unheard-of coincidence!"

And so Dolly presently related the history of the glories, or as much of it as *Jesus-Mary* himself knew. She twirled one of the heavenly blue blossoms in her fingers while she talked; and when she had finished, she stretched out her hand to pluck another, but got a splinter instead, which tore the delicate white flesh of her thumb.

She turned pale and bit her lip, drawing in her breath, while Steven Santer wiped away the blood with his handkerchief.

"The sight of blood always makes me ill," she murmured, closing her dark eyes.

Shade of great-great-grandmother, Margo Lemaître!

And the great-grandson of Santerre the Sonorous, having thus strategically possessed himself of her hand, kept it in his own.

A FRONTIER FIGHT.

BY GENERAL G. A. FORSYTH, U.S.A.

MORE than twenty-five years ago it so fell out that I was an actor in one of the most important Indian campaigns of the last half of the present century—the second of a series of four such campaigns, all fought since our civil war, that finally broke down the power of the various semi-united tribes, compelled them to accept the reservation system, and has practically ended savage warfare within the present limits of the United States.

Upon the reoccupation of the southern and western frontier by government troops at the close of the war, the Indians, who had grown confident in their own strength, were greatly exasperated; and the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad across the continent to the Pacific coast, directly through their hunting-grounds, drove them almost to frenzy. The spring of 1868 found them arrogant, defiant, and confident, and late in the summer of that year they boldly threw off all concealment, abrogated their treaties, and entered upon the war-path. I have lying before me, as I write, a tabulated statement of the outrages committed by the Indians within the military department of the Missouri from June until December of that year, and it shows one hundred and fifty-four murders of white settlers and freighters, and the capture of numerous women and children, the burning and sacking of farm-houses, ranches, and stage-coaches, and gives details of horror and outrage visited upon the women that are better imagined than described.

As soon as it became evident that war was the only alternative on the part of the government, I made up my mind to try for a command in the field. The regiment to which I belonged was serving in another department; as a major in the line I was conspicuously a junior. To displace any one of my seniors for the purpose of giving me a command in the field would have been rank favoritism, a thing not to be thought of by the commanding general or myself. Still, I could not give up the idea of an active command. After several days' cogitation I went to General Sheridan, told him that I thought I could do better service both for him and the gov-

ernment in the coming campaign if I had an active command than I could possibly render as a staff-officer, that I did not see how he could provide me with a command of any kind under the existing condition of affairs, but I wished that, in case opportunity offered, he would kindly consider my request for the first field vacancy.

An hour later I was handed the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
FORT HARKER, *August 24, 1868.*
Brevet Colonel George A. Forsyth, A. A. Inspector-General, Department of the Missouri:

COLONEL,—The General Commanding directs that you, without delay, employ fifty (50) first-class hardy frontiersmen to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians, to be commanded by yourself, with Lieutenant Beecher, 3rd Infantry, as your subordinate. You can enter into such articles of agreement with these men as will compel obedience.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd.)

J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,

A. D. C. & A. A. Adjutant-General.

In the year I write of there was little trouble in obtaining capable and competent men for my new command. Hundreds of men who had served through the bitter civil strife of 1861 to 1865, either for or against the government, had flocked to the frontier, and were willing and even anxious to assist in punishing the Indians, while many a frontiersman was only too glad to have an opportunity to settle an old score against the savages. In two days I had enrolled thirty men at Fort Harker, and marching from there to Fort Hayes, sixty miles westward, I completed my complement in two days more, and on the 29th of August, five days from the time I had received the order, we took the field.

Our equipment was simple: A blanket apiece, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin, a canteen, a haversack, butcher-knife, tin plate, and tin cup. A Spencer repeating-rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140 rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver ammunition per man—this carried on the person. In addition we had a

pack-train of four mules, carrying camp-kettles and picks and shovels, in case it became necessary to dig for water, together with 4000 extra rounds of ammunition, some medical supplies, and extra rations of salt and coffee. Each man, officers included, carried seven days' cooked rations in his haversack.

As of late years there has been some discussion as to who were the men who were with me in the fight on the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, I herewith append the list, as copied from the original roll. All but four of these men were native Americans, and a number of them college graduates, and I never saw but one company of enlisted men who I thought exceeded them in general intelligence: 1st Lieutenant Fred. H. Beecher, 3d Infantry U. S. Army; Acting Assistant Surgeon J. H. Mooers, Medical Department U. S. A.; Abner T. Grover, chief scout; Wm. H. H. McCall, 1st sergeant; W. Armstrong, Thos. Alderdice, Martin Burke, Wallace Bennett, G. W. Chalmers, G. B. Clarke, John Donovan, Bernard Day, Alfred Dupont, A. J. Entler, Louis Farley, Hudson Farley, Richard Gantt, George Green, John Haley, John Hurst, Frank Harrington, J. H. Ketterer, John Lyden, M. R. Lane, Joseph Lane, C. B. Nichols, George Oakes, M. R. Mapes, Thomas Murphy, Howard Morton, H. T. McGrath, Thomas O'Donnell, C. C. Piatt, A. J. Pliley, William Reilly, Thomas Ranahan, Chalmers Smith, J. S. Stillwell, S. Schlesinger, Edward Simpson, William Stewart, H. H. Tucker, Isaac Thayer, Pierre Truedeau, Fletcher Violett, William Wilson, C. B. Whitney, John Wilson, Eli Ziegler, Louis McLaughlin, Harry Davenport, T. K. Davis.

My lieutenant, Fred. H. Beecher, of the Third U. S. Infantry, was a most lovable character. He was a nephew of the distinguished divine Henry Ward Beecher, and I think his father was also a clergyman. He served through the civil war with great gallantry, and was lamed for life with a bullet through his knee at the battle of Gettysburg. Energetic, active, reliable, brave, and modest, with a love of hunting and a natural taste for plains-craft, he was a splendid specimen of a thoroughbred American, and a most valuable man in any position requiring coolness, courage, and tact, and especially so for the campaign we were about entering upon.

My guide was Sharp Grover, a plainsman of somewhere between forty and fifty years of age, who had passed his life in hunting and trapping along the Northwestern border. He was well posted in Indian craft, spoke the dialect of the Sioux, and knew many of their tribe personally; a keen eye, a good shot, and a cool head made him a valuable man. As my scouts were to serve as soldiers, I organized the command as a troop of cavalry. My first sergeant was a man of about thirty years of age, who had served throughout the civil war with more than ordinary distinction. He was General William H. H. McCall, had been colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment, and had been brevetted a brigadier-general for his brilliant services at the time General J. B. Gordon, of the Confederate forces, early one morning in the spring of 1865, during the siege of Petersburg, assaulted and carried Fort Stedman. Martin Burke, one of the privates, an Irishman, had served in the English army in India, and throughout the civil war. Of the others, to the best of my recollection, Bennett, Clarke, Donovan, Dupont, Green, Haley, Hurst, Harrington, Ketterer, Joe Lane, Oakes, Murphy, Piatt, Pliley, Chalmers, Smith, Simpson, Stewart, Thayer, Whitney, Ziegler, McLaughlin, and Davenport had served in either the regular army or the United States or Confederate volunteers. The two best shots of our troop were Louis Farley and his young son, Hudson Farley, both frontiersmen, and, I think, farmers by occupation, men of great coolness and unsurpassed bravery. Early on the morning of the 29th of August, 1868, I received the following at the hands of the Acting Adjutant-General, Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby:

FORT HAYES, KANSAS, *August 29, 1868.*
Brevet Colonel George A. Forsyth, Commanding
Detachment of Scouts:

I would suggest that you move across the head-waters of Solomon (river) to Beaver Creek, thence down that creek to Fort Wallace. On arrival at Wallace report to me by telegraph at this place.

Yours truly,
P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General.

Shaking hands with the genial colonel, who wished me all sorts of good luck, I sprang into the saddle with a light heart, and no little elation at the thought of having a field command and a roving com-

mission—a state of affairs that any true cavalryman can thoroughly appreciate. In less than ten hours' time we were practically beyond civilization and well into the Indian country. Looking back, at this late day, after more than twenty-five years have passed since the morning we left Fort Hayes for the head-waters of the Solomon River, I find it almost impossible not to rhapsodize somewhat over the freedom of the life we led: the fresh air of the plains, the clearness of the atmosphere, the herds of buffalo, which scarcely raised their heads from their feeding-grounds as we passed, the bands of antelope that circled around us, the chirping bark of the prairie-dogs as they dived headlong into their holes as we approached, the shout that startled the sneaking gray wolf into a run, the laugh that followed the antics of our pack-mules, the half haze, half vapory mist that marked the line of the Smoky Hill River, and, above all, the feeling that civilization was behind us, and the fascination that the danger of campaigning in an enemy's country ever holds for a soldier was before us.

Crossing the Saline River and South Fork of the Solomon, we struck Beaver Creek where Short Nose Creek empties into it. Here the Indians had evidently held a great sun-dance, where probably they had finally decided to go to war with the whites. Moving thence up Beaver Creek beyond timber-line, I struck trail directly for Fort Wallace, reaching there the night of September 5th, not having seen an Indian during the march. Here I found a messenger from the Governor of the State of Kansas, urging me to move to the protection of some settlers in Bison Basin. This I decided to do, with the co-operation of Colonel Bankhead, the commanding officer at Wallace, and so telegraphed the commanding general of the department; but as the command was about starting, word was received from the little town of Sheridan, thirteen miles east from Wallace, and then at the end of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, that the Indians had attacked a freighter's train near there, killed two of the teamsters, and captured some of their teams. Leaving two of my command sick in hospital at Wallace, I started at once for the scene of action. On my arrival there I carefully examined the ground in the vicinity, and soon reached

the conclusion that the attack had been made by a war party of not more than twenty or twenty-five Indians. This from the fact that there were not more than thirty or thirty-five different-sized pony tracks to be seen; and as the ground near where the wagon train had been fired upon was slightly marshy, the impress of the hoofs of the horses of their assailants was very distinct and easily compared, and the result was as I have stated. Little as I then knew, in comparison with what I have since learned, of Indian habits, I knew that it was customary for a war party to drive with them a few extra horses, and I therefore made up my mind that while this party was probably not less than twenty, it did not exceed twenty-five men. This being the case, I assumed that the attack had been made by a scouting party, and not improbably by a war party who had cut my trail and followed it towards Fort Wallace, and stumbling upon this freight train, had at an opportune moment attempted its capture, but finding that the drivers were armed, and plucky enough to defend themselves, concluded not to risk a heavy loss, and accordingly drew off, after killing and scalping two poor teamsters, who had incautiously fallen behind the train a few moments before the attack was made. We followed the trail until dark, and camped upon it. Resuming our march at early dawn, we again took the trail, but within two hours it began to become less and less distinct; every few hundred yards it was a little less clearly apparent, and I realized that the Indians were dropping out here and there, one by one, wherever the ground hardened and their individual trail could not be easily followed. Riding together fifty yards ahead, Beecher and Grover kept their eyes fixed on the fast-diminishing trail; and knowing that either man was my superior in this especial line of plaincraft, I quietly followed on at the head of the command, content to await developments. Within an hour they halted, and as the command overtook them, Beecher sententiously remarked,

"Disappeared!"

Halting and dismounting the command, we held a consultation, in which Grover, Beecher, McCall, and I took part.

On one point we were all agreed, and that was that the Indians had seen us, knew they were being followed, and had

scattered on the trail, and it was reasonable to suppose that they would rejoin their main body sooner or later. One thing was certain—they were not strong enough to fight us. The question now was, would they willingly give us a trail to their main body? Evidently not, as their object was to throw us off the scent. If this conclusion was correct, was it not probable that if we could pick up their trail and find the rendezvous of the main body, we could successfully give them battle? Beecher said little, and refused to express an opinion. Grover and McCall were inclined to think that before we could overtake the war party it was more than probable that they would be able to mass several of the tribes against us, as the general trend of their trail was north, towards the Republican River. Now I had already determined in my own mind that it was in that section of country we would eventually find the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne who had recently done so much damage to the settlers near Bison Basin, and I therefore cut short the discussion by saying that I had determined to find and attack the Indians, no matter what the odds might be against us. If we could not defeat them, we could show them that the government did not propose that they should escape unpunished for want of energy in their pursuit. That I thought, with fifty-one men, even if we could not defeat them, they could not annihilate us. Furthermore, it was expected that the command would fight the Indians, and I meant it should do so. Pushing on to Short Nose Creek, and seeking for trails in every direction, on the fifth day out from Wallace, on the north bank of the Republican River, we stumbled upon an abandoned "wickie-up," a shelter formed by pressing over young willows or alders growing about three feet apart, interlacing the tops of their branches, and covering the top with hides or long swamp-grass. It had evidently been occupied by two dismounted Indians the preceding night, was carefully concealed in the swamp-willows, and an attempt of one of our party to push through the willow copse on the river-bank to get a drink for his horse discovered it. We took up the trail here, and followed it a couple of miles, and were rewarded by finding a place where three mounted Indians had encamped within twenty-four hours; and following

their trail, we ran into that of a small war party, possibly some of the Indians who had given us the slip a few days since. From this on the trail was easily followed. It led up to the forks of the Republican River, where it crossed to the north side of the stream, and grew steadily larger as various smaller trails from the north and south entered it, until finally it was a broad beaten road along which had been driven horses, cattle, and trains carrying heavy loads of Indian tent-poles that had worn great ruts into the earth, showing that all the paraphernalia of one or more large Indian villages had passed that way. Coming to what we then believed to be Delaware Creek, but which we knew later to be the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, we found the trail leading up it along the south bank of the stream. Encamping at nightfall, we again took up the march the next morning, and pushed steadily ahead. So far we had not seen an Indian, but the trail grew steadily broader until it was a well-beaten road, and some of the men of the command ventured to approach me with a protest. They said that if we followed the Indians to their villages we would be met with overwhelming numbers, and stood no show whatever for our lives. I listened to them patiently, told them that they were assuming no risk that I was not taking myself; that they had enrolled to fight Indians; and that in my opinion there was less danger to advance and attack than there would be now to attempt to return. This ended the discussion, and apparently satisfied that they had entered a protest, they fell back into the little column. The fact that probably half or more of my men had served as soldiers was, at this particular juncture, of great moment. These men recognized the value of implicit obedience without discussion, a truth that emphasizes the difference between an army and a mob. Each hour we progressed established the probability that we were following close on the heels of a large body of Indians, who could not be far ahead of us on the well-beaten trail. Here and there they dropped tent poles, pieces of half-dried buffalo meat, now and then little articles of clothing, an old moccasin, a worn-out basket, and various odds and ends that attested their rapid flight; furthermore, no game had been seen for two days, an indication that it had been hunted away,

and I now moved slowly and cautiously, fearing an ambush or a sudden attack.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th of September that, as we followed the sinuosities of the trail, at a little distance from the south bank of the stream as it wound in and out among wild plum thickets, alder bushes, and swamp-willows, a bend in the river, as we passed through a little gorge, opened out upon a small well-grassed valley of perhaps two miles in length and nearly the same in width. From our side of the water the land sloped slowly down to the stream from the rolling plain on the south, while upon the other side it receded from the water at almost a dead level for nearly three-quarters of a mile, and then terminated in a line of low hills or bluffs, varying from forty to fifty feet in height, which shut out the view of the plains from that direction. We were nearly out of supplies, save a little salt and coffee, and my animals had to subsist upon such grazing as we could find. As the grass at this spot was good upon each side of the stream, I decided to go into camp, graze my horses, refit my command as well as I could, and take the trail again early in the morning, feeling convinced that before the close of another day we would meet Indians. Dismounting about the middle of the valley, we encamped on the bank of the stream, opposite the centre of a small island, which had been formed in the sand in the middle of the bed of the stream, owing to a gravelly rift at its head, at which point the water divided and gently rippled along each side until it again united about 250 feet below. It made a pretty break in the landscape, lying out in the bed of the main stream, perhaps seventy yards away from the river-bank on either side. All, or nearly all, of these Western and Southwestern streams are peculiar in one thing. In the spring and early summer when the snows melt in the hills and mountains they are wide, deep, and even majestic rivers. Late in the summer they dwindle to almost the merest thread of water. This stream formed no exception to the rule, and the little island in the centre of its bed was fully seventy yards from the bank on either side. It was raised about a foot above the water at its head, while on either side of it was a flowing stream of, say, fifteen feet in width, and with an average depth of less than five

inches, that came together at the foot of the island, which here sloped down to the level of the bed of the main stream. Long sage-grass grew on its head, and a thicket of alder and willows shot up four or five feet in height about the centre, while just at its foot stood a young cottonwood-tree of about twenty feet in height.*

In western Kansas and Colorado, while the September days are generally hot, the nights are at times decidedly cool—in fact, cold would not be an exaggeration of the truth—and in my wakeful hours of this September night, as I paced the ground to and fro along the river-bank in front of the line of my sleeping men, I felt that the coming winter's campaign in the Indian country would result in much hardship outside of actual fighting. I had seen personally to the posting of our sentries, and had given especial instructions not only to hobble the horses, but directed that every scout should be especially careful to see that his horse's lariat was perfectly knotted; and further than that, before lying down to sleep, he was to inspect his picket-pin, and see that it was firmly driven into the ground. In case of an attack, each man was to seize his horse's lariat as soon as he grasped his rifle, and to stand by his horse to prevent a stampede, for I was somewhat apprehensive of an attack at daylight. Several times during the night I rose and visited the sentries, for I was restless, anxious, and wakeful. At early dawn, as I was standing by a sentry near one of the outposts, closely scanning the sky-line between ourselves and the rising ground to our right which lay furthest up the stream, I suddenly caught sight of an object moving stealthily between us and the horizon. At the same moment the sentry saw it, and simultaneously cocking our rifles, we stood alert, with straining eyes and listening ears. An instant later the soft thud of unshod horses' hoofs upon the turf came to our ears, and peering just above the crest of the rising ground be-

* This tree afterwards came into use for my especial benefit in a peculiar way. Assistant Surgeon J. A. Fitzgerald, who came out with Colonel Carpenter's command, had it cut down, and, stripping off the bark, lined a section of it with cotton and placed my shattered leg in it, and in that way I rode in an ambulance over a hundred miles to Fort Wallace. Here we met Surgeon Morris Ash, of the army, and it was owing to the unremitting care and splendid surgical ability of these two officers that I am now alive.

tween us and the horizon, we caught sight of waving feathers crowning the scalp-locks of three mounted warriors. The sharp crack of our rifles rang out almost simultaneously, and, with the cry of "Indians! Turn out! Indians!" we ran backwards towards our camp, firing as we ran at a group of mounted warriors which instantly surmounted the hill, where, pausing for a few seconds, evidently for re-enforcements, they broke into a gallop, and came rushing down on our camp, shouting, and beating Indian drums, and rattling dried hides, in an endeavor to stampede our horses; but by this time nearly every man was standing with his horse's lariat wrapped around his left arm, and ready for a shot at the stampeding party as they bore down upon us. A scattering volley from the scouts dropped one of their number from his saddle, and they sheered off, carrying with them two of our four mules, and two horses that had not been securely picketed, in violation of orders. The attempted stampede had proved a failure. "Saddle up quickly, men!" was my next order, and in an incredibly short time the command was saddled and bridled, and in another moment every man was fully and completely equipped. It had begun to be light enough by this time to see dimly surrounding objects within a few hundred yards, when suddenly Grover, who stood by my side, placed his hand on my shoulder and said, "Oh, heavens, General, look at the Indians!"

Well might he say "look at the Indians"! The ground seemed to grow them. They appeared to start out of the very earth. On foot and on horseback, from over the hills, out of the thickets, from the bed of the stream, from the north, south, and west, along the opposite bank, and out of the long grass on every side of us, with wild cries of exultation they pressed towards us. A few sharp volleys from the command, who stood coolly to horse, each man having his bridle thrown over his left arm, staggered them for a moment, and then they hastily fell back out of range. It was scarcely so much of a surprise party as they had planned, and they were somewhat astonished to find an active and responsive reception committee promptly on hand and ready to accord them a warm and enthusiastic welcome on their very first appearance.

I now saw clearly that there was but

one course to take. So completely were we surrounded, and so greatly outnumbered, that our only hope lay in a successful defence, and I determined, in any event, that they should pay dearly for the lives of my scouts before ornamenting the ridge-poles of their lodges with our reeking scalps.

The command was ordered to lead their horses to the little island just in front of us, to form a circle facing outwards, securely tie their horses to the bushes just outside of the circle so formed, throw themselves on the ground, and intrench themselves as rapidly as possible, two men working together, protecting each other in turn as they alternately threw up the earth to cover themselves. As we moved in almost a solid front to the little island, leading our horses, a few of our best shots, under Beecher, Grover, and McCall, kept up a rapid and steady fire from our flanks to cover the movement, which seemed for a few moments to puzzle the Indians; for they had apparently left the way open on the east, down the stream, and, I think, looked to see us mount and attempt a retreat that way; but I knew enough of Indian craft to be certain that the little gorge just around the bend of the stream in that direction would be lined with warriors, and I knew, furthermore, that once established on the island, there was no direction from which they could take us unawares during daylight. Three of our best men remained temporarily in the long grass on the bank of the river, covering the north end of the island, thereby holding in check any unusually adventurous warriors who might be inclined to attempt to crawl up that way through the river-bottom. Scarcely were the horses tied in a circle when the men threw themselves on the ground and began firing from beneath the animals, when it seemed to suddenly dawn upon the savages that they had been outgeneralled; for as we started towards the island, judging by their actions in signalling their comrades on the opposite bank, they fully expected that we would cross the stream. Now they saw their error, and also realized, too late, the mistake they had made in not occupying the island themselves. Apparently infuriated at their blunder, and almost instantly comprehending the advantage we would have should we fortify ourselves, they made a desperate onslaught upon us, their vari-

ous chiefs riding rapidly around just outside of rifle range, and impetuously urging their dismounted warriors to close in upon us on all sides. Many of the mounted Indians sprang from their horses also, and running forward they lined both banks of the river, and from the reeds and long grass poured in a steady and galling fire upon us. A few of our men had been hit, one killed, and several more badly wounded; our horses were being shot down on all sides, the poor animals plunging and rearing at their tethers, and adding their cries to the wild shouts of the savages and the steady crack of the rifles on every side. At the height of this crisis—for to us it was the crisis of the day—one of the men shouted:

"Don't let's stay here and be shot down like dogs. Will any man try for the opposite bank with me?"

"I will," answered some one from the opposite side of the circle.

"Stay where you are, men. It's our only chance," I shouted, as I stood in the centre of the command, revolver in hand. "I'll shoot down any man who attempts to leave the island."

"And so will I," shouted McCall.

"You addle-headed fools, have you no sense?" called out Beecher, whose every shot was as carefully and coolly aimed as though he was shooting at a target.

"Steady, men! steady, now! Aim low. Don't throw away a shot," was my oft-repeated command, in which I was seconded by Beecher, McCall, and Grover. "Get down to your work, men. Don't shoot unless you can see something to hit. Don't throw away your ammunition, for our lives may depend upon how we husband it."

This was my constantly iterated and reiterated command for the first twenty minutes of the attack. And now discipline began to tell. Many an Indian had fallen to the rear badly wounded, and some had been borne back dead, judging from the wild wails of the women and children, who could now be seen covering the bluffs back of the valley on the north side of the stream; and so hot had the scouts made it for the Indians close in on the river's bank that they had crawled back out of short range, evidently satisfied that it was safer, as far as they were concerned, to send their bullets from a longer distance. During this comparative lull in the fight

the men were not idle, and with their butcher-knives to cut the sod, and their tin plates to throw up the sand, most of them had already scooped out a hole the length of their body, from eighteen inches to two feet in depth, and piling up the sand on the side facing the enemy, had an ample cover against rifle bullets. I still stood upright, walking from man to man, but from every side came appeals for me to lie down. As we were now in fairly good shape, and the men cool and determined, I did so. Scarcely had I lain down when I received a shot in the fore part of the right thigh, the bullet ranging upward; and notwithstanding it remained embedded in the flesh, it was by far the most painful wound I have ever received. For a moment I could not speak, so intense was the agony. Several of the men, knowing I was hit, called out to know if I still lived, but it was at least a full minute before I could command my voice and assure them I was not mortally hurt. In the mean time one or two Indians had crawled up on the lower end of the island, and, hidden by a few bushes, were annoying us very much. However, the elder Farley, who, with Harrington, Gantt, and Burke, had temporarily taken position close under the bank of the river, saw the flash of one of their rifles from the centre of a little bush, and the next instant a bullet from his rifle went through the very middle of the bush and crashed into the brave's brain, and a wild half-smothered shriek told us that there was one less of our enemies to encounter. As we heard nothing more from the other one, I concluded that he dare not again risk exposing his position by using his rifle. As I was now about the only man of the command unprotected by a rifle-pit, Doctor Mooers (who had been doing splendid service with his rifle, as he was a capital shot) suggested the enlarging of his pit to accommodate us both. Several of the men promptly went to his assistance in enlarging and deepening it; but while they were doing so, in leaning over to caution one of the men, who I thought was firing a little too fast for really good shooting, I was obliged, in order to ease my wounded thigh, to draw up my left leg as I lay prone on the earth, and, unfortunately for me, one of the Indians sent a bullet through it, breaking and shattering the bone badly about midway between the knee and ankle. Three min-

utes later I was pulled down into the now enlarged pit, and was under cover. Meanwhile a steady fire was kept up by the Indians, who, as one of the men expressed it, were fairly frothing at the mouth at our unexpected resistance, for, with their experience at Fort Fetterman in 1866, where they annihilated a detachment of eighty-one soldiers in forty minutes, who advanced fresh from the post to attack them, the determined defence of our much smaller and rather worn party in the very heart of their own country was to them decidedly exasperating. In my present condition, with my left leg broken and a bullet in my right thigh, I was, for the nonce, save for the fact that I still retained command, something of a spectator. Gradually working myself to one end of the pit on my elbows, dragging my body along with no inconsiderable pain, I was able to partially sit up, and, by resting my elbows against and upon the fresh earth, crane my head forward so as to obtain a clear view of the field. The pit occupied by Surgeon Mooers and myself was at the lower end of the island; consequently it commanded a view of the whole field. A glance over my own command was most reassuring. Each man was fairly well sheltered in a rifle-pit of his own construction, generally two men in a pit, and the various pits were in an irregular circle, about six feet apart, and fortified by an embankment of sand fully eighteen inches in thickness both front and rear, for the enemy's bullets came from all points of the compass. Some of the wounded men, with bandages around their heads, were quite as active and alert as their more fortunate companions. Only one man of the command had failed me. When we had been attacked at dawn he seemed paralyzed with fear, had been among the first to finish and occupy his rifle-pit on the island, and after firing a single shot, had lain sheltered in his pit, face downward, claiming that one of the Indians "kept a bead drawn on him." And now I cautiously took in a complete view of the field. Nearly all of our horses lay dead around us; a few of them, badly wounded, still plunged and moaned and strained at their lariats as bullet after bullet entered their bodies, and had I been certain that I could spare the ammunition, I would have directed my own men to put the poor beasts out of their misery. Meanwhile the dead

bodies of their companions stopped many a bullet intended for us. It must have been nearly or quite eight o'clock in the morning. The cover of any kind that commanded our island, such as reeds, long grass, trees, turf, plum thickets, and in some places small piles of stones and sand thrown up hastily by themselves, was all fully occupied by the Indian riflemen, and here I desire to say that in the matter of arms and ammunition they were our equals in every respect. The Springfield breech-loaders they had captured at Fort Fetterman formed part of their equipment, as well as Henry, Remington, and Spencer rifles, for upon their withdrawal from the field, notwithstanding the fact that they generally keep their discharged shells for reloading, my command found scattered around in the grass many hundreds of the empty shells of fixed ammunition of all these different make of guns. Riding around just out of range of our rifles were several hundred mounted warriors, charging here and there, shouting, gesticulating, waving their rifles over their heads, and apparently half frenzied at the thought of the blunder they had made in permitting us to obtain possession of the island. Riding up and down their line was a warrior, evidently chief in command, of almost gigantic stature. I was almost certain who it must be, so calling out to Grover, I asked the question, "Is not the large warrior Roman Nose?"

"None other," was the reply. "There is not such another Indian on the plains."

"Then these are the northern Cheyenne?"

"Yes, and the Ogallalah and Brulé-Sioux, and the dog soldiers,* as well. There are more than a thousand warriors here."

For the next hour or so matters in our immediate vicinity were comparatively quiescent. A steady fire against us was constantly kept up by the enemy, but only returned by the scouts when they

* "Dog soldiers" was a name given to about a hundred warriors of the various Sioux and other tribes that were for some reasons renegades and outcasts, in fact, bad men, generally criminals, who had been compelled to withdraw from association with their own people. Banded together they were practically Indian highwaymen, and it was this band that the head men of the various tribes claimed they could not control, and upon whom they laid the blame for attacks upon the outer settlements when they wished to avoid responsibility.

saw an opportunity to effectively use their cartridges; and the Indians at length began to perceive this, for as it was they were playing a losing game. Our men were now better protected than they were, and were also better shots, the consequence was that many a badly wounded brave fell to the rear, while very few of our people were being hurt. At this juncture the last of our horses went down, and one of the Indians shouted in English, "There goes the last damned horse, anyhow!" This rather confirmed me in the idea I had somehow imbibed during the action that either one of old Bent's sons (the half-breed Indian trader), who had been educated in the East, was with the Sioux, or else there was some white renegade in their ranks, for twice since the opening of the engagement I had distinctly heard the notes of an artillery bugle. Leaning too far forward to get a better view of the mounted warriors, who seemed to be moving towards the cañon below us from where we had on the preceding day debouched into the little valley we were now besieged in, I rather rashly exposed my head, and some one of the Indian riflemen promptly sent an excellent line shot towards it. The bullet struck me just on the top of my soft felt hat, which, having a high crown, was fortunately doubled down, so it glanced off, cutting through several thicknesses of felt, but nevertheless knocked me almost senseless to the bottom of my rifle-pit. It was some seconds ere I could completely recover myself and crawl back to my sitting position. At the time of this occurrence I thought little of it; of course a large lump swelled up at once, but as the skin was hardly broken, and just then I had many other things to occupy my attention, I took little heed of the intense headache that for a short time half blinded me. A month later, however, the surgeon's probe disclosed the fact that my skull had been fractured, and he removed a loose piece of it. About this time several of the mounted Indians, for some cause that I was not able to determine, dashed up within rifle range, and from their horses took a sort of pot-shot at us. Doctor Mooers, who had been closely watching their approach as they careered around the island, gradually lessening their distance, watched his opportunity and shot one of them through the head. As the

brave fell dead from his horse he remarked, "That rascally redskin will not trouble us again." Almost immediately afterwards I heard the peculiar thud that tells the breaking of bone by a bullet. Turning to the doctor, I saw him put his hand to his head, saying, "I'm hit," his head at the same time falling forward on the sand. Crawling to him, I pulled his body down into the pit and turned him upon his back, but I saw at once that there was no hope. A bullet had entered his forehead just over the eye, and the wound was mortal. He never spoke another rational word, but lingered nearly three days before dying.

Once more placing my back against the side of the rifle-pit, and again raising myself upon my elbows, I peered over the little earthwork with rather more caution than before. On looking towards the opposite bank and down the stream, I saw most of the mounted warriors had disappeared, and those who remained were slowly trotting towards the little gorge I have before mentioned, and again I distinctly heard the clear notes of an artillery bugle. Others of the mounted warriors now moved towards the gorge, and it flashed upon me that Roman Nose was forming his warriors for a charge just around the bend of the river, out of sight and beyond rifle range. I accordingly called out to Lieutenant Beecher, who was near the head of the island, stating my opinion. "I believe you are right," was his reply, and both Grover and McCall coincided with us. "Then let the men get ready," was my order. Accordingly each Spencer repeating rifle was charged at once, with six shots in the magazine and one in the barrel. The guns of the dead and mortally wounded were also loaded and laid close at hand, the men's revolvers carefully looked to and loosened in their belts, and word was passed not to attempt to return the fire of the dismounted Indians in case a mounted charge was made; but the men were told to turn towards the quarter from whence the charge came, and to commence firing at the word of command only. In the mean time the fire of the Indians lying around us had slackened and almost ceased. This only confirmed us in our anticipation, and word was again passed cautioning the men to lie close until the fire of the dismounted Indians slackened.

We had not long to wait. A peal of the

artillery bugle, and at a slow trot the mounted warriors came partially into view in an apparently solid mass at the foot of the valley, halting just by the mouth of the cañon on the opposite side

broke at once into full gallop, heading straight for the foot of the island. I was right in my surmise; we were to be annihilated by being shot down as they rode over us. As Roman Nose dashed gallant-



THE SURPRISE.

of the river from which we had emerged the preceding day. I had placed my back firmly against my little earthwork; my rifle lay across my chest, and my revolver on the sand beside me. I could not do much, wounded as I was, but I recognized the fact that even a chance shot or two might possibly do good service in the work that the savages were about to cut out for us. Closely watching the mounted warriors, I saw their chief facing his command, and, by his gestures, evidently addressing them in a few impassioned words. Then waving his hand in our direction, he turned his horse's head towards us, and at the word of command they

ly forward, and swept into the open at the head of his superb command, he was the very beau ideal of an Indian chief. Mounted on a large, clean-limbed chestnut horse, he sat well forward on his barebacked charger, his knees passing under a horse-hair lariat that twice loosely encircled the animal's body, his horse's bridle grasped in his left hand, which was also closely wound in its flowing mane, and at the same time clutched his rifle at the guard, the butt of which lay partially upon and across the animal's neck, while its barrel, crossing diagonally in front of his body, rested slightly against the hollow of his left arm, leaving his right free

to direct the course of his men. He was a man over six feet and three inches in height, beautifully formed, and, save for a crimson silk sash knotted around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, perfectly naked. His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black, and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors, in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see. Turning his face for an instant towards the women and children of the united tribes, who literally by thousands were watching the fight from the crest of the low bluffs back from the river's bank, he raised his right arm and waved his hand with a royal gesture in answer to their wild cries of rage and encouragement as he and his command swept down upon us; and again facing squarely towards where we lay, he drew his body to its full height, and shook his clinched fist defiantly at us; then throwing back his head and glancing skywards, he suddenly struck the palm of his hand across his mouth and gave tongue to a war-cry that I have never yet heard equalled in power and intensity. Scarcely had its echoes reached the river's bank when it was caught up by each and every one of the charging warriors with an energy that baffles description, and answered back with blood-curdling yells of exultation and prospective vengeance by the women and children on the river's bluffs and by the Indians who lay in ambush around us. On they came at a swinging gallop, rending the air with their wild war-whoops, each individual warrior in all his bravery of war-paint and long braided scalp-lock tipped with eagles' feathers, and all stark naked but for their cartridge-belts and moccasins, keeping their line almost perfectly, with a front of about sixty men, all riding bareback, with only a loose lariat about their horses' bodies, about a yard apart, and with a depth of six or seven ranks, forming together a compact body of massive fighting strength, and of almost resistless weight. "Boldly they rode, and

well," with their horses' bridles in their left hands, while with their right they grasped their rifles at the guard, and held them squarely in front of themselves, resting lightly upon their horses' necks.

Riding about five paces in front of the centre of the line, and twirling his heavy Springfield rifle around his head as if it were a wisp of straw (probably one of those he had captured at the Fort Fetterman massacre), Roman Nose recklessly led the charge with a bravery that could only be equalled but not excelled, while their medicine-man, an equally brave but older chief, rode slightly in advance of the left of the charging column. To say that I was surprised at this splendid exhibition of pluck and discipline is to put it mildly, and to say, further, that for an instant or two I was fairly lost in admiration of the glorious charge is simply to state the truth, for it was far and away beyond anything I had heard of, read about, or even imagined regarding Indian warfare. A quick backward glance at my men was most reassuring. Each scout had turned in his rifle-pit towards the direction from which the charge was coming, crouching low and leaning forward, with their knees well under them, their rifles grasped with a grip of steel in their brown sinewy hands, their chests heaving with excitement, their teeth set hard, their nostrils aquiver, their bronzed countenances fairly aflame, and their eyes flashing fire, they grimly lay waiting the word of command, as brave and gallant a little company of men as ever yet upheld the reputation of Anglo-Saxon courage. No sooner were the charging warriors fairly under way than a withering fire was suddenly poured in upon us by those of the Indians who lay in ambush around us intently watching our every movement, in the vain hope that they might sufficiently cow us to protect their charging column against our rifles. I had expected this action, but I well knew that once their horsemen came within a certain radius their fire must cease. For eight or ten seconds it seemed to rain bullets, and then came a sudden lull. Sitting upright in my pit as well as I was able, and leaning backward on my elbows, I shouted, "Now!" and "Now!" was echoed by Beecher, McCall, and Grover. Instantly the scouts were on their knees with their rifles at their shoulders. A quick flash of their eyes along the bar-



THE DEFIANCE OF ROMAN NOSE.

rels, and forty good men and true sent their first of seven successive volleys into the ranks of the charging warriors.

Crash!

On they come, answering back the first volley with a ringing war-whoop.

Crash!

And now I begin to see falling warriors, ay, and horses too; but still they sweep forward with yet wilder yells.

Crash!

They seem to be fairly falling over each other; both men and horses are down in heaps, and wild shrieks from the women and children on the hills proclaim that they too see the slaughter of their braves; but still they come.

Crash!

They have ceased to yell, but yet come bravely on. What? No! Yes, down goes

their medicine-man; but Roman Nose still recklessly leads the column; but now I can see great gaps in their ranks, showing that our bullets have told heavily among them.

Crash!

Can I believe my eyes? Roman Nose is down! He and his horse lie dead together on the sand, and for an instant the column shakes; but a hundred yards more and they are upon us!

Crash!

They stagger! They half draw rein! They hesitate! They are breaking!

Crash!

And like an angry wave that hurls itself upon a mighty rock and breaks upon its rugged front, the Indians divide each side of the little breastwork, throw themselves almost beneath the off side of their

chargers, and with hoarse cries of rage and anguish break for either bank of the river, and scatter wildly in every direction, as the scouts, springing to their feet with a ringing cheer, pour in volley after volley from their revolvers almost in the very faces of their now demoralized and retreating foe.

"Down, men! lie down!" I fairly shriek. "Get down! down for your lives!" cries McCall. And the men, hurling bitter taunts and imprecations after the retreating savages, throw themselves, panting, flat on their faces inside of their rifle-pits just in time to escape a scorching volley from the Indians still lying in ambush around us, who have been anxiously watching the charge, and naturally enough are wildly enraged at its failure.

As for myself, a single shot from my rifle, and a few from my revolver just at the close of the charge, was all that I could do in my crippled state; but the fact that I had to lie flat upon my back, craning my head forward, had, by placing me below the plane of fire, enabled me to watch every phase of the Indians' desperate charge.

But now, to me, came the hardest blow of the whole day. Lieutenant Beecher rose from his rifle-pit, and, leaning on his rifle, half staggered, half dragged himself to where I lay, and calmly lying down by my side, with his face turned downward on his arm, said, quietly and simply: "I have my death-wound, General. I am shot in the side, and dying."

"Oh no, Beecher—no! It can't be as bad as that!"

"Yes. Good-night." And then he immediately sank into half-unconsciousness. In a few moments I heard him murmur, "My poor mother;" and then he soon grew slightly delirious, and at times I could hear him talking in a semi-unconscious manner about the fight; but he was never again fully conscious, and at sunset his life went out. And thus perished one of the best and bravest officers in the United States army.

Once more I slowly worked my way back against the end of the pit, and leaning my elbow back against its side, craned my head forward for a view of the field. Close to our pits—so close that the men by leaning forward could touch their bodies with their rifles—lay three dead warriors; just beyond these lay several more, while for six or seven hundred

yards in the direction from which the charge had been made the ground was strown here and there by dead Indians and horses, singly and in little groups, showing clearly the effect of each one of the seven volleys the scouts had poured into the charging column.

Turning towards where my guide Grover lay, I somewhat anxiously put the question, "Can they do better than that, Grover?"

"I have been on the plains, man and boy, General, for more than thirty years, and I never saw anything like that before. I think they have done their level best," was his reply.

"All right, then," was my response; "we are good for them." And again glancing to where lay the dead bodies of Roman Nose and the medicine-man, I felt that the outcome of the battle would be decided by the staying-powers of the combatants. In the mean time the valley was resonant with the shrieks of the women and children, who, from their coign of vantage on the hills, had safely but eagerly watched the result of Roman Nose's desperate charge; and now as their fathers, sons, brothers, and lovers lay dead on the sands before them, their wild wails of passionate grief and agony fitfully rose and fell on the air in a prolonged and mournful cadence of rage and despair. And as for a short time many of the Indians rode circling around, yelling and waving their arms over their heads, hither and yon, apparently half dazed at the death of the medicine-man and their great war-chief, as well as at the disastrous failure of their charge, the whole scene, combined with the steady crack of the rifles of the Indians in ambush, the reply of scouts, the smoke of the powder, and the view of the dead warriors and horses lying on the sand before us, seemed for a moment or two almost uncanny and weird in the extreme.

And now came another lull in the battle. The mounted Indians drew off to the little cañon where they had before formed for the charge, and for the next few hours were evidently in close consultation; but the wailing of the women and children never ceased, and the Indians in ambush fitfully fired now and then at our breastworks, but with no results so far as any loss to us was concerned.

About two o'clock, under new leaders,



THE DEFENCE FROM THE ISLAND.

they essayed another charge, this time in open order, and half surrounding us as they came on. It was an abject failure, for they broke and ran before they came within a hundred yards of the island, and before they had lost more than eight or ten men killed and wounded; and not a man of my command was hit. Renewed wails from the women, and a desultory fire from the Indians surrounding us, were the outcome of this fiasco; but between five and six o'clock they again formed up in the little cañon, and with a rush came on *en masse* with wild cries for vengeance, evidently wrought up to frenzy by the wails and taunts of their women and children; but scarcely had they come within range when the scouts (who during the lull in the battle had securely covered themselves by deepening their rifle-pits and strengthening their earthworks, so that they were well protected from the Indian riflemen) began picking them off as coolly and deliberately as possible. It was simply death to advance, and they broke and fled just as the boldest of them had reached the foot of the island; and as they turned back and sought safety in flight I felt satisfied that it was the last attempt that would be made by mounted warriors to carry our little breastworks. Night came slowly down, and as darkness overshadowed the land it began to rain; and never was night or rain more welcome, for during the day the sun had been intensely hot, blisteringly so, and our fight had been from early dawn without water or food of any kind, and we were wellnigh spent with the work and excitement of the day. As the Indians never attack at night, we were comparatively safe until morning; so as soon as we had obtained water from the stream and quenched our thirst I called McCall and Grover to me, and asked for a list of the killed and wounded, and in a few moments I had the result of the day's fighting, as far as we were concerned. Considering the fact that my command, including myself, only numbered fifty-one men, the outlook was somewhat dismal. Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and scouts Chalmers, Smith, and Wilson were dead or dying; scouts Louis Farley and Bernard Day were mortally wounded; scouts O'Donnell, Davis, Tucker, Gantt, Clarke, Armstrong, Morton, and Violettt severely, and scouts Harrington, Davenport, Haley, McLaugh-

lin, Hudson Farley, McCall, and two others slightly wounded. As for myself, with a bullet in my right thigh, my left leg broken below the knee, and an inconvenient scalp wound that gave me an intense headache, it was all I could do to pull myself together and set about getting out of the dangerous position into which I had led my command. I had an abundance of ammunition and still twenty-eight fairly sound men, and at a pinch all but six or seven of the wounded could also take a hand if required in a hot fight. I had little fear that the Indians would again assault our works, and I knew that water within our intrenchments could be had for the digging; in fact, scout Burke had already dug a small well at the bottom of his rifle-pit, and with a shout had just announced that the water was rapidly seeping through the sand. The dead horses and mules would furnish us food for some days if we could keep the meat from putrefying, and I believed I could rely upon some of the men to steal through the Indian lines and make their way to Fort Wallace, which I judged to be about one hundred and ten miles distant. Accordingly orders were given to strengthen and connect all the rifle-pits; unsaddle the dead horses, and use the saddles to help build up our parapet; to dig out and fortify a place for the wounded, and dress their wounds as well as could be done under our adverse circumstances; to deepen Burke's well; and to cut off a large quantity of steaks from the dead horses and mules, and to bury all the meat that we did not immediately need in the sand. The men worked with a will, and before midnight we were in very good shape. I had volunteers in plenty to go to Fort Wallace, and of these I selected two—Pierre Truedeau, an old and experienced trapper, and a young fellow named Jack Stillwell, a handsome boy of about nineteen, with all the pluck and enthusiasm of an American frontier lad, who afterwards became one of the best known and most reliable scouts on our northwestern frontier. Two better men for the purpose it would have been difficult to find. I gave Stillwell, as he was by far the more intelligent and better educated man of the two, my only map, told him about where I thought we were, and gave him directions to get to Fort Wallace as quickly as possible, tell Colonel Bankhead, the commanding officer, and an old friend,



IN THE PITS.

our situation, and as he would probably send, or more likely come at once to our rescue, to return with him and guide him to us. A little after midnight he and True-deau stole out quietly, walking backward in their stocking feet, and carrying their boots slung around their necks, that the impress of their feet in the sand might make a similar mark to that of a moccasin, and deceive the Indians, should they discover the sign. After they had started I ate a few mouthfuls of raw horse-flesh, drank nearly a canteen of water, dressed my wounds as well as I could with water dressings, and, a strong guard having been mounted, I dozed away until nearly daylight. Then we prepared a reception for our foes, who I knew would be likely to renew the attack at dawn.

All night long we could hear the Indians stealthily removing the dead bodies of their slain, and their camp resounded with the beat of drums and the death-wail of the mourners. I had cautioned the men to lie close, and not to fire until the Indians were fairly upon us, as I thought they would make a rush on us at the first flush of dawn. In this, however, I was mistaken, for from their actions they evidently believed that we had escaped under cover of night, and accordingly a large party of mounted warriors rode up to within a few hundred yards of our works, and about twenty dismounted and came running forward to pick up our trail. At this juncture some one of the men, probably by accident, discharged his piece. Instantly the dismounted Indians threw themselves flat on the ground,



THE RESCUE.

and the horsemen galloped off. Of course we opened fire upon them, but to little effect. I think we killed one man, but no more. I was much disappointed, as I felt we had lost an opportunity of crip-

pling them badly. At daylight they again took up the fight from their former position in ambush, but as we were now fully protected, they did us no particular harm. It was now apparent that they meant to

starve us out, for they made no further attempts to attack us openly.

As this second day wore on our wounded suffered very much. As I have mentioned in the preceding pages, the nights in southern Colorado during the month of September are really cold, but the clear sunny days are, in the sheltered valleys, intensely hot, and already the bodies of the dead horses lying around us began to swell and decompose. Our surgeon was senseless and slowly dying, and, unfortunately, in our rush for the island, we omitted to take the medical supplies; in fact it was all we could do, in our haste, to throw the boxes containing our four thousand extra rounds of fixed ammunition on the saddles of four of our horses and get them over with us. The surgeon, in the panniers that were abandoned, had some bandages, his instruments, a few simple medicines, and some brandy; but these had fallen into the enemy's hands, and assuredly he had ample need of them. All day long the Indian women and children kept up a dismal wailing and beating of drums, the death-chant over their slain braves. In the mean time our men quietly kept watch and ward, and rarely returned the fire of the besiegers unless opportunity offered to make their bullets count, and during this day but one of the command was hit, and the wound was a mere scratch, and as nightfall drew on I felt satisfied that the score was quite a long way in our favor. Two more of my company were sent out at eleven o'clock at night to try to make their way to Fort Wallace, but they found the Indians guarding every outlet, and returned to the command about three the next morning.

The third day, fortunately, was slightly cloudy, and consequently the wounded had something of an easier time of it; besides, we had begun to get used to our injuries. Desultory firing was kept up by both sides from early light, but with no great damage to either side, as the Indians had dug out rifle-pits for themselves, and were about as well protected as we were. At mid-day Scout Grover called my attention to the fact that the women and children, who had been such interested spectators of the fight since its commencement, had ceased their chanting, and were beginning to withdraw. To me this emphasized an idea that had taken possession of my mind since daylight, viz., that the Indians had about decided

to give up the fight, and this was still further confirmed by an attempt upon their part to open communications with a white flag. This was, as I knew, merely an effort on their part to get near enough to our works to see the condition of my command, consequently I directed several men to warn them, by waving their hands and shouting, not to attempt to come near us. They understood what was said to them, without doubt, especially as Grover addressed them in their own dialect; but affecting not to comprehend, they slowly advanced. I then ordered half a dozen shots sent in close to them. This action on our part convinced them that their ruse was useless, so, falling back out of range, their riflemen promptly sent several volleys into our works, probably as an evidence of their appreciation of our astuteness.

During the day I took out my memorandum-book and pencilled the following despatch:

ON DELAWARE CREEK, REPUBLICAN RIVER,
September 19, 1868.

To Colonel Bankhead, or Commanding Officer, Fort Wallace:

I sent you two messengers on the night of the 17th instant, informing you of my critical condition. I tried to send two more last night, but they did not succeed in passing the Indian pickets, and returned. If the others have not arrived, then hasten at once to my assistance. I have eight badly wounded and ten slightly wounded men to take in, and every animal I had was killed, save seven, which the Indians stampeded. Lieutenant Beecher is dead, and Acting Assistant Surgeon Mooers probably cannot live the night out. He was hit in the head Thursday, and has spoken but one rational word since. I am wounded in two places—in the right thigh, and my left leg broken below the knee. The Cheyennes alone numbered 450 or more. Mr. Grover says they never fought so before. They were splendidly armed with Spencer and Henry rifles. We killed at least thirty-five of them, and wounded many more, besides killing and wounding a quantity of their stock. They carried off most of their killed during the night, but three of their men fell into our hands. I am on a little island, and have still plenty of ammunition left. We are living on mule and horse meat, and are entirely out of rations. If it was not for so many wounded, I would come in, and take the chances of whipping them if attacked. They are evidently sick of their bargain.

"I had two of the members of my company killed on the 17th, namely, William Wilson and George W. Chalmers. You had better start with not less than seventy-five men, and bring

all the wagons and ambulances you can spare. Bring a six-pound howitzer with you. I can hold out here for six days longer if absolutely necessary, but please lose no time.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEORGE A. FORSYTH,

U. S. Army, Commanding Co. Scouts.

P.S.—My surgeon having been mortally wounded, none of my wounded have had their wounds dressed yet, so please bring out a surgeon with you.

At nightfall I confided it to two of my best men—Donovan and Pliley—with the same general instructions I had given Stillwell two days previously. Shortly after midnight they left our intrenchments, and as they did not return, I felt satisfied that they had eluded the Indians and were on their way to Fort Wallace. On the fourth day our sufferings were intense. It was very hot, our meat had become putrid, some of the wounded were delirious, and the stench from the dead horses lying close around us was almost intolerable. As the ball in my right thigh had begun to pain me excessively, I decided to extract it. I appealed to several of the men to cut it out, but as soon as they saw how close it lay to the artery, they declined doing so, alleging that the risk was too great. However, I determined it should come out, as I feared sloughing, and then the artery would probably break in any event; so taking my razor from my saddle pocket, and getting two of the men to press the adjacent flesh back and draw it taut, I managed to cut it out myself without disturbing the artery, greatly to my almost immediate relief. At dawn of this day the Indian riflemen had sent in quite a volley, and at odd times kept sending in shots from their ambuscade; but they grew gradually less, and in the afternoon almost ceased. In the mean time but few Indians could be seen in the vicinity, and I began to suspect that the entire body was withdrawing. Accordingly I asked several of the men to lift me upon a blanket, as by this time numbers of the scouts were standing upright, and two of them had crawled over to the south bank of the stream, and reported that there were no more Indians on that side. Just as the men had lifted me up that I might judge of the general condition of things from a more extended view than I could obtain lying upon my back in the rifle-pit, about twenty shots were suddenly sent in among us, and the man who had

the corner of the blanket which supported my broken leg dropped it and took cover. The result was that the bone parted and partially protruded through the flesh. To say that I was angry is hardly doing the subject justice, and I fear the recording angel had no easy task to blot out the numerous expletives with which I anathematized the startled scout. This volley, which did no particular harm, was about the last sent in upon us; there were a few more stray shots sent at us now and then, and we could see Indian vedettes posted on the crest of the adjacent hills; but save a few warriors that lingered around in ambush to watch our movements, we did not again see any large force of the savages.

Up to this time I have said nothing of the individual heroism of my men. It was worthy of all praise. Young Hudson Farley, who was shot through the shoulder, fought straight through the first day's fight, never speaking of his condition until the list of casualties was called for. Howard Morton lost one of his eyes by a bullet that lodged just behind it, but wrapped a handkerchief around his head and fought on steadily. The elder Farley, though mortally wounded, lay on one side and fought through the entire first day's fight. Harrington, with an arrow-point lodged squarely in his frontal bone, never ceased to bear his full share in the fray, and when a bullet ploughed across his forehead and dislodged the arrow-head, the two falling together to the ground, he wrapped a rag around his head, and though covered with blood, fought to the very close of the three days' fighting. McCall never once alluded to the fact that he was wounded until after nightfall; and so of Davis, Clarke, Gantt, and others.

And now came a time of weary waiting and comparative inaction that was hard to bear, and under our peculiar circumstances wellnigh intolerable. We were out of food of any kind; the meat cut from the dead mules and horses had become putrid, and although we boiled it and sprinkled gunpowder upon it, it was not palatable. One of the scouts succeeded in shooting a little coyote, and not long ago one of my men told me that the head of that little gray wolf was boiled three successive times to extract the last shred of nutriment it contained. On the fifth or sixth day two of the command quietly stole away down the stream in the

hope that they might possibly get a shot at some game, but their quest was vain. However, they did find a few wild plums. These they brought back, boiled, and gave to the wounded, and I know that the few spoonfuls I received were by far the most delicious food that ever passed my lips. As the days wore on the wounded became feverish, and some of them delirious, gangrene set in, and I was distressed to find the wound in my leg infested with maggots. The well men, however, did all they could for us, and we tried to keep up our spirits as best we might. On the evening of the sixth day I called the sound men around me, and in a few words stated the facts in the case as they knew them. I told them that possibly the scouts who had been sent out from the command had failed to get through, and that we might not get the succor we hoped for. Furthermore, I thought that by moving out at night and keeping together they could make Fort Wallace, and even if attacked they had plenty of ammunition with which to defend themselves, and I believed that no ordinary scouting party of Indians would dare attack them after their recent experience with us; furthermore, I did not believe that any Indians, other than those whom we had fought, were in our vicinity, and I doubted if those who might still be watching us were in any great numbers. Those of us who were wounded must take our chances. If relief came in time, well and good, if not, we were soldiers, and knew how to meet our fate. For a few seconds there was a dead silence, and then rose a hoarse cry of "Never! never! We'll stand by you, General, to the end!" and McCall voiced the sentiment of the men by saying, "We've fought together, and, by heaven, if need be we'll die together." The next two days seem to me to have been almost interminable. The well men of the command moved up and down the stream within sight of our earthworks, seeking, but not finding, game; at night the crests of the hills were dotted with wolves, who, attracted by the carrion, yet not daring to come within range of our rifles, sat up on their haunches and howled the night through; and during the day the sun beat down upon our devoted heads with a strength that I had not deemed possible in that latitude during the month of September. On the morning of the ninth day since the attack by the Indians one

of the men near me suddenly sprang to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand, shouted, "There are some moving objects on the far hills!" Instantly every man who could stand was on his feet gazing intensely in the direction indicated. In a few moments a general murmur ran through the command. "By the God above us it's an ambulance!" shouts one of the men; and then went up a wild cheer that made the little valley ring, and strong men grasped hands, and then flung their arms around each other, and laughed and cried, and fairly danced and shouted again in glad relief of their long-pent-up feelings. It was a troop of the Tenth Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Carpenter, the advance of Colonel Bankhead's command from Fort Wallace, which that officer had fairly hurled forward as soon as news of our situation reached him through Donovan and Pliley. An hour later he was at my side with his infantry, and in less than another hour Colonel Brisbin, of the Second Cavalry, was there with the advance of General Bradley's command, which had also hurried to my aid.

When Colonel Carpenter rode up to me, as I lay half covered with sand in my rifle-pit, I affected to be reading an old novel that one of the men had found in a saddle pocket. It was only affectation, though, for I had all I could do to keep from breaking down, as I was sore and feverish and tired and hungry, and I had been under a heavy strain from the opening of the fight until his arrival.

During the fight I counted thirty-two dead Indians; these I reported officially. My men claimed to have counted far more, but these were all that I saw lying dead, and I have made it a rule never to report a dead Indian I have not seen myself. The troops who came to my rescue unearthed many a one, and several years later I met one of the younger chiefs of the Brulé-Sioux at a grand buffalo-hunt given by General Sheridan to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. It was a superb affair, and a large number of Indians participated in it, and afterwards gave a war-dance for the entertainment of the distinguished guest. One evening one of the government scouts asked me if I would see this young chief, a man of about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, who wished to talk with me about the fight on the Republican. We had a long, and to me, at

least, an interesting conversation over the affair. He asked me how many men I had, and I told him, and gave him a true account of those killed and wounded, and I saw that he was much pleased. He told the interpreter that I told the truth, as he had counted my men himself, that for four days they had been watching my every movement, gathering their warriors to meet us from far and near, and that I stopped and encamped about two miles below where they lay in ambush for me. He said that had I continued my march for another hour the day I encamped at four o'clock in the afternoon, every man of us would have been slaughtered. My occupation of the island was a surprise to them all, and it was the only thing that saved us. I then questioned him regarding their numbers and losses. He hesitated for some time, but finally told the interpreter something, and the interpreter told me that there were nearly a thousand Indian warriors in the fight.

He said he thought the number about nine hundred and seventy. Regarding their losses, the chief held up his two hands seven times together, and then one hand singly, which, the interpreter told me, signified seventy-five. I asked the interpreter if that meant killed and wounded. "That," said the interpreter, "signifies the killed only. He says there were 'heaps' wounded." Just as he started to go he stopped and spoke to the interpreter again. "He wishes to know whether you did not get enough of it," said the interpreter.

"Tell him, yes, all I wanted," was my reply. "How about himself?"

As my words were interpreted he gave a grim, half-humorous look, and then unfolding his blanket and opening the breast of his buckskin shirt, pointed to where a bullet had evidently gone through his lungs, nodded, closed his shirt, wrapped his blanket around him, turned, and stalked quietly from the tent.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LITERARY NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

IT was by boat that I arrived from Boston, on an August morning of 1860, which was probably of the same quality as an August morning of 1894. I used not to mind the weather much in those days; it was hot or it was cold, it was wet or it was dry, but it was not my affair; and I suppose that I sweltered about the strange city, with no sense of anything very personal in the temperature, until nightfall. What I remember is being high up in a hotel long since laid low, listening in the summer dark, after the long day was done, to the Niagara roar of the omnibuses whose tide then swept Broadway from curb to curb, for all the miles of its length. At that hour the other city noises were stilled, or lost in this vaster volume of sound, which seemed to fill the whole night. It had a solemnity which the modern comer to New York will hardly imagine, for that tide of omnibuses has long since ebbed away, and has left the air to the strident discords of the elevated trains, the ear-slitting bells of the horse-cars, and the irregular alarum of the grip-car gongs, which blend to no such harmonious thunder as rose from

the procession of those ponderous and innumerable vans. There was a sort of inner quiet in the sound, and when I chose I slept off to it, and woke to it in the morning refreshed and strengthened to explore the literary situation in the metropolis.

II.

Not that I think I left this to the second day. Very probably I lost no time in going to the office of the Saturday Press, as soon as I had my breakfast after arriving, and I have a dim impression of anticipating the earliest of the Bohemians, whose gay theory of life obliged them to a good many hardships in lying down early in the morning, and rising up late in the day. If it was the office-boy who bore me company during the first hour of my visit, by-and-by the editors and contributors actually began to come in. I would not be very specific about them if I could, for since that Bohemia has faded from the map of the republic of letters, it has grown more and more difficult to trace its citizenship to any certain writer. There are some living who knew the Bohemians and even loved them, but there are increasingly few who were of them,

even in the fond retrospect of youthful follies and errors. It was in fact but a sickly colony, transplanted from the mother asphalt of Paris, and never really striking root in the pavements of New York; it was a colony of ideas, of theories, which had perhaps never had any deep root anywhere. What these ideas, these theories, were in art and in life, it would not be very easy to say; but in the Saturday Press they came to violent expression, not to say explosion, against all existing forms of respectability. If respectability was your *bête noire*, then you were a Bohemian; and if you were in the habit of rendering yourself in prose, then you necessarily shredded your prose into very fine paragraphs of a sentence each, or of a very few words, or even of one word. I believe this fashion still prevails with some of the dramatic critics, who think that it gives a quality of epigram to the style; and I suppose it was borrowed from the more spasmodic moments of Victor Hugo, by the editor of the Press. He brought it back with him when he came home from one of those sojourns in Paris which possess one of the French accent rather than the French language; I long desired to write in that fashion myself, but I had not the courage.

This editor was a man of such open and avowed cynicism that he may have been, for all I know, a kindly optimist at heart; some say, however, that he had really talked himself into being what he seemed. I only know that his talk, the first day I saw him, was of such a quality that if he was half as bad, he would have been too bad to be. He walked up and down his room saying what lurid things he would directly do if any one accused him of respectability, so that he might disabuse the minds of all witnesses. There were four or five of his assistants and contributors listening to the dreadful threats, which did not deceive even so great innocence as mine, but I do not know whether they found it the sorry farce that I did. They probably felt the fascination for him which I could not disown, in spite of my inner disgust; and were watchful at the same time for the effect of his words with one who was confessedly fresh from Boston, and was full of delight in the people he had seen there. It appeared, with him, to be proof of the inferiority of Boston that if you passed down Wash-

ington Street, half a dozen men in the crowd would know you were Holmes, or Lowell, or Longfellow, or Wendell Phillips; but in Broadway no one would know who you were, or care to the measure of his smallest blasphemy. I have since heard this more than once urged as a signal advantage of New York for the æsthetic inhabitant, but I am not sure, yet, that it is so. The unrecognized celebrity probably has his mind quite as much upon himself as if some one pointed him out, and otherwise I cannot think that the sense of neighborhood is such a bad thing for the artist in any sort. It involves the sense of responsibility, which cannot be too constant or too keen. If it narrows, it deepens; and this may be the secret of Boston.

III.

It would not be easy to say just why the Bohemian group represented New York literature to my imagination, for I certainly associated other names with its best work, but perhaps it was because I had written for the Saturday Press myself, and had my pride in it, and perhaps it was because that paper really embodied the new literary life of the city. It was clever, and full of the wit that tries its teeth upon everything. It attacked all literary shams but its own, and it made itself felt and feared. The young writers throughout the country were ambitious to be seen in it, and they gave their best to it; they gave literally, for the Saturday Press never paid in anything but hopes of paying, vaguer even than promises. It is not too much to say that it was very nearly as well for one to be accepted by the Press as to be accepted by the Atlantic, and for the time there was no other literary comparison. To be in it was to be in the company of Fitz James O'Brien, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Stedman, and whoever else was liveliest in prose or loveliest in verse at that day in New York. It was a power, and although it is true that, as Henry Giles said of it, "Man cannot live by snapping-turtle alone," the Press was very good snapping-turtle. Or, it seemed so then; I should be almost afraid to test it now, for I do not like snapping-turtle so much as I once did, and I have grown nicer in my taste, and want my snapping-turtle of the very best. What is certain is that I went to the office of the Saturday Press

in New York with much the same sort of feeling I had in going to the office of the Atlantic Monthly in Boston, but I came away with a very different feeling. I had found there a bitterness against Boston as great as the bitterness against respectability, and as Boston was then rapidly becoming my second country, I could not join in the scorn thought of her and said of her by the Bohemians. I fancied a conspiracy among them to shock the literary pilgrim, and to minify the precious emotions he had experienced in visiting other shrines; but I found no harm in that, for I knew just how much to be shocked, and I thought I knew better how to value certain things of the soul than they. Yet when their chief asked me how I got on with Hawthorne, and I began to say that he was very shy and I was rather shy, and the king of Bohemia took his pipe out to break in upon me with "Oh, a couple of shysters!" and the rest laughed, I was abashed all they could have wished, and was not restored to myself till one of them said that the thought of Boston made him as ugly as sin: then I began to hope again that men who took themselves so seriously as that need not be taken very seriously by me.

In fact I had heard things almost as desperately cynical in other newspaper offices before that, and I could not see what was so distinctively Bohemian in these *anime prave*, these souls so baleful by their own showing. But apparently Bohemia was not a state that you could well imagine from one encounter, and since my stay in New York was to be very short, I lost no time in acquainting myself farther with it. That very night I went to the beer-cellar, once very far up Broadway, where I was given to know that the Bohemian nights were smoked and quaffed away. It was said, so far West as Ohio, that the queen of Bohemia sometimes came to Pfaff's: a young girl of a sprightly gift in letters, whose name or pseudonym had made itself pretty well known at that day, and whose fate, pathetic at all times, out-tragedies almost any other in the history of letters. She was seized with hydrophobia from the bite of her dog, on a railroad train; and made a long journey home in the paroxysms of that agonizing disease, which ended in her death after she reached New York. But this was after her reign had ended, and no such black shadow was cast back-

ward upon Pfaff's, whose name often figured in the verse and the epigrammatically paragraphed prose of the Saturday Press. I felt that as a contributor and at least a brevet Bohemian I ought not to go home without visiting the famous place, and witnessing if I could not share the revels of my comrades. As I neither drank beer nor smoked, my part in the carousal was limited to a German pancake, which I found they had very good at Pfaff's, and to listening to the whirling words of my commensals, at the long board spread for the Bohemians in a cavernous space under the pavement. There were writers for the Saturday Press and for Vanity Fair (a hopefully comic paper of that day), and some of the artists who drew for the illustrated periodicals. Nothing of their talk remains with me, but the impression remains that it was not so good talk as I had heard in Boston. At one moment of the orgy, which went but slowly for an orgy, we were joined by some belated Bohemians whom the others made a great clamor over; I was given to understand they were just recovered from a fearful debauch; their locks were still damp from the wet towels used to restore them, and their eyes were very frenzied. I was presented to these types, who neither said nor did anything worthy of their awful appearance, but dropped into seats at the table, and ate of the supper with an appetite that seemed poor. I staid hoping vainly for worse things till eleven o'clock, and then I rose and took my leave of a literary condition that had distinctly disappointed me. I do not say that it may not have been wickeder and wittier than I found it; I only report what I saw and heard in Bohemia on my first visit to New York, and I know that my acquaintance with it was not exhaustive. When I came the next year the Saturday Press was no more, and the editor and his contributors had no longer a common centre. The best of the young fellows whom I met there confessed, in a pleasant exchange of letters which we had afterwards, that he thought the pose a vain and unprofitable one; and when the Press was revived, after the war, it was without any of the old Bohemian characteristics except that of not paying for material. It could not last long upon these terms, and again it passed away, and still waits its second palingenesis.

The editor passed away too, not long

after, and the thing that he had inspired altogether ceased to be. He was a man of a certain sardonic power, and used it rather fiercely and freely, with a joy probably more apparent than real in the pain it gave. In my last knowledge of him he was much milder than when I first knew him, and I have the feeling that he too came to own before he died that man cannot live by snapping-turtle alone. He was kind to some neglected talents, and befriended them with a vigor and a zeal which he would have been the last to let you call generous. The chief of these was Walt Whitman, who, when the Saturday Press took it up, had as hopeless a cause with the critics on either side of the ocean as any man could have. It was not till long afterward that his English admirers began to discover him, and to make his countrymen some noisy reproaches for ignoring him; they were wholly in the dark concerning him when the Saturday Press, which first stood his friend, and the young men whom the Press gathered about it, made him their cult. No doubt he was more valued because he was so offensive in some ways than he would have been if he had been in no way offensive, but it remains a fact that they celebrated him quite as much as was good for them. He was often at Pfaff's with them, and the night of my visit he was the chief fact of my experience. I did not know he was there till I was on my way out, for he did not sit at the table under the pavement, but at the head of one further into the room. There, as I passed, some friendly fellow stopped me and named me to him, and I remember how he leaned back in his chair, and reached out his great hand to me, as if he were going to give it me for good and all. He had a fine head, with a cloud of Jovian hair upon it, and a branching beard and mustache, and gentle eyes that looked most kindly into mine, and seemed to wish the liking which I instantly gave him, though we hardly passed a word, and our acquaintance was summed up in that glance and the grasp of his mighty fist upon my hand. I doubt if he had any notion who or what I was beyond the fact that I was a young poet of some sort, but he may possibly have remembered seeing my name printed after some very Heinesque verses in the Press. I did not meet him again for twenty years, and then I had only a moment with him when

he was reading the proofs of his poems in Boston. Some years later I saw him for the last time, one day after his lecture on Lincoln, in that city, when he came down from the platform to speak with some hand-shaking friends who gathered about him. Then and always he gave me the sense of a sweet and true soul, and I felt in him a spiritual dignity which I will not try to reconcile with his printing in the forefront of his book a passage from a private letter of Emerson's, though I believe he would not have seen such a thing as most other men would, or thought ill of it in another. The spiritual purity which I felt in him no less than the dignity is something that I will no more try to reconcile with what denies it in his page; but such things we may well leave to the adjustment of finer balances than we have at hand. I will make sure only of the greatest benignity in the presence of the man. The apostle of the rough, the uncouth, was the gentlest person; his barbaric yawp, translated into the terms of social encounter, was an address of singular quiet, delivered in a voice of winning and endearing friendliness.

As to his work itself, I suppose that I do not think it so valuable in effect as in intention. He was a liberating force, a very "imperial anarchy" in literature; but liberty is never anything but a means, and what Whitman achieved was a means and not an end, in what must be called his verse. I like his prose, if there is a difference, much better; there he is of a genial and comforting quality, very rich and cordial, such as I felt him to be when I met him in person. His verse seems to me not poetry, but the materials of poetry, like one's emotions; yet I would not misprize it, and I am glad to own that I have had moments of great pleasure in it. Some French critic quoted in the Saturday Press (I cannot think of his name) said the best thing of him when he said that he made you a partner of the enterprise, for that is precisely what he does, and that is what alienates and what endears in him, as you like or dislike the partnership. It is still something neighborly, brotherly, fatherly, and so I felt him to be when the benign old man looked on me and spoke to me.

IV.

That night at Pfaff's must have been the last of the Bohemians for me, and it was

the last of New York authorship too, for the time. I do not know why I should not have imagined trying to see Curtis, whom I knew so much by heart, and whom I adored, but I may not have had the courage, or I may have heard that he was out of town; Bryant, I believe, was then out of the country; but at any rate I did not attempt him either. The Bohemians were the beginning and the end of the story for me, and to tell the truth I did not like the story. I remember that as I sat at that table under the pavement, in Pfaff's beer-cellar, and listened to the wit that did not seem very funny, I thought of the dinner with Lowell, the breakfast with Fields, the supper at the Autocrat's, and felt that I had fallen very far. In fact it can do no harm at this distance of time to confess that it seemed to me then, and for a good while afterward, that a person who had seen the men and had the things said before him that I had in Boston, could not keep himself too carefully in cotton; and this was what I did all the following winter, though of course it was a secret between me and me. I dare say it was not the worst thing I could have done, in some respects.

My sojourn in New York could not have been very long, and the rest of it was mainly given to viewing the monuments of the city from the windows of omnibuses and the platforms of horse-cars. The world was so simple then that there were perhaps only a half-dozen cities that had horse-cars in them, and I travelled in those conveyances at New York with an unfaded zest, even after my journeys back and forth between Boston and Cambridge. I have not the least notion where I went or what I saw, but I suppose that it was up and down the ugly east and west avenues, then lying open to the eye in all the hideousness now partly concealed by the elevated roads, and that I found them very stately and handsome. Indeed, New York was really handsomer then than it is now, when it has so many more pieces of beautiful architecture, for at that day the sky-scrapers were not yet, and there was a fine regularity in the streets that these brute bulks have robbed of all shapeliness. Dirt and squalor there were aplenty, but not so much dirt, not so much squalor, and there was infinitely more comfort. The long succession of cross streets was yet mostly secure from business, after you

passed Clinton Place; commerce was just beginning to show itself in Union Square, and Madison Square was still the home of the McFlimsies, whose kin and kind dwelt unmolested in the brownstone stretches of Fifth Avenue. I tried hard to imagine them from the acquaintance Mr. Butler's poem had given me, and from the knowledge the gentle satire of the Potiphar Papers had spread broadcast through a community shocked by the excesses of our best society; it was not half so bad then as the best now, probably. But I do not think I made very much of it, perhaps because most of the people who ought to have been in those fine mansions were away at the sea-side and the mountains.

The mountains I had seen on my way down from Canada, but the sea-side not, and it would never do to go home without visiting some famous summer resort. I must have fixed upon Long Branch because I must have heard of it as then the most fashionable; and one afternoon I took the boat for that place. By this means I not only saw sea-bathing for the first time, but I saw a storm at sea: a squall struck us so suddenly that it blew away all the camp-stools of the forward promenade; it was very exciting, and I long meant to use in literature the black wall of cloud that settled on the water before us like a sort of portable midnight; I now throw it away upon the reader, as it were; it never would come in anywhere. I staid all night at Long Branch, and I had a bath the next morning before breakfast: an extremely cold one, with a life-line to keep me against the undertow. In this rite I had the company of a young New-Yorker, whom I had met on the boat coming down, and who was of the light, hopeful, adventurous business type which seems peculiar to the city, and which has always attracted me. He told me much about his life, and how he lived, and what it cost him to live. He had a large room at a fashionable boarding-house, and he paid fourteen dollars a week. In Columbus I had such a room at such a house, and paid three and a half, and I thought it a good deal. But those were the days before the war, when America was the cheapest country in the world, and the West was incredibly inexpensive.

After a day of lonely splendor at this scene of fashion and gayety, I went back



THE MEETING WITH WHITMAN.



JOHN J. PIATT.

to New York, and took the boat for Albany on my way home. I noted that I had no longer the vivid interest in nature and human nature which I had felt in setting out upon my travels, and I said to myself that this was from having a mind so crowded with experiences and impressions that it could receive no more; and I really suppose that if the happiest phrase had offered itself to me at some moments, I should scarcely have looked about me for a landscape or a figure to fit it to. I was very glad to get back to my dear little city in the West (I found it seething in an August sun that was hot enough to have calcined the limestone State House), and to all the friends I was so fond of.

V.

I did what I could to prove myself unworthy of them by refusing their invitations, and giving myself wholly to literature, during the early part of the winter that followed; and I did not realize my error till the invitations ceased to come, and I found myself in an unbroken intellectual solitude. The worst of it was that an ungrateful Muse did little in return for the sacrifices I made her, and the things I now wrote were not liked by the editors I sent them to. The editorial taste is not always the test of merit, but it is the only

one we have, and I am not saying the editors were wrong in my case. There were then such a very few places where you could market your work: the Atlantic in Boston and Harper's in New York were the magazines that paid, though the Independent newspaper bought literary material; the Saturday Press printed it without buying, and so did the old Knickerbocker Magazine, though there was pecuniary good-will in both these cases. I toiled much that winter over a story I had long been writing, and at last sent it to the Atlantic, which had published five poems for me the year before. After some weeks, or it may have been months, I got it back with a note saying that the editors had the less regret in returning it because they saw that in the May number of the Knickerbocker the first chapter of the story had appeared. Then I remembered that, years before, I had sent this chapter to that magazine, as a sketch to be printed by itself, and afterwards had continued the story from it. I had never heard of its acceptance, and supposed of course that it was rejected; but on my second visit to New York I called at the Knickerbocker office, and a new editor, of those that the magazine was always having in the days of its failing fortunes, told me that he had found my sketch in rummaging about in a barrel of his predecessors' manuscripts, and had liked it, and printed it. He said that there were fifteen dollars coming to me for that sketch, and might he send the money to me? I said that he might, though I do not see, to this day, why he did not give it me on the spot; and he made a very small minute in a very large sheet of paper (really like Dick Swiveller), and promised I should have it that night; but I sailed the next day for Liverpool without it. I sailed without the money for some verses that Vanity Fair bought of me, but I hardly expected that, for the editor, who was then Artemus Ward, had frankly told me in taking my address that ducats were few at that moment with Vanity Fair.

I was then on my way to be consul at Venice, where I spent the next four years in a vigilance for Confederate privateers which none of them ever surprised. I had asked for the consulate at Munich, where I hoped to steep myself yet longer in Ger-

man poetry, but when my appointment came, I found it was for Rome. I was very glad to get Rome even; but the income of the office was in fees, and I thought I had better go on to Washington and find out how much the fees amounted to. People in Columbus who had been abroad said that on five hundred dollars you could live in Rome like a prince, but I doubted this; and when I learned at the State Department that the fees of the Roman consulate came to only three hundred, I perceived that I could not live better than a baron, probably, and I despaired. The kindly chief of the consular bureau said that the President's secretaries, Mr. John Nicolay and Mr. John Hay, were interested in my appointment, and he advised my going over to the White House and seeing them. I lost no time in doing that, and I learned that as young Western men they were interested in me because I was a young Western man who had done something in literature, and they were willing to help me for that reason, and for no other that I ever knew. They proposed my going to Venice; the salary was then seven hundred and fifty, but they thought they could get it put up to a thousand. In the end they got it put up to fifteen hundred, and so I went to Venice, where if I did not live like a prince on that income, I lived a good deal more like a prince than I could have done at Rome on a third of it.

If the appointment was not present fortune, it was the beginning of the best luck I have had in the world, and I am glad to owe it all to those friends of my verse, who could have been no otherwise friends of me. They were then beginning very early careers of distinction which have not been wholly divided. Mr. Nicolay could have been about twenty-five, and Mr. Hay nineteen or twenty. No one dreamed as yet of the opportunity opening to them in being so constantly near the man whose life they have written, and with whose fame they have imperishably interwrought their names. I remember the sobered dignity of the one, and the humorous gayety of the other, and how we had some young men's joking and laughing together, in the anteroom where they received me, with the great soul entering upon its travail beyond the closed

door. They asked me if I had ever seen the President, and I said that I had seen him at Columbus, the year before; but I could not say how much I should like to see him again, and thank him for the favor which I had no claim to at his hands, except such as the slight campaign biography I had written could be thought to have given me. That day or another, as I left my friends, I met him in the corridor without, and he looked at the space I was part of with his ineffably melancholy eyes, without knowing that I was the indistinguishable person in whose "in-



MRS. JOHN J. PIATT.

tegrity and abilities he had reposed such special confidence" as to have appointed him consul for Venice and the ports of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, though he might have recognized the terms of my commission if I had reminded him of them. I faltered a moment in my longing to address him, and then I decided that every one who forebore to speak needlessly to him, or to shake his hand, did him a kindness; and I wish I could be as sure of the wisdom of all my past behavior as I am of that piece of it. He walked up to the water-cooler that stood in the corner, and drew himself a full goblet from it, which he poured down his

throat with a backward tilt of his head, and then went wearily within doors. The whole affair, so simple, has always remained one of a certain pathos in my memory, and I would rather have seen Lincoln in that unconscious moment than on some statelier occasion.

VI.

I went home to Ohio, and sent on the bond I was to file in the Treasury Department; but it was mislaid there, and to prevent another chance of that kind I carried on the duplicate myself. It was on my second visit that I met the generous young Irishman William D. O'Connor, at the house of my friend Piatt, and heard his ardent talk. He was one of the promising men of that day, and he had written an antislavery novel in the heroic mood of Victor Hugo, which greatly took my fancy; and I believe he wrote poems too. He had not yet risen to be the chief of Walt Whitman's champions outside of

the Saturday Press, but he had already espoused the theory of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare, then newly exploited by the poor lady of Bacon's name, who died constant to it in an insane asylum. He used to speak of the reputed dramatist as "the fat peasant of Stratford," and he was otherwise picturesque of speech in a measure that consoled, if it did not convince. The great war was then full upon us, and when in the silences of our literary talk its awful breath was heard, and its shadow fell upon the hearth where we gathered round the first fires of autumn, O'Connor would lift his beautiful head with a fine effect of prophecy, and say, "Friends, I feel a sense of victory in the air." He was not wrong; only the victory was for the other side.

Who beside O'Connor shared in these saddened symposiums I cannot tell now; but probably other young journalists and office-holders, intending *littérateurs*, since more or less extinct. I make certain only

of the young Boston publisher who issued a very handsome edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and then failed promptly if not consequently. But I had already met, in my first sojourn at the capital, a young journalist who had given hostages to poetry, and whom I was very glad to see and proud to know. Mr. Stedman and I were talking over that meeting the other day, and I can be surer than I might have been without his memory, that I found him at a friend's house, where he was nursing himself for some slight sickness, and that I sat by his bed while our souls launched together into the joyful realms of hope and praise. In him I found the quality of Boston, the honor and passion of literature, and not a mere pose of the literary life; and the world knows without my telling how true he has been to his ideal of it. His earthly mission then was to write letters from Washington for the *New York World*, which started in



WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

life as a good young evening paper, with a decided religious tone, so that the Saturday Press could call it the Night-blooming Serious. I think Mr. Stedman wrote for its editorial page at times, and his relation to it as a Washington correspondent had an authority which is wanting to the function in these days of perfected telegraphing. He had not yet achieved that seat in the Stock Exchange whose possession has justified his recourse to business, and has helped him to mean something more single in literature than many more singly devoted to it. I used sometimes to speak about that with another eager young author in certain middle years when we were chafing in editorial harness, and we always decided that Stedman had the best of it in being able to earn his living in a sort so alien to literature that he could come to it unjaded, and with a gust unspoiled by kindred

savors. But no man shapes his own life, and I dare say Stedman may have been all the time envying us our tripods from his high place in the Stock Exchange. What is certain is that he has come to stand for literature and to embody New York in it as no one else does. In a community which seems never to have had a conscious relation to letters, he has kept the faith with dignity and fought the fight with constant courage. Scholar and poet at once, he has spoken to his generation with authority which we can forget only in the charm which makes us forget everything else.

But his large fame was still before him when we met, and I could bring to him an admiration for work which had not yet made itself known to so many but any admirer was welcome. We talked of what we had done, and each said how much he liked certain things of the other's; I even seized my advantage of his helplessness to read him a poem of mine



CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD").

which I had in my pocket; he advised me where to place it; and if the reader will not think it an unfair digression, I will tell here what became of that poem, for I think its varied fortunes were amusing, and I hope my own sufferings and final triumph with it will not be without encouragement to the young literary endeavorer. It was a poem called, with no prophetic sense of fitness, *Forlorn*, and I tried it first with the *Atlantic Monthly*, which would not have it. Then I offered it in person to a former editor of this Magazine, but he could not see his advantage in it, and I carried it overseas to Venice with me. From that point I sent it to all the English magazines as steadily as the post could carry it away and bring it back. On my way home, four years later, I took it to London with me, where a friend who knew Lewes, then just beginning with the *Fortnightly Review*, sent it to him for me. It was promptly returned, with a letter wholly reserved as to

its quality, but full of a poetic gratitude for my wish to contribute to the Fortnightly. Then I heard that a certain Mr. Lucas was about to start a magazine, and I offered the poem to him. The kindest

eyes lighting an aquiline profile. Afterwards, when I saw him afoot, I found him of a worldly splendor in dress, and envied him, as much as I could envy him anything, the New York tailor whose art

had clothed him: I had a New York tailor too, but with a difference. He had a worldly dash along with his supermundane gifts, which took me almost as much, and all the more because I could see that he valued himself nothing upon it. He was all for literature, and for literary men as the superiors of every one. I must have opened my heart to him a good deal, for when I told him how the newspaper I had written for from Canada and New England had ceased to print my letters, he said, "Think of a man like — sitting in judgment on a man like *you!*" I thought of it, and was avenged if not comforted; and at any rate I liked Stedman's standing up so stiffly for the honor of a craft that is rather too limp in some of its votaries.

I suppose it was he who introduced me to the Stoddards, whom I met in New

York just before I sailed, and who were then in the glow of their early fame as poets. They knew about my poor beginnings, and they were very, very good to me. Stoddard went with me to Franklin Square, and gave the sanction of his presence to the ineffectual offer of my poem there. But what I relished most was the long talk I had with them both about authorship in all its phases, and the exchange of delight in this poem and that, this novel and that, with gay, wilful runs away to make some wholly irrelevant joke, or fire puns into the air at no mark whatever. Stoddard had then a fame, with the sweetness of personal affection in it, from the lyrics and the odes that will perhaps best keep him known, and Mrs. Stoddard was beginning to make her distinct and special quality felt in the magazines, in



MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

letter of acceptance followed me to America, and I counted upon fame and fortune as usual, when the news of Mr. Lucas's death came. I will not poorly joke an effect from my poem in the fact; but the fact remains. By this time I was a writer in the office of the Nation newspaper, and after I left this place to be Mr. Fields's assistant on the Atlantic, I sent my poem to the Nation, where it was printed at last. In such scant measure as my verses have pleased it has found rather unusual favor, and I need not say that its misfortunes endeared it to its author.

But all this is rather far away from my first meeting with Stedman in Washington. Of course I liked him, and I thought him very handsome and fine, with a full beard cut in the fashion he has always worn it, and with poet's

eyes lighting an aquiline profile. Afterwards, when I saw him afoot, I found him of a worldly splendor in dress, and envied him, as much as I could envy him anything, the New York tailor whose art had clothed him: I had a New York tailor too, but with a difference. He had a worldly dash along with his supermundane gifts, which took me almost as much, and all the more because I could see that he valued himself nothing upon it. He was all for literature, and for literary men as the superiors of every one. I must have opened my heart to him a good deal, for when I told him how the newspaper I had written for from Canada and New England had ceased to print my letters, he said, "Think of a man like — sitting in judgment on a man like *you!*" I thought of it, and was avenged if not comforted; and at any rate I liked Stedman's standing up so stiffly for the honor of a craft that is rather too limp in some of its votaries.

verse and fiction. In both it seems to me that she has failed of the recognition which her work merits, and which will be hers when Time begins to look about him for work worth remembering. Her tales and novels have in them a foretaste of realism, which was too strange for the palate of their day, and is now too familiar, perhaps. It is a peculiar fate, and would form the scheme of a pretty study in the history of literature. But in whatever she did she left the stamp of a talent like no other, and of a personality disdainful of literary environment. In a time when most of us had to write like Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Browning, she never would write like any one but herself.

I remember very well the lodging over a corner of Fourth Avenue and some downtown street where I visited these winning and gifted people, and tasted the pleasure of their racy talk, and the hospitality of their good-will toward all literature, which certainly did not leave me out. We sat before their grate in the chill of the last October days, and they set each other on to one wild flight of wit after another, and again I bathed my delighted spirit in the atmosphere of a realm where for the time at least no

"rumor of oppression or defeat,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,"

could penetrate. I liked the Stoddards because they were frankly not of that Bohemia which I disliked so much, and thought it of no promise or validity; and because I was fond of their poetry and found them in it. I liked the absolutely

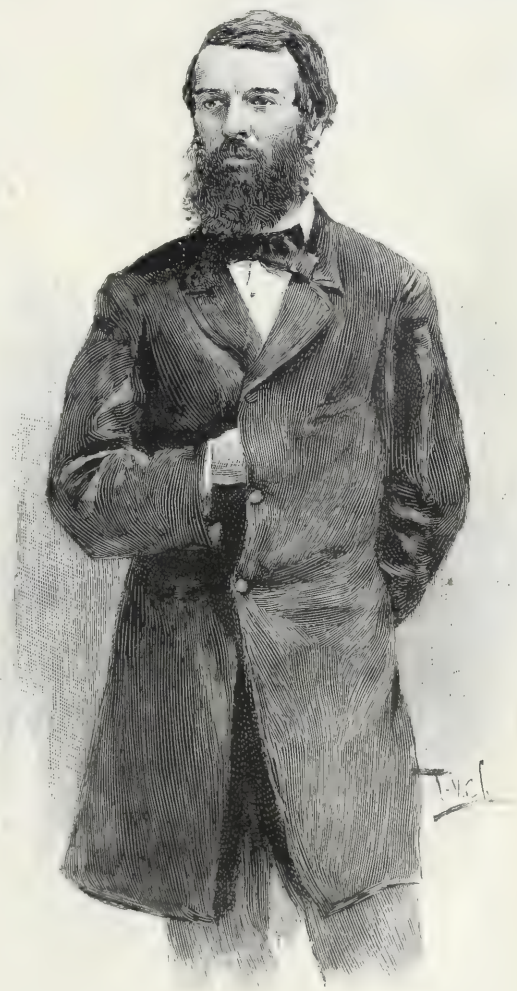
literary keeping of their lives. He had then, and for long after, a place in the Custom-house, but he was no more of that than Lamb was of India House. He belonged to that better world where there is no interest but letters, and which was as much like heaven for me as anything I could think of.

The meetings with the Stoddards repeated themselves when I came back to sail from New York, early in November. Mixed up with the cordial pleasure of them in my memory is a sense of the cold and wet outdoors, and the misery of being in those infamous New York streets, then as now the squalidest in the world. The last night I saw my friends they told me of the tragedy which had just happened at the camp in the City Hall Park. Fitz James O'Brien, the brilliant young Irishman who had dazzled us with his story of *The Diamond Lens*, and frozen our blood with his ingenious tale of a ghost—What was It?—a ghost that could be felt and heard, but not seen—had enlisted for the war,

and risen to be an officer with the swift process of the first days of it. In that camp he had just then shot and killed a man for some infraction of discipline, and it was uncertain what the end would be. He was acquitted, however, and it is known how he afterwards died of lockjaw from a wound received in battle.

VII.

Before this last visit in New York there was a second visit to Boston, which I need not dwell upon, because it was chiefly a



R. H. STODDARD.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

revival of the impressions of the first. Again I saw the Fieldses in their home; again the Autocrat in his, and Lowell now beneath his own roof, beside the study fire where I was so often to sit with him in coming years. At dinner (which we had at two o'clock) the talk turned upon my appointment, and he said of me to his wife: "Think of his having got Stillman's place! We ought to put poison in his wine," and he told me of the wish the painter had to go to Venice and follow up Ruskin's work there in a book of his own. But he would not let me feel very guilty, and I will not pretend that I had any personal regret for my good fortune.

The place was given me perhaps because I had not nearly so many other gifts as he who lost it, and who was at once artist, critic, journalist, traveller,

and eminently each. I met him afterwards in Rome, which the powers bestowed upon him instead of Venice, and he forgave me, though I do not know whether he forgave the powers. We walked far and long over the Campagna, and I felt the charm of a most uncommon mind in talk which came out richest and fullest in the presence of the wild nature which he loved and knew so much better than most other men. I think that the book he would have written about Venice is forever to be regretted, and I do not at all console myself for its loss with the book I have written myself.

At Lowell's table that day they spoke of what sort of winter I should find in Venice, and he inclined to the belief that I should want a fire there. On his study hearth a very brisk one burned when we went back to it, and kept out the chill of a cold easterly storm. We looked through one of the win-

dows at the rain, and he said he could remember standing and looking out of that window at such a storm when he was a child; for he was born in that house, and his life had kept coming back to it. He died in it, at last.

In a lifting of the rain he walked with me down to the village, as he always called the denser part of the town about Harvard Square, and saw me aboard a horse-car for Boston. Before we parted he gave me two charges: to open my mouth when I began to speak Italian, and to think well of women. He said that our race spoke its own tongue with its teeth shut, and so failed to master the languages that wanted freer utterance. As to women, he said there were unworthy ones, but a good woman was the best thing in the world, and a man was always the better for honoring women.

ORISONS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

ALDER and olive, and glossed bay-tree,
And air of the evening out at sea;
And out at sea on the steep warm stone
A little bare diver poising alone.

Flushed from the cool of Sicilian waves,
Flushed as the coral in clean sea-caves,
"I am!" he cries to his glorying heart,
And unto he knows not what, "Thou art!"

Sudden he sinks like a gleaming wedge,
And clambers anew to the fringed ledge:
Perfecter rite can none employ
When the god of the isle is good to a boy.





A Familiar Guest

BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

SOLITUDE! Where under trees and sky shall you find it? The more solitary the recluse and the more confirmed and grounded his seclusion, the wider and more familiar becomes the circle of his social environment, until at length, like a very dryad of old, the birds build and sing in his branches and the "wee wild beasties" nest in his pockets. If he fails to be aware of the fact, more's the pity. His desolation is within, not without, in spite of, not because of, his surroundings.

Here in my country studio, not a hermitage, 'tis true, but secluded among trees, some distance isolated from my own home and out of sight of any other, what company! What occasional "tumultuous privacy" is mine! I have frequently been obliged to step out upon the porch and request a modulation of hilarity and a more courteous respect for my hospitality. But this is evidently entirely a matter of point of view, and judging

from the effects of my protests at such times, my assumed superior air of condescension is apparently construed as a huge joke. If the resultant rejoinder of wild volapük and expressive pantomime has any significance, it is plain that I am desired to understand that my exact status is that of a squatter on contested territory.

There are those snickering squirrels, for instance! At this moment two of them are having a rollicking game of tag on the shingled roof—a pandemonium of scrambling, scratching, squealing, and growling—ever and anon clambering down at the eaves to the top of a blind and peeping in at the window to see how I like it.

A woodchuck is perambulating my porch—he was a moment ago—presumably in renewed quest of that favorite pabulum more delectable than rowen clover, the splintered cribbings from the legs of a certain pine bench, which, up to date, he has lowered about three inches—a

process in which he has considered average rather than symmetry, or the comfort of the too trusting visitor who happens to be unaware of his carpentry.

The drone of bees and the carol of birds are naturally an incessant accompaniment to my toil, at least in these spring and summer months. The tall straight flue of the chimney, like the deep diapason of an organ, is softly murmurous with the flurry of the swifts in their afternoon or vesper flight. There is a robin's nest close by one window, a vireo's nest on a forked dogwood within touch of the porch, and continual reminders of similar snuggeries of indigo-bird, chat, and oriole within close limits, to say nothing of an ants' nest not far off, whose proximity is soon manifest as you sit in the grass—and immediately get up again.

Fancy a wild fox for a daily entertainment! For several days in succession last year I spent a half-hour observing his frisky gambols on the hill-side across the dingle below my porch, as he jumped apparently for mice in the sloping rowen-field. How quickly he responded to my slightest interruption, of voice or footfall, running to the cover of the alders!

The little red-headed chippy, the most familiar and sociable of our birds, of course pays me his frequent visit, hopping in at the door and picking up I don't know what upon the floor. A barn-swallow occasionally darts in through the open window and out again at the door, as though for very sport, only a few days since skimming beneath my nose, while its wings fairly tipped the pen with which I was writing. The chipmonk has long made himself at home, and his scratching footsteps on my door-sill, or even in my closet, is a not uncommon episode. Now and then through the day I hear a soft pat-pat on the hard-wood floor, at intervals of a few seconds, and realize that my pet toad, which has voluntarily taken up its abode in an

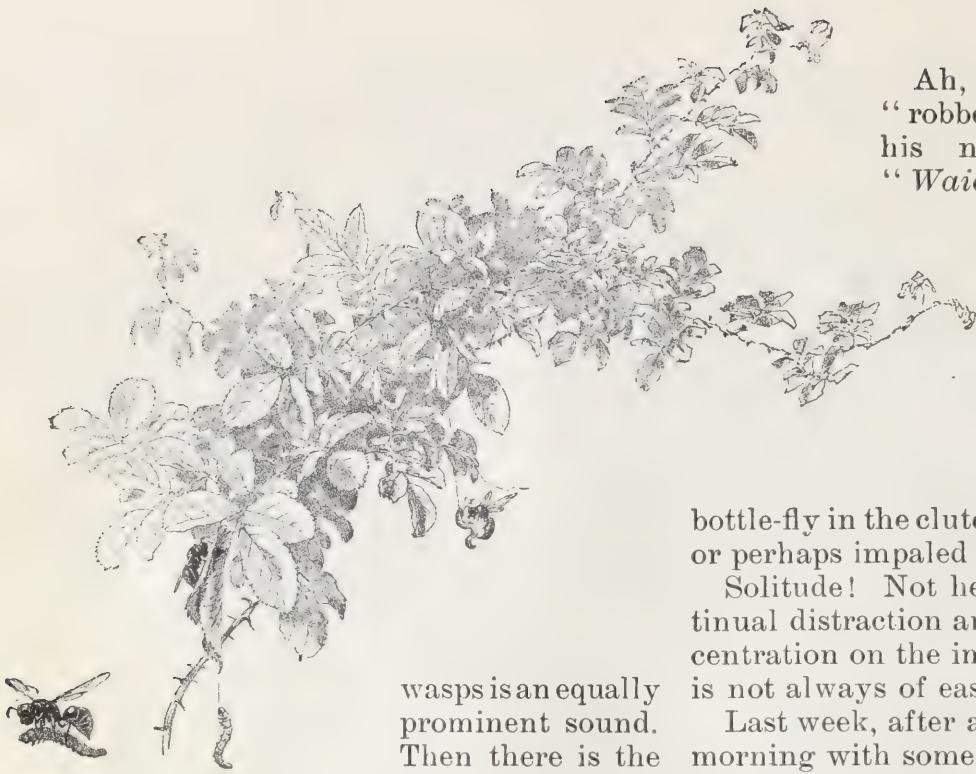
old bowl on the closet floor, is taking his afternoon outing, and with his always seemingly inconsistent lightning tongue is picking up his casual flies at three inches sight around the base-board.

A mouse, I see, has heaped a neat little pile of seeds upon the top of the wainscot near by—cherry pits, polygonum and ragweed seeds, and others, including some small oak-galls, which I find have been abstracted from a box of specimens which I had stored in the closet for safe-keeping. I wonder if it is the same little fellow that built its nest in an old shoe in the same closet last year, and, among other mischief, removed the white grub in a similar lot of specimen galls which I also missed, and subsequently found in the shoe and scattered on the closet floor?

I have mentioned the murmur of the bees, but the incessant buzzing of flies and



A CORNER OF MY TABLE.



THE ROSE-BUSH EPISODE.

wasps is an equally prominent sound. Then there is the occasional sortie of the dragon-fly, making his gauzy, skimming circuit

about the room, or suggestively bobbing around against wall or ceiling; and that occasional audible episode of the stifled, expiring buzz of a fly, which is too plainly in the toils of Arachne up yonder! For in one corner of my room I boast of a prize dusty "cobweb," as yet spared from the household broom, a gossamer arena of two years' standing, which makes a dense span of a length of about two feet from a clump of dried hydrangea blossoms to the sill of a transom-window, and which, of course, somewhere in its dusty spread, tapers off into a dark tunnel, where lurks the eight-eyed schemer, "o'erlooking all his waving snares around."

Sooner or later, it would seem, every too constant buzzing visitor encroaches on its domain, and is drawn to its silken vortex, and is eventually shed below as a clean dried specimen; for this is an *agallena* spider, which dispenses with the winding-sheet of the field species—*epeira* and *argiope*. Last week a big bumble-bee-like fly paid me a visit and suddenly disappeared. To-day I find him dried and ready for the insect-pin and the cabinet on the window-sill beneath the web, which affords at all times its liberal entomological assortment—Coleoptera, Hymenoptera, Diptera, and Lepidoptera. Many are the rare specimens which I have picked from these charnel remnants of my spider net.

Ah, hark! The talking "robber-fly" (*Asilus*), with his nasal twangy buzz! "Waiow! Wha-a-ar are ye?" he seems to say, and with a suggestive onslaught against the window-pane, which betokens his satisfied quest, is out again at the window with a blue-

bottle-fly in the clutch of his powerful legs, or perhaps impaled on his horny beak.

Solitude! Not here. Amid such continual distraction and entertainment concentration on the immediate task in hand is not always of easy accomplishment.

Last week, after a somewhat distracted morning with some queer beguiling little harlequins on the bittersweet-vine about my porch, of which I have previously written, I had finally settled down to my work, and was engaged in putting the finishing touches upon a long-delayed drawing, when a new visitor claimed my attention—a small hornet, which alights upon the window-sill within half a yard from my face. To be sure, she was no stranger here at my studio—even now there are two of her yonder beneath the spider-nest—and was, moreover, an old friend, whose ways were perfectly familiar to me; but this time the insect engaged my particular attention because it was not alone, being accompanied by a green caterpillar bigger than herself, which she held beneath her body as she travelled along on the window-sill so near my face. "So, so! my little wren-wasp, you have found a satisfactory cranny at last, and have made yourself at home. I have seen you prying about here for a week, and wondered where you would take up your abode."

The insect now reaches the edge of the sill, and taking a fresh grip on her burden, starts off in a bee-line across my drawing-board and toward the open door, and disappears. Wondering what her whimsical destination might be, my eye involuntarily began to wander about the room in quest of nail-holes or other available similar crannies, but without reward, and I had fairly settled back to my work and forgotten the incident, when the same visitor, or another just like her, again appeared, this time clearing the window-sill

in her flight, and landing directly upon my drawing-board, across which she sped, half creeping, half in flight, and tugging her green caterpillar as before—longer than herself—which she held beneath her body.

"This time I shall learn your secret," I thought. "Two such challenges as this are not to be ignored." So I concluded this time to observe her progress carefully. In a moment she had reached the right-hand edge of my easel-board, from which she made a short flight, and settled upon a large table in the centre of the room, littered with its characteristic chaos of professional paraphernalia—brushes, paints, dishes, bottles, color-boxes, and cloths—among which she disappeared. It was a hopeless task to disclose her, so I waited patiently to observe the spot from which she would emerge, assuming that this, like the window-sill and my easel, was a mere way-station on her homeward travels. But she failed to appear, while I busied my wits in trying to recall which particular item in the collection had a *hole* in it. Yes, there *was* a spool among other odds and ends in a Japanese boat-basket. That must be it! But on examination the paper still covered both ends, and I was again at a loss. What, then, can be the attraction on my table? My

wondering curiosity was immediately satisfied, for as I turned back to the board and resumed my work I soon discovered another wasp, with its caterpillar freight, on the drawing-board. After a moment's pause she made a quiet short flight toward the table, and what was my astonishment to observe her alight directly upon the tip of the very brush which I held in my hand, which, I now noted for the first time, had a hole in its end! In another moment she disappeared within the cavity, tugging the caterpillar after her!

My bamboo brushes! I had not thought of them! By mere chance a few years since I happened upon some of these bamboo brushes in a Japanese shop—large,

long-handled brushes, with pure white hair nicely stiffened to a tapering point, which was neatly protected with a sheathing cover of bamboo. A number of them were at my elbow, a few inches distant, in a glass of water, and on the table by the vase beyond were a dozen or so in a scattered bundle.

Normally each of these brushes is closed



THE ARTIST'S VISITOR.

at the end by the natural pith of the bamboo. I now find them *all* either open or otherwise tampered with, and the surrounding surface of the table littered with tiny balls, apparently of sawdust. I picked up one of the nearest brushes, and upon inverting it and giving it a slight tap, a tiny green worm fell out of the opening. From the next one I managed to shake out seven of the caterpillars, while the third had passed beyond this stage, the aperture having been carefully plugged with a mud cork, which was even now moist. Two or three others were in the same plugged condition, and investigation showed that no single brush had escaped similar tampering to a greater or

less extent. One brush had apparently not given entire satisfaction, for the plug had been removed, and the caterpillars, eight or ten in number, were scattered about the opening. But the dissatisfaction probably lay with one of these caterpillars rather than with the maternal wasp, who had apparently failed in the full dose of anæsthetic, for one of her victims which I observed was quite lively, and had probably forced out the soft plug, and in his squirming had ousted his luckless companions.

The caterpillars were all of the same kind, though varying in size, their length being from one-half to three-quarters of an inch. To all appearances they were

suasion upon either end of its leafy case, however, soon brings the little tenant to view as he wriggles out, backward or forward, as the case may be, and in a twinkling, spiderlike, hangs suspended by a web, which never fails him even in the most sudden emergency.

I can readily fancy the tiny hornet making a commotion at one end of this leafy domicile and the next instant catching the evicted caterpillar "on a fly" at the other. Grasping her prey with her legs and jaws, in another moment the wriggling body is passive in her grasp, subdued by the potent anæsthetic of her sting—a hypodermic injection which instantly produces the semblance of death in its insect victim, reducing all the vital functions to the point of dissolution, and then holds them suspended—literally prolongs life, it would sometimes seem, even beyond its normal duration—by a process which I might call ductile equation. This chemical resource is common to all the hornets, whether their victims be grasshoppers, spiders, cicadæ, or caterpillars. In a condition of helpless stupor they are lugged off to the respective dens provided for them, and then, hermetically sealed on storage, are preserved as fresh living food for the young hornet larva, which is left in charge of them, and has a place waiting for them all. The developments within my brush-handles may serve as a commentary on the ways and transformations of the average hornet.

One after another of the little green caterpillars is packed into the bamboo cell, which is about an inch deep, and plugged with mud at the base. From seven to ten of the victims are thus stored, after which the little wasp deposits an egg among them, and seals the doorway with a pellet of mud. The young larva, which soon hatches from this egg, finds itself in a land of plenty, surrounded with living food, and being born hungry, he loses no time in making a meal from the nearest victim. One after another of the caterpillars is devoured, until his larder, nicely calculated to carry him to his full growth, is exhausted. Thus the first stage is passed. The second stage is entered into within a few hours, and is passed within a silken cocoon, with which the white grub now surrounds itself, and with which, transformed to a pupa, it bides its time, for about three weeks, as I now recall, when



AN ANIMATED BRUSH.

dead, but more careful observation revealed signs of slight vitality. Recognizing the species as one which I had long known, from its larva to its moth, it was not difficult to understand how my brushes might thus have been expeditiously packed with them. Not far from my studio door is a small thicket of wild rose, which should alone be sufficient to account for all those victimized caterpillars. This species is a regular dependent on the rose, dwelling within its cocoonlike canopy of leaves, which are drawn together with a few silken webs, and in which it is commonly concealed by day. A little per-

—third stage—out pops the mud cork, and the perfect wasp appears at the opening of the cell. I have shown sections of one of my brushes in the three stages.

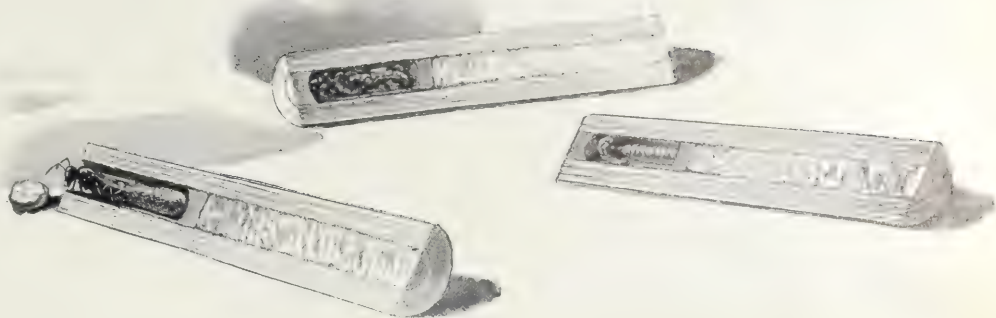
This interesting little hornet is a common summer species, known as the solitary hornet—one of them—

Odynerus flavipes. The insect is about a half-inch in length, and to the careless observer might suggest a yellow-jacket, though the yellow is here confined to two triangular spots on the front of the thorax and three bands upon the abdomen.

Like the wren among birds, it is fond of building in holes, and will generally obtain them ready-made if possible. Burroughs has said of the wren that it "will build in anything that has a hole in it, from an old boot to a bombshell." In similar whim our little solitary hornet has been known to favor nail-holes, hollow reeds, straws, the barrels of a pistol, holes

in kegs, worm-holes in wood, and spools, to which we may now add bamboo brushes.

Ovid declared and the ancient Greeks believed that hornets were the direct progeny of the snorting war-horse. The phrase "mad as a hornet" has become a proverb. Think then of a brush loaded and tipped with this martial spirit of *Vespa*, this cavorting *afflatus*, this testy *animus*! There is more than one pessimistic "goose-quill," of course, "mightier than the sword," which, it occurs to me in my now charitable mood, might have been thus surreptitiously voodooed by the war-like hornet, and the plug never removed.



A SPECIMEN IN THREE STAGES.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE 5th of January, 1429, Joan came to me with her uncle Laxart, and said—

“The time is come. My Voices are not vague, now, but clear, and they have told me what to do. In two months I shall be with the Dauphin.”

Her spirits were high, and her bearing martial. I caught the infection and felt a great impulse stirring in me that was like what one feels when he hears the roll of the drums and the tramp of marching men.

“I believe it,” I said.

“I also believe it,” said Laxart. “If she had told me before, that she was commanded of God to rescue France, I should not have believed; I should have let her seek the governor by her own ways and held myself clear of meddling in the matter, not doubting she was mad. But I have seen her stand before those nobles and mighty men unafraid, and say her say; and she had not been able to do that but by the help of God. That, I know. Therefore with all humbleness I am at her command, to do with me as she will.”

“My uncle is very good to me,” Joan said. “I sent and asked him to come and persuade my mother to let him take me home with him to tend his wife, who is not well. It is arranged, and we go at dawn to-morrow. From his house I shall go soon to Vaucouleurs, and wait and strive until my prayer is granted. Who were the two cavaliers who sat to your left at the governor’s table that day?”

“One was the Sieur Jean de Novelonpont de Metz, the other the Sieur Bertrand de Poulengy.”

“Good metal—good metal, both. I marked them for men of mine . . . What is it I see in your face? Doubt?”

I was teaching myself to speak the truth to her, not trimming it or polishing it; so I said—

“They considered you out of your head, and said so. It is true they pitied

you for being in such misfortune, but still they held you to be mad.”

This did not seem to trouble her in any way or wound her. She only said—

“The wise change their minds when they perceive that they have been in error. These will. They will march with me. I shall see them presently . . . You seem to doubt again? Do you doubt?”

“N-no. Not now. I was remembering that it was a year ago, and that they did not belong there, but only chanced to stop a day on their journey.”

“They will come again. But as to matters now in hand; I came to leave with you some instructions. You will follow me in a few days. Order your affairs, for you will be absent long.”

“Will Jean and Pierre go with me?”

“No; they would refuse now, but presently they will come, and with them they will bring my parents’ blessing, and likewise their consent that I take up my mission. I shall be stronger, then—stronger for that; for lack of it I am weak, now.” She paused a little while, and the tears gathered in her eyes; then she went on: “I would say good-by to Little Mengette. Bring her outside the village at dawn; she must go with me a little of the way—”

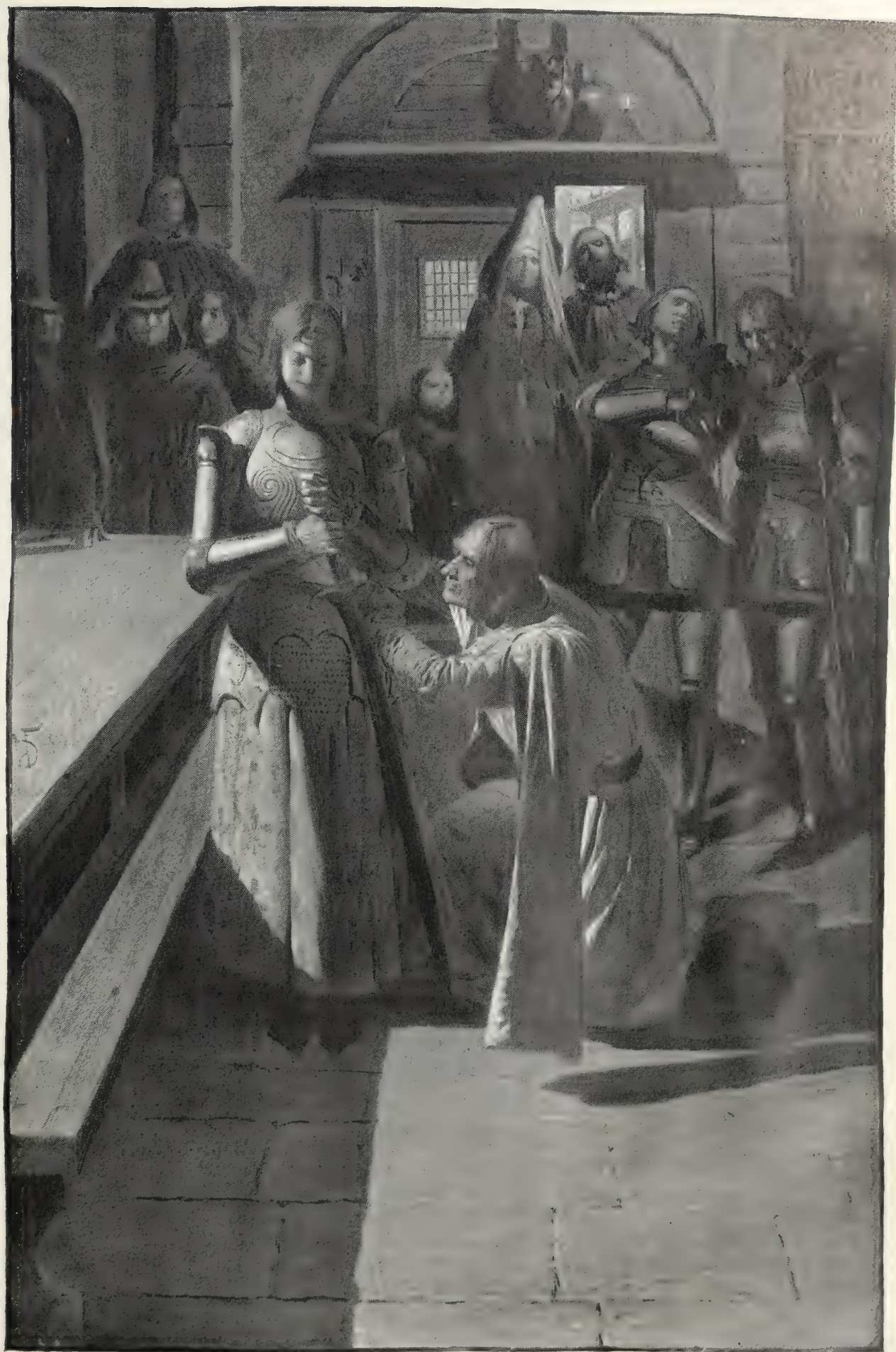
“And Haumette?”

She broke down and began to cry, saying—

“No, oh, no—she is too dear to me, I could not bear it, knowing I should never look upon her face again.”

Next morning I brought Mengette, and we four walked along the road in the cold dawn till the village was far behind; then the two girls said their good-byes, clinging about each other’s neck, and pouring out their grief in loving words and tears, a pitiful sight to see. And Joan took one long look back upon the distant village, and the Fairy Tree, and the oak forest, and the flowery plain, and the river, as if she was trying to print these scenes on her memory so that they would abide there always and not fade, for she knew she would not see them any more in this

* Begun in April number, 1895.



THE GOVERNOR KEEPS HIS PROMISE TO JOAN.

life; then she turned, and went from us, sobbing bitterly. It was her birthday and mine. She was seventeen years old.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few days, Laxart took Joan to Vaucouleurs and found lodging and guardianship for her with Catherine Royer, a wheelwright's wife, an honest and good woman. Joan went to mass regularly, she helped do the house-work, earning her keep in that way, and if any wished to talk with her about her mission—and many did—she talked freely, making no concealments regarding the matter now. I was soon housed near by, and witnessed the effects which followed. At once the tidings spread that a young girl was come who was appointed of God to save France. The common people flocked in crowds to look at her and speak with her, and her fair young loveliness won the half of their belief, and her deep earnestness and transparent sincerity won the other half. The well-to-do remained away and scoffed, but that is their way.

Next, a prophecy of Merlin's, more than eight hundred years old, was called to mind, which said that in a far future time France would be lost by a woman and restored by a woman. France was now, for the first time, lost—and by a woman, Isabel of Bavaria, her base Queen; doubtless this fair and pure young girl was commissioned of Heaven to complete the prophecy.

This gave the growing interest a new and powerful impulse; the excitement rose higher and higher, and hope and faith along with it; and so from Vaucouleurs wave after wave of this inspiring enthusiasm flowed out over the land, far and wide, invading all the villages and refreshing and revivifying the perishing children of France; and from these villages came people who wanted to see for themselves, hear for themselves; and they did see and hear, and believe. They filled the town; they more than filled it; inns and lodgings were packed, and yet half of the inflow had to go without shelter. And still they came, winter as it was, for when a man's soul is starving, what does he care for meat and roof so he can but get that nobler hunger fed? Day after day, and still day after day, the great tide rose. Domremy was dazed, amazed, stupefied, and said to itself, "Was this world-wonder in our familiar midst all

these years and we too dull to see it?" Jean and Pierre went out from the village stared at and envied like the great and fortunate of the earth, and their progress to Vaucouleurs was like a triumph, all the country-side flocking to see and salute the brothers of one with whom angels had spoken face to face, and into whose hands by command of God they had delivered the destinies of France.

The brothers brought the parents' blessing and Godspeed to Joan, and their promise to bring it to her in person later; and so, with this culminating happiness in her heart and the high hope it inspired, she went and confronted the governor again. But he was no more tractable than he had been before. He refused to send her to the King. She was disappointed, but in no degree discouraged. She said—

"I must still come to you until I get the men-at-arms; for so it is commanded, and I may not disobey. I must go to the Dauphin, though I go on my knees."

I and the two brothers were with Joan daily, to see the people that came and hear what they said; and one day, sure enough, the *Sieur Jean de Metz* came. He talked with her in a petting and playful way, as one talks with children, and said—

"What are you doing here, my little maid? Will they drive the King out of France, and shall we all turn English?"

She answered him in her tranquil, serious way—

"I am come to bid Robert de Baudricourt take or send me to the King, but he does not heed my words."

"Ah, you have an admirable persistence, truly; a whole year has not turned you from your wish. I saw you when you came before."

Joan said, as tranquilly as before—

"It is not a wish, it is a purpose. He will grant it. I can wait."

"Ah, perhaps it will not be wise to make too sure of *that*, my child. These governors are stubborn people to deal with. In case he shall not grant your prayer—"

"He will grant it. He must. It is not matter of choice."

The gentleman's playful mood began to disappear—one could see that, by his face. Joan's earnestness was affecting him. It always happened that people who began in jest with her, ended by be-

ing in earnest. They soon began to perceive depths in her that they had not suspected; and then her manifest sincerity and the rocklike steadfastness of her convictions were forces which cowed levity, and it could not maintain its self-respect in their presence. The Sieur de Metz was thoughtful for a moment or two, then he began, quite soberly—

“Is it necessary that you go to the King soon?—that is, I mean—”

“Before Mid-Lent, even though I wear away my legs to the knees!”

She said it with that sort of repressed fieriness that means so much when a person's heart is in a thing. You could see the response in that nobleman's face; you could see his eye light up; there was sympathy there. He said, most earnestly—

“God knows I think you should have the men-at-arms, and that somewhat would come of it. What is it that you would do? What is your hope and purpose?”

“To rescue France. And it is appointed that I shall do it. For no one else in the world, neither kings, nor dukes, nor any other, can recover the kingdom of France, and there is no help but in me.”

The words had a pleading and pathetic sound, and they touched that good nobleman. I saw it plainly. Joan dropped her voice a little, and said: “But indeed I would rather spin with my poor mother, for this is not my calling; but I must go and do it, for it is my Lord's will.”

“Who is your Lord?”

“He is God.”

Then the Sieur de Metz, following the impressive old feudal fashion, knelt and laid his hands within Joan's, in sign of fealty, and made oath that by God's help he himself would take her to the King.

The next day came the Sieur Bertrand de Poulengy, and he also pledged his oath and knightly honor to abide with her and follow whithersoever she might lead.

This day, too, toward evening, a great rumor went flying abroad through the town—namely, that the very governor himself was going to visit the young girl in her humble lodgings. So in the morning the streets and lanes were packed with people waiting to see if this strange thing would indeed happen. And happen it did. The governor rode in state, attended by his guards, and the news of it went everywhere, and made a great

sensation, and modified the scoffings of the people of quality and raised Joan's credit higher than ever.

The governor had made up his mind to one thing: Joan was either a witch or a saint, and he meant to find out which it was. So he brought a priest with him to exorcise the devil that was in her in case there was one there. The priest performed his office, but found no devil. He merely hurt Joan's feelings and offended her piety without need, for he had already confessed her before this, and should have known, if he knew anything, that devils cannot abide the confessional, but utter cries of anguish and the most profane and furious cursings whenever they are confronted with that holy office.

The governor went away troubled and full of thought, and not knowing what to do. And while he pondered and studied, several days went by and the 14th of February was come. Then Joan went to the castle and said—

“In God's name, Robert de Baudricourt, you are too slow about sending me, and have caused damage thereby, for this day the Dauphin's cause has lost a battle near Orleans, and will suffer yet greater injury if you do not send me to him soon.”

The governor was perplexed by this speech, and said—

“To-day, child, *to-day*? How can you know what has happened in that region to-day? It would take eight or ten days for the word to come.”

“My Voices have brought the word to me, and it is true. A battle was lost to-day, and you are in fault to delay me so.”

The governor walked the floor awhile, talking within himself, but letting a great oath fall outside now and then; and finally he said—

“Harkye! go in peace, and wait. If it shall turn out as you say, I will give you the letter and send you to the King, and not otherwise.”

Joan said with fervor—

“Now God be thanked, these waiting days are almost done! In nine days you will fetch me the letter.”

Already the people of Vaucouleurs had given her a horse and had armed and equipped her as a soldier. She got no chance to try the horse and see if she could ride it, for her great first duty was to abide at her post and lift up the hopes and spirits of all who would come to talk

with her, and prepare them to help in the rescue and regeneration of the kingdom. This occupied every waking moment she had. But it was no matter. There was nothing she could not learn—and in the briefest time, too. Her horse would find this out in the first hour. Meantime the brothers and I took the horse in turn and began to learn to ride. And we had teaching in the use of the sword and other arms, also.

On the 20th Joan called her small army together—the two knights and her two brothers and me—for a private council of war. No, it was not a council, that is not the right name, for she did not consult with us, she merely gave us orders. She mapped out the course she would travel toward the King, and did it like a person perfectly versed in geography; and this itinerary of daily marches was so arranged as to avoid here and there peculiarly dangerous regions by flank movements—which showed that she knew her political geography as intimately as she knew her physical geography; yet she had never had a day's schooling, of course, and was without education. I was astonished, but thought her Voices must have taught her. But upon reflection I saw that this was not so. By her references to what this and that and the other person had told her, I perceived that she had been diligently questioning those crowds of visiting strangers, and that out of them she had patiently dug all this mass of invaluable knowledge. The two knights were filled with wonder at her good sense and sagacity.

She commanded us to make preparations to travel by night and sleep by day in concealment, as almost the whole of our long journey would be through the enemy's country.

Also, she commanded that we should keep the date of our departure a secret, since she meant to get away unobserved. Otherwise we should be sent off with a grand demonstration which would advertise us to the enemy, and we should be ambushed and captured somewhere. Finally she said—

"Nothing remains, now, but that I confide to you the date of our departure, so that you may make all needful preparation in time, leaving nothing to be done in haste and badly at the last moment. We march the 23d, at eleven of the clock at night."

Then we were dismissed. The two knights were startled—yes, and troubled; and the Sieur Bertrand said—

"Even if the governor shall really furnish the letter and the escort, he still may not do it in time to meet the date she has chosen. Then how can she venture to name that date? It is a great risk—a great risk to select and decide upon the date, in this state of uncertainty."

I said—

"Since she has named the 23d, we may trust her. The Voices have told her, I think. We shall do best to obey."

We did obey. Joan's parents were notified to come before the 23d, but prudence forbade that they be told why this limit was named.

All day, the 23d, she glanced up wistfully whenever new bodies of strangers entered the house, but her parents did not appear. Still she was not discouraged, but hoped on. But when night fell, at last, her hopes perished, and the tears came; however, she dashed them away, and said—

"It was to be so, no doubt; no doubt it was so ordered; I must bear it, and will."

De Metz tried to comfort her by saying—

"The governor sends no word; it may be that they will come to-morrow, and—"

He got no further, for she interrupted him, saying—

"To what good end? We start at eleven to-night."

And it was so. At ten the governor came, with his guard and torch-bearers, and delivered to her a mounted escort of men-at-arms, with horses and equipments for me and for the brothers, and gave Joan a letter to the King. Then he took off his sword, and belted it about her waist with his own hands, and said—

"You said true, child. The battle *was* lost, on the day you said. So I have kept my word. Now go—come of it what may."

Joan gave him thanks, and he went his way.

The lost battle was the famous disaster that is called in history the Battle of the Herrings.

All the lights in the house were at once put out, and a little while after, when the streets had become dark and still, we crept stealthily through them and out at the western gate and rode away under whip and spur.

CHAPTER III.

WE were twenty-five strong, and well equipped. We rode in double file, Joan and her brothers in the centre of the column, with Jean de Metz at the head of it and the Sieur Bertrand at its extreme rear. The knights were so placed to prevent desertions—for the present. In two or three hours we should be in the enemy's country, and then none would venture to desert. By-and-by we began to hear groans and sobs and execrations from different points along the line, and upon inquiry found that six of our men were peasants who had never ridden a horse before, and were finding it very difficult to stay in their saddles, and moreover were now beginning to suffer considerable bodily torture. They had been seized by the governor at the last moment and pressed into the service to make up the tale, and he had placed a veteran alongside of each with orders to help him stick to the saddle, and kill him if he tried to desert.

These poor devils had kept quiet as long as they could, but their physical miseries were become so sharp by this time that they were obliged to give them vent. But we were within the enemy's country now, so there was no help for them, they must continue the march, though Joan said that if they chose to take the risk they might depart. They



THE PALADIN'S APPEARANCE IN CAMP.

preferred to stay with us. We modified our pace now, and moved cautiously, and the new men were warned to keep their sorrows to themselves and not get the command into danger with their curses and lamentations.

Toward dawn we rode deep into a forest, and soon all but the sentries were sound asleep in spite of the cold ground and the frosty air.

I woke at noon out of such a solid and

stupefying sleep that at first my wits were all astray, and I did not know where I was nor what had been happening. Then my senses cleared, and I remembered. As I lay there thinking over the strange events of the past month or two the thought came into my mind, greatly surprising me, that one of Joan's prophecies had failed; for where were Noël and the Paladin, who were to join us at the eleventh hour? By this time, you see, I had gotten used to expecting everything Joan said to come true. So, being disturbed and troubled by these thoughts, I opened my eyes. Well, there stood the Paladin leaning against a tree and looking down on me! How often that happens: you think of a person, or speak of a person, and there he stands before you, and you not dreaming he is near. It looks as if his *being* near is really the thing that makes you think of him, and not just an accident, as people imagine. Well, be that as it may, there was the Paladin, anyway, looking down in my face and waiting for me to wake. I was ever so glad to see him, and jumped up and shook him by the hand, and led him a little way from the camp—he limping like a cripple—and told him to sit down, and said—

“Now, where have you dropped down from? And how did you happen to light in this place? And what do the soldier-clothes mean? Tell me all about it.”

He answered—

“I marched with you last night.”

“No!” (To myself I said, “The prophecy has not all failed—half of it has come true.”)

“Yes, I did. I hurried up from Doremy to join, and was within a half a minute of being too late. In fact, I was too late, but I begged so hard that the governor was touched by my brave devotion to my country's cause—those are the words he used—and so he yielded, and allowed me to come.”

I thought to myself, this is a lie, he is one of those six the governor recruited by force at the last moment; I know it, for Joan's prophecy said he would join at the eleventh hour, but not by his own desire. Then I said aloud—

“I am glad you came; it is a noble cause, and one should not sit at home in times like these.”

“Sit at home! I could no more do it than the thunder-stone could stay hid in the clouds when the storm calls it.”

“That is the right talk. It sounds like you.”

That pleased him.

“I'm glad you know me. Some don't. But they will, presently. They will know me well enough before I get done with this war.”

“That is what I think. I believe that, wherever danger confronts you you will make yourself conspicuous.”

He was charmed with this speech, and it swelled him up like a bladder. He said—

“If I know myself—and I think I do—my performances in this campaign will give you occasion more than once to remember those words.”

“I were a fool to doubt it. That, I know.”

“I shall not be at my best, being but a common soldier; still, the country will hear of me. If I were where I belong; if I were in the place of La Hire, or Saintrailles, or the Bastard of Orleans—well, I say nothing, I am not of the talking kind, like Noël Rainguesson and his sort, I thank God. But it will be *something*. I take it—a novelty in this world, I should say—to raise the fame of a private soldier above theirs, and extinguish the glory of their names with its shadow.”

“Why, look here, my friend,” I said, “do you know that you have hit out a most remarkable idea there? Do you realize the gigantic proportions of it? For look you: to be a general of vast renown, what is that? Nothing—history is clogged and confused with them; one cannot keep their names in his memory, there are so many. But a common soldier of supreme renown—why, he would stand alone! He would be the one moon in a firmament of mustard-seed stars; his name would outlast the human race! My friend, who gave you that idea?”

He was ready to burst with happiness, but he suppressed betrayal of it as well as he could. He simply waved the compliment aside with his hand and said, with complacency—

“It is nothing. I have them often—ideas like that—and even greater ones. I do not consider this one much.”

“You astonish me; you do indeed. So it is really your own?”

“Quite. And there is plenty more where it came from”—tapping his head with his finger, and taking occasion at the same time to cant his morion over

his right ear, which gave him a very self-satisfied air—"I do not need to borrow my ideas, like Noël Rainguesson."

"Speaking of Noël, when did you see him last?"

"Half an hour ago. He is sleeping yonder like a corpse. Rode with us last night."

I felt a great upleap in my heart, and said to myself, now I am at rest and glad; I will never doubt her prophecies again. Then I said aloud—

"It gives me joy. It makes me proud of our village. There is no keeping our lion-hearts at home in these great times, I see that."

"Lion-heart! Who—that baby? Why, he begged like a dog to be let off. Cried, and said he wanted to go to his mother. Him a lion-heart!—that tumble-bug!"

"Dear me, why I supposed he volunteered, of course. Didn't he?"

"Oh yes, volunteered the way people do to the headsman. Why, when he found I was coming up from Domremy to volunteer, he asked me to let him come along in my protection, and see the crowds and the excitement. Well, we arrived and saw the torches filing out at the Castle, and ran there, and the governor had him seized, along with four more, and he begged to be let off, and I begged for his place, and at last the governor allowed me to join, but wouldn't let Noël off, because he was disgusted with him he was such a cry-baby. Yes, and much good *he'll* do the King's service: he'll eat for six and run for sixteen. I hate a pigmy with half a heart and nine stomachs!"

"Why, this is very surprising news to me, and I am sorry and disappointed to hear it. I thought he was a very manly fellow."

The Paladin gave me an outraged look, and said:

"I don't see how you can talk like that, I'm sure I don't. I don't see how you could have got such a notion. I don't dislike him, and I'm not saying these things out of prejudice, for I don't allow myself to have prejudices against people. I like him, and have always comraded with him from the cradle, but he must allow me to speak my mind about his faults, and I am willing he shall speak his about mine, if I have any. And true enough, maybe I have; but I reckon they'll bear inspection—I have that idea, anyway. A manly fellow!

You should have heard him whine and wail and swear, last night, because the saddle hurt him. Why didn't the saddle hurt me? Pooh—I was as much at home in it as if I had been born there. And yet it was the first time I was ever on a horse. All those old soldiers admired my riding; they said they had never seen anything like it. But him—why, they had to hold him on, all the time."

An odor as of breakfast came stealing through the wood; the Paladin unconsciously inflated his nostrils in lustful response, and got up and limped painfully away, saying he must go and look to his horse.

At bottom he was all right and a good-hearted giant, without any harm in him, for it is no harm to bark, if one stops there and does not bite, and it is no harm to be an ass, if one is content to bray and not kick. If this vast structure of brawn and muscle and vanity and foolishness seemed to have a libellous tongue, what of it? There was no malice behind it; and besides, the defect was not of his own creation; it was the work of Noël Rainguesson, who had nurtured it, fostered it, built it up and perfected it, for the entertainment he got out of it. His careless light heart had to have somebody to nag and chaff and make fun of, the Paladin had only needed development in order to meet its requirements, consequently the development was taken in hand and diligently attended to and looked after, gnat-and-bull fashion, for years, to the neglect and damage of far more important concerns. The result was an unqualified success. Noël prized the society of the Paladin above everybody else's; the Paladin preferred anybody's to Noël's. The big fellow was often seen with the little fellow, but it was for the same reason that the bull is often seen with the gnat.

With the first opportunity, I had a talk with Noël. I welcomed him to our expedition, and said—

"It was fine and brave of you to volunteer, Noël."

His eye twinkled, and he answered—

"Yes, it was rather fine I think. Still, the credit doesn't all belong to me; I had help."

"Who helped you?"

"The governor."

"How?"

"Well, I'll tell you the whole thing.



JOAN REPRIMANDS THE CONSPIRATORS.

after all, I wasn't sorry, remembering how dull life would have been in the village without the Paladin."

"How did he feel about it? Was he satisfied?"

"I think he was glad."

"Why?"

"Because he said he wasn't. He was taken by surprise, you see, and it is not likely that he could tell the truth without preparation. Not that he would have prepared, if he had had the chance, for I do not think he would. I am not charging him with that. In the same space of time that he could prepare to speak the truth, he could also prepare to lie; besides, his judgment would be cool then, and would warn him against fooling with new methods in an emergency. No, I am sure he was glad, because he said he wasn't."

"Do you think he was very glad?"

"Yes, I know he was. He begged like a slave, and bawled for his mother. He

I came up from Domremy to see the crowds and the general show, for I hadn't ever had any experience of such things, of course, and this was a great opportunity; but I hadn't any mind to volunteer. I overtook the Paladin on the road and let him have my company the rest of the way, although he did not want it and said so; and while we were gawking and blinking in the glare of the governor's torches they seized us and four more and added us to the escort, and that is really how I came to volunteer. But

said his health was delicate, and he didn't know how to ride a horse, and knew he couldn't outlive the first march. But really he wasn't looking as delicate as he was feeling. There was a cask of wine there, a proper lift for four men. The governor's temper got afire, and he delivered an oath at him that knocked up the dust where it struck the ground, and told him to shoulder that cask or he would carve him to cutlets and send him home in a basket. The Paladin did it, and that secured his promotion to a pri-

vacy in the escort without any further debate."

"Yes, you seem to make it quite plain that he was glad to join—that is, if your premises are right that you start from. How did he stand the march last night?"

"About as I did. If he made the more noise, it was the privilege of his bulk. We staid in our saddles because we had help. We are equally lame to-day, and if he likes to sit down, let him; I prefer to stand."

CHAPTER IV.

WE were called to quarters and subjected to a searching inspection by Joan. Then she made a short little talk in which she said that even the rude business of war could be conducted better without profanity and other brutalities of speech than with them, and that she should strictly require us to remember and apply this admonition. She ordered half an hour's horsemanship drill for the novices then, and appointed one of the veterans to conduct it. It was a ridiculous exhibition, but we learned something, and Joan was satisfied and complimented us. She did not take any instruction herself or go through the evolutions and manœuvres, but merely sat her horse like a martial little statue and looked on. That was sufficient for her, you see. She would not miss or forget a detail of the lesson, she would take it all in with her eye and her mind, and apply it afterward with as much certainty and confidence as if she had already practised it.

We now made three night-marches of twelve or thirteen leagues each, riding in peace and undisturbed, being taken for a roving band of Free Companions. Country folk were glad to have that sort of people go by without stopping. Still, they were very wearing marches, and not comfortable, for the bridges were few and the streams many, and as we had to ford them we found the water dismally cold, and afterward had to bed ourselves, still wet, on the frosty or snowy ground, and get warm as we might and sleep if we could, for it would not have been prudent to build fires. Our energies languished under these hardships and deadly fatigues, but Joan's did not. Her step kept its spring and firmness and her eye its fire. We could only wonder at this, we could not explain it.

But if we had had hard times before, I

know not what to call the five nights that now followed, for the marches were as fatiguing, the baths as cold, and we were ambuscaded seven times in addition, and lost two novices and three veterans in the resulting fights. The news had leaked out and gone abroad that the inspired Virgin of Vaucouleurs was making for the King with an escort, and all the roads were being watched now.

These five nights disheartened the command a good deal. This was aggravated by a discovery which Noël made, and which he promptly made known at headquarters. Some of the men had been trying to understand why Joan continued to be alert, vigorous, and confident while the strongest men in the company were fagged with the heavy marches and exposure and were become morose and irritable. There, it shows you how men can have eyes and yet not see. All their lives those men had seen their own women-folks hitched up with a cow and dragging the plough in the fields while the men did the driving. They had also seen other evidences that women have far more endurance and patience and fortitude than men—but what good had their seeing these things been to them? None. It had taught them nothing. They were still surprised to see a girl of seventeen bear the fatigues of war better than trained veterans of the army. Moreover, they did not reflect that a great soul, with a great purpose, can make a weak body strong and keep it so; and here was the greatest soul in the universe; but how could they know that, those dumb creatures? No, they knew nothing, and their reasonings were of a piece with their ignorance. They argued and discussed among themselves, with Noël listening, and arrived at the decision that Joan was a witch, and had her strange pluck and strength from Satan; so they made a plan to watch for a safe opportunity and take her life.

To have secret plottings of this sort going on in our midst was a very serious business, of course, and the knights asked Joan's permission to hang the plotters, but she refused without hesitancy. She said:

"Neither these men nor any others can take my life before my mission is accomplished, therefore why should I have their blood upon my hands? I will inform them of this, and also admonish them. Call them before me."

When they came she made that statement to them in a plain matter-of-fact way, and just as if the thought never entered her mind that any one could doubt it after she had given her word that it was true. The men were evidently amazed and impressed to hear her say such a thing in such a sure and confident way, for prophecies boldly uttered never fall barren on superstitious ears. Yes, this speech certainly impressed them, but her closing remark impressed them still more. It was for the ringleader, and Joan said it sorrowfully—

"It is pity that you should plot another's death when your own is so close at hand."

That man's horse stumbled and fell on him in the first ford which we crossed that night, and he was drowned before we could help him. We had no more conspiracies.

This night was harassed with ambuscades, but we got through without having any men killed. One more night would carry us over the hostile frontier if we had good luck, and we saw the night close down with a good deal of solicitude. Always before, we had been more or less reluctant to start out into the gloom and the silence to be frozen in the fords and persecuted by the enemy, but this time we were impatient to get under way and have it over, although there was promise of more and harder fighting than any of the previous nights had furnished. Moreover, in front of us about three leagues there was a deep stream with a frail wooden bridge over it, and as a cold rain mixed with snow had been falling steadily all day we were anxious to find out whether we were in a trap or not. If the swollen stream had washed away the bridge, we might properly consider ourselves trapped and cut off from escape.

As soon as it was dark we filed out from the depths of the forest where we had been hidden and began the march. From the time that we had begun to encounter ambushes Joan had ridden at the head of the column, and she took this post now. By the time we had gone a league the rain and snow had turned to sleet, and under the impulse of the storm-wind it lashed my face like whips, and I envied Joan and the knights, who could close their visors and shut up their heads in their helmets as in a box. Now, out of

the pitchy darkness and close at hand, came the sharp command—

"Halt!"

We obeyed. I made out a dim mass in front of us which might be a body of horsemen, but one could not be sure. A man rode up and said to Joan in a tone of reproof—

"Well, you have taken your time, truly. And what have you found out? Is she still behind us, or in front?"

Joan answered in a level voice—

"She is still behind."

This news softened the stranger's tone. He said—

"If you know that to be true, you have not lost your time, Captain. But are you sure? How do you know?"

"Because I have seen her."

"Seen her! Seen the Virgin herself?"

"Yes. I have been in her camp."

"Is it possible! Captain Raymond, I ask you to pardon me for speaking in that tone just now. You have performed a daring and admirable service. Where was she camped?"

"In the forest, not more than a league from here."

"Good! I was afraid we might be still behind her, but now that we know she is behind us, everything is safe. She is our game. We will hang her. You shall hang her yourself. No one has so well earned the privilege of abolishing this pestilent limb of Satan."

"I do not know how to thank you sufficiently. If we catch her, I—"

"If! I will take care of that; give yourself no uneasiness. All I want is just a look at her, to see what the imp is like that has been able to make all this noise, then you and the halter may have her. How many men has she?"

"I counted but eighteen, but she may have had two or three pickets out."

"Is that all? It won't be a mouthful for my force. Is it true that she is only a girl?"

"Yes; she is not more than seventeen."

"It passes belief! Is she robust, or slender?"

"Slender."

The officer pondered a moment or two, then he said:

"Was she preparing to break camp?"

"Not when I had my last glimpse of her."

"What was she doing?"

"She was talking quietly with an officer."

"Quietly? Not giving orders?"

"No; talking as quietly as we are now."

"That is good. She is feeling a false security. She would have been restless and fussy else—it is the way of her sex when danger is about. As she was making no preparation to break camp,—"

"She certainly was not when I saw her last."

"—and was chatting quietly and at her ease, it means that this weather is not to her taste. Night-marching in sleet and wind is not for chits of seventeen. No; she will stay where she is. She has my thanks. We will camp, ourselves; here is as good a place as any. Let us get about it."

"If you command it—certainly. But she has two knights with her. They might force her to march, particularly if the weather should improve."

I was scared, and impatient to be getting out of this peril, and it distressed and worried me to have Joan apparently set herself to work to make delay and increase the danger—still, I thought she probably knew better than I what to do. The officer said—

"Well, in that case we are here to block the way."

"Yes, if they come this way. But if they should send out spies, and find out enough to make them want to try for the bridge through the woods? Is it best to allow the bridge to stand?"

It made me shiver to hear her.

The officer considered awhile, then said:

"It might be well enough to send a force to destroy the bridge. I was intending to occupy it with the whole command, but that is not necessary now."

Joan said, tranquilly—

"With your permission, I will go and destroy it myself."

Ah, now I saw her idea, and was glad she had had the cleverness to invent it and the ability to keep her head cool and think of it in that tight place. The officer replied—

"You have it, Captain, and my thanks. With you to do it, it will be well done; I could send another in your place, but not a better."

They saluted, and we moved forward. I breathed freer. A dozen times I had imagined I heard the hoof-beats of the real Captain Raymond's troop arriving

behind us, and had been sitting on pins and needles all the while that that conversation was dragging along. I breathed freer, but was still not comfortable, for Joan had given only the simple command, "Forward!" Consequently we moved in a walk. Moved in a dead walk past a dim and lengthening column of enemies at our side. The suspense was exhausting, yet it lasted but a short while, for when the bugles sang the "Dismount!" Joan gave the word to trot, and that was a great relief to me. She was always at herself, you see. Before the command to dismount had been given, somebody might have wanted the countersign somewhere along that line if we came flying by at speed, but now we seemed to be on our way to our allotted camping position, so we were allowed to pass unchallenged. The further we went the more formidable was the strength revealed by the hostile force. Perhaps it was only a hundred or two, but to me it seemed a thousand. When we passed the last of these people I was thankful, and the deeper we ploughed into the darkness beyond them the better I felt. I came nearer and nearer to feeling good, for an hour; then we found the bridge still standing, and I felt entirely good. We crossed it and destroyed it, and then I felt—but I cannot describe what I felt. One has to feel it himself in order to know what it is like.

We had expected to hear the rush of a pursuing force behind us, for we thought that the real Captain Raymond would arrive and suggest that perhaps the troop that had been mistaken for his belonged to the Virgin of Vaucouleurs; but he must have been delayed seriously, for when we resumed our march beyond the river there were no sounds behind us except those which the storm was furnishing.

I said that Joan had harvested a good many compliments intended for Captain Raymond, and that he would find nothing of a crop left but a dry stubble of reprimands when he got back, and a commander just in the humor to superintend the gathering of it in. Joan said—

"It will be as you say, no doubt; for the commander took a troop for granted, in the night and unchallenged, and would have camped without sending a force to destroy the bridge if he had been left unadvised, and none are so ready to find fault with others as those who do things worthy of blame themselves."

The *Sieur Bertrand* was amused at Joan's naïve way of referring to her advice as if it had been a valuable present to a hostile leader who was saved by it from making a censurable blunder of omission, and then he went on to admire how ingeniously she had deceived that man and yet had not told him anything that was not the truth. This troubled Joan, and she said—

"I thought he was deceiving himself. I forbore to tell him lies, for that would have been wrong; but if my truths deceived him, perhaps that made them lies, and I am to blame. I would God I knew if I have done wrong!"

She was assured that she had done right, and that in the perils and necessities of war deceptions that help one's own cause and hurt the enemy's were always permissible; but she was not quite satisfied with that, and thought that even when a great cause was in danger one ought to have the privilege of trying honorable ways first. Jean said—

"Joan, you told us yourself that you were going to Uncle Laxart's to nurse his wife, but you didn't say you were going further, yet you did go on to *Vaucouleurs*. There!"

"I see, now," said Joan, sorrowfully, "I told no lie, yet I deceived. I had tried all other ways first, but I could not get away, and I *had* to get away. My mission required it. I did wrong, I think, and am to blame."

She was silent a moment, turning the matter over in her mind, then she added, with quiet decision, "But the thing itself was right, and I would do it again."

It seemed an over-nice distinction, but nobody said anything. If we had known her as well as she knew herself, and as her later history revealed her to us, we should have perceived that she had a clear meaning there, and that her position was

not identical with ours, as we were supposing, but occupied a higher plane. She would sacrifice herself—and her *best* self; that is, her truthfulness—to save her cause; but only that: she would not buy her *life* at that cost; whereas our war ethics permitted the purchase of our lives, or any mere military advantage, small or great, by deception. Her saying seemed a commonplace at that time, the essence of its meaning escaping us; but one sees, now, that it contained a principle which lifted it above that and made it great and fine.

Presently the wind died down, the sleet stopped falling, and the cold was less severe. The road was become a bog, and the horses labored through it at a walk—they could do no better. As the heavy time wore on, exhaustion overcame us, and we slept in our saddles. Not even the dangers that threatened us could keep us awake.

This tenth night seemed longer than any of the others, and of course it was the hardest, because we had been accumulating fatigue from the beginning, and had more of it on hand now than at any previous time. But we were not molested again. When the dull dawn came at last we saw a river before us and knew it was the *Loire*; we entered the town of *Gien*, and knew we were in a friendly land, with the hostiles all behind us. That was a glad morning for us.

We were a worn and bedraggled and shabby-looking troop; and still, as always, Joan was the freshest of us all, in both body and spirits. We had averaged above thirteen leagues a night, by tortuous and wretched roads. It was a remarkable march, and shows what men can do when they have a leader with a determined purpose and a resolution that never flags.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE BRIEF YEAR.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

UPON the bosom of the earth men's dwellings rest;
The earth upon the bosom of its sea;
All living, dying worlds upon God's deathless breast.
Poor Son of God!—no place of rest found He
After He took on Him our human part
And (one brief year) did rest on Mary's heart.

WHY SHOULD WE CARE?

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THOUGH the tree be not just for the bird to nest in,
She sets the twigs, and the nest is there;
Though the world be not just for man to be blest in,
He walks her green ways and breathes her sweet air;

The rich days open and spill their splendor;
Night shoes with silver the foot on her stair;
Ay, life has all that glory can lend her;—
So what it all means, pray why should we care?

The green lands blossom, and the blue skies hover;
The warm winds blow, and the song-birds pair;
Under love's window comes, fluting, the lover,
And the loved one leans, with his rose in her hair;

The suns plunge over the hill to the water;
The stars are sure; God gives and to spare;
The man-child thrives, and beauty's fair daughter;—
So, what it's all for, pray why should we care?

ROME IN AFRICA.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

I.

TO write in full the story of the march of Rome in Africa would involve an undertaking on a Gibbonian scale. The record is a stirring one, even if read or heard afar from the haunted shore where the war-boats of the triumphant Republic succeeded the Carthaginian galleys—to be in turn ousted by the piratical rovers of the European littoral. The story has, in truth, an epic grandeur which would appeal to us even if the theme were not already illumined, now here, now there, by the genius of Livy and Sallust, of Strabo and Polybius.

On the one side of the Mid-Sea a vast territory makes a landway between the Atlantic and the waters of the Orient. For generations this looming continent meant, to the young nation of Rome, Carthage only. From the Homeric Isle of the Lotos-Eaters to the huge shoulder of Atlas, that hid from the Romans they knew not what mysterious tract of virgin land or uncharted sea, the shadow of the Great City lay, a shadow minatory as well as awe-inspiring. Then "the veil of the inviolate" was rent. Sicily, which

Greece had peopled and the Sidonian trader had won, was the first tangled mesh of the net in which the glory of Carthage was caught and strangled. Then came that mighty struggle for the lordship of the sea. The greatest soldier whom the world has ever seen vowed that Rome should lie prostrate before her ancient enemy. Hannibal, as we know, triumphed over the ignorance and madness of the civic merchants and fathers, and accomplished an unparalleled feat in the transportation of an army of Numidian barbarians, Greek archers, Balearic slingers, Hispanian spearmen, and Gaulish swordsmen across the thitherto impregnable barrier of the Alps. For years he lay like a nightmare on the breast of palpitating Italy. Yet even at the bloody rout at the Trebia, even by the shores of that Umbrian lake where the reeds were stained red in the gore of an exterminated army, even at Cannæ, where Hannibal reached the pinnacle of his fame and Rome knew her lowest fall—even then the wind bore the sigh of a terrible lamentation, *Delenda est Carthago!*

The ebb of this gigantic tide of war

began after that appalling slaughter at dawn by the intricate windings of the Metaurus, when Claudius Nero threw into the camp of the Carthaginian the head of his brother Hasdrubal. The rumor of this ebb was heard all along the Latin coasts when, as Hannibal learned, with prescient dread of the inevitable, Cornelius Scipio—Scipio Africanus—had set sail for Africa from Lilybæum, that old-time vanguard of the Sidonian Empire, and had landed unopposed at the Fair Promontory,* beyond which, but a few years before, no Roman galley had dared to show its prow. Had he prescience also of that little Bithynian town near the Sea of Marmora of which the Oracle had spoken, where, after long wanderings, and after many years, he should find release in that potent grain of poison which, even in the day of victory, he carried in his ring? So at the last died Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, knowing that Punic Carthage was soon or late to fall forever, and that already the neck of his nation was under the heel of Rome. A memorable year, that hundred and eighty-third before our Christian era; for then also died Scipio, Hannibal's conqueror, in exile and bitterness of heart. Within one year, again, nearly four decades later (B.C. 146), Carthage, after a final death-struggle, was razed to the ground by another Scipio, and Corinth, dragging with it the pride of Hellas, fell from her high estate.

It was not till the third Punic war that North Africa became one of the greatest provinces of the Roman Empire, and was able to supply the suzerain power with mercenaries, innumerable horse, and vast stores of grain beyond all reckoning—to become, in a word, the granary of Rome. Speedily, indeed, the African Province became indispensable as a source of grain-supply. Just as in Great Britain to-day the whole yield of grain would be utterly inadequate to the need of the nation, so, in the late republican and early imperial days of Rome, Italy could not do more than produce enough to feed her soldiers. So exigent was this need at all times that historians have agreed in saying that war in Africa meant famine in Rome. Even in the days of Julius Cæsar the sovran power had its feet among the corn-fields

of *Ifrikia*: without those corn-fields ruinous collapse of Rome's metropolitan sway might soon have happened. Most of us who remember our Livy will recollect how Pompey, in revolt against the dominant power, stopped the export of grain from the African ports, thus hoping to gain swifter and easier surrender on the part of Cæsar. But though the Roman populace laughed at first, it soon whimpered. Bread became a luxury, and grain food of all kind threatened to discontinue. At the urgent prayers of the people, Cæsar was at last forced to arrange a treaty with his rival. Even then the great city had begun that career of trust in accidental aid to her supremacy which in due time was to end so disastrously. When, later, Cæsar brought the fratricidal war in Africa to a close, and punished the revolted towns, he imposed enormous indemnity demands—demands which at that time no other country in the world could have met. From the small town of Leptis alone, that port where Hannibal had landed from Italy when he came in haste, but vainly, to the relief of Carthago, Plutarch tells us he obtained a fine of 2,500,000 pounds of oil. To the Roman citizens he declared on his return that they could depend on Africa for an annual contribution of 200,000 bushels of corn and 3,000,000 pounds' weight of oil. In the reign of the Emperor Commodus this transmarine traffic had become so vast as well as so increasingly important that two great fleets of ships were built for this carrying-trade. It was in a ship of one of these fleets, a vessel named the *Castor and Pollux*, in which St. Paul embarked from Malta. In the time of Constantine the whole wheat-supply of Africa went to the Italian markets, while Byzantium was enriched with that of Egypt.

What bitterness there must have been in all this to the broken Carthaginian nation! The "Glory of the World" had sunk into "a granary for the Roman people, a hunting-ground for their amphitheatres, and an emporium for slaves."*

Generations after the last Punic war, when an obscure and persecuted faith had become the Church Militant, Africa, however, was to give to her and to the world one of the greatest of her Fathers, one of the most treasured of her books, as to the pagan literature of all time it was to

* To the moderns known as Cape Bon. Again and again the Carthaginians stipulated to the Greeks and Romans: "Thus far and no farther!"

* Herder's *Ideen*.

bring the poet-philosopher whose story of Cupidoro and Psyche is still loveliest of all tales to tell. St. Augustine, Apuleius—great names these, though others there are to cherish likewise with gratitude or admiration.

What a wonderful wave of new life, that march of Rome across the northern extremity of what was almost wholly then the Dark Continent—that steady, relentless march from the Tripolitan coast across mountains and deserts, along town-studded shores where the Punic speech was paramount, down the vast valleys of the Aurès (*Mons Aurasius*), whither the fierce indigenous folk had already begun to concentrate, over interminable plains scorched by the sun, tortured by drought, haunted by miasma, round the gigantic slopes of the Atlas, and so onward, till the great awe came upon all when there was no more land, but only the Atlantic surf blown upon the white walls of Tingis (Tangier), over against the Pillars of Hercules.

No wonder that, to the Romans themselves, the story was, as already said, one of epic grandeur! They had absorbed Greece, they had destroyed the Phœnician Empire, they had begun that unparalleled quest of the impossible which is still the most marvellous chapter in the chronicle of human history, and to them it seemed that they were not only invincible, but “the one people.” The Roman Empire was that blind aristocrat among nations in whose ears was nothing but the bewildering acclaim of its own deeds, in whose eyes the fine dust of its own wayfaring. It had not yet had reason to know that Greece, in dying, had bequeathed her subtle but sure revenge; that when, in Africa, Marius the Consul was permitted by the Senate to extend his power, that dreadful system of tyranny was involved which Rome’s whole effort had been to render impossible; that with her ever-growing congregation of slaves, from remotest Asia to Ultima Thule, she was, as it were, building the walls of her greatness with self-disintegrating mortar.

This march of Rome in Africa was described by her historians with the one-sidedness characteristic of the Roman scribe in all epochs. They recorded with pride the rise of fair cities along that distant littoral, in the recesses of that remote land; but, after all, Hippo Regius

was already the offspring of Carthage, Julia Cæsarea was but the Punic Iol, and it was a Phœnician, not a Latin, folk who built Tapsus and Igilgilis. Far inland, Cirta had frowned from her mountain seat long before the Romans had ever heard of their first African ally, Masi-nissa, and the dark-skinned traders at Sicca Veneris (Succoth-Benoth) had no need to know Latin to transact their business with the Phœnician merchants who fared to the City of the Rock.

To-day the Bedouin wanders where of old the Roman walked in pride. To-day there is desolation, or but a new and often crude amelioration of Moorish undoing, where in that far yesterday a democratic civilization prevailed.

An immense wave of civilization, indeed, must have spread inland from Carthage—southeastward, westward, and along the Mediterranean coast. It was swept before the more potent wave of Rome as mysteriously as its far greater counterpart in Etruria. The stronger power not only absorbed the weaker, but obliterated it. Nationality, language, nomenclature even, perished, or underwent as radical a change as the name of the Queen City itself.* Even before the Byzantine rule the transformation was complete. When the Vandals came as a crowd of destroying locusts and settled upon the land, from the frontiers of Mauritania to Uthina of the Buried Treasure and to the Syrtean Gulf, there could hardly have been a trace of Punic domination left to add zest to the barbaric ruining of the Roman dominion.

So that while the Latin wanderer, at the time of the close of the second Punic war, would still have found the Carthaginian race, language, and manner throughout the African Province, he would have discovered a rapid ebb in this seven centuries’ tide, even after the crowning triumph of the younger Scipio. His son might traverse the same road and see only the standards of Rome, salute only the proconsular authority instead of that of the Soffete of Carthage, and find that *civis Romanus sum* was the one passport for the orderly and safe faring forth to which he had set himself. It might even be that his grandson would seek in vain at Sicca Veneris itself for any acknow-

* The Punic name of Carthage was Kartha-Hadatha (Kart-Hadaet), which on Greek lips became Carchedon, and, on Latin, Carthago.

ledged worshipper of the Sidonian Ash-toreth; in vain ask at Ubbo for what the image-traders of Hippone no longer sold, Baal-Hammon having vanished before Jupiter; and it might well be that along the whole seaboard, from Hadrumetum (Susa) to Icosium (Algiers), he would hear the children answer him in the same tongue that he himself as a child had heard by the Tiber-side.

It was not till long after the destruction of Carthage by Scipio Africanus the Younger that the African Province was marked off into great colonies or states. The Roman domination, indeed, which really began during the sway of the Numidian potentate Masinissa, was not frankly displayed till the accession of Micipsa. So frank was it that when the great Jugurtha succeeded his uncle, no Numidian rose against him because he had removed Hiempsal and Adherbal, the legitimate heirs, and this because he had declared war to the death against the rapacious power which had swallowed Carthage and now hungered for Numidia, because he had refused to bow, as Micipsa and his sons had done, before a Roman legate. In the seven years' struggle which ensued, the Republic spilt its blood freely, and, as though the Numidian prince were another Hannibal, sent against him her ablest generals. Perhaps even the conqueror Marius would not have achieved his crowning victory but for the treachery of Bocchus, King of Mauritania, who did not scruple to betray a champion who was at once the national hero and his son-in-law. With the fall of Jugurtha the dominion of Rome in Africa became supreme. The nations beyond the eastern Atlas, even the nomad peoples who had trafficked with the Carthaginians, and brought rumors of the vanished glory of a still more ancient Semitic race which had penetrated the continent as far as the Mountains of the Moon, sent ambassadors to Tunis, to Cirta, to Hippone, with offers of alliance and service. Everywhere, in the inland cities as well as in the towns along the littoral, the proconsular authority was not only sovran but autocratic.

Let us glance for a moment at the further achievement of Rome in Africa before the Cæsarean division. When the third Punic war ended in the overthrow of Carthage, the Romans indulged in the mistake of believing that the city, as well as the Phœnician Empire, had been utter-

ly destroyed. Almost certainly this ruin was not that complete annihilation which the orators of the Forum proclaimed to the populace. In any case, thirty years later the Punic city was thoroughly Romanized by Caius Gracchus. As Colonia Carthago, in the period of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, it was one of the finest cities of the empire. Its utter destruction came later, when the Vandal overthrew its few remaining temples, when the Arab strode through its grass-grown ways, and when the Turkish horse stamped on the fallen marble and porphyry that are now to be sought in the byways of Tunis, or in the towns of Italy, whither the Pisan and Genoese corsairs blithely conveyed them.

It was in the proconsulate of Lucius Paulinus that the Romans overcame the whole of Mauritania, and lifted the eagles of Rome against the farther as well as the hither flanks of Atlas. Under Claudius, Roman Africa extended from the Nile to the Atlantic Ocean. He it was who divided the vast province of Mauritania into Tingitana and Mauritania Cæsariensis, the former with Tingis for its capital, the latter with ancient Iol, renamed Julia Cæsarea, as its queen city. The distinction has endured to this day, though Tangier is no longer the capital of the Empire of Morocco (Tingitana), and Cherchell is but a small seaport in the great French colony of Algeria.*

But, before this, proconsular Africa had been officially organized. Till Cæsar annexed Numidia, on that momentous occasion when he fared over sea, not to fight with the mountain-king struggling for independence, but to quell the insubordination of the Pompeian faction, who would fain have wrested the ancient Carthaginian realm from his grasp—till then, the African Province consisted of Tripolitana, Byzacium, and Zeugitana—that is, the whole extent of what is now the Beylick of Tripoli and the Regency of Tunisia. But, with the absorption of Numidia, the frontier was extended so as comprise the greater part of what is now the province of Constantine. Beyond Numidia the whole reach of country was known as Mauritania.

It was not till 74 B.C. that the vast tract to the east of Tripoli ceased to be a kingdom and became part of Roman

* Mauritania Cæsariensis comprised what is now the province of Oran and the greater part of that of Algeria.



THE ANCIENT PORT OF CARTHAGE.

Africa. With Cyrenaïca, the proconsular dominion now extended from Egypt to the Atlantic. Cæsar, a quarter of a century later, definitively partitioned the country into the provinces of Zeugitana, Numidia, Mauritania Orientalis, and Mauritania Occidentalis—broadly, Tunisia, the province of Constantine, Algeria (with the province of Oran), and the empire of Morocco, of to-day. It was at this time also that he placed Numidia under the rule of Sallust, who proved so excellent a historian and so merciless a viceroy. We owe too much to Sallust's brilliant record of Jugurtha and the Jugurthine war not to rejoice at Cæsar's choice, though it was an ill day for the traders of Numidia when the cold, keen, cynical, implacable Roman aristocrat took over the government of the country, and bid it be tributary to him and to the state.

By this time Utica, "the ancient town," as its name signifies, which was a flourishing Sidonian colony when Dido sailed to Africa from Tyre on that memorable expedition which ended in the creation of a new Phœnician town (Karthā-Hadatha, the New Town, in contradistinction to Utica, the old), had been made the metropolis of Roman Africa. It had seen the outgoing of Hanno's world-famous armada to seek new lands (B.C. 446), the

return of Hamilcar from his disastrous attempt to convert Sicily into a Sidonian colony (B.C. 481), and was itself the landing-place and captive stronghold of Agathocles the Greek, in the day when Hellas learned she was to have the empire of the world. It had watched Dido build Carthage; it had witnessed the superb efflorescence of that city through seven centuries; it had seen it utterly laid waste by Scipio. Here "New Rome" had its brief dream . . . to pass away with the suicide of Cato within these ancient walls. Like "the patient East," it had bowed before the storm, and it survived to see itself inherit the civic dignity of its sister city. But its triumph was a poor one, won as it was through wrong and meanness and treachery. Throughout its long life of a thousand years it never accomplished anything great. Nor does it seem ever to have been beautiful and a place of joy, as was Cyrene, across the gulf to the east; though that the decorative arts flourished there has been proved beyond question. To-day it consists of the wretched Arab village of Bou-Chater, set in a waste and miasmatic place. Few care to visit it, save archæologists. Utica lived a thousand years or more; Tunis is of an equal antiquity; but an hour of the Athens of

Pericles would be worth the lifetime of a Punic trader, and a day of imperial Rome would outweigh the petty chronicle of the dull æon of the town which, Leo Africanus tells us, is no other than Sidonian Tarshish.

Practically all North Africa was now in the grip of Rome. From desert Libya to the regions of the mysterious Troglodytæ, from impenetrable Æthiopia northward to the Atlantic littoral, north-eastward to superbly fertile, inexhaustible *Africa Propria*, the whisper of Rome was heard.

To have won this mighty conquest was, of itself, an imperial destiny. Rome was now inevitably the mistress of the Western World. With proconsular Africa as her base, with her maritime dominion established along the whole coast, from the prow of Sicily to ancient Massilia, and thence by subject Spain till Europe and Africa met face to face at the narrow strait—"fretum nostri maris," Salust writes, with pride in the possessive pronoun—Rome might well scan with eagle eyes the wide vista of the ancient

from any one locality on the Punic coast with intent to move thence undeviatingly westward; for the feet of the conquerors fared now this way and now that. As we have seen, Cyrenaïca became a Roman province long after the fires of Baal had ceased to flame on the Carthaginian gulf, and the south lands were accepted tributaries when Mauritania was still ruled in name only, and when the tribes of Zeugitana knew Rome more as a rumor than as a dread actuality. Uthina and Thysdrus, though to the south of Carthage, were occupied (if not created) by Rome later than Sicca, that lay under the eastward shadow of Numidia, and Cirta was still a Berber citadel when the Italian merchant galleys were moored in the roadstead of Hippone.

But if this pilgrim would traverse the North African empire from end to end, not with too careful heed to the steps of Rome, as that power moved this way and that in her restless quest of dominion, but attentive only to the whole reach of the domain ultimately acquired by her, he would do well to start from that plateau of Barca which lies between the eastern Tripolitan frontier and the extreme of Egypt; or, better still, from the hither side of the Djebel Akabah-el-Kebir. This was the *Catabathmus Magnus* of the Romans, and, as the skirt of Egypt, was the recognized ancient limits of Asia and Africa. From the earliest times Cyrenaïca was famous for its fertility and beauty. For hundreds of years Cyrene was, in the estimate of Greek, Egyptian, and Roman, what the Arab poets afterwards called Panormus (Palermo)—the Gate of Paradise. Though Cyrenaïca has been a region of desolation since the Saracenic invasion, following on the ruin wrought upon it by the Persian satrap Chosroes, and though the five vanished cities of Pentapolis were for generations the haunts of the jackal and the wandering Bedouin, the traveller will be well repaid if he go thither. From the site of Cyrene itself is a vista of surpassing beauty; near the forlorn modern village are the marvellous stalactitic caves which gave rise to the once familiar tales of a petrified city. But, above all, what memories, what visions, of what here was once so real, of what befell here in that dim long ago!

Herodotus tells us that at so remote a date as the 37th Olympiad (about B.C. 628) a colony of Greeks was guided by a chief



REMAINS OF ROMAN GATE OF ENTRANCE INTO
ANCIENT ZEUGIS.

world, from the furthest Asian steppe to that remote hyperborean region of which barbarian whispers had already reached her ears.

II.

The traveller who would scrupulously examine the route of this great march of Rome in North Africa could not do so



BEDOUIIN OF CARTHAGE.

of the Libyan nomads to this garden of Africa, and that the Dorian leader, finding a spring of inexhaustible pure water, dedicated the fountain to Apollo, settled close by, and called the place Kyre—whence probably Cyrene, though the name is claimed to have been given by Aristæus in memory of his mother, that “daughter of Peneus” of whom Apollo had become enamoured. To this day one may hear from Arab lips the echo of the old Dorian name in *Kurin*, as in the instance of the four other towns of Pentapolis, of Barca (Apollonia), Ptolemais, Berenice, and Tauchira (Arsinoë), in *Barca*, *Tollamata*, *Berenic*, and *Taukera*.

Howsoever it was founded, and whatever the vicissitudes the kingdom of which

it formed part endured, Cyrene was a republic in the time of Aristotle, and, as Sallust has told us, was potent enough to dispute with Carthage the question of what would now be called a scientific frontier. Cyrenaïca became, as already mentioned, a Roman province in B.C. 76, having been transferred from the empire of the Ptolemies to the custody of the Roman Senate as a free gift or bequest on the part of Apio the Tranquil.

But the stranger, standing on the terraced uplands that overlook what was Pentapolis, and pondering what this ancient Libyan country might have become had Cyrene outvantaged Carthage in the struggle for supremacy; had Cyrenaïca, with Greece and Egypt behind her, risen



SUSA (HADRUMETUM).

as mistress of the Mediterranean, in despite of Phœnicia and in affront of Rome—the visitor to this sun-scorched loneliness will also remember that it was here the wise Aristippus preached his hedonistic doctrine, to the scandal of all Christian moralists ever since; that here were born Eratosthenes the historian and Callimachus the poet; and that hence went that nameless Jew whom the Roman soldiery compelled to bear one end of the cross whereon Christ was crucified. Strange indeed that the Jews resorted thither in such numbers, even before the Christian era! Was this the reason why Cyrene lost its high estate? Was it that the worshipper of Apollo would not bide the Hebrew fanatic? Cyrenian Jews, as we know, were present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost; and are we not told in the Acts of the Apostles that Christian Jews of Cyrene, fleeing with their Cyprian comrades from the wrath of their countrymen and rulers, were the first preachers of Christianity to the Greeks of Antioch? But before the Jews, before the Romans, Cyrenaïca was the beautiful

land of Apollo and Aphrodite, Cyrene the fair city whose fountains and proud steeds were immortalized by Pindar.

It is a matter of choice whether the start in the footsteps of Rome be made from Susa or Tunis. From his own experience the present writer would suggest, for a trip limited to French Africa, and to exclude the pachalik of Tripoli, a visit to Tunis and Carthage first, and then to go by steamer to Susa, whence, after some swallow-flights to the north and south, to strike westward. But, for convenience' sake, let us suppose that we are bound for Susa by the inland route, *vid* Oudina, Zaghouan, and Kairouan, and that we have already visited Utica and Carthage and the Hermean Promontory.

It is a beautiful as well as fascinating journey from Tunis as far as Zaghouan, and can be done in one day if an early start be made, so as to allow from three to five hours for tramping over the five or six mile area of ruined Uthina (Oudina). How well I remember that glorious spring day when, after having driven

some fourteen kilometres from Tunis, leaving on the right the great salt lake called Sebka - eš - Sedjoumi, and having passed through the desolate ruins of Mohammedia, I saw for the first time the

plain, now so desolate and filled with the dust of oblivion, but once alive with Punic industry and the commerce of great and populous Roman cities. Even those travellers who have seen the superb aque-



GATE OF CARACALLA, TEBESSA.

great aqueduct which, in ancient days, carried along its sixty-mile reach from Mount Zaghounan seven million gallons of water a day into Carthage. There is nothing more impressive in the world than this vast creature, as it seems, that appears to move majestically along the

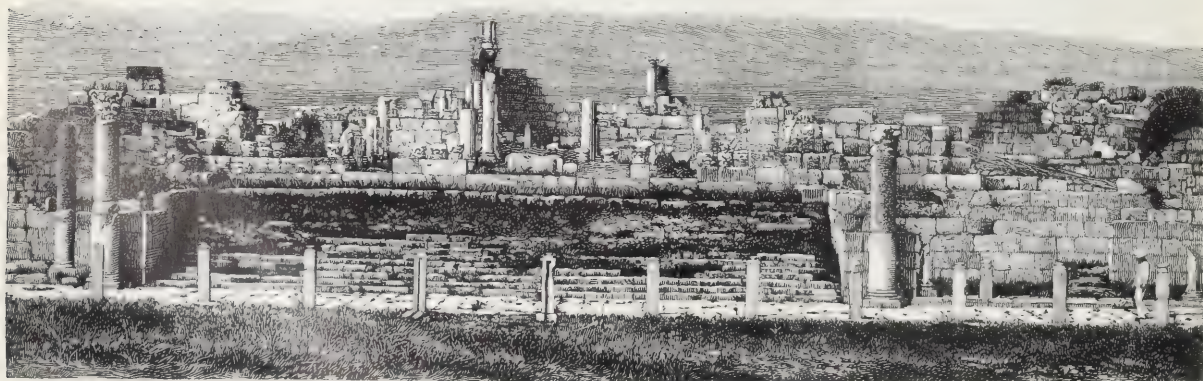
duct near Nîmes, in Provence, even those who have looked with wonder and admiration at the mighty ruins which serrate the Campagna as though they were impregnable barriers of reef in the grip of the sea, must admit that this Carthaginian aqueduct, perhaps the greatest work

wrought by the Romans in North Africa, is a not less mighty achievement. Here, too, one may see the solitary goatherd standing beneath some giant arch, within his eyes the mystery of the great silence and greater loneliness; but here he is of a race more ancient even than that of the Campagna shepherd, is clothed in a long gray-white robe instead of in goat-skins, and for austere greeting or response has only "Allah is great!"*

It is a common mistake in Tunis—due largely to the ignorant misrepresentation of the so-called "guides," not one of whom is worth the five francs a day he is wont to demand for what he euphemistically calls his services—that Punic Carthage benefited by this great aqueduct. Even when Caius Gracchus rebuilt the city that thirty years earlier had been laid in ruins by the younger Scipio, the inhabitants were dependent mainly upon their storage from rainfall; largely in the primitive manner to be seen at this day at Sfax, where the innumerable gourd-shaped rain-receptacles at first puzzle the stranger. It was not till the indefatigable Hadrian (in A.D. 120) was induced by the wealthy citizens of New Carthage to bridge the distance between them and Mons Zeugitanus—a gigantic undertak-

* Most of the shepherds employed in this part of Tunisia are Berbers from the eastern Aurès, and are racially quite distinct from the nomad Arabs, whom they resemble so much in most respects, and with whom they are at one in religion. They are of that ancient race which inhabited Africa not only before the arrival of the Romans, but before Utica had a rival in Carthage, probably before the first Sidonian ever ventured beyond the Hermean Promontory.

ing, not adequately completed till the reign of Septimius Severus—that the Carthaginian could stoop, as his Moorish or French fellow-citizen of to-day can do, and drink the clear cold mountain water within the gates of the city. Alas! this magnificent work was to share the fate which overtook its Campagna prototype. When Gilimer, the last of the Vandal kings, brought his hordes to besiege Carthage, he ordered its partial destruction, as a material aid in the investiture of the unfortunate city; and though, later, it was restored by the Byzantine general Belisarius, its still more disastrous ruin was accomplished during the great Arab invasion which followed the heroic gallop across Africa of Mohammed's friend and fiery lieutenant, Okba-bin-Nafa. So mighty were the vast arches, so huge the span of their collective length, that there was even yet scope for barbaric havoc on the part of the Spaniards when Charles V. sent his enormous cosmopolitan armada to the undoing of the corsair stronghold. For generations the broken skeleton was extant, though, indeed, even its devertebrate parts bid fair to vanish altogether through fanatical ignorance on the one hand and selfish folly on the other. Then the French engineering genius came to the rescue, and to-day any one who will visit the great cistern and fountain just within that southeastern gate of Tunis known as the Bab Sidi Abdullah-esh-Sherif will see as copious and rejoicing a flood of pure mountain water as that which in Rome gushes forth from the conduits of the Acqua Paola on the Janiculum, or whirls its spray



THE RUINED BASILICA OF TEBESSA.

over the doves which ceaselessly flit to and fro above the fount of Trevi.

A mile or two from Oued, Melian (or Mili-ana, a common name for a stream, signifying "ample" or "full") is crossed — and the traveller will have already rightly guessed it to be the *Catada* of Ptolemy—the rough path for Oudina breaks off to the left. The aqueduct is left behind, and one bears south-eastward through an ever-increasing number of megalithic and other ruins.

I found the country of a singular desolation and wildness, though not without some faint-hearted signs of agricultural industry here and there. Only once on the way did we encounter a human being in motion, an Arab from Kairouan, mounted on a camel. I say in motion, for twice we caught sight of ragged Bedouin goatherds prone among the dry reedy grass, as lifeless apparently as bronze statues, save for the watchful gleam in their dark eyes.

I admit to a difficulty in speaking without undue enthusiasm about this widespread wilderness of ruins that once was Uthina. Carthage, though it is but a site, after all, with few external aids for the recreative imagination, has a lovelier view, seaward and across the great gulf, and inland by the mountain range, from cleft Bou-Kornein to the gigantic shadow of what to the Romans was Mons Zeugitanus; Tebessa is more magnificent in her ruin; Timgad has a more swift appeal to the eye; the hundred other ruined towns, inland or by the sea, or high set among the hills, have each their own grandeur, beauty, or desolate impressiveness. But, as to every one there is one paramount loveliness, one particular mountain range or



BEDOUIN GIRL, NEAR THE RUINED CITY OF OUDINA.

happy valley, one signally fortunate marriage of land and sea, or one rarest town, village, or homestead, so there is for most of us one place of ancient ruin of an incomparable haunting charm. No association is to be held to account here, for almost nothing is known of this ancient city. No one can tell when it grew up in the desert, or if the Roman town was superimposed on a Phœnician site. One French authority has suggested its identity with the Tricamaron, where the hoarded treasure of Genseric was accumulated, till Belisarius and his Byzantine troops annihilated the Vandals under Gilimer; but this is surmise only. It has no history, save that it rose, flourished, fell, and disappeared. But it must have been an immense city, second perhaps only to Carthage itself. There is peril for the unwary explorer searching amidst the débris of

the amphitheatre, the theatre, the huge reservoirs, the inchoate citadel, and that vast and nameless ruin further to the eastward; for at any moment he may be precipitated into some obscure chasm, half hid by impending slabs of stone or by rank weeds. Indeed, anywhere within a radius of three or four miles he must perforce be vigilant, particularly if mounted on mule or horse back. What a superb view can be had from any point amid this voiceless, lifeless desolation! To the west, the lonely plain with the serpentine aqueduct; to the south and east, the Zeugitanean mountain range; to the north, the shine of the sea beyond the white splash that is Tunis, with, it may be, a gleam of golden light flashing upon Sidi-bou-Said, the Arab village on the summit of the headland immediately to the west of Carthage. Voiceless and lifeless only in the hot months; for in winter and early spring one will be annoyed by a wild barking of shepherd dogs, as fretful and suspicious if not so malignant as those of the Campagna; and will catch glimpses of the proud, resentful Bedouin Arabs, who have their *gourbis* among the boulderlike ruins on the citadel heights. I know not why those Oudina nomads struck me as more barbaric in mien than the Bedouin of other parts, and forlorn almost as the troglodyte Berbers whom ere this I had seen beyond Tlemçen, near the Morocco frontier, but so it was. What memorable hours these that we spent in silent Uthina! For visible record I have but a little coin, found amidst a tangle of stone and weed. Alas! I am no numismatist, and so learned little from my treasure-trove, though now I know it to be Byzantine money of the reign of Constantine the Great (*circa* A.D. 300).

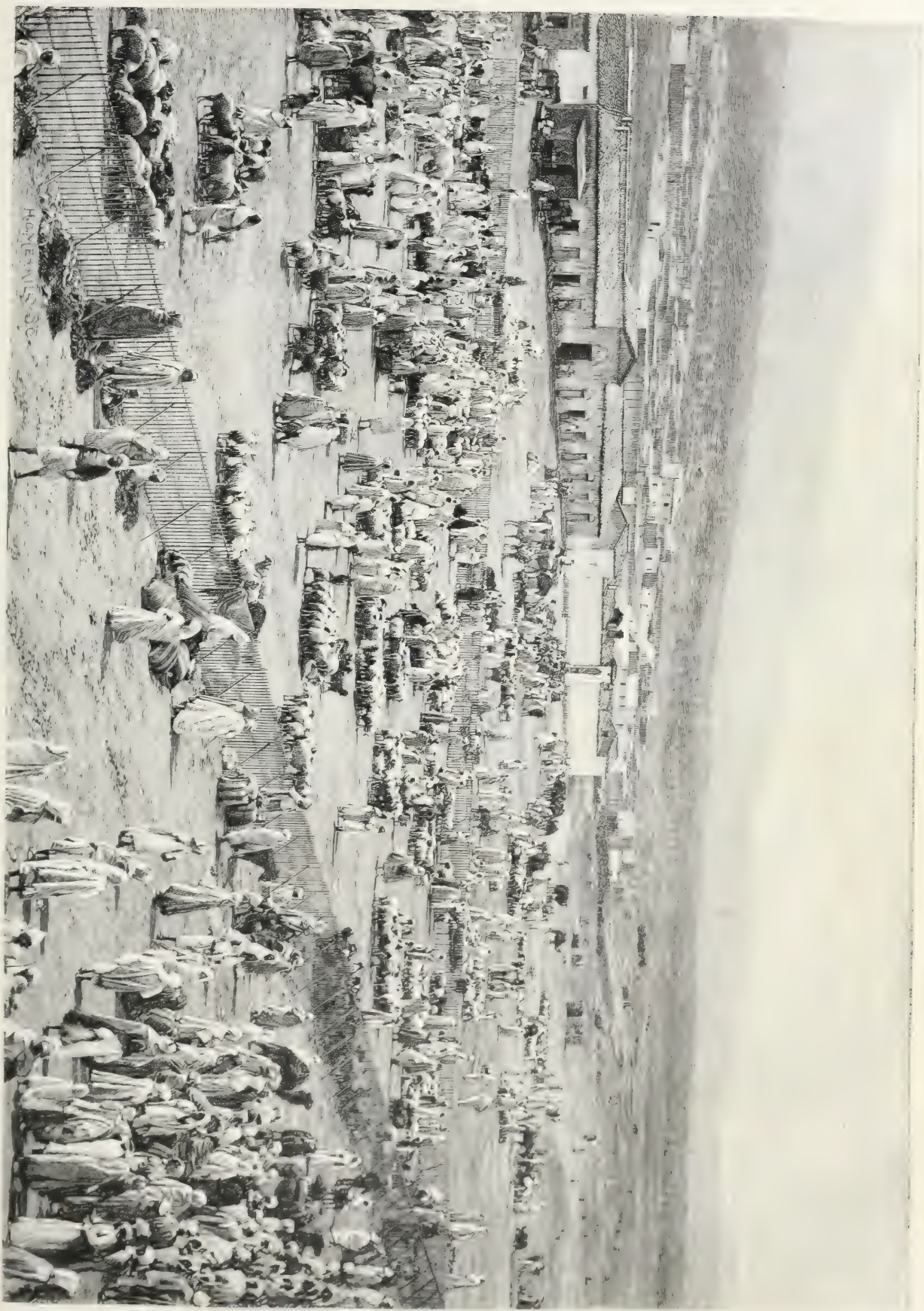
Twenty miles further south bring one to the ancient capital of *Africa Propria*. Zaghouan is, however, a disappointing place; the few streets are insignificant and malodorous; there is no inn where a European can lodge, or even obtain provision; and the general air of the inhabitants seems equivalent to saying that all the infidels in the world are not worth one fez, the manufacture of which headpiece, or rather the dyeing of it, is the hereditary trade and sole occupation of the Zaghouanite. But the beautiful and romantically situated little Roman temple in the valley of Aïn Ayah is, to the said infidels, worth all the fezzes betwixt Tan-

gier and Stamboul. There is a delicious fount, where one's mind may have iced fancies while the body cools. In Zaghouan itself nothing of ancient Zeugis is to be seen, except possibly the Roman Mauresque gate called Bab-el-Goos.

In the long journey from Zaghouan to Kairouan the river has to be crossed, and then there is a dreary tract of desert to be traversed. As the Holy City of North Africa, ranking as it does before Sidi-bou-Medine, near Tlemçen, or even the Oasis of Sidi Okba, in the Sahara, it is of great interest; but for the Roman enthusiast it has no immediate appeal. It has been claimed that this African Mecca was before Mohammed's day a ruined Roman city; but in support of this no reputable authority can be cited, and the very significance of the name (*caravansérai*) has been held to indicate that it was an Arab town from the first. The only Roman remains in Kairouan, indeed, are the marble and porphyry columns of the *Zaonia* of Sidi Okba; but these spoils of conquest did not even come from one place, fallen Uthina or ruined Zama, but were gathered from out the general dissolution of Roman *Ifrikia*.

From Kairouan to Susa is an easy and monotonous journey. But when once the beautiful town is reached there is no more monotony, within or without its boundaries, for him who is on the track of Rome. Here he is in the fateful Hadrumentum (*Adrumetum*), near which Hannibal landed when he returned from Italy to save the tottering Carthaginian Empire, and whither ere long he fled after his crushing and final defeat on the field of Zama. Here, too, Cæsar landed with his small army when he came to bind Africa indissolubly to Rome. From that day to this Hadrumentum-Susa has never failed to be one of the chief places on the African littoral, regarded by the Turks as of supreme importance strategically, coveted by the foiled Italians, and now being fortified by the French as one of their most valuable seaports, though, as yet, Tunisia is French in fact only and not in name, for the fiction of the Beylik or Regency is still maintained.

If the traveller will take his stand near the Old Sea-Gate (Bab-el-Bahr) he will not only be able to discover the remains of the Roman breakwater, but may also give his imagination free play. If it cannot picture stirring and dramatic



ARAB MARKET OUTSIDE TEBESSA.



VIEW OF EL KEF.

visions at Hadrumetum, not for him is the joy of this Roman quest! Older, however, it is than the date of the first Scipionic invasion; older even than Carthage, we are told by Sallust. Possibly it was founded by colonists from Cyrenaica; more likely by merchants from Tyre. Dido must have passed it on her westward voyage; centuries later Genseric and his Vandals stared from its walls at the last Roman galleys sinking in the roadstead.

And now when one is pleasantly quartered at the Hôtel de France in Susa, one should plan out the often-varying but ever-converging route of the Roman march—the route he would fain follow so as to see all there is really worth seeing.

Few, alas, can have this good hap. Here, at any rate, I must perforce omit description, or even mention, of scores of interesting Roman sites, and still more interesting Roman remains. It would be an impossible task, in truth. As an eminent archæologist has estimated, a complete list of Roman remains of towns and villages would extend to well over six hundred enumerations. Even the seventy *coloniæ* and thirty-one *municipiæ* are beyond my present scope. It may be as well to add here, however, that past importance is never to be measured by present extent. Thus Tunis was but the insignificant *Tunes*, and Tlemçen—the Athens, the Florence, the Cyrene, of Moorish Barbary—was but the unimportant *Pomaria*, lovely then as now for its olive-trees and fruitful plenty, but held only for its gifts of fruit and grain, while the

wretched nomad villages of Dougga and Chemtou and Madaourouch overlie Thysdrus and Simittu and Madaura. As only a few can be alluded to, then, let the most interesting only be chosen. Broadly the line of march, after some more or less abrupt divagations, at first will strike from royal Thysdrus (El Djem) across Tunisia to Zama. The battle-field of Zama, or Djama, is on the Tunisian frontier, and may most conveniently be reached from El Kef, though the nearest point is the place familiar to archæologists as Narragarra. No one knows exactly where this, one of the most momentous battles of history, was actually fought, though Sallust indicates it with approximate exactitude. El Kef itself can now easily be gained from Souk-el-Arba, which is also the best starting-place for the splendid ruins of ancient Bulla Regia, and for Simittu and its marble quarries, or from Souk-Ahras, whence it is easy to visit the majestic ruins of Khamisa, second only in archæological value to those of Tebessa and Timgad. Though “Thursday’s Market,” as the name signifies (Souk-el-Khamis), ceased to be Thubursicum early in the history of Cæsarean Africa, its name survived it eight centuries in the Arabic *Teboursouk*. In the dark ages since the fourteenth century even the mutilated name of this great and important city was utterly forgotten. Thubursicum became simply “Thursday-Market Ruins.”

It is only three miles from Teboursouk to Dugga, name almost identical with the Thugga of Ptolemy, with its lovely temple of the Corinthian order and fragmen-

tary Punic mausoleum; and thence it is an easy journey to upland Thignica (Tunga or Dunga now), with its even more beautiful temple, and a glorious view scarcely inferior to that from Uthina. Near by is the wild picturesque glen of the Bachairet Essayoda, "the valley of lions," of which Sir Grenville Temple says that he had been informed by the Caid of Tebour-souk that four evenings before he passed through it sixteen lions had been seen there together. The whole country hereabouts is wild and lonely, and the traveller, particularly if he be alone, will do well to be circumspect. When Dr. Davis entered Khamisa (Teboursouk) he was assailed, he says, with such ejaculations from the Arabs as: "The fire is kindled for you!" "Oh you unbelieving son of hell!" "Despiser of the Prophet, doomed to everlasting fire!" and "Filth of the earth, your haughtiness will soon be brought low!" Personally I encountered little of this animosity in Africa. In fact, I heard really abusive terms nowhere save among the fanatics at the Holy Town of the Sahara, the Oasis of Sidi Okba. But Souk-Ahras touches us more, for this was the ancient Tagaste, whose chief claim to remembrance is that here, in the fourth century (A.D. 354), the wife of a decurion of the city named Patricius gave birth to a man child to become known throughout the Christian world as St. Augustine. Here the youth lived till he was sixteen, when he went as a student across the hills to Madaura, then a city of renown for its scholastic training. When here he must often have walked over the same hilly uplands as Apuleius (Madaura's glory) had been wont to do, and pondered the Christian heresy while reading one of the sweet pagan "books" of "The Golden Ass." He could not have left a laurel wreath on the tomb of the great African writer, for Apuleius was buried at Cæa (the modern Tripoli), of which place his wife was a native. From Madaura, no doubt with frequent visits to the large city of Tipasa (whose ruins as *Tifesch* can be seen in the magnificently fertile valley of that name, not far from Madaourouch), Augustine went to Carthage. Thence, in the year 373, and as a distinguished scholar, he returned to Tagaste, where, despite his profession as a grammarian, he lived, as he tells us in the *Confessions*, "in a manner to cause the most profound affliction to

his mother." Thirteen years later he was converted to Christianity by the saintly Monica, and in A.D. 390 he was ordained a priest at Hippone (close to the modern Bona, the Ubbo of the Carthaginians, the Hippo Regius of the Romans, and then, as now, one of the most opulent towns of the African littoral), and here for thirty-



THE GATE OF CARACALLA IN PROFILE.

five years he lived as priest and bishop. He had collected his famous library and written *The City of God* and his *Confessions* when the Vandals descended upon doomed Roman Africa. He died before the city fell, after its long fourteen months' siege, and it is enough to set against the ill name given to these Northmen that in the ruining of the town they spared the MSS. and the library of the far-famed Christian bishop.

If, before leaving Tunisia, however, the traveller makes a southward journey from El Kef, so as to visit Hydra, the ancient Ammædara, with its remarkable and beautiful triumphal arch, he can reach Tebessa, and thence make his way on mule-back

or camel-back southwesterly to the Ziban and the Sahara, for Biskra and El Kantara; or westerly, on horseback or in a light vehicle, by way of Aïn-Khrenchela, Timgad, and Lambessa, to Batna and Constantine; or, again, due north by the French military railway through the Madaourouch country, to Souk-Ahras, whence by rail westward to Constantine, northward to Bona, or eastward to Tunis.

Tebessa, the lordly Theveste of old, most splendid of all extinct Roman towns in Roman Africa, is entered from the west, past an ancient aqueduct, and through the Gate of Solomon. If approached (and whether one enters by the Gate of Solomon or the Arch of Caracalla—the Bab-el-Djedid—it will be through a country literally studded with Roman remains, a country of great richness and beauty, notable for its ample water-supply and its innumerable gardens) on a market-day, one will wonder at the enormous quantity of sheep, goats, and cattle brought in by the neighboring tribes. We are now at the important Roman junction to ancient Constantine, Hippone on the north, Lambessa on the west, and

Tacape (Gabes) on the Syrtean Gulf, the goal of the great highway constructed in the reign of Hadrian to connect *Africa Inferior* with Carthage—a road, as we learn from a Roman inscription, 191 miles 700 paces in length, and made by that famous Third Augustan Legion which has left so many traces in western Numidia. The Romans always had a keen eye for sites combining beauty, health, and utility, and, except Tlemçen, it is doubtful if there is any place in North Africa more fortunately situated than Tebessa. After Carthage and Constantine, moreover, it ranks next in point of historic interest. To the student of the rise of Christianity it will appeal as one of the first African cities to follow the example of Carthage, about A.D. 150, and as the place of martyrdom of St. Maximilian during the proconsulate of Dion, and of St. Crispin in the reign of Diocletian. By the student of the Vandal invasion of southern Europe and North Africa it will be remembered as one of the chief towns of the Vandal Kingdom, in accordance with the treaty in 443 between Genseric and Valentinian, Emperor of the West. But the Vandal



EL KANTARA, THE ANCIENT CALCEUS HERCULIS.



RUINS OF TIMGAD (ANCIENT THAMAGAS).

genius was neither constructive nor conservative, even when not actively anarchic. Tebessa sank into a depopulated town of little importance till the coming of that regenerative Byzantine tide which succeeded the Vandalian scourge. The great Byzantine general Solomon, the successor of Belisarius, restored Theveste, though, after his four years' struggle with the widespread revolt which broke out after the departure of Belisarius, he was himself doomed to meet death in battle before the walls of his favorite town (A.D. 543)—a disaster that was followed by the second and final collapse of Theveste. The only known record on stone concerning the Vandal invasion which has as yet been discovered in Africa is the inscription on the triumphal arch of Tebessa—of singular value, therefore. Though the town and neighborhood are full of Roman remains of great interest and beauty even in their mutilated condition, there are two buildings of paramount interest—the Triumphal Arch of Caracalla and the Basilica. The splendid *quadri-fons* arch is superior in every respect to

that of Janus in Rome. It is built with large solid blocks of cut stone, and has many singular features which would attract the architect. The vast Basilica, a short distance to the northeast of modern Tebessa, is one of the most interesting examples of the Roman genius to be found in Africa. Its immense size, its beauty, its manifold interest, make it worthy to be the goal of an enthusiastic archæologist. A long article might well be devoted to it alone; for even the briefest description which would be at all adequate would perforce be too lengthy for any general paper. The wealth of mosaics, many of great beauty, is something extraordinary. Here, too, was afforded an instance of the remarkable embalming secrets which the Romans had learned from Egypt. When the sepulchral chamber was examined a few years ago the tomb of Palladius, Bishop of Idicia, was opened, and the shrivelled frame, with its undecayed brown hair resting on a bed of laurel leaves, was disclosed in perfect preservation, and this after the lapse of fourteen centuries.

From Tebessa one may without serious difficulty make one's way across country to the Sahara by way of Seriana. Thence he will go to Biskra the Beautiful (*ad Piscinam*), which to the present writer seems an almost ideal winter resort for invalids needing a dry, rainless, and warm climate, and a place of endless charm and interest—Queen Oasis of the Sahara, as it is deservedly called. Thence, again, northward by the upper Ziban to El Kantara, that magnificent gorge, the Foumes-Sahara, the Mouth of the Desert, as it is called by the Arabs—the ancient Calceus Herculis, and centre of innumerable Roman remains, and where there was a permanent station of the famous Third Augustan Legion. When, at the French occupation, Marshal St.-Arnaud led his small army through this wild and solitary defile, and beheld the desert stretching out before him, he cried to his troops, "We may flatter ourselves we are the first soldiers to pass through this region." Yet almost beside where he stood, graven imperishably in the rock, was an inscription setting forth that the Sixth Roman Legion, under Antonine, had made that very journey seventeen centuries before. For all we know, moreover, for all the Legionaries knew, the Punic trumpets may have resounded ages before against those high gaunt cliffs, which, northward, become of an incomparable desolation. The actual headquarters of the Third Legion was at Lambæsis (Lambessa), further north. But, interesting as Lambessa is, with its notable Prætorium and ruined temples and monumental buildings, Timgad (Thamugas) far surpasses it. It has been called the Pompeii of Africa, and not wholly inaptly, as is the wont in these arbitrary appellations. The Forum, the beautiful Triumphal Arch, the Temple to Jupiter Capitolinus, and a score of other objects, make Timgad a place of singular interest and fascination. As it is much more conveniently reached (from the west and north) than almost any other ruined Roman town, it should be missed by no visitor to French Africa. The journey from Constantine to Biskra can pleasantly be broken at Batna, whence Timgad can be visited in one long day.

Of Constantine itself what can one say in a limited space but that it is the grandest of hill-set towns, and has a history as romantic and stirring and momentous as

any city in Africa after Carthage? Numidian, Pagan Roman, Christian Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Arab, Turk, and the Gaul of to-day have successively ruled here. All have left their traces. Here Masinissa, Jugurtha, and Tacfarinas dreamed of an African empire wherein the Roman usurper would have no part; here Sallust wandered in his lovely private domain, pondering his history of the Jugurthine war, or speculating on what further extortion he could impose on the unfortunate wealthy citizens; here the exiled St. Cyprian moved through the narrow streets, singing his Christian hymns; here the Turkish pasha laughed at the liberties of the Arab republic; here the greatest of its Beys was strangled by treacherous soldiers; and here the French army met with its most crushing disaster in Africa. The bugle of the Zouave is now heard in place of the Turkish clarion, as that succeeded the fanfare of the Roman trumpet, the shrill summons of the Punic herald, the rude cymbal of the Berber warrior, secure, as he thought, within his Numidian eyry.

Setif, the best stopping-place between Algiers and Constantine, though so important a Roman town, has not now much of interest, but there are the remarkable ruins of Cuiculum, some twenty miles away. It was not far from here that were discovered those wonderful mosaics drawings of which were exhibited in the Paris exhibition of 1878, one of the most notable having reference to that Crescens, a young Moor, who at the Hippodrome in Rome during the ten years A.D. 115-124, with his four horses, Acceptus, Circus, Delicatus, and Cotynus, gained prizes to the value of over a million and a half sesterces.

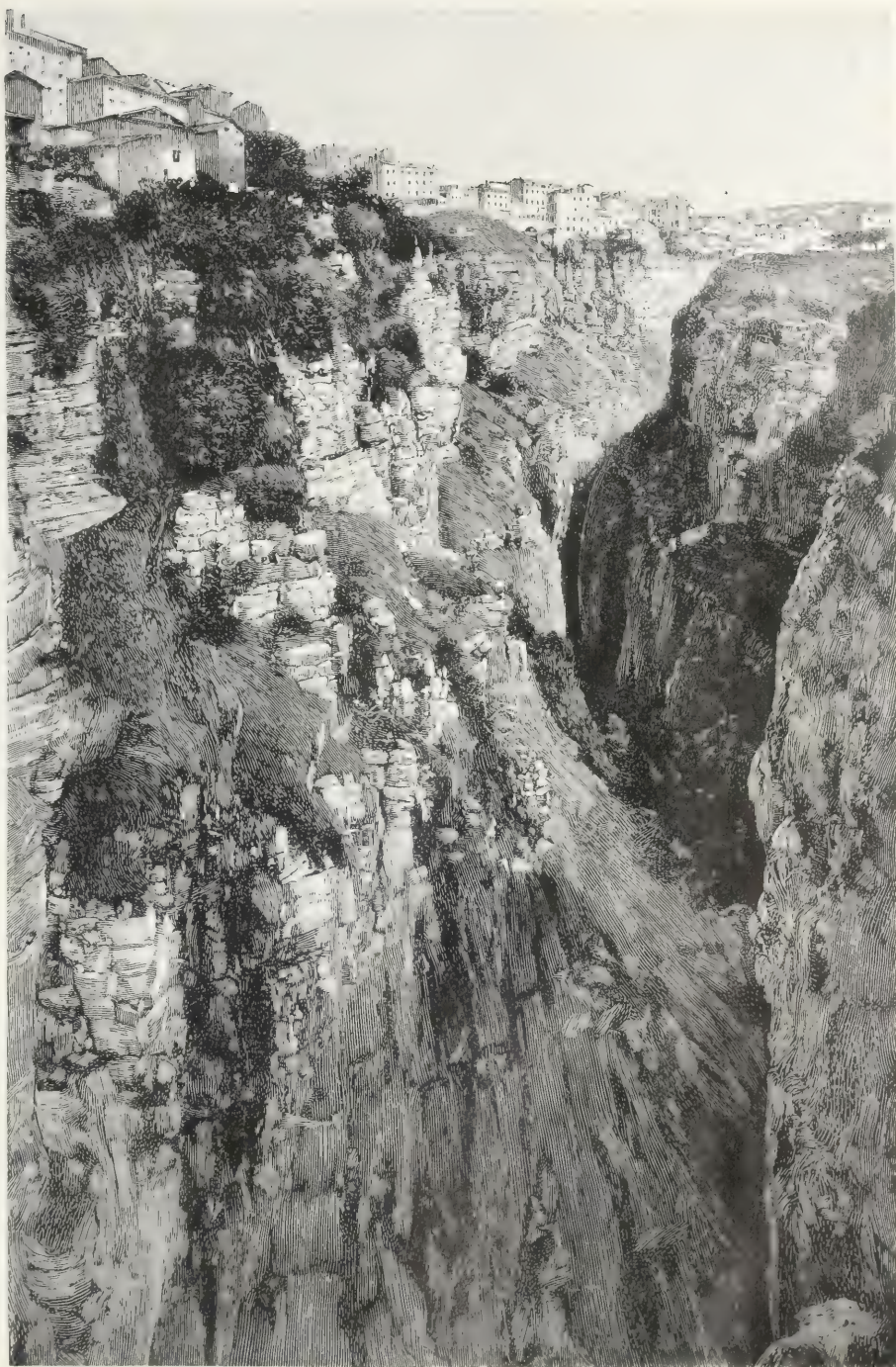
Thence—that is, from Constantine or the neighborhood—it is easy to make a long sweep by the seaboard, westward by Philippeville (the Roman Rusicada, the Punic Tapsus) on to Algiers and Cherchell (Icosium and Iol): eastward by Bona, Bizerta (Hippo Zarytus or Diarrhytus), and Utica.

There are, it may be added, Roman remains in Morocco, but there are few of which we have knowledge that are of any importance. It is doubtful if exploration, when once the western Moorish empire is open to all, will reveal much. Beyond Mauritania, Setifensis, and Julia Cæsarea on the coast, the Roman settlements

were rather temporary military stations than towns. Even in the province of Oran there is little. Tlemçen itself was never more than *Pomaria municipia*.

If I had to select only three particular points of vantage in this great march of Rome, pre-eminently notable on their own account as well, I think they would be El Djem (Thysdrus), Tebessa, and Constantine. Cherchell, it is true, has an exceptional attraction; and if it were possible to get a glimpse of Africa as it was in the time of Caligula, there is probably no city one would so gladly see as that Punic Iol of which, as Julia Cæsarea, Juba II. made an African Athens. This admirable scholar, noble gentleman, and kindly sovereign was one of the greatest men to whom Africa gave birth. As true a patriot as Jugurtha, he was all that that barbaric prince was not. To-day we remember him in connection with the vast cenotaph on the Barbary coast known to the French colonists as the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne*, to the Arabs as the *Kbourer-Roumia* (Tomb of the Roman woman); and because he was the husband of Cleopatra Selene, the beautiful daughter of Mark Antony and his famed Egyptian queen. But even in his own day the Athenians raised a statue in his honor. The Numidians and Berbers worshipped him as divine: "*Et Juba, Mauris volentibus, deus est.*" But with him the royal

Numidian race came to an end; for his only son rebelled against Rome, and died ignominiously. His daughter, Drusilla, it may be added, was that Drusilla, wife of Felix, Governor of Judæa, before whom Paul was arraigned. It is possible, as has been suggested, that it was she who, remembering her father's tolerant and beneficent reign, counselled her stern Roman husband to moderation, and even to inquiry into the strange tenets of those of whom Paul was so fearless a champion: so that he said, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season,



CITY OF CONSTANTINE, IN THE VALLEY OF THE ROUMEL.

I will call for thee." But to-day almost nothing Roman stands on the site of Iol, "*splendidissima colonia Cæsarensis*."

El Djem, the ancient Thysdrus, remote in the southeast of Tunisia, can be reached from either of the four coast towns, Susa, Monastir (*Ruspina*), Mahadia (Aphrodisium),* or Sfax. It is unlikely, however, that any ordinary African traveller will find himself in either of the two smaller towns, *sans* European inns, *sans* conveniences of any kind, *sans* other means of transport than Sahara mules or small

Tunisia, if the capital be considered the London of the regency. The triple-towered Sfax, the ancient Taphroura, is well worth a visit for itself; but, except traders in sponges and oil, few are likely to find their way here, save as passengers by the French or Italian steamer to or from Tripoli, or those anxious to go hence to Gabes; though not for Gabes's sake, Tacape of old though it be, but so as to visit Djerba, that island in the Gulf of Syrtis Minor familiar to all lovers of Homer as the Isle of the Lotophagi.

One important consideration in the choice of Susa is that a good carriage can be obtained here more easily—a matter of real moment, as it is certainly better to make a caravansérai of one's vehicle than to deliver one's self over to the dirt and vermin of the fondouk in the Arab village near the Amphitheatre. The road hither, whether from the north, east, or south, is a dreary one. In the hot season it is a waste of sand and blinding shingle: a journey from which the horses suffer much, as there is only one good well on the track, and that only relatively good. But if the road be dreary, the mind can transform it with memories of the past.

As Thysdrus the town was not so important as its neighbor Thapsus, though as Thysdritana Colonia it must have risen to great dignity and beauty. Julius Cæsar rated its worth somewhat scornfully when he rode into it in triumph after the fall of Thapsus, though doubtless to this deserved or undeserved



AN AURASIAN ARAB.

ragged horses. Susa, both with regard to distance and convenience, is a much better point of departure than Sfax—a large and important town, the Liverpool of

* Also "Africa." This is the "city of Africa" alluded to in Froissart. It is supposed also to be the site of *Turris Hannibalis*—the castle and farm of Hannibal.

clemency something of its swift after-prosperity was due. Here it was that the octogenarian proconsul Gordian reluctantly assumed, at his soldiers' bidding, the imperial purple, and after a few weeks of barren honor paid the penalty of that folly, and, childless now, throneless, an old man and dishonored, took with



EL DJEM—THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THYSDRUS.

his own hands the life that would have been spared by his victor only out of contempt.

One could not readily imagine a more impressive scene than that of El Djem when come upon under the spell of moonlight. From the vast waste around no sound is heard save the cry of the night wind moving across the sand steppes, the long wailing howl of disconsolate jackals, or the savage snarling of hyenas. Out of the gloom issues a vast and majestic structure. It is in some respects one of the finest of Roman amphitheatres. It has an unusual fascination in the fact that it seems to have risen in majesty in this African desert only to begin a long-protracted ruin, without ever having fulfilled its purpose, or for but a relatively brief season. All the labor of hosts of slaves and native bondsmen went for naught. For before completion of its walls and decorations the hand of fate stayed all; we know not when or how, save that it was so, and that thenceforth neither Roman nor Greek nor Ifrikian could have there the delights of which he had dreamed. It is in bulk that this colossal amphitheatre is so impres-

sive—in bulk *plus* the advantage of its sombre environment. In detail it is of inferior workmanship, and often of perdurable material. But to see it “stand out gigantic” in that sun-swept solitary waste is a thing to remember, to wonder at with ever new wonder, admiration, and something of awe.

It is difficult in the face of this universal ruin of Rome to accept the Arab proverb that “yesterday never existed”; it is impossible to believe in their profoundly pessimistic *alyoum khair min ghodwah*, “to-day is better than to-morrow.” A new era has surely dawned for North Africa with the French domination. To me this domination seems to make for nothing but good; nor would any other nation than the French be so likely to attempt a valiant approach to the unattainable, and endeavor to walk where Rome walked, with her sovran dignity, her power, her imperial destiny. “Alas, no nation now extant has the architectonic genius of the ancient mistress of the world. We are inheritors, not usurpers. Once again North Africa may become the granary of an alien empire,

perhaps of half Europe; and who shall say that she may not evolve into a great and free and powerful republic—when she will have won from the French dominion what Rome gained from Greece, what Greece learned from the very race which peopled this wonderful Afric shore? For this is true: the greatest race of the ancient world learned from Phœnician lore, and even Plato himself, when he visited Cyrenaïca, Hellene of a late day though he was, doubtless added to his knowledge of what were then the occult sciences from the lip of Egyptian exile or Sidonian mage. Homer, Herodotus, and Virgil have each borne witness to the art of Phœnicia. In the Iliad we read of the silver urn of unexcelled workmanship in its contours and reliefs, from the hands of "Sidonian artists"; and again, in the Odyssey, of "the silver vase with living sculpture wrought." Lucan the scholar tells us that it was the Phœnicians who first introduced into Greece the mystery of letters, as it was they who first by carven hieroglyphs expressed what thitherto only the tongue could convey.

Thus, in turn, in the words of Horace, Greece allured her rude conqueror, Rome, and introduced her art into unpolished Latium:

*"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio"*

Nearly two thousand years ago the inhabitants of Thysdritana Colonia watch-

ed their vast and magnificent Amphitheatre grow towards completion. It was to be a place of pleasure for them and their children and their children's children, and to be a monument of Rome's eternal endurance, her irresistible sway, her invincible empire. Yet, ere a few generations had gone by after its first unremembered disaster, Thysdrus was already a wild and ruined spot, and a Libyan chieftainess made it her eyry and proud vantage. Vandal and Arab went over it as waves over low land where the dikes have given way. Thysdrus disappeared as though blotted from the earth. The Amphitheatre stood as magnificent in its ruin as of yore, yet in ruin. To-day the heedless nomad makes his lair under its arches. For the rest, it knows the owl and the bat. In the fierce summer, when the wandering Bedouin has gone to the mountains or the coast, these nocturnal inheritors of the glory of Thysdrus share it with the hyena and the jackal. For the rune of Thysdrus is the rune of Rome in Africa, of "imperishable Rome." The noble music is dead. But only now is this drear silence being understood aright; only now the ultimate cause and inevitable fulfilment of this colossal ruin of the mightiest empire the world has known. In the lesson of Rome we have a menace, an omen not to be gainsaid, an augury eloquent as death in the midst of life, as well as the stimulus of a supreme example.



THE CARTHAGE AQUEDUCT.

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XXX.

HER husband was distasteful to her; that was the obvious fact, and it recurred to Jude's mind all the night as being a very serious fact indeed.

The morning after, when it was time for Sue to go, the neighbors saw her cousin and herself disappearing on foot down the hill path which led into the lonely road to Alfredston. An hour passed before he returned along the same route, and in his face there was a look of exaltation, not unmingled with recklessness. An incident had occurred which would bear two readings. Jude had chosen the flattering one.

First, as they stood parting in the silent highway, there had been an argument between them on how far their intimacy as cousins ought to go, till they had almost quarrelled, and she had said lightly that it was hardly proper of him as a parson in embryo to think of such a thing as kissing her even in farewell, as he now wished to do. Then she had conceded that the fact of the kiss would be nothing; all would depend upon the spirit of it. If given in the spirit of a cousin and a friend, she saw no objection; if in the spirit of a lover, she could not permit it. "Will you swear that it will not be in that spirit?" she had said.

No, he would not. And then they had turned from each other in estrangement and gone their several ways, till, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, both had looked round simultaneously. That looking behind them was fatal to their reserve. They had quickly run back and met, and most unpremeditatedly clasped each other. When they parted for good it was with a flushed cheek on her side, and not much less on his.

To a great extent the kiss was a turning-point in Jude's career. When back again in the lonely cottage, and left to reflection, he saw one thing clearly—that, whatever Sue's feelings, as long as he nourished this unlicensed tenderness it was glaringly inconsistent for him to pursue any longer the idea of becoming a clergyman of the Church of England. What Sue had said in jest was really the

cold truth. His natural feelings and tendency were to defend his affection tooth and nail, and persist with headlong force in impassioned attentions to her. This being his mood, he was condemned *ipso facto* as a professor of the accepted school of morals. He was as unfit, obviously, by nature as he had been by social position to fill the part of a dogmatic proponent.

It was strange that his first aspiration—towards academical proficiency—had been checked by a woman, and that his second aspiration—towards apostleship—had also been checked by a woman. Was it, he said, that the women were to blame? or was it the artificial system of things, under which the normal sexual impulses were turned into devilish social gins and springes to catch and hold back those who would progress? It was not for him to consider; he had only to confront the obvious, which was that his devotion to Sue, that brought with it no consciousness of inherent guilt, made him quite an impostor as a law-abiding religious teacher.

It had been his standing desire to become a prophet, however humble, to his struggling fellow-creatures, without any thought of personal gain. Yet, with a wife a careless woman, living away from him with another husband, and himself in love erratically, as it would be called, the woman possibly on his account unhappy, he had grown to be barely respectable according to regulation views, and all through no definite actions of his own. Some people might have consoled him by saying that to be barely respectable was not altogether foreign to a prophet's character.

At dusk that evening he went into the garden and dug a shallow hole, to which he brought out all the theological and ethical works that he possessed. He knew that most of them were not saleable at a much higher price than waste-paper value, and preferred to get rid of them in his own way, even if he should sacrifice a little money to the sentiment of thus destroying them. Lighting some loose pamphlets to begin with, he cut the volumes into pieces as well as he could, and

* Begun in December number, 1894, under the title "The Simpletons."



"THERE ON THE GRAVEL LAY A WHITE HEAP."

with a three-pronged fork shook them over the flames. They kindled, and lighted up the back of the house, the pig-sty, and his own face, till they were more or less consumed.

Though he was almost a stranger here now, passing cottagers talked to him over the garden hedge.

"Burning up your awld aunt's rub-bidge, I suppose? Ay, a lot gets heaped up in nooks and corners when you've lived eighty years in one house."

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning before the leaves, covers, and binding of Jeremy Taylor, Butler, Doddridge, Paley, Pusey, Newman, and the rest had gone to ashes; but the night was calm, and the sense of being no longer a hypocrite to himself afforded a relief to his mind which enabled him to be patient. He might go on believing as before, but he professed nothing, and no longer owned and exhibited engines of faith, which, as their proprietor, he might naturally be supposed to exercise on himself first of all. In his passion for Sue he could now stand as an ordinary sinner, and not as a whited sepulchre.

Meanwhile Sue, after parting from him earlier in the day, had gone along to the station, with tears in her eyes for having run back and let him kiss her. Jude ought not to have pretended that he was not a lover, and made her give way to an impulse to act unconventionally if not wrongly. She was inclined to call it the latter; for Sue's logic was extraordinarily compounded, and seemed to maintain that before a thing was done it might be right to do, but that being done it became wrong; or, in other words, that things which were right in theory were wrong in practice.

"I have been too weak, I think!" she jerked out as she pranced on, shaking down teardrops now and then. "It was burning, like a lover's. Oh, it was! And I won't write to him any more, or at least for a long time, to impress him with my dignity! And I hope it will hurt him very much—expecting a letter to-morrow morning, and the next, and the next, and no letter coming. He'll suffer then with suspense—won't he? that's all! And I am very glad of it!" Tears of pity for Jude's approaching sufferings mingled with those which surged up in pity for herself.

Then the slim little wife of a husband

whose person was disagreeable to her, the too ethereal, fine-nerved, sensitive girl, quite unfitted by temperament and instinct to fulfil the conditions of the matrimonial relation with Phillotson, possibly with any man, walked fitfully along, and panted, and brought weariness into her eyes by gazing and worrying hopelessly.

Phillotson met her at the arrival station, and seeing that she was troubled, thought it must be owing to the depressing effect of her aunt's death and funeral. He began telling her of his day's doings, and how his friend Gillingham, a neighboring schoolmaster, whom he had not seen for years, had called upon him. While ascending to the town, seated on the top of the omnibus beside him, she said suddenly, and with an air of self-chastisement, regarding the white road and its bordering bushes of hazel:

"Richard—I let my cousin hold my hand. I don't know whether you think it wrong?"

He, waking apparently from thoughts of far different mould, said, vaguely: "Oh, did you? What did you do that for?"

"I don't know. He wanted to, and I let him."

"I hope it pleased him. I should think it was hardly a novelty."

They lapsed into silence. Had this been a case in the court of an omniscient judge, he might have entered on his notes the fact that Sue had placed the minor for the major indiscretion, and had not said a word about the kiss.

After tea that evening Phillotson sat balancing the school registers. She remained in an unusually silent, tense, and restless condition, and at last, saying she was tired, went to bed early. When Phillotson arrived upstairs, weary with the drudgery of the attendance numbers, it was a quarter past eleven o'clock. Entering their chamber, which by day commanded a view of some thirty or forty miles over the Vale of Blackmore, and even into Outer Wessex, he went to the window, and pressing his face against the pane, gazed with hard-breathing fixity into the mysterious darkness which now covered the far-reaching scene. He was musing. "I think," he said at last, without turning his head, "that I must get the Committee to change the school stationer. All the copy-books are sent wrong this time."

There was no reply. Thinking Sue was dozing, he went on: "And there must be a rearrangement of that ventilator in the class-room. The wind blows down upon my head unmercifully, and gives me the earache."

As the silence seemed more absolute than ordinarily, he turned round. The heavy, gloomy oak wainscot, which extended over the walls up stairs and down in "Old Grove's House," and the massive chimney-piece reaching to the ceiling, stood in odd contrast to the new and shining brass bedstead, and the new suite of birch furniture that he had bought for her, the two styles seeming to nod to each other across three centuries upon the shaking floor. "Soo!" he said (this being the way in which he pronounced her name).

She was not in the bed, though she had apparently been there. Thinking she might have forgotten some kitchen detail and gone down stairs for a moment to see to it, he pulled off his coat and idled quietly enough for a few minutes, when, finding she did not come, he went out upon the landing, candle in hand, and said again, "Soo!"

"Yes," came back to him in her voice from the distant kitchen quarter.

"What are you doing down there, tiring yourself out for nothing?"

"I am not sleepy; I am reading; and there is a larger fire here."

He went to bed. Some time in the night he awoke. She was not there even now. Lighting a candle, he hastily stepped out upon the landing and again called her name.

She answered "Yes," as before; but the tones were small and confined, and whence they came he could not at first understand. Under the stairs was a large clothes-closet, without a window; they seemed to come from it. The door was shut, but there was no lock or other fastening. Phillotson, alarmed, went towards it, wondering if she had suddenly become deranged.

"What are you doing in there?" he asked.

"Not to disturb you, I came here, as it was so late."

"But there's no bed, is there? And no ventilation! Why, you'll be suffocated if you stay all night!"

"Oh no, I think not. Don't trouble about me."

"But—" Phillotson seized the knob

and pulled at the door. She had fastened it inside with a piece of string, which broke at his pull. There being no bedstead, she had flung down some rugs and made a little nest for herself in the very cramped quarters the closet afforded.

When he looked in upon her she sprang out of her lair, trembling.

"You ought not to have pulled open the door!" she cried, excitedly. "It is not becoming in you! Oh, will you go away—please will you?"

She looked so pitiful and pleading in her white night-gown against the shadowy lumber-hole that he was quite worried. She continued to beseech him not to disturb her.

He said, "I've been kind to you, and given you every liberty; and it is monstrous that you should feel in this way."

"Yes," said she, weeping. "I know that. It is wrong and wicked of me, I suppose. I am very sorry. But it is not I altogether that am to blame."

"Who is, then? Am I?"

"No—I don't know. The Universe, I suppose—things in general, because they are so horrid and cruel!"

"Well, it is no use talking like that. Making a man's house so unseemly at this time o' night! Eliza will hear, if we don't mind." (He meant the servant.) "Just think, if either of the parsons in this town was to see us now! I hate such eccentricities, Sue. There's no order or regularity in your sentiments. But I won't intrude on you further; only I would advise you not to shut the door too tight, or I shall find you stifled to-morrow."

On rising the next morning he immediately looked into the closet, but Sue had already gone down stairs. There was a little nest where she had lain, and spiders' webs hung overhead. "What must a woman's aversion be when it is stronger than her fear of spiders!" he said, bitterly.

He found her sitting at the breakfast table, and the meal began almost in silence, the burghers walking past upon the pavement—or rather roadway, pavements being scarce here—which was two or three feet above the level of the parlor floor. They nodded down to the happy couple their morning greetings as they went on.

"Richard," she said, all at once, "would you mind my living away from you?"

"Away from me? Why, that's what

you were doing when I married you. What, then, was the meaning of marrying at all?"

"You wouldn't like me any the better for telling you."

"I don't object to know."

"Because I thought I could do nothing else. You had got my promise a long time before that, remember; then, as time went on, I regretted I had promised you, and was trying to see an honorable way to break it off. But as I couldn't, I became rather reckless and careless about the conventions. Then you know what was said, and how I was turned out of the Training-School you had taken such time and trouble to prepare me for and get me into; and this frightened me, and it seemed then that the one thing I could do would be to let the engagement stand. Of course I, of all people, ought not to have cared what was said, for it was just what I fancied I never did care for. But I was a coward—as so many women are—and my theoretic unconventionality broke down. If that had not entered into the case it would have been better to have hurt your feelings once for all then than to marry you and hurt them all my life after. . . . And you were so generous in never giving credit for a moment to the rumor."

"I am bound in honesty to tell you that I weighed its probability, and inquired of your cousin about it."

"Ah!" she said, with pained surprise.

"I didn't doubt you."

"But you inquired!"

"I took his word."

Her eyes had filled. "*He* wouldn't have inquired!" she said. "But you haven't answered me. Will you let me go away? I know how irregular it is of me to ask it."

"It is irregular."

"But domestic laws should be made according to temperaments, which should be classified, each class having its special laws in all matters of emotion and affection, differing from the laws of other classes. If people are at all peculiar in character they have to suffer from the very regulations that produce comfort in others. . . . What is the use of thinking of laws and ordinances if they make you miserable, when you know you are committing no sin? There is only one law on this subject in Nature, or in God's eye—whichever expression you like best

for the same thing—and that is that for a man and woman who don't love each other to live on intimate terms is wrong-doing in any circumstances."

"And for two who *do* love each other?"

"It is not wrong-doing."

"Good Heavens, Susan!"

"Why can't we agree to free each other? We made the compact, and surely we can cancel it—not legally, of course; but we can morally, especially as no new interests, in the shape of children, have arisen to be looked after. Then we might be friends, and meet without pain to either. Oh, Richard, be my friend and have pity! We shall both be dead in a few years, and then what will it matter to anybody that you relieved me from constraint for a little while? I dare say you think me eccentric, or supersensitive, or something absurd. Well—why should I suffer for what I was born to be, if it doesn't hurt other people?"

"But it does—it hurts me. And you vowed to love me."

"Yes—that's it! I am in the wrong. I always am! It is as culpable to bind yourself to love always as to believe a creed always, and as silly as to vow always to like a particular food or drink!"

"And do you mean, by living away from me, living by yourself?"

"Well, if you insisted, yes. But I meant living as I choose. Perhaps with my cousin as a companion."

"Soos-an! Do you mind my saying that I have guessed what never once occurred to me before our marriage—that you were in love, and are in love, with Jude Fawley?"

"You may go on guessing that I am, since you have begun. But do you suppose that if I had been I should have asked you to let me go and live with him?"

The ringing of the school bell saved Phillotson from the necessity of replying at present to what apparently did not strike him as being such a convincing *argumentum ad verecundiam* as she meant it to appear. She was beginning to be so puzzling and unpredicable that he was ready to throw in the extremest request which a wife could make with her other little peculiarities.

They proceeded to the schools that morning as usual, Sue entering the class-room, where he could see the back of her head through the glass partition whenever he

turned his eyes that way. As he went on giving and hearing lessons his forehead and eyebrows twitched from concentrated agitation of thought, till at length he tore a scrap from a sheet of scribbling-paper and wrote:

"Your request prevents my attending to work at all. I don't know what I am doing! Was it seriously made?"

He folded the piece of paper very small, and gave it to a little boy to take to Sue. The child toddled off into the class-room. Phillotson saw his wife turn and take the note, and the bend of her pretty head as she read it, her lips slightly crisped, to prevent undue expression under fire of so many young eyes. He could not see her hands, but she changed her position, and soon the child returned, bringing nothing in reply. In a few minutes, however, one of Sue's class appeared, with a little note similar to his own. These words only were pencilled therein:

"I am sincerely sorry to say that it was seriously made."

Phillotson looked more disturbed than before, and the meeting-place of his brows twitched again. In ten minutes he called up the child he had just sent to her, and despatched another missive:

"God knows I don't want to thwart you in any reasonable way. My whole thought is to make you comfortable and happy. But I cannot agree to such a preposterous notion. You would lose everybody's respect and regard; and so should I!"

After an interval a similar part was enacted in the class-room, and an answer came:

"I know you mean my good. But I don't want to be respectable. No doubt my tastes are low—hopelessly low! If you won't let me go, will you grant me this one request—allow me to live in your house in my own way?"

To this he returned no answer.

She wrote again:

"I know what you think. But cannot you have pity on me? I beg you to; I implore you to be merciful! I would not ask if I were not almost compelled by what I can't bear! No poor woman has ever wished more than I that Eve had not fallen, so that (as the primitive Christians believed) some harmless mode of vegetation might have peopled Paradise. But I won't trifle. Be kind to me—even though I have not been kind to you! I

will go away, go abroad, anywhere, and never trouble you."

Nearly an hour passed, and then he returned an answer:

"I do not wish to pain you. How well you *know* I don't! Give me a little time. I am disposed to agree to your last request."

One line from her:

"Thank you from my heart, Richard. I do not deserve your kindness."

All day Phillotson bent a dazed regard upon her through the glazed partition, and he felt as lonely as when he had not known her. But he was as good as his word, and consented to her living as she desired. At first, when they met at meals, she had seemed more composed under the new arrangement; but the irksomeness of their position worked on her temperament, and the fibres of her nature seemed strained like harp-strings. She talked vaguely and indiscriminately to prevent his talking pertinently.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PHILLOTSON was sitting up late, as was often his custom, trying to get together the materials for his long-neglected study of Roman antiquities. For the first time since reviving the subject he felt a return of his old interest in it. He forgot time and place, and when he remembered himself and ascended to rest it was nearly two o'clock.

His preoccupation was such that he mechanically went to the room that he had occupied when he first became a tenant of Old Grove's Place, though he now slept in one on the other side of the house.

There was a cry from the bed, and a quick movement. Before the schoolmaster had realized where he was he perceived Sue, half asleep and dreaming, staring wildly, and springing out upon the floor on the side away from him, which was towards the window. This was somewhat hidden by the canopy of the bedstead, and in a moment he heard her flinging up the sash. Before he had thought that she meant to do more than get air, she had mounted upon the sill and leapt out. She disappeared in the darkness, and he heard her fall below.

Phillotson, horrified, ran down stairs, striking himself sharply against the newel in his haste. Opening the heavy door, he ascended the two or three steps to the

level of the ground, and there on the gravel before him lay a white heap. Phillotson seized it in his arms, and bringing Sue into the hall, seated her on a chair, where he gazed at her by the flapping light of the candle, which he had set down in the draught on the bottom stair.

She had certainly not broken her neck. She looked at him with eyes that seemed not to take him in; and though not particularly large in general, they appeared so now. She pressed her side and rubbed her arm, as if conscious of pain; then stood up, averting her face, in evident distress, at his gaze.

"Thank God, you are not killed!—though it's not for want of trying—nor much hurt, I hope?"

Her fall, in fact, had not been a serious one, probably owing to the lowness of the old-fashioned rooms and to the high level of the ground outside. Beyond a scraped elbow and a blow in the side she had apparently incurred little harm.

"I was asleep, I think," she began, her pale face still turned away from him. "And something frightened me—a terrible dream—I thought I saw you—" The actual circumstances seemed to come back to her, and she was silent.

Her cloak was hanging at the back of the door, and the wretched Phillotson flung it around her. "Shall I help you up stairs?" he asked, drearily; for the significance of all this sickened him of himself and of everything.

"No, thank you, Richard. I am very little hurt. I can walk."

"You ought to lock your door," he mechanically said, as if lecturing in school. "Then no one could intrude even by accident."

"I have tried—it won't lock. All the doors are out of order."

The aspect of things was not improved by her admission. She ascended the staircase slowly, the waving light of the candle shining on her. Phillotson did not approach her, or attempt to ascend himself, till he heard her enter her room. Then he fastened up the front door, and returning, sat down on the lower stairs, holding the newel with one hand, and bowing his face into the other. Thus he remained for a long, long time—a pitiable object enough to one who had seen him—till, raising his head and sighing a sigh which seemed to say that the business of his life must be carried on, whether he

had a wife or no, he took the candle and went up stairs to his lonely room on the other side of the landing.

No further incident touching the matter between them occurred till the following evening, when, immediately school was over, Phillotson walked out of Shaston, saying he required no tea, and not informing Sue where he was going. He descended from the town level by a steep road in a northwesterly direction, and continued to move downwards, till the soil changed from its white dryness to a tough brown clay. He was now on the low alluvial beds,

"Where Duncliffe is the traveller's mark,
And cloty Stour's a-rolling dark."

More than once he looked back in the increasing obscurity of evening. Against the sky was Shaston,

"On the gray-topp'd height
Of Paladore, as pale day wore
Away. . . ."

The new-lit lights from its windows burnt with a steady shine, as if watching him, one of which windows was his own. Above it he could just discern the pinnaled tower of Trinity Church. The air down here, tempered by the thick damp bed of tenacious clay, was not as it had been above, but soft and relaxing, so that when he had walked a mile or two he was obliged to wipe his face with his handkerchief.

Leaving Duncliffe Hill on the left, he proceeded without hesitation through the shade, as a man goes on, night or day, in a district over which he has played as a boy. He had walked altogether about four and a half miles, when he crossed a tributary of the Stour, and reached Leddenton—a little town of three or four thousand inhabitants—where he went on to the boys' school, and knocked at the door of the master's residence.

A boy pupil-teacher opened it, and to Phillotson's inquiry if Mr. Gillingham was at home replied that he was, going at once off to his own house, and leaving Phillotson to find his way in as he could. He discovered his friend putting away some books, from which he had been giving evening lessons. The light of the paraffine-lamp fell on Phillotson's face—pale and wretched by contrast with his friend's, who had a cool, practical look. They had been schoolmates in boyhood,

and fellow-students at Wintoncester Training-College, many years before this time.

"Glad to see 'ee, Dick! But you don't look well. Nothing the matter?"

Phillotson sat down without replying, and Gillingham closed the cupboard and pulled up beside his visitor.

"Why, you hain't ben here—let me see—since you were married!" (Though well-trained and even proficient masters, they occasionally used a dialect word of their boyhood to each other in private.) "I called, you know, but you were out; and upon my word it is such a climm after dark that I have been waiting till the days are longer before trying again. I am glad you didn't, anyhow."

"I've come, George, to explain to 'ee my reasons for taking a step that I am about to take, so that you, at least, will understand my motives if other people question them anywhen—as they may, indeed certainly will. . . . But anything is better than the present condition of things. God forbid that you should ever have such an experience as mine!"

"You don't mean—anything wrong between you and Mrs. Phillotson?"

"I do . . . my wretched state is that I've a wife I love, who not only does not love me, but—but— Well, I won't say. I know her feeling. I should prefer hatred from her!"

"'S-sh!"

"And the sad part of it is that she is not so much to blame as I. She was a pupil-teacher under me, as you know, and I took advantage of her inexperience, and toled her out for walks, and got her to agree to a long engagement before she well knew her own mind. Afterwards she saw somebody else, but she blindly fulfilled her engagement."

"Loving the other?"

"I am not sure that the word loving expresses it. Her exact feeling for him is a riddle to me—and to him too, I think—possibly to herself. She is one of the oddest creatures I ever met. However, I have been struck with these two facts: the extraordinary sympathy, or similarity, between the pair. (He is her cousin, which perhaps accounts for some of it. They seem to be one person split in two!) And with her unconquerable aversion to myself as a husband, even though she may like me as a friend, 'tis too much to bear longer. She has conscientiously

struggled against it, but to no purpose. I cannot bear it—I cannot!"

"She'll get over it goodnow?"

"Never! It is—but I won't go into it—there are reasons why she never will. At last she calmly and firmly asked me if she might leave me. The climax came last night, when, owing to my entering her room by accident, she jumped out of window, so strong was her dread of me. She pretended it was a dream, but that was to soothe me. Now, when a woman jumps out of window, without caring whether she breaks her neck or no, she's not to be mistaken; and this being the case, I have come to a conclusion—that it is wrong to so torture a fellow-creature any longer; and I won't be the inhuman wretch to do it, cost what it may."

"What—you'll let her go? And with her lover?"

"Whom with is her matter. I shall let her go; with him, certainly, if she wishes. I know I may be wrong; I know I can't logically or religiously defend my concession to such a wish of hers, or harmonize it with the doctrines I was brought up in. Only I know one thing—something within me tells me I am doing wrong in refusing her. I, like other men, profess to hold that if a husband gets such a so-called preposterous request from his wife, the only course that can possibly be regarded as right and proper and honorable in him is to refuse it, and put her virtuously under lock and key, and murder her lover perhaps. But is that essentially right and proper and honorable, or is it contemptibly mean and selfish? I don't profess to decide. I simply am going to act by instinct, and let principles take care of themselves. If a person who has blindly walked into a quagmire cries for help, I am inclined to give it, if possible."

"But—you see, there's the question of neighbors and society—what will happen if everybody—"

"Oh, I am not going to be a philosopher any longer. I only see what's under my eyes."

"Well, I don't agree with your instinct, Dick," said Gillingham, gravely. "I am quite amazed, to tell the truth, that such a sedate, plodding fellow as you should have entertained such a craze for a moment. You said when I called that she was puzzling and peculiar. I think you are!"

"Have you ever stood before a woman whom you know to be intrinsically a good woman while she has pleaded for release—been the man she has knelt to and implored indulgence of?"

"I am thankful to say I haven't."

"Then I don't think you are in a position to give an opinion. I have been that man, and it makes all the difference in the world, if one has any manliness or chivalry in him."

"Well, I could admit some excuse for letting her leave you, provided she kept to herself. But to go attended—that makes a difference."

"Not a bit. Besides, he's only her cousin." (In adding this moderative Phillotson was aware of his own cowardice, his belief in the implication being small.)

"Of course I cannot pronounce upon the precise shade of feeling between them. But, to the best of my understanding, it is not an ignoble feeling between the two; therefore I think their affection permissible. I did not mean to confess to you that in the first jealous weeks of my marriage, before I had come to my right mind, I hid myself in the school one evening when they were together there, and I heard what they said. I am ashamed of it now, though I suppose I was only exercising a legal right. I found from their manner that an extraordinary and most touching affinity or sympathy entered into their attachment, which took away all flavor of grossness. Their supreme desire is, I think and trust, to share each other's emotions and fancies and dreams."

"Platonic!"

"Well, no. Shelleyan would be nearer to it. They remind me of Laon and Cynthia. Also of Paul and Virginia a little."

"But if people did as you want to do, there'd be a general domestic disintegration. The family would no longer be the social unit."

"Yes—I am all abroad, I suppose," said Phillotson, sadly. "I was never a very bright reasoner, you remember. . . . And yet, if it comes to argument, I don't see why society shouldn't be reorganized on a basis of Matriarchy—the woman and the children being the unit without the man, and the men to support the women and children collectively—not individually, as we do now."

"By the Lord Harry! . . . Does *she* say all this, too?"

"Oh no. She little thinks I have out-Heroded Herod in my conclusions."

"It would upset society and all received opinion."

"I don't insist that it wouldn't. As I say, I am only a feeler, not a reasoner."

"Now," said Gillingham, "let us take it quietly, and have something to drink over it." He went under the stairs, and produced a bottle of cider-wine, of which they drank a rummer each. "I think you are rafted, and not yourself," he continued. "Do go back, and make up your mind to put up with a few whims. But keep her. I hear on all sides that she's a charming young thing."

"Ah, yes! That's the bitterness of it. Well, I won't stay. I have a long walk before me."

Gillingham accompanied his friend a mile on his way, and at parting expressed his hope that this consultation, singular as its subject was, would be the renewal of their old comradeship. "Stick to her," were his last words, flung into the darkness after Phillotson; from which his friend answered, "Ay, ay!"

But when Phillotson was alone under the clouds of night, and no sound was audible but that of the purling tributaries of the Stour, he said, "So, Gillingham, my friend, you had no stronger arguments against it than those."

The next morning came, and at breakfast he told her:

"You may go. I absolutely and unconditionally agree."

Having once come to his conclusion, it seemed to Phillotson more and more indubitably the true one. His mild serenity at the sense that he was doing his duty by a woman who was at his mercy almost overpowered his grief at relinquishing her.

Some days passed, and the evening of their last meal together was come—a cloudy evening with wind—which, indeed, was very seldom absent in this elevated place. How permanently it was imprinted upon his mind-sight, that look of her as she glided into the parlor to tea; the slim flexible figure, the face, strained from its roundness, and marked by the pallors of restless, anxious days and nights, suggesting the possibility of tragic issues quite at variance with inferences from her times of buoyancy; the trying of this morsel and that, and the inability to eat of either. The nervous uncertain man-

ner, begotten of a restless fear lest he should be injured by her course, might have been interpreted by a stranger as displeasure that Phillotson intruded his presence on her for the few brief minutes that remained.

"You had better have a slice of ham, or an egg or something, with your tea. You can't travel on a mouthful of bread and butter."

She took the slice he helped her to; and they discussed, as they sat, trivial questions of housekeeping, such as where he would find the key of this or that cupboard, what little bills were paid, and what not.

"I am a bachelor by nature, as you know, Sue," he said, in a heroic attempt to put her at her ease, "so that being without a wife will not really be irksome to me, as it might be to other men who have had one a little while. I have, too, this grand scheme in my head of writing 'The Roman Antiquities of Wessex,' which will occupy all my spare hours."

"If you will send me some of the manuscript to copy at any time, as you used to," she said, with amenable gentleness, "I will do it with so much pleasure! I should much like to be some help to you still."

Phillotson mused, and said: "No. I think we ought to be really separate, if we are to be at all. And for this reason, that I don't wish to ask you any questions, and particularly wish you not to give me information as to your movements, or even your address. . . . Now, what money do you want? You must have some, you know."

"Oh, of course, Richard, I couldn't think of having any of *your* money to go away from you with! I don't want any, either. I have enough of my own to last me for a long while, and Jude will let me have—"

"I would rather not know anything about him, if you don't mind. You are free, absolutely, and your course is your own."

"Very well. But I'll just say that I have packed only a change or two of my own personal clothing, and one or two little things besides that are my very own. I wish you would look into my trunk before it is closed."

"Of course I shall do no such thing. I wish you would take three-quarters of the household furniture. I don't want

to be bothered with it. I have a sort of affection for a little of it that belonged to my poor mother and father. But the rest you are welcome to whenever you like to send for it."

"That I shall never do."

"You go by the six-thirty train, don't you? It is now a quarter to six."

"You. . . . You don't seem very sorry I am going, Richard?"

"Oh no—perhaps not."

"I like you much for how you have behaved. It is a curious thing that directly I have begun to regard you as not my husband, but as my old teacher, I like you. I won't be so affected as to say I love you, because you know I don't, except as a friend. But you do seem that to me."

She was for a few moments a little tearful at these reflections, and then the station omnibus came round to take her up. Phillotson saw her things put on the top, handed her in, and was obliged to make an appearance of kissing her as he wished her good-by, though she shrank even from that. From the cheerful manner in which they parted, the omnibusman had no other idea than that she was going for a short visit.

When Phillotson got back into the house he went up stairs and opened the window in the direction the omnibus had taken. Soon the noise of its wheels died away. He came down then, his face compressed like that of one bearing pain; he put on his hat and went out, following by the same route for nearly a mile. Suddenly turning round, he came home.

He had no sooner entered than the voice of his friend Gillingham greeted him from the front room.

"I could make nobody hear; so, finding your door open, I walked in and made myself comfortable. I said I would call, you remember."

"Yes. I am much obliged to you, Gillingham, particularly for coming to-night."

"How is Mrs.—"

"She is quite well. She is gone—just gone. That's her teacup that she drank out of only half an hour ago. And that's the plate she—" Phillotson's throat got choked up, and he could not go on. He turned and pushed the tea things aside.

"Have you had any tea, by-the-bye?" he asked, presently, in a renewed voice.

"No—yes—never mind," said Gilling-

ham, preoccupied. "Gone, you say she is?"

"Yes. . . . I would have died for her, but I wouldn't be cruel to her in the name of the law. She is, as I understand, gone to meet her cousin. What they are going to do I cannot say. But whatever it may be, she has my full consent to."

"She'll come back again all right," said Gillingham. "I think it is only a skittish girl's freak. There's nothing between her and that cousin!"

Phillotson did not answer. There was a stability, a ballast, in his manner which restrained his friend's further comment. "Shall I—leave you?" he asked.

"No, no. It is a mercy to me that you have come. I have some articles to arrange and clear away. Would you help me?"

Gillingham assented; and having gone to the upper rooms, the schoolmaster opened drawers, and began taking out all Sue's things that she had left behind, and laying them in a large box. "She wouldn't take all I wanted her to," he continued. "But when I made up my mind to her going to live in her own way, I did make up my mind."

"Some men would have stopped at an agreement for a separation."

"I've gone into all that, and don't wish to argue it. I was, and am, the most old-fashioned man in the world on the question of marriage—in fact, I had never thought critically about its ethics at all. But certain facts as to natural right and natural wrong stared me in the face, and I couldn't go against them."

They went on with the packing silently. When it was done, Phillotson closed the box and turned the key.

"There!" he said. "To adorn her in somebody's eyes; never again in mine."

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY hours before this time Sue had written the following note to Jude:

"It is as I told you, and I am leaving to-morrow evening. Richard and I thought it could be done with less obtrusiveness after dark. I feel rather frightened, and therefore ask you to be sure you are on the platform to meet me by the train arriving at a quarter to nine, and take me to the place you have got for me. Then you can go your ways. I

know you will help me in this affair, of course, dear Jude, but I feel so timid that I can't help begging you to be punctual. He has been so very kind to me through it all.

"Now to our meeting! S."

As she was carried by the omnibus further and further down from the mountain town, the single passenger that evening, she regarded the receding road with a sad face. But no hesitation was apparent in it.

The up train by which she was departing stopped by signal only. To Sue it seemed strange that such a powerful organization as a railway train should be brought to a standstill on purpose for her, a fugitive from her lawful home.

The twenty-minutes' journey drew towards its close, and Sue began gathering her things together to alight. At the moment that the train came to a standstill by the Melchester platform a hand was laid on the door, and she beheld Jude. He entered the compartment promptly. He had a black bag in his hand, and was dressed in the dark suit he wore on Sundays and in the evening after work.

"Oh, Jude!" She clasped his hand with both hers, and her tense state caused her to simmer over in a little succession of dry sobs. "I—I am so glad! I get out here?"

"No. I get in, dear one. I've packed. Besides this bag I've only a big box, which is labelled."

"But don't I get out? Aren't we going to stay here, as we did before I was married?"

"We couldn't possibly, don't you see? We are known here. I, at any rate, am well known. I've booked for Aldbrickham, and here's your ticket for the same place, as you have only one to here."

"I thought we should have staid here," she repeated.

"It wouldn't have done at all."

"Ah—perhaps not."

"There wasn't time for me to write and say the place I had decided on. Aldbrickham is a much bigger town—fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants—and nobody knows anything about us there."

"And you have given up your Cathedral work here?"

"Yes. It was rather sudden—your message coming unexpectedly. Strictly, I might have been made to finish out the

week. But I pleaded urgency, and I was let off. I would have deserted any day at your command, dear Sue. I have deserted more than that for you."

"I fear I am doing you a lot of harm. Ruining your prospects of the Church; ruining your progress in your trade; everything! I seem so bad, upsetting men's courses like this!"

But she recovered her equanimity by the time they had travelled a dozen miles.

"He has been so good in letting me go," she resumed. "And here's a note I found on my dressing-table, addressed to you."

"Yes? He's a generous, worthy fellow," said Jude, glancing at the note. "And I am ashamed of myself for hating him because he married you."

"According to the rule of women's whims, I suppose, I ought to suddenly love him because he has let me go so coolly and unexpectedly," she answered, smiling. "But I am so cold, or devoid of gratitude, or so something, that even this generosity hasn't made me love him, or repent, or want to stay with him as his wife, although I do feel I like his large-mindedness, and respect him more than ever."

"It may not work so well for us as if he had been less kind and you had run away against his will," murmured Jude.

"That I *never* would have done," she said, firmly.

"Such a strange thing has happened to me," Jude continued, after a silence. "Arabella has actually written to ask me to get a divorce from her—in kindness to her, she says. She married another man—yes, really married him!—in Australia; and it is evidently a prick of conscience that has led her to urge me to get this divorce, that she may remarry the man legally."

"What have you done?"

"I have agreed. I thought at first I couldn't do it without getting her into trouble about that second marriage, and I don't want to injure her in any way. Perhaps she's no worse than I am, after all! But nobody knows about it over here, and I find it will not be a difficult proceeding at all. If she wants to start afresh, I have only too obvious reasons for not hindering her."

"Then you'll be free?"

"Yes, I shall be free."

"Where are we booked for?" she asked, with the discontinuity that marked her to-night.

"Aldbrickham. You didn't give me much time, but I ran up there yesterday, and got a lodging for you exactly opposite the place I have got for myself, so that we shall be able to talk across the street."

"That's good of you. I feel as well as you that, having received permission, I have a perfect right to live as I choose from this moment. But partly, perhaps, because it is by his generosity that I am now free, I would rather not be other than rigid. If there had been a rope-ladder in the business, and he had run after us with pistols, it would have seemed different, and I may have acted otherwise."

He said simply: "I thought at first—what I naturally thought. But if we are not lovers, we are not; and I am only your prosy cousin, appointed to take care of you in your vagary. Phillotson thought so too, I am sure. See, here is what he has written to me." He opened the letter she had brought, and read:

"I make only one condition—that you are tender and kind to her. I know you love her. But even love may be cruel at times. You are made for each other; it is obvious, palpable, to any unbiassed third person. You were all along 'the shadowy third' in my short life with her. I repeat, take care of Sue."

"He's a good fellow, isn't he?" she said, with latent emotion. On reconsideration she added: "He was very resigned to letting me go—too resigned almost. I never was so near being in love with him as when he made such thoughtful arrangements for my being comfortable on my journey, and offering to provide money. Yet I was not. If I loved him ever so little as a wife I'd go back to him even now."

"But you don't, do you?"

"It is true—oh, so terribly true!—I don't."

"Nor anybody, perhaps. Sue, sometimes, when I am vexed with you, I think you are incapable of real love."

"That's not good and loyal of you," she said, and drawing away from him, looked severely out into the darkness.

"I have sometimes thought," he presently resumed, "since your marrying Phillotson because of a stupid scandal, that under the affectation of independent

views you are as enslaved to the social code as any woman I know."

"Not mentally. But I haven't the courage of my views, as I said before. I didn't marry him altogether because of the scandal. Sometimes a woman's *love of being loved* gets the better of her conscience, and though she is agonized at the thought of treating a man cruelly, she encourages him to love her, while she doesn't him at all. Then when she sees him suffering, her remorse sets in, and she does what she can to repair the wrong."

"You simply mean that you flirted outrageously with him, and to make reparation married him, though you tortured yourself to death by doing it."

"Well—if you will put it brutally—it was a little like that—that and the scandal together—and your concealing from me what you ought to have told me before."

He could see that she was distressed and tearful at his criticisms, and said no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW CZAR, AND WHAT WE MAY EXPECT FROM HIM.

BY PROFESSOR E. BORGES, Ph.D.

THE tragedy at Livadia, which carried away Emperor Alexander III., aroused the sympathetic interest of the whole civilized world. Even if Alexander Alexandrovich had been merely a plain citizen, a muzhik, the cause of his illness and the manner in which he met the visible approach of death would have aroused the sympathy of every feeling human being. How much more must this untimely decease affect the world in view of the fact that it might change the peaceful condition of Europe!

But Kronos has no leisure to linger at the death-bed of even the most powerful ruler. In the morn the grief-stricken subjects of the late "White father" lament with tears and sobs, "Le roi est mort!" and in the afternoon they hail the heralds of the new monarch with joyous shouts, "Vive le roi!" Still, every Russian asks, Will Nicholas Alexandrovich be like his father? And all over the civilized world, yea, even amongst millions of Asiatics, whom we please to regard as barbarians, the question is ventilated with more or less vivid interest, What may we expect from the new Czar?

Nicholas II., the new Emperor of Russia, is twenty-six years of age. The ruler, the absolute ruler of a hundred and twenty million subjects, of an empire twice as large as the United States, is a young man of whose childhood, youth, and adolescence comparatively little is known, whose temperament and character, ambitions and peculiarities, are concealed by clouds of the most contradictory rumors and romances. The world naturally desires to know as much as possible about this young monarch, not for mere curios-

ity's sake, but because he has the power to declare war at any time, because he has an army of two million soldiers at his command, and has a military reserve of five more millions of well-trained men that he may call into the field in an emergency. What a power, what a responsibility for a mortal and fallible being, especially in this age! And even, apart from this point of view, what an important factor in the world's welfare and development is this young man through his absolute right to create and annul laws, through his unlimited power to be a benefactor or suppressor of his subjects! Modern history shows only one somewhat similar condition; that is the case of the present German Emperor; but even this case is not of so far-reaching importance. Emperor William is checked and prevented from carrying out his will and whims by parliament, by the "Bundesrath" and the sovereigns of the German Empire, who have the right and power to resist any projects which fail to find their approval. Furthermore, the German army is not so numerous, the sphere of Germany's interest geographically not so far-reaching as that of Russia, of that giant who touches with his arms the weakest points of Germany, the heart of Austria, the lungs of Turkey, the backbone of India, and the shoulders of China. Still, since the impulsive and self-willed young William sways the sceptre of the German Empire, Europe has trembled in expectancy of the unexpected, the whole world has studied his past and the qualities he may probably have inherited from his parents, has scrutinized his inclinations, ambitions, and

idiosyncrasies, has watched every step and every word of his to form a basis for the prediction of his future actions. Therefore it is not surprising, but very natural, that the interest of the world is centred in the same, if not to a greater, degree upon Czar Nicholas II.

But the gratification of this interest is not so easily achieved. Since the death of Alexander III. newspapers and magazines all over the world have published numerous articles about the late and the new Czar, which contained, besides well-known biographical facts and more or less true anecdotes, a vast amount of hearsay and guesswork, that forms in itself the most surprising contradictions. Some reports would have the new Czar be a half-idiotic epileptic, who resembles in his ravings Ivan the Terrible; another wise-acre tells us that Nicholas is an incurable consumptive, with all the spiritual and sensual peculiarities of this unfortunate class; some Russian correspondents (generally they have never left "dear old London") declare positively that he is a religious fanatic, while others, just as well informed, assert most emphatically that he was a pronounced "nihilist"; the one has been assured by a "diplomat of highest standing" that the new Czar adores the English; another was informed by an "authority of the Imperial household" that Nicholas hates, despises the Germans; a third one has found out "from a member of the personal staff" that the Emperor married a Jewish chorus girl, and so forth.

The fact is, those scribblers know very little or nothing of the new Czar, and try merely to satisfy the appetite of their readers by more or less well-invented sensational stories. Every grain of truth is hidden in bushels of chaff and exaggerations and misrepresentations. I will try to tear the obscuring veils from these misleading portraits, and show Nicholas Alexandrovich as he looks in the eyes of well-informed persons, who judge him justly and objectively.

If we follow the trend of our times—and it is really difficult to deny the results of the discoveries of Lombroso, Charcot, Nordau, and others—we must first of all investigate the qualities, dispositions, and peculiarities of body and mind which Nicholas may have inherited from his parents. The new Czar is not the offspring of a love-match, or of that irresis-

tible and all-conquering, although indescribable, feeling which poets like to praise to the skies. The history of the marriage between Alexander Alexandrovich and Princess Dagmar of Denmark is, though singularly romantic, only a variation of the customary union between children of sovereigns who marry for political or family reasons. It was truly a "mariage de convenance pour des raisons diplomatiques." Princess Dagmar had been the betrothed of Crown-Prince Nicholas, the elder brother of Alexander, who died at Nice, April, 1865, of consumption, and the head of the Romanoffs found it desirable that the heir-apparent to the throne should also inherit the bride of his deceased brother. Although the two young people did not, to use a common phrase, "care very much for each other," they obeyed the parental commands, and the union, based merely upon mutual esteem and a sense of duty, turned out to be a very happy one. It is a well-known fact, and, in view of the very different conditions prevailing in other courts, worth laying stress upon, that the late Emperor and the Czaritza led an exemplary life, and that, although Alexander III. had been denounced for various and innumerable atrocities, never one voice dared to accuse him of conjugal infidelity. But it is less well known, and was mentioned only during his illness and after his death, that Alexander and Dagmar were attached to each other by a sincere and profound devotion, far above the customary worldly marriages, and even stronger than the affection of partners in a "love-match."

The ennobling influence of this devotion must doubtless have left a deep impression upon the warm heart of the prince, just as the happy home life of the Imperial parents must have brightened his boyhood. From the stand-point of natural selection and according to the Darwinian theory, that a union of heterogeneous and reciprocally supplementing individuals is the most desirable, the parentage of Nicholas ought to be very favorable for his body and mind. His father, physically strong, yea, even extraordinarily powerful, was mentally slow and inclined to meditation and melancholy, prudent and reserved in action, somewhat distrustful in judging situations and strangers, very exacting and strict toward others as well as to himself. His mo-

ther, on the other hand, was physically frail and delicate, nervously impulsive, quick in comprehension and still quicker in decision, showed in her youth a buoyant spirit, and is one of those lovable womanly natures; warm-hearted and confiding, unselfish and forbearing, always willing to help, to sacrifice, to gladden, and to brighten. If all signs do not deceive, the character of Nicholas is a fortunate and favorable blending of the most desirable and praiseworthy qualities of his parents. One thing is sure: Nicholas Alexandrovich is imbued with the warm-heartedness of his mother and the imperturbable veracity of his father.

W. T. Stead—by-the-way, the only Englishman who ever dared to publish the truth about the late Czar—says in a recent article in the *Review of Reviews*: "The Czar was an intensely human man, lovable, simple, and true. Never was there a more loyal heart or a more honest soul. I have never met any one who impressed me more completely with a sense of absolute trust. He was not a brilliant talker. He was slow, reserved, and sparing in his words. But he always put his point clearly, and he always hit the nail square on the head. When he was puzzled, he said so. He did not pretend." Lord Rosebery remarked in a public speech about Alexander III., "The one sin he never forgives is the sin of personal deceit and untruthfulness." These characteristics are likewise true of Nicholas, with the exception that the mental slowness of the father seems to have been overcome by the adaptability and quickness of his mother's mind. Fortunately for Nicholas and his Empire, Alexander III.'s healthy constitution and sound mind seem to have neutralized the nervous disposition of the Czaritza, and an outbreak of the mental derangement similar to that which made it necessary to place her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, in a sanitarium is very improbable amongst her children.

Upon two other hereditary qualities of the new Czar I will dwell later on. At this point I must mention only one more pronounced characteristic of Alexander III., which has been inherited by his son—his decided sense of duty. It had influenced the Emperor through his whole official and private life, and was also the guiding-star of the education of his children. The education of the present Czar

differed greatly from that of his predecessor. His father, as a younger son, had not been educated with the view of fitting him for the rulership of the vast Empire; his instruction had been one-sided, almost exclusively military. He was brought up as a soldier, to become in time the military right hand of his brother, and eventually chief commander of the army, similar to the present position of the Grand-Dukes Vladimir and Michael. When Alexander Alexandrovich suddenly became the heir to the throne, he felt deeply the lack of knowledge and training for his future exalted position, and tried his best to avoid a similar mistake in the education of his sons by wisely regulating the course of their studies and carefully selecting their tutors. In this selection he differed widely from the principles of his father, who had given his children a decidedly Western, that means European, cosmopolitan education. Crown-Prince Alexander, influenced strongly by his intimate contact with the officers and common soldiers during the most impressionable period of his life, believed the salvation and future greatness of Russia possible only through a strong Russian feeling of the whole people, and hoped to achieve the welfare of the Empire solely by a thorough amalgamation and strict Russification of its many nationalities. These views, possibly not correct or wise, but still based upon the wishes of the majority of Russians and kindled by Napoleon III.'s principles of the crystallization of nations, grew even more distinct after Alexander had become Emperor. The cruel assassination of his father by "Western" revolutionists on the very day when the Czar signed his name to a "Western" constitution—I use the word "Western" from the stand-point of an orthodox Russian—aroused in Alexander III. a hatred and a loathing of "Western" civilization, principles, and methods, which had slumbered in his soul for a long time. He looked upon the plans and intentions, the method of reigning, and the liberal interpretation of the laws by his father and his counselors as a failure; he regarded everything that was "Western," foreign, and un-Russian with distrustful suspicion, and resolved to change all that, to give not only Russia to the Russians, but to make all his subjects, not merely in name but in reality, Russians.

It may seem that I have dwelt too long

upon the sentiments and deeds of the late Czar and say too little of his son. But I do not want merely to explain a certain phase and some misunderstood principles of the life and reign of Alexander III. His belief and motto, "Russia for the Russians"—which Americans will more readily understand, because somewhat similarly situated—became such an important factor in the education and development of Nicholas that it must not be passed over lightly. The first and chief consequence of this principle was the appointment of Russians, solely Russians, as teachers, tutors, and playmates for the Imperial children. True, there was an English governess, a German and a French governess, who in turn taught the children their respective mother-tongues. But that was all. They spoke to the princes, they read to them and with them from different books carefully selected by their parents, but they had neither any influence upon their education, nor did they spend their leisure time with them. For all branches of knowledge, for the physical, mental, and religious education of the princes, Russians exclusively were appointed. And this is one of the reasons why the general public knows so very little about the new Czar. In Russia it is regarded not only as unpermissible, but still more as tactless and ungentlemanly, for a tutor to speak about the character or peculiarities of his pupils, and this unwritten law of etiquette obliges tutors of Imperial princes no less to keep their observations to themselves. From what could be found out from the most reliable sources, we learn that Nicholas Alexandrovich was a bright child and a very industrious and conscientious pupil, obedient and willing to the point where his nervousness or decided self-will was unduly aroused.

During his boyhood the progress in school-work was somewhat slow, not because he was dull, but on account of his frequent physical indisposition to attend the lessons. Nicholas Alexandrovich was a sickly boy, whether because he could not well endure the severe climate of Russia, or because his father insisted upon a system of hardening which was too rigorous for his frail constitution, must be left undecided. His early reading consisted chiefly of Russian masterpieces fit for his age, but scarcely less time was spent upon the reading of Grimm's fairy-tales, Fénelon's *Télémaque*,

and Walter Scott's as well as Charles Dickens's best works.

As soon as the young prince was physically and mentally strong enough to enter into his studies more seriously, he received a regular staff of well-educated teachers for the various branches, and General Bogdanóvich became his chief tutor, upon whom was laid not only the duty to instruct the prince in military matters, but also the responsibility to supervise the occupation and division of time of the Czarevich. The superior knowledge and refined manners of this gallant soldier qualified him exceedingly well for his difficult task, and his unrelenting strictness had a decided influence upon the work and development of the young prince. In consequence of the strict etiquette at the Russian court the liberty of Nicholas was very much restricted during his school-time, and nothing noteworthy as to his life reached the outer world with the exception of the publication of his examinations.

Remarkable at this period was the truly home life which united all the members of the Imperial family. It was really more the life of a wealthy bourgeois than of a rich nobleman. Every minute which the Emperor could spare from his duties he spent in the school-rooms of his children, or in the plain sitting-room, reading, chatting, or listening to music. During the severe cold of the winter and the exceedingly warm summer months, which the Imperial family spent usually on their country estates, their life was as plain and simple as that of a well-to-do country gentleman, and the princes enjoyed their vacation heartily by roaming through the parks and fields with their papa, hunting, fishing, and even fighting the village boys. So also the visits to Copenhagen, which Alexander III. made regularly every year to spend a few weeks with the parents of the Czarevitch, were great holidays for the princes.

At the age of eighteen Nicholas was introduced into the official world and the court circle, but made very little use of the opportunities thus offered. This caused the old rumors of his poor health and weak constitution to be repeated more frequently, and the sensitive prince chose a peculiar manner of object-lesson to contradict them peremptorily. At the first court ball which he attended, in 1886, he danced with the daughter of

a famous general. Kola* waltzed the young lady four, five, six times around the large ballroom with great skill and greater vigor until she was exhausted, and nearly fainted. Then, escorting her to a fauteuil, he said calmly, but quite aloud, "I beg your pardon, Countess, for having fatigued you so much, but I wished to prove that the Crown-Prince of Russia has some vitality."

About two years later rumors of a different sort commenced circulating about Nicholas. Dignitaries of the Imperial household confided to their friends that the Czar had personally conducted a very strict inquiry into the associates and correspondence of the Crown-Prince; official and court circles whispered of some connection with secret Panslavistic societies, and the English press—always excellently informed and well disposed—trumpeted the great news into the world that a gigantic nihilistic plot had been discovered, with the Czarevich as chief plotter. The truth was, a certain not numerically insignificant party in Russia, which desired a war with Austria, or even with the triple alliance, could not persuade the peace-loving Emperor to permit their dangerous scheming, and tried to entice the Czarevich into their nets. Mr. Pobiedonóstzeff, the head of the holy synod and the originator of the Czar's persecuting policy against all non-Russians, the sly Ignatieff, and those fanatic Panslavists Katkoff and Tschernisheffsky, succeeded in surrounding both princes with aides-de-camp and companions who tried their utmost to incite their great Russian sympathies into the adoption of Panslavistic aims. Nicholas, with his susceptible heart and impulsiveness, became an easy victim to their schemes, the ends and aims of which were hidden from him. The Emperor learned of the whole intrigue, made a continuation of the relations impossible by energetic measures, and sent Nicholas abroad. His trip through Asia, and its sudden termination after the attack of a half-crazy policeman in Japan, are of too recent occurrence and so well known that I do not need to recall them. Worth mentioning is the intrepidity and presence of mind displayed on this occasion by Nicholas, especially in consideration of his youth and nervous temperament.

After his return to Russia the Czare-

* Pet name for Nicholas.

vich was occupied in various official positions in order to make himself familiar with the administrative machinery of the Empire, and it can be said without exaggeration that he proved himself to be an apt scholar, who learned as much as he was permitted to see. In all positions and in every situation of his now well-varied life he showed fine tact and a presence of mind which, in addition to his unbiassed judgment, made him a great favorite of the ultra-national as well as the liberal elements of Russia. This period and the intimate contact of Nicholas with all classes of the people brought about the romance of the prince's life. The Czarevich fell in love. And, strange play of fate, fell in love with a daughter of that race which his father persecuted with inexorable severity. The prince, who would have been a welcome suitor for the hand of any princess in Christendom, gave his whole self, his heart and soul, to a poor Jewish ballet-girl. A great deal has been said and written about his relations to Miss L., and the angry interference which they brought about from the Czar. But most of the stories are invented, and the truth is simply that Nicholas was so infatuated with his beloved Masha, who, by-the-way, is a most beautiful and accomplished young lady, that he was determined to sacrifice everything, even his title to the throne, for the permission to marry her. Perhaps if his brother George had not been an incurable consumptive, the Emperor would have consented. But for the sake of lineal succession and to avoid possible future complications he withheld his permission, and Nicholas had to obey. It was repeatedly asserted, especially in German and English newspapers, that a clandestine marriage had taken place. To every one who is familiar with the house laws of the Romanoffs and the dogmas of the Greek Church this must appear ridiculous, because no member of the Imperial family can be wedded by a "pope" without the consent of the head of the Romanoffs. The Czar tried to persuade Nicholas to give up his love for the sake of state reasons, and not meeting a willing promise, he separated the lovers, hoping that time would mitigate the ardor of their affection. This seems to have come true. Nicholas withstood for quite a long time all attempts to pilot him into the matrimonial haven (or is it heaven?),

even the cunning devices of that famous match-maker Queen Victoria, until finally his energetic aunt Marie succeeded in bringing about his engagement to Princess Alice of Hesse when he attended the wedding of his cousin Melitta at Gotha. Some papers reported repeatedly that the engagement had been broken, and even some well-informed diplomats doubted its durability. But the Emperor had full confidence in his son, and knew well that his word was as good as a deed. Still, when his sudden illness developed so rapidly and seriously that he felt the approach of the end, he insisted upon a solemn betrothal in his presence, and Princess Alice was summoned hurriedly to his death-bed at Livadia. Be it that he feared the dislike of the Czaritza for everything German, and that the influence of the Panslavists, who desired a union with the Princess of Montenegro, could contrive some intrigue to break the engagement, or be it that he wanted to prevent Nicholas from taking advantage of religious difficulties which might induce the princess to annul the betrothal, the fact is, Alexander III. did not rest until the young couple had solemnly joined hands before him, which was as binding as a marriage ceremony.

Shortly afterwards, as if his last and fondest wish had been fulfilled, Alexander Alexandrovich breathed his last. Nicholas Alexandrovich, after escorting the remains of his sincerely beloved father through his grief-stricken country and interring them at St. Petersburg, took the reins of the government in his own so youthful hands. His first political, or rather official, act was a manifesto to his people. This simple message, with its winning tone full of love and reverence, which came from the bleeding heart of a grieving son, created universal sympathy and confidence. The manifesto was followed immediately by the proclamation of an amnesty for political and religious offenders as well as common criminals, the far-going liberality of which was unheard-of in Russia. As soon as etiquette permitted, the wedding ceremony was performed, and then, and not until then, Nicholas II. was really the Emperor-Pope of all Russians. Here I would like to rectify a misunderstanding met with so frequently in the foreign press. It is often asserted that the heir to the Russian throne must be a married

man. This is not correct. Even the Emperor may be single, but he cannot be crowned as a bachelor. Simultaneously with his coronation the Czar receives his consecration as the supreme head of the Greek Church, and as such he must be a married man, according to the dogmatic law, "A priest shall be the mate of a woman."

His honey-moon does not seem to have prevented Nicholas from attending to business. So far we have received the news of three very significant actions of the new Czar. First, he has ordered a thorough investigation of the administration of the Secretary of Railroads and Public Buildings, whom Mr. Witte, the Secretary of the Treasury, had reported as having sold timber and beams from his own estate to the government. Secondly, the Czar called a meeting of all governors and commanders of the Empire, as well as the most famous authorities on law and administrative matters, to confer about abuses and desirable changes in the existing government. The third, and not least significant, action of the new Czar I have found in an unpretentious report of a trustworthy German newspaper correspondent. The writer relates that he met by chance the Emperor driving unescorted in a plain carriage through a street in St. Petersburg. A shabby-looking individual threw a bulky envelope towards the carriage, but missed his aim, and the little parcel fell under the wheels. Some passer-by shouted in terror, frightened by the thought of a nihilistic bomb, and instantly a number of policemen in uniform and citizen's dress—it is surprising how they grow, like mushrooms, on such occasions in the streets of St. Petersburg—surrounded the Imperial carriage and tried to grasp the envelope. But the Czar too had seen it, and ordered his aide-de-camp to hand it to him. He opened it quietly, read carefully the letter it contained, and said warmly to the petitioner, who stood trembling near by: "I shall do everything you ask for in this letter; do you hear? Everything as you wish it!" And then he addressed the surrounding police sternly, "You let this man go, and mind well: don't you dare to hurt a hair of his head, or to molest him in any way—you or anybody else!" This action of the Emperor does not need a commentary, and still speaks volumes.

But although such characteristic flash-light views serve to make us acquainted with the man Nicholas Alexandrovich, they do not suffice to answer that burning question, What may we expect from the Emperor Nicholas II.? Still, on the strength of the foregoing sketch, we may be able to foretell his future policy, as well as human foresight can penetrate the dark. Four qualities, partly inherited and partly acquired by education, shine forth in the character of Nicholas II. Like his father, he loves the truth, and hates hypocrisy above everything. Like his father, he is religious, an ardent supporter of the Greek Church, and an ultra-Russian, although he may lean more to liberal innovations. Like his father, he is honest and moral in the highest sense of the word, and it can be safely predicted that his home and family life will be as exemplary as that of Alexander III. Not less deep than in these matters have his father's example and teaching influenced the new Czar with regard to war and peace. Alexander Alexandrovich not only loved peace for the sake of peace, he worshipped it, because he despised war. During the Russian-Turkish war Alexander Alexandrovich had commanded the army on the Yarna, and the fearful outrages on the battle-fields, the cruelty of the slaughter itself, had made an indelible impression upon his religious mind. This accounts also for two very strange facts, which have puzzled the uninitiated not a little—the intimate friendship of the Czar and the famous painter Verestchagin, and his otherwise unexplainable indulgence for Leo Tolstoi. Both were fervid antagonists of war like Alexander himself. The one had painted with shocking and sublime realism those world-renowned pictures of dreadful war scenes; the other pleaded with the ardent inspiration of a prophet for peace among mankind, and protested unceasingly and energetically against the barbarous fratricide of nations. Count Tolstoi never would have been called to the important post of Secretary of Public Education, and he would never have been permitted to publish some of his books, otherwise impossible in Russia, if it was not for the sincere sympathy of the Emperor with his efforts to establish universal peace. This one thought, this intense "horreur" of blood and war, never ceased to possess the mind of Alexander. Whenever he

had to relate to his children his experiences in Turkey, he used the opportunity to impress them with his loathing, and frequently closed his remarks shuddering in recollection of some hideous scene: "Boys, war is dreadful, horrible, beastly! May God keep you from seeing it, from drawing a sword!"

The civilized world has acknowledged these praiseworthy sentiments of Alexander III. by giving him the justly deserved title of "Peace-Protector," and there can hardly be a doubt as to the like intentions of the son, fostered so impressively by the father. And in one other somewhat similar direction the character of the new Czar and his future development as a ruler may have a decided advantage over that of his predecessor. Alexander Alexandrovich was called to the throne after the sudden death of Alexander II. Over the dreadfully mangled body of him whom he had loved, whom he had believed to be good and noble and forbearing, he had to take the reins of the dangerous office. He never forgot that heart-rending sight, he could never forget or forgive the perpetrators of that beastly plot. He could not forget or forgive, because he knew that Alexander II. had signed the constitution demanded by the reform party on the very day when the assassins had slain him. Many of his seemingly cruel executions of so-called "Nihilists," his often-condemned persecution of Hebrews and Poles and Germans (not of Jews and Catholics and Protestants, as erroneously reported) could be explained, if not excused, by the recollections of his father's assassination. Fortunately Nicholas II. does not bear such a sad heritage. Although his father was carried away quite unexpectedly in the prime of life, he died peacefully, resigned, and without leaving a painful blot upon the memory of his son.

During the illness of Alexander, father and son, who had always been very candid and confiding with each other, had repeatedly long conversations, and there cannot be any doubt that the Emperor has made his successor acquainted with his most cherished plans, and advised him as to the future. At that death-bed at Livadia many a wrong, many a failure of the past may have been lamented, and many noble resolutions, many liberal innovations been resolved upon amidst the irrepressible tears of parent and child.

All signs and frequent utterances of the new Czar intimate that he will continue to russify Russia, but that he will choose measures which differ from those of Alexander III. Every well-informed and unbiassed critic of Russian conditions must acknowledge that the nationalization of the whole Empire, the unification of its population with regard to language, are indispensably necessary. The United States would play a risky game, with their Union as a stake, if they would not insist upon carrying out the principle of *one* official language in their administration, courts, and schools. If the Germans of Wisconsin and Illinois, the Swedes of Minnesota, the Czechs of Iowa, the French of Louisiana, and the Spaniards of New Mexico would be permitted to conduct their schools, courts, and legislatures in their respective mother-tongues, how long would it take until ultra-federalistic, yea, even centrifugal tendencies would arise and lead to grave differences, if not to a civil war? The conditions in Russia are much more dangerous, because the population of the Empire consists of fourteen different nationalities, who live mostly in compact masses, distinctly separated from each other, and differ not only in language, but also in their state of culture and education, and in many cases in their religion. The russification of the Hebrews, Poles, and Germans is a necessity for the future of Russia, although it may be regretted or condemned by the members of these races and their sympathizers. Alexander III. would have achieved it much more easily and without arousing the indignation of the world if he had not lent his ear to Pobiedonostzeff, the head of the holy synod, who tried to accelerate it by religious encroachments and a propaganda of the Greek Church. The new Czar intends to inaugurate a milder policy, as he gave proof in his manifesto to the Germans in the Baltic provinces, and by his recalling General Gurko, the iron hand of Poland, from his post as Governor at Warsaw.

Much has been said and written about the dislike of Nicholas for the Germans. Certainly his father always felt like a sting the memory of the treaty of Berlin, where German diplomacy had robbed Russia of the well-earned fruits of the victory over Turkey. Doubtless his mother does not love Germany and the

Hohenzollern, who have taken a province from her father and dispossessed her brother-in-law from the throne of Hanover. Whether this parental antipathy is impressed so strongly upon the new Czar that it could prejudice him against Germany, or whether his wife, a German princess, will influence him sufficiently to overcome his dislike, the future will prove. But it can be taken for granted that his good common-sense and his pronounced judicial frame of mind will prevent him from letting an idiosyncrasy play an important rôle in his home or foreign policy.

For the same reason the alleged French sympathies of his father and the Russian people will not dictate the future tactics of the new Czar. The alliance, or whatever it may be called, between Russia and France was necessarily created by the European constellation of the "Dreibund," with England in the background, although a conservative, absolutistic monarchy coupled with a radical, liberal republic forms an unnatural, heterogeneous team. The world does not know the reason why Alexander III. never consented to have the diplomatic understanding sealed by a state document in black and white, but Nicholas II. is certainly familiar with every phase of this master-stroke of Russian diplomacy. The understanding between the two powers has assisted essentially in the financial consolidation of Russia, and the new Czar doubtless will not shake the foundation of this most reliable column of Russian and European peace.

The point at which Nicholas differs widely from the views of his father and grandfather, and where he most likely will inaugurate a new policy diametrically opposed to a century's traditions, is the relation of Russia towards England. The cable and the leaders of the great dailies in all European countries speak already quite familiarly of an "entente" between the bear and the lion. Lord Rosebery has launched a panegyric on Alexander III., and numerous visible and concealed wires, worked by clever diplomats and members of Queen Victoria's family, are trying to bring about an understanding between the two powers in various European and Asiatic questions. Is such an understanding, or even an alliance, possible between the two nations and governments, who have been antagonists for

decades? I fully believe it is. Every one who knows the sentiments of the people of both countries must own that the broad masses of Russia have not the least antipathy to England, and that amongst the educated, the society of the upper ten and the court circles, the preference for everything English, from language and literature down to dress and horses, is growing constantly. Actually the prejudice and dislike are only one-sided. The British accuse Russia of an invincible covetousness for India, and continually suspect some vile scheme for robbing them of their possessions in Asia. This suspicion is both unfounded and unjust. If the statesmen of England, and, for that matter, of the whole of Europe, would not be blind to the incontestable fact that the large population of Russia, with its enormous annual increase, needs an outlet, that the country naturally must have a seaport and a waterway in the south, Russia could develop organically and historically, and would not be forced to press in an easterly direction, contrary to its own vital interest. The famous political testament of Nicholas I. ought not to be construed as a greedy reaching out for Constantinople and the inheritance of the sick man Turkey, but should be recognized by statesmen and the world in general as a logical politico-economic consequence of the geographical situation of Russia. England's jealousy could be done away with, and at the same time the whole Eastern question solved, by making the Dardanelles as well as the Suez Canal neutral territory, to be used by all nations under the same conditions, and supervised by an international commission. Such a treaty would soon be followed by an agreement about a line of demarcation between the possessions of Russia and England in Asia, which would silence forever British fear, and foster the peace of the world essentially.

By a curious chance I am in the position to give the views of the new Czar on this question. About a year ago a friend of mine, a German professor at St. Petersburg, who frequently published political and sociological essays on Russia, wrote a series of articles on the subject, "A Political and Economic Union of Russia and England." After explaining the situation in a manner somewhat similar to the above outline, he pleaded a union of the two countries on the ground of mutual

benefit. Russia would find a profitable outlet for its surplus grain and meat in England by the establishment of direct steamship lines from the Baltic and Black Sea ports; England would have in Russia the most advantageous market for machinery, agricultural implements, clothing, cutlery, and other manufactured products, which would constantly grow with the increasing agricultural prosperity of newly cultivated Russian territory. The two powers, so fortunately supplementing each other, could form a political union which would command the peace of the world by the unequalled strength of its army and navy, and could bring about the disarmament of Europe by an energetic appeal or by mere example, because neither the triple alliance nor any other combination of European powers would dare to face the Anglo-Russian league.

My friend submitted his manuscript to the *Grashdanin* and the *Times*. From London he received a polite letter declining his article, because, as the editor wrote, "although the essay was admirably written, and would be interesting reading matter, no English newspaper would dare to print it." The grand mogul of the *Grashdanin* simply wrote on the title-page, "My friend, thou art a fool!" This fool was quite intimate with a young official who enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Czarevich, and proposed to inform Nicholas of the professor's work. (In parenthesis I will relate the recent good fortune of this official, because it contains an interesting contribution to the characteristic of the new Czar. Mr. W., as I will call him, served for the past three years in a subordinate position in the office of the Secretary of Education, and although being learned, bright, honest, and industrious, he could not rise for lack of a "protecteur." The Czarevich, who liked to associate and chat with him, did not care or dare to push his promotion, and the superiors of Mr. W. were under the impression that the Emperor did not favor him. Shortly after Nicholas became Emperor the minister had an audience, and, after submitting some reports, proposed Mr. W. for promotion on account of his extraordinary acquirements and diligence. Nicholas, guessing the real cause of this step, said, calmly: "Your Excellency needed three years to discover the fitness of this official for promotion. I do not think your Excellency

able to fill your position, and would advise your Excellency to resign. And as to Mr. W., he does not need your promotion; he will be my private secretary.") When Mr. W. handed the manuscript of my friend to the Czarevich, and told him of its fate, Nicholas studied it carefully, and said: "The author is a German idealist, but he is correct. I wish it would come true, although I do not see how it could. We cannot propose such an alliance, and what English statesman would dare to do it!"

This remark of the new Czar shows more clearly than all official utterances his probable future policy. If Lord Rosebery, or any other English leader, would have the courage to break with traditional bias, his propositions would meet all possible advances. Should England let this opportunity slip, we will see Nicholas try to reach his most desired aim by other means. It is true the Czar, be he ever so potent, can do very little by himself. He can neither stop the course of the world, nor alter substantially the trend of our times. But he may achieve a radical change of international politics; he most likely will attempt it by an understanding if not a co-operation with Turkey. Some concession to the millions of Mohammedans in the Russian Empire, a treaty with the guarantee of the Turkish territory for a basis, may accomplish an alliance which would overturn all present conditions in the Orient and alter the existing European constellations.

But such great political changes are not brought about in a twinkling, and the new Czar is too prudent to undertake them without careful preparation. Besides, he has other even more important matters on hand which require his attention. The great work commenced by his grandfather and continued by his father needs completion. I mean the solving of the peasant problem. Alexander II. had set the ball rolling by his decree to abolish serfdom. By the just manner with which he accomplished this difficult task he became the "Liberator of the people," and at the same time brought Russia near the edge of ruin. The nobility had been recompensed for the loss of their farm hands, the liberated serfs provided with land from the crown or bought from their former owners. This required hundreds of millions, caused the extreme encum-

brance of the government, and impeded the completion of other most necessary improvements. Russia, hampered by the sudden change of agricultural methods from the operation of large estates to working small farms, weighed down by the burden of the enormous interest on her public debt, and boycotted by the European bourses, has successfully passed through one of the most dangerous financial crises in history. The peaceful policy of Alexander III. alone has saved the country from bankruptcy, and the unceasing labor and wise measures of a financial genius and honest official—Secretary Witte—have accomplished this difficult task, in spite of the greatest obstacles, in the shortest possible time. Money was advanced to the former serfs to pay the indemnities to the nobles, and to buy livestock, implements, and seed; many railroads were built and others bought by the government, the system of canals completed, mines developed, and the interest on the public debt reduced from ten and twelve per cent. to five per cent. annually. During the last years of serfdom the exportation of grain from Russia amounted to about 90 million poods; in 1880 it had grown to 286 millions, and the latest statistics show an export of 405 million poods. The country is prosperous and progressing. All it needs is peace and time for a natural development.

If Nicholas continue what his father started—and there cannot be the slightest doubt as to his good-will—schools and higher educational institutions will increase, enlightenment and progress will flourish, commerce and industry will prosper, and Russia will take slowly, but steadily, its proper place in the line of civilized nations. The new Czar—young, honest, ambitious, and dutiful—is just *the* man to lead his beloved people, that worship him, to the position which they deserve on account of many excellent qualities. If he continue as he commenced, if he make his conference of governors and law-makers a kind of "Lexow Committee" to investigate into the abuses of Russian law and officials, if he eradicate evil and promote merit as promptly as in the first weeks of his reign, he will indeed deserve to be mentioned prominently in history as "the Blesser" of Russia. From all we have heard about him, we may well expect it.

GOLF, OLD AND NEW.

BY ANDREW LANG.

WHEREVER golfers meet and talk about their favorite game one topic is certain to be discussed: Are the best players of to-day better men than the best players in the past, say forty or fifty years ago? I never met a golfer of sixty, or over it, who did not answer this question in the negative. I never met a golfer of forty, or under it, who did not answer in the affirmative. One exception there is to this general rule: it is not likely that you will get Tom Morris to answer the question at all. Now Tom is the only man who knows the answer. He is over seventy; he has played in the best company all his life; he was the comrade of famous Allan Robertson; he has played with the old feather balls as well as with the modern balls of gutta-percha; he has done his round on the ancient narrow links as well as on the modern wide links; he remembers the coming in of "iron approach shots" and the decline and fall of the "baffy-spoon"; he has seen and tried all the new patents, and, his mind being as open as Mr. Gladstone's, he does not object to the abolition of "stimy." In Tom Morris, then, we have a perfect arbiter—"the living embodiment of justice," as Aristotle desires a judge to be. Yet "the oracle is dumb." The reason of his silence I take to be this: Tom, as the companion and peer of Allan, and the father of that unrivalled player the regretted "Young Tommy," knows that the question is an empty question. The *chef-d'œuvre* is equivalent to the *chef-d'œuvre*, and the great golfer of fifty or five hundred years ago is a match, *under his own conditions*, for the great golfer of to-day or to-morrow.

There may seem to be a mechanical test in the "records" of the shortest number of strokes taken to the round. Choosing St. Andrews links, as the oldest, most classical, and most familiar to the present writer, we find Mr. Frederick Tait holding the "record" of 72 strokes, while Hugh Kirkcaldy's record is 73. Neither score was made in a public competition. Now, if we look back to the amateur winners of last century, we find, I think, but one score under the hundred. There are no professional chronicles of that period, and for the seventeenth and earlier centuries no chronicles at all. But the youngest

of us will not allege that Mr. Tait is to a first-rate golfer of the Georgian era as 72 is to 96. We do not know the lowest score made by a Georgian amateur in an ordinary game; we have only the scores of the yearly St. Andrews competitions.

Again, we are certain that the links were more difficult in our great-grandfathers' time, and even in living memory. Lastly, we must take into account the attempts at improvement in the instruments of the game—the clubs and balls. When those elements in golf are honestly compared, it will probably become apparent that Taylor (the champion in the competition open to professionals and amateurs), with Mr. John Ball, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Tait, Mr. Leslie Balfour, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and Hugh Kirkcaldy, and Jack Campbell, and Douglas Rolland—*fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus*—are probably much on a level with the heroes of old time.

It is tolerably certain that they are not on a lower level, for no man can beat the best. Now in Mr. Tait's score of 72 (which I was happy enough to witness) *he did not make a mistake*. His score was composed of six fives, six fours, and six threes. He might, conceivably, have done one or two of his fives in a four, one or two of his fours in a three, but his six threes could scarcely have been improved on (save in one case) without a fluke—a long accidental putt, for example—and of flukes he had none. It was a perfect score, and nobody can beat perfection.

On any good golfing day it would be unwise to bet odds against Mr. Tait making a longer score than 80. Now long odds in the middle of the century might have been laid against Allan Robertson coming in with a score not over 80. It does not follow that Allan was a worse player than the best of his successors, but he had to play a more difficult game. The question is, how much more difficult?

Mr. James Balfour, the father of Mr. Leslie Balfour, and himself a very successful player of the old school, has written a pleasant little book of St. Andrews reminiscences. He points out that within his memory the St. Andrews course was a single course; that is, in coming back you played to the same holes as in going out, whereas now there are two sets

of holes at a distance of some thirty or forty yards apart. In itself this is a necessary improvement. It takes time, and the home-comer is much less likely to be struck by the ball of the outgoer—though this does happen, as I can testify. But, as another consequence, the course is much wider than of old, being really two parallel courses, on all of which the ball escapes gorse, or “whins,” and heather and long tussocky grass. In my own memory, or rather in times within my own memory, whins and heather encroached on the course much more than at present. The chopping of iron clubs has cut down the whins, and the tread of countless feet has worn the long bent grass. Consequently a drive which is not straight may now fall on good ground, whereas of old it fell in sandy ground, or whins sprang up and choked it, and it cost a stroke or two to extricate. But in spite of the old players, you still have to play right across many bunkers or sand holes. And if you had *not* to do so, plainly any ball driven out of the straight line would be likely to land on a bunker also out of the straight line. Thus the ancients overstate their case:

“The bunkers are no longer straight between you and the hole.

You young fellows drive wild.”

Obviously, if so, the young fellows must fall much more into bunkers than if the course did go straight over all the bunkers, which, by-the-way, is impossible, owing to the lay of the ground.

After studying Mr. Balfour's very interesting book, I think he makes out the links of his youth to have been more difficult than those of his maturity by two strokes a hole. Thus Mr. Tait's “record,” had it been played about 1845, would need an addition of 36, making 108. But even in the last century we have a score under 98. Mr. Balfour does not remember the links in 1790. They must have been yet more difficult then than they were, say, in 1850.

Therefore the amateur who in the last century went round in 96 must have been of supernatural skill.

Consequently the ancients, I honestly think, overstate the difficulties of the old course. They add this fact that modern arts have improved the putting greens into a kind of level lawns. But they forget that the eternal play of innumerable beginners and “duffers” has scooped

out countless “cups” and “scrapes,” which form a new and very considerable difficulty unknown, or not nearly so bad, in times gone by.

On the whole, we must allow that on any old links the course is now wider, less encroached on by gorse, and probably better supplied with putting greens than in earlier ages. Thus a first-class player can do the round with fewer strokes than a player of 1850 or of 1450. If John Patterson (who played with the Duke of York about 1680) could revisit the links, he would now go round in a shorter score than was possible in the glorious Restoration. And if Mr. Tait or Mr. Ball could be spirited backward in time and play against the Duke of York, or Queen Mary, or Prince Charlie—all keen golfers—his score would be longer than it is at present. Possibly he would have to adopt a different style. But he would hold his own, in a few days, with John Patterson or any other man.

As to style and method, one illustration may readily be given. The sixth, or heathery hole, at St. Andrews is about 350 yards in length. Hitting back from the tee, you find bunkers many, at about 150 yards distance; then a kind of sand cliff, with a table-land at top, and “Walkinshaw's Grave,” a bunker, at the extreme left. Then, over some rough ground and a bunker or two, you are within easy reach of the hole.

Allan Robertson used to play this hole in three strokes of a short spoon, and so would lie on the putting green, and hole out in five, or four if lucky. But one day, to the amazement of mankind, Mr. Tait drove “hole-high” from the tee in one stroke! To be sure, he lost the hole, for he gave it up before he could find his ball, he not expecting to make a drive so prodigious (345 yards). As a rule, I believe, he would drive over the table-land and “approach” in his second with his iron, probably holing out in four. Such is the difference in method between a great player of the present and a great player of the last generation. It is a more robust and massive game. Not that there were no long drivers of old (as M. le Mesurier, a Swiss gentleman), but a wild drive in times past was more severely punished by the chances of heather and whins. Yet Mr. Tait—or Douglas Rolland, who has a few yards the better of him—can by no means be called a wild

driver. Length of carry does not mean in these cases obliquity of direction. But the very width of the modern course gives a strong man confidence. He can afford to let himself go; and practice, with a good eye, added to confidence, does the rest. Now the ground of confidence was lacking to the players of former generations, wherefore the best of them played a correct and elegant but not a very vigorous and "overpowering" game. The long hole at St. Andrews is five hundred yards in length. Mr. "Teddy" Blackwell has driven it in two strokes, and then, turning round, has driven it back in two strokes, so that he plainly was not served by the wind. Such is the vigorous character of great modern golf. By reason of the narrowness of the old course, probably no player of the past could have attempted this feat. He would have been happy to get home in three.

The difference of styles corresponds to a difference in clubs. The old wooden clubs were light, slim, and elegant. The face was long and very shallow. Allan Robertson, we know, had a light switchy swing. Now of modern "patent" clubs there are dozens. In some the head is made of aluminium, in some of sea-weed. All sorts of experiments are tried in "facings" of leather, celluloid (I think), and I know not what. The shaft is sometimes driven through an ugly broad head, like a stick through a potato. There are indeed "many inventions." But the only successful recent novelty, perhaps, is the "bulger." The head is short, deep, broad, and slightly convex, in place of being long, slim, and shallow, as Hugh Philp used to build the driver. There is more wood behind the modern stroke; it is intended for harder hitters. But our longest driver among amateurs has taken, I think, to lighter clubs, with no diminution of force. Weak men should abandon heavy clubs, in spite of fashion. New patents in driving-clubs are generally ingenious absurdities. "Englishmen buy them," said a Scottish club-maker to me. One novelty since the middle of the century is the useful "brassey." It is merely a short-headed driver shod with a plate of brass, and is used for hitting a ball in deep grass, or in a cup or scrape. An early sketch of a kind of brassey is in the club-house at St. Andrews. There is a flat plate of iron, on which are super-

imposed several layers of leather. On a rugged flinty course, as at Wimbledon, some men play with a brassey throughout, and carry no driver at all.

In the brassey we have a weapon which the ancient golfers did not possess; but we use it in cups and scrapes, which were sorrows less familiar to them. For the rest, they rejoiced in many "spoons"—short, long, middle, and baffy. A spoon is a club of which the face is "laid back" or sloped. Spoons are little used now, most men preferring an iron-headed club of some kind, as cleek, iron, approaching-iron, loftier, mashy, driving-mashy, or what not.

Here we touch on a great difference between the old school and the new.

Roughly speaking, just as our wooden clubs—driver and brassey—are heavier, more inelegant, and more powerful than those of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, and of Prince Charlie, so our iron clubs are lighter, less inelegant, and more varied. The old iron club was probably used nowhere but in whins, in sand, in roads, and other hazards. It was of prodigious size and weight, like a Lochaber-axe or other deadly weapon. If it was lighter, it was very concave, and had queer sharp tusks. Examples may be seen in the cases of ancient clubs at St. Andrews and at Wimbledon. These ponderous maces of our ancestors were never used "on the green"; only in "hazards." We now use for a number of shots on the green (especially for an "approach" of from a hundred to thirty yards) a variety of iron-headed clubs, notably cleek, iron, mashy, lofting-iron, and driving-mashy. The skill is to "loft" the ball over all opposing bunkers, "faces," hillocks, and rough ground, and to make it drop dead near the hole. This is almost the prettiest stroke in the game, requiring iron wrists and a nice judgment of distance. In such cases our ancestors used a driving-putter to "run" the ball up with; or they tooled with a baffy-spoon, that is, a very short spoon very much sloped in the face. Consequently they did not cut up the turf, as modern players often do on purpose. Mr. H——n, I regret to say, is a great slicer of turf, and then he calls the links "a noble ruin." He is "a sair saint for the green," like St. David of Scotland. Here we must commend the old players like Mr. James Balfour, whom I myself have seen using a baffy-spoon, and that very

dexterously. But the stroke is as obsolete as drinking to "the king over the water." Probably the new method is really more precise and scientific, if less pretty.

In putting—that is, rolling the ball up to or into the hole—the ancients always used a short, heavy wooden putter. Many of the moderns employ iron putters of divers kinds; here new patents are of daily occurrence. But the old wooden putter is by no means obsolete, like the baffy-spoon. In putting, all manner of odd attitudes are common: Mr. Laidlay and others putt with the hands very low on the shaft, as if playing slowly forward to a ball at cricket. All this is a matter of habit, almost of superstition. A man will swear by a new patent putter or odd attitude for a week, and then fall back on tradition.

Such are the main differences in clubs between the Old World and the New. Heavier drivers, harder hitting, lighter irons, and these used not only in hazards, but "through the green," are the essential points of change. As to balls, the old leather stuffed with feathers was as good as the modern gutta-percha while it was fresh and uninjured. But it was easily injured, and was more than twice as expensive as the gutta-percha balls, which came in about 1850. These were originally smooth, and flew badly. They flew better when they were accidentally cut up by iron strokes, wherefore mankind first notched them with the sharp end of a hammer, and then cast them in notched moulds, as at present. Our feather balls used to come from Holland, till, in the interests of local industries, James VI. clapped on a heavy duty.

Golf is a very old game. The Scots Parliament tried to check it in 1457 for the purpose of fostering archery. Covenanted ministers use many very irreverent

illustrations from golf in their sermons, and the great Montrose, their enemy, was a great golfer. Of the Stuarts, James VI.; his mother, the martyred Queen Mary; his sons, Henry, Prince of Wales, and Charles I.; his grandson, James II.; and his great-great-grandson, Prince Charles (who first introduced golf into Italy)—were all players. The House of Hanover has done nothing for golf. I draw no political conclusion.

The oldest known picture of golf is in a Flemish MS. of 1500-1520, at the British Museum. Here we see two men putting at the hole, while hard by another is addressing himself to his ball at the tee. Thus in essentials the game has been unaltered for nearly four hundred years, and probably is much older, as it needed law to put it down in 1457. The chief changes have been indicated. Improvement in the links, additional vigor in the driving, variety in the iron clubs, and the scientific use of iron clubs for "approaching" are the most important modern developments. The great popularity of the game (which will fade, like other fashions) brings a larger number of athletes into the field, so it is natural that a higher level of skill should be attained. But, allowing for changed conditions, nobody is ever likely to be essentially a better golfer than John Patterson, Allan Robertson, or young Tommy Morris, not to mention kings and cavaliers of whose feats we have no precise records.

Reformers or "Idolaters," kingsmen or queensmen, Cavaliers or Covenanters, princes or artisans, Jacobites or Whigs, our ancestors in Scotland were all golfers. And we still keep up the classical severity of the game, not disdaining improvements, but despising fads, fashions, and queer new-fangled patents. "The English buy them."

SOME QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY THE HON. SETH LOW.

THE recent endorsement in Chicago, by representative organizations of laboring-men, of civil service reform is an event of the first magnitude in the history of that reform. In a government based upon manhood suffrage no movement can permanently endure that does not command the support of the great body of the citizens. To those who have

been interested in improving the conditions of the civil service in the United States an endorsement of civil service reform by the labor element is not so much a surprise as it is an encouragement, because civil service reform, in its essence, is the most democratic of movements. Its whole aim is to substitute merit, both in appointments to the public service and

in promotions, for favoritism and political influence. Favoritism and political influence are the possessions of the few. Merit and capacity to render efficient service, happily, are within the power of the many. But, desirable as civil service reform is from this point of view, such incidents as that which recently disgraced the State of Indiana, where the strife about the possession of some obscure office led to actual violence in the halls of the Legislature, show that the necessity for this reform is fundamental if republican institutions are to endure. If history teaches anything, it is perfectly clear that no nation can permanently enjoy the full blessings of liberty that permits the patronage of government to be employed systematically to sustain the powers that be, whether right or wrong. It is no answer to this to say that for sixty years public sentiment in the United States has permitted the spoils system to exist, and that the United States to-day, in all that makes a nation great, are vastly stronger and greater than when the spoils system was inaugurated. The United States have been, and still are, full of the vigor of lusty youth. They have been able to grow and prosper despite excesses of many sorts. But it may be hoped that in our case the spoils system is merely a mark of partial development. It is like the civilization of the frontier. Civilization on the frontier is rough and ready. There is a reckless freedom about it that many enjoy; but the wild freedom of the frontier is no substitute, after all, for the freedom within and under the protection of the law, which is the characteristic of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is not an unnatural thing that the spoils system should have grown up in this new country. As George William Curtis pointed out not long ago, it is simply the use by party of the great weapon whereby the king in every monarchy has rewarded his friends and punished his enemies. If Americans are content to be ruled by parties for the profit of party managers, to substitute the party for the king, instead of dealing with parties as agencies through which they will rule themselves, the spoils system will endure longer than it otherwise will. One palpable result to the disadvantage of liberty has already been reached. No class of people in the nation enjoy so few of the privileges of the Amer-

ican citizens as the subordinates in the public employ. So far from enjoying freedom of speech and freedom of action, and the right to vote as they please, the indulgence by them in any of these hard-won privileges of American manhood, if it antagonizes their superiors, is equivalent to the loss of livelihood. Their superior officers intimate their wish, and the subordinates hesitate at their peril. Even high officials are frequently controlled in these matters by those who are not in the public employ at all. To such a parody of freedom has the spoils system reduced service in the employ of the American people! Probably there is no service in the country to-day more fatal to self-respecting manliness, more warping to the moral sense, than employment in the subordinate civil service of the land when the employé is not protected by law. The system is at fault, not so much the men who are the victims of it. With many and many of them, it is well known, their "poverty and not their will consents." Other nations than ours have suffered from this evil, and have overcome it. Let it not be doubted for a moment that the recuperative power exists in the American people to rid themselves of this as they have of other evils. Therefore it is that this new attitude on the part of laboring-men towards civil service reform is both significant and encouraging.

This new attitude of the labor element towards civil service reform naturally suggests a discussion of the labor question in some of its other aspects. It is palpable that labor troubles have assumed a new form of late years, and that organizations of the working-classes, so called, have immensely increased in numbers and in power. Some people, noticing these things, and hearing the loud cries that in some quarters are to be heard in behalf now of socialism, now of communism, and again of anarchy, recall with alarm that the voting power of the country is in the hands of the many, whether or not they have property interests in it. It seems to such people that conditions like these are full of alarming portent. It may freely be admitted that the questions these conditions present are full of perplexity, but the situation in precisely these aspects seems to some encouraging rather than the reverse.

What, then, are the peculiar features

of this problem of society in our own times and in our own land? Two facts are at once apparent. They are so patent that they cannot be overlooked. At first sight they seem so antagonistic that they puzzle and bewilder. Thus there never has been a time when the individual, in certain directions, has counted for so much. In other directions, there never has been a time when the individual has counted for so little. Politically, at the present time, in this country, the citizen, just because he is a man, is entitled to his vote. He may, upon election day, if he wishes, negative the judgment and the preference of the President of the United States as to any official to be chosen. The President of the United States, in many respects, is the most powerful ruler in the world. In the matter of appointments and patronage probably he is quite the most powerful ruler. But when it comes to the choice of a new President, the vote of the humblest citizen in the land is as powerful as his. Side by side with this spectacle of the political power of the individual, the individual as a factor in the business concerns of men seems to be quite as strikingly disappearing. The individual capitalist is disappearing in the corporation; the individual laborer is disappearing in the trades union. The first question that arises in the presence of these strangely different tendencies of the time surely is, What does it all mean? Is it possible that after the race has struggled for so many centuries to make the individual politically free, to secure for him the opportunity and the impulse for growth involved in political and individual freedom—is it possible that, after all, individuality is to be lost by indirection, through the corporation on the one hand, and the trades union on the other? It cannot be. The political importance of the individual and his industrial insignificance, rightly considered, illustrate the centrifugal and the centripetal forces of society as they operate in our day. If this premise be correct, men should not be discouraged because of these apparently conflicting tendencies. What is to be done is to find their equilibrium. So considered, they furnish, instead of ground for fear, the best ground for hope that the transition of society from the old order to the new will be a movement towards better conditions. It has been often said that the last fifty years have

witnessed a revolution throughout the civilized world in the methods of travel, in the methods of communication, largely also in the manner of living, greater than can be traced through century to century from the beginning of recorded history down to this epoch. Men say that this is the result of the great advances made during the last fifty years in physical science. No doubt it is. But it is important to notice that the fulness of time did not come for science until human history had reached the point where these two antagonistic tendencies touching the individual had become, both of them, ready for their consummation. In other words, that seems to have happened to society that happened for literature when printing was discovered. Only when the type had been individualized, only when each type came to represent a single letter, was the era of combination reached. So now, it appears, there has been reached in human society, and in this country in its highest form, the era of combination. Of this it may at least be said that combination implies community of interests; it is not utter selfishness. Therefore whatever selfish abuses may be traced to it are abuses working in defiance of its own fundamental law.

If this be a correct conception of our times, it follows that combinations among working-men and combinations among capitalists, the trades union and the corporation, are in no necessary sense antagonistic to each other, any more than gravity working upon us is antagonistic to gravity working upon our antipodes. They are simply different manifestations of the same force—the force that emphasizes the interdependence of society as against the individualizing forces of popular freedom. The forces that work in society, in this respect at least, are like the physical forces of the universe, that they operate according to fixed law. The problem as to both kinds of forces is the same—to ascertain the laws of their operation. Until this is done, the force that is waiting to be our servant baffles, perplexes, troubles us. The method of ascertaining the law is the same in both cases—experimentation and inquiry.

In the light of these reflections what is to be said of the present relation between labor and capital in this country? The situation seems to reflect the fact

that the laws which control the new forces that are expressing themselves in combinations of labor and of capital alike have not yet been ascertained. People have said "labor must combine because capital combines," and instantly there has arisen an unmistakable sense of antagonism between the two forms of organization. The point to be emphasized is that this is not the reason why labor combines. In the present age labor would combine even if it were conceivable that capital did not. Combined labor, as matter of fact, does make the same demands of the individual employer as it makes of the corporation. The two forms of combination, the combination of capital and the combination of labor, are not antagonistic; they are only different expressions of the same force. This fact is of the utmost consequence. It throws a flood of light on many of the troubles which have marked in recent years the so-called conflict between capital and labor. For it is clear that great mistakes have marked the progress of society towards complete organization, both along the lines of capital and of labor. Two results ought to flow from the recognition of this truth. First, the belief that the tendency towards combined action on the part either of capital or of labor is not to be regretted; and second, the earnest purpose to ascertain the laws that govern this tendency, and to discover its limit of safety.

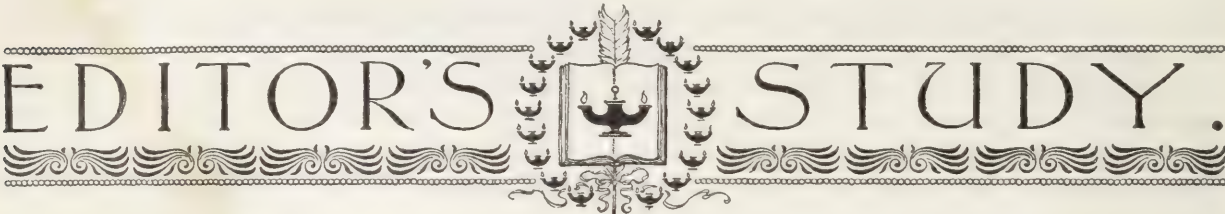
Neither form of combination thus far is more free from just blame than the other. The directors of corporations have ridden over the minority rough-shod. They have organized subsidiary corporations for their own benefit to absorb the profits of the parent concern. They have managed with as little thought as possible for the interest of stockholders not in sympathy with the direction. They have used the power of combined capital to destroy the individual capitalist whenever it seemed their interest to do so. The directors of labor organizations have been equally regardless of the interests of their minority. Strikes have been ordered contrary to the interest of the minority, and their rights generally have been disregarded at the pleasure of the majority. Individual laborers have been persecuted and denied the right to earn their own living, except by permission of the organization and upon terms satisfactory to it. All of these sorts of troubles, how-

ever, it is to be noted, are sins of capitalists against capitalists and of labor against labor. It is only the old story, under the modern form of combination, of the oppression of the weak by the strong. But there is a class of faults, chargeable again equally to both kinds of combination, that pass beyond their own lines. The corporation has debauched legislatures and corrupted judges. It has employed the best legal talent to be obtained, to enable it, while keeping within the letter of the law, to circumvent its purpose. It has acted as though the community had no rights that a corporation might not violate, provided it could do so without a personal liability on the part of its management. The labor organization, on the other hand, has assaulted society in ways as dangerous and as far-reaching. By its doctrine of sympathetic strikes it has made the innocent suffer far and wide. It has attempted to take society by the throat, in response to its motto, "An injury to one is the concern of all." The difficulty is not with the motto, but with its application. Once adopted by society as a whole, no better motto need be asked for. Taken as a watchword by one section of society against all others, it threatens to divide every community into hostile camps. Now all this type of wrongs, whether practised by the capitalist or the laborer, are not wrongs of capital against labor or of labor against capital; they are wrongs against society as a whole, perpetrated under the forms of organization. The corporation and the trades union are alike guilty. Every good citizen, whether he be a capitalist or a laborer, is bound to denounce and resist both, equally whether the wrong proceeds from capital or from labor. It is true that the offences of the labor organization against society are more apparent than those of capital, because they frequently interrupt the orderly course of industry. The great railroad strike in Chicago last year for a few days fairly put our civilization itself upon trial. On the other hand, those diseases are not always the most dangerous that are the most violent. Blood-poisoning is more fatal in the end than a disease that permits the body to throw off its impurities through violent eruptions. Who shall say that popular government is not more seriously threatened by the systematic bribing of legislators, which is freely charged against great combinations of

capital, than by the occasional uprisings of labor organizations? In other words, the important thing to be recognized is that capital is guilty of precisely the same faults as labor, although these faults, in the case of capital, as is natural, show themselves in different ways. This is the important thing to recognize, because it tends to make clear to the minds of thoughtful men that the so-called conflict, in our day, between capital and labor, is merely the old selfishness of men fighting for its own hand with the new weapons

of combination that modern civilization has placed at its command, and that in the mean while society, as a whole, is vitally concerned to delimit the area within which this strife can be carried on by insisting that its own rights shall be respected by both parties to the struggle. Meanwhile something is learned even from disorder, and it is not unreasonable to believe that one day society will know how to control even this new and mighty force that is leading men everywhere to develop the powers of combined activity.

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

THERE has always been a good deal of discussion whether the North American Indian could be civilized. It was admitted that he could be "converted"; it was demonstrated, in individual cases, that he could be educated. But could he be civilized? In our observation, the process of civilization is a very slow one in a race. It must pass through a number of long stages of development, and the process cannot be hastened by artificial means. In our day we have seen a number of races brought into sudden contact with civilization shrivel and shrink away before it to the point of disappearance. The physical development seemed to be arrested, and the moral nature to be set from a savage non-moral condition into an immoral condition. We have, in our day, a belief in the omnipotent power of education, of the beneficent effect of the hot-house system applied to barbarians, or semi-barbarians. When we come in contact with a race like that in the Sandwich Islands, or in Tahiti, or the Africans, we fancy that all we need to do is to teach them our knowledge in order to put them at once in the line of civilized peoples. It seems to us that by this forcing process we can cut short the slow natural phases of development. And we are surprised when the race thus being operated on does not respond to our treatment, but fades away under it, and, in fact, finds civilization fatal to its life.

We go upon the assumption that every race is capable of as high a civilization as

we have attained, and that it is only a question of means and time—that is, that nature has no failures in its plan, and is not satisfied, in many instances, with a very limited development. The careful and intimate study of the hairy Ainoo, on the Japanese island of Yezo, made recently by Mr. A. H. Savage Landor—the grandson of Walter Savage Landor—throws some light upon this subject. The Ainoo were once supposed to be the aboriginal Japanese, for they overran the islands; but they are a distinct and, so far as we know, a unique race. They are wholly savage, but gentle savages, like the more amiable of the wild animals, and as filthy in their habits as animals usually are not. They are ideally near the conception of our supposititious ancestors, whose habits were chiefly arboreal. They are covered with hair like monkeys; but they are distinctly human, and not monkeys. They have no social organization, no laws, no religion, though many of the superstitions which are common in civilized communities, a meagre vocabulary, and no written language. They show susceptibility to kindness, and form attachments as animals do. Here is no case of degeneration. They have never been civilized; they have never been in any higher intellectual or moral condition than they are now, and they never can be civilized. They are in process of slow extinction in contact with the Japanese. There is much evidence to show that here is a race as near primeval conditions as any we have found,

who ages ago advanced to a certain stage and there stopped. The advance that they have made is that they wear clothes in the winter weather, that they dwell in huts, that certain communities adhere together, that they intermarry in the community, and that there is a certain sketchy outline of family life. If one could say that they live without crime, it would be because they live without law. The monkey has the advantage of them in having a tail and a mischievous and malignant disposition. But hairy and savage as the Ainoo is, he is just as far from a monkey as is a Frenchman or a Senator of the United States. Even to the capacity of being insane, he is distinctly a human being, and yet apparently the end of a chain of development, incapable of ever going a step further. He seems to have been preceded in Yezo by a race of pit-dwellers, savages who lived in pits excavated in the ground, in the bottom of which fires were built, and which were probably roofed over in inclement weather. These would seem to be a lower order of beings than cave-dwellers. Have we, in them, another race that was only capable of a certain degree of development; and must these perish, without handing anything on or contributing anything to the progress of the human race? We never can tell. They may have been cut off in their experiment by too early a contact with a higher grade of development. It is possible that the North American Indian would have grown into civilization in time, if he had not been prematurely discovered, and confronted with our withering influence. It is possible that Africa, which has so many distinct types, might have evolved something worthy in long cycles of time. But we shall never know. In applying our civilization to Africa we probably doom all the tribes. We shall get their lands, and we shall try to speedily educate them out of existence.

II.

No scientist has yet discovered the *bacillus* which causes the disease which we have called "the yellows" in literature. In fact, little more attention has been paid to the causes of mental than of moral epidemics. In our chairs and schools of biology we go no further than physical conditions, and only a speculating few mental students are beginning to perceive

that the world is subject to mental epidemics that are just as distinctly marked, if they are not as distinctly scourges, as *grippe* or typhoid or diphtheria. These waves of emotion, or feeling, or degeneration, are prevalent from time to time, and the disease is as contagious as any of the physical maladies, and more subtly diffused than by any actual contact. It is an infection which scarcely any one escapes for a time. We are not speaking now of the spread of delusions, like witchcraft, or spiritism, or that about paper money, the assignats in France, and the greenbacks in America. These may for a time absorb almost a whole people, and darken some of the best minds of the race. These have long been recognized as epidemics, and, like the cholera and yellow fever, they come and go, are freshly excited by favoring circumstances, and cannot easily be stamped out. We speak now rather of other mental diseases, which neurologists are beginning to recognize as prevalent abnormal mental states.

Towards the close of the last century an epidemic of religious excitement prevailed in Kentucky which was characterized by certain physical manifestations, which were called the "jerks," or the "jumps." Those who came into the circle of this excitement were attacked in the same way, they either jumped or were jerked about, or they were thrown to the ground and were exercised with jerks till nature was exhausted. Few people within the influence of this contagion escaped these violent manifestations. The infection spread over large sections of the country, exactly like an influenza. Physical excitement and hysteria, in seasons of what were called revivals or religious excitation, were known before and have been known since, but this was marked as peculiarly epidemic, and the symptoms of disorder were always the same. This was an emotional panic, and perhaps ought not to be called a mental manifestation at all. But neither was it a physical disease, and we see in it an analogy to certain present day epidemics, which are as little normal, and which need to be studied by the experts in nervous diseases. There is evidently a curious neurotic condition in Great Britain and its literary dependencies now in regard to fiction. One can a little gauge its prevalence by the space devoted to it in that excellent booksellers' organ the *London Athenæ-*

um. But looking at it more broadly in society at large, in the welcome given to novels of a certain class, and the epidemic of a perverted taste, it is scarcely too much to say that we have a case of intellectual "jerks" in London, which is quite as interesting in its way as the Kentucky "jerks" of a century ago. And the queer thing about it is that the real character of the epidemic is only recognized by a few special students of the origin of mental and physical diseases. The reviews keep on talking about it as if it were a literary phenomenon, instead of a nervous disease. As an epidemic it is comparatively new, or newly defined, like the gripe, but it has long been sporadic, and its character was observed long ago. In 1853 Mrs. Sarah Austin, who was probably the most highly endowed woman of the present century, answering M. Guizot's inquiry about English novels, after alluding to a novel by a woman which was then popular, wrote as follows: "It is one of the many proofs of the desire women have to *friser* questionable topics, and to *poser* insoluble moral problems. George Sand has turned their heads in that direction. I think a few *broad* scenes or hearty jokes à la Fielding were very harmless in comparison. They *confounded* nothing. The novels of G. Sand are far more dangerous than those of Cr  billon, which only appeal to the senses. The others pervert heart and mind; every affection, every thought is sullied by them."

A distinguished alienist in New York says that there are just as distinctly marked cases of mental disorder or delusion, for instance, in relation to literature, and as clearly epidemic as any physical diseases. It does not require much study to make a diagnosis of such a phenomenon as the London "jerks." But there are lesser tides and epidemics that are as interesting to study. The currency and popularity of certain books is explicable only on the principle that explains the spread of contagious diseases. The book has its run, not according to any merit or demerit, but on a certain wave that runs through the community, as a chance boat might come in on a tide. A solitary reader, remote from this contagion, would not perceive anything extraordinary in it, but scarcely any person who is in the social influence, the miasma of the hour, escapes reading the book or being affected by it. The wave passes, and in a few

months, or it may be a year or two, everybody wonders what it was that excited them, or what there was in the book to account for its currency. We can all recall books in years past that ran over the country like a fire, which now nobody honors or reads, and which no amount of advertising could force into general public admiration.

It will be understood that this is not a literary question, and that these remarks are in no sense a criticism of any of the late books that have been contagious. We have here a curious phenomenon of the collective human mind, and it is an interesting study for the alienist. It is difficult to say what starts the eddy about a certain book; it may be its title, it may be some indiscretion in it, it may be a lucky notoriety given it by the remark of a conspicuous person. The eddy gathers force and becomes a little whirlwind, which creates other movements in wider circles, and the disturbance increases until there is the appearance of a cyclone about the book. This mental storm may exist in one country and not in another; it may prevail in the United States, while in England the book is in a pleasant calm, liked in a sane way by many people, a matter of indifference to others, judged, at any rate, apparently on its merits. In the excited community where the infection temporarily rages there will turn up now and then a solitary reader, who perhaps comes late to the perusal of the book, who cannot understand why the furor exists, and he seems to himself for the time being to be in the position of a sane person visiting a lunatic asylum, a mild lunatic asylum, where the patients are not violent or dangerous, but only under a gentle sort of delusion, which will die out when it has had its run, like measles or scarlet fever, or anything of that sort. This can hardly be called an epidemic of opinion—such as frequently runs through a whole people—it is rather an epidemic of feeling or emotion, such as sometimes attacks a flock of sheep which tries to pass through a narrow gap in the fence all at the same moment. This phenomenon has no relation to that slowly settling consensus of public opinion which many people believe makes the lasting reputation of a piece of literature. This reputation rests ultimately upon a majority of individual judgments. Whereas this phenomenon is not explained by any undis-

turbed individual judgments, but by the curious influence of one mind upon another which we see in any panic or epidemic. It is not, therefore, a case for the literary critic to consider, but for the neurologist to study and report on.

III.

History apparently often repeats itself, but with so many variations as to make the world always interesting. Those who insist upon an actual parallel between the government of Florence in the fifteenth century and of the city of New York in the nineteenth, forget certain differences in the character of the rulers. The rule was the same; that is, each city was governed by bosses who had no official position, in the one case originally, and in the other had none finally. The Medici were always private citizens who ruled entirely by personal influence. The first Medici consolidated his power by the creation of a *Balia*, composed of citizens devoted to himself, which was empowered to elect the chief magistrates of the republic. This machine for controlling the suffrage was perpetual, like Tammany, and enabled all the Medici to be absolute tyrants of the city without ever holding any public office. Lorenzo substituted for the *Balia* a Council of Seventy, which renewed itself, and gave the private boss absolute power. Florence still called itself a republic; it went through all the forms of liberty, as New York did, but liberty was wholly gone. The parallel would be perfect if the character of the rulers and their amusements and pursuits had been similar. It is true that the Medici increased their riches, had superb palaces in town, and lovely villas (not at Greenwich), that they spent money lavishly, and were, most of them, scandalously immoral; but the ordinary student of history cannot but see the difference between Cosimo de Kelly, Giuliano de Tweed, and Lorenzo de Croker, and their great prototypes. Some of the Florentine bosses had a good deal of cultivation. They not only patronized men of letters and artists, but they themselves excelled in many noble pursuits. Their houses were the resort of scholars; they stimulated the revival of classic learning; Lorenzo himself was a learned man and a poet of distinction. To be sure, under the Medici all the refinements of learning and of art flourished in increasing cor-

ruption of morals, which corruption they encouraged; but they are not remembered chiefly for their corruption. Florence is full of the monuments of their taste and munificence. Lorenzo de Croker no doubt meant well, for himself, and he ruled New York with as much skill as his prototype showed in Florence, but he was singularly careless of his own reputation. He should have gone in for Hellenic studies and poetry, he should have cultivated philosophy, he should have studied architecture and the rudiments of drawing, he should have so informed himself that he could understand and delight in the conversation of men of learning and of elevation of mind. He might have been expelled, as the Medici were, but he would at least have resembled Lorenzo the Magnificent in something besides the lower qualities of that vicious private prince. And he would have saved New York the mortification of remembering that she was so long ruled by a boss of the Medici type who had nothing of the Medici about him worth recalling except that he was a boss. But, after all, he may be wiser in his generation than the people he ruled. For he may remember that though the Medici were again and again expelled, they again and again returned and fixed their yoke on Florence. And the Medici, in their best days, never had such an admirable political machine to work with as Tammany Hall.

IV.

To say that at last Chicago has discovered Cairo is to say that America has taken possession of Egypt, or rather such possession as is consistent with its social, military, and political occupation by England. It is not true that there were last winter more children of Uncle Sam in Egypt than there were formerly children of Israel, but the valley of the Nile swarmed with them. Yet Egypt still holds its own; there are more dead in the land than living, and the interest still centres in that marvellous race which has not only handed its civilization down to our day, but personally appears before us in its mummified and preserved population. The scientific and scholarly researches of this century have not yet wrested all the secrets from that motherland of arts and religion. Astonishing as have been the discoveries made, the relics of which have stocked the museums

of the world, it is the opinion of such authorities as M. J. de Morgan, the present director-general of the antiquities of Egypt, and Dr. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, that we have only begun to scratch the surface of Egypt, and that it will yet yield enormous treasures of art and of historical interest. This opinion is strikingly confirmed by the results of the diggings by M. de Morgan at and in the neighborhood of the Pyramid of Dashur in 1894, and in the month of February in this year. The degraded brick pyramid of Dashur is one of the southernmost of that line of desert pyramids stretching for over thirty miles southward from Ghizeh. Very little attention has been paid to it or the tombs near it since the explorations of M. Perrier in 1839. This whole plateau region from the south of Dashur north to Saqqara, and to the pyramids of Abousir and Ghizeh, was the necropolis of Memphis, where during five thousand years and more were laid to rest the dead of the capital of Egypt. Here at Dashur are the tombs of the kings of the Middle Empire, that transition time from the ancient régime to the days of Seti and Thotmes, and here also are laid the populations whose art is so full of surprises to our civilization. An account of the recent discoveries in regard to the twelfth dynasty (the probable date of which is about 4000 B.C.) has just been given to the world in a superb volume, of which only a lim-

ited edition has been published, entitled "*Fouilles à Dahchour, Mars—Juin, 1894, par J. de Morgan.*" This rich volume minutely describes and figures the work and the "finds" at Dashur in 1894. There are views of the entire field, and the pyramids, and the tombs opened, plans of all the excavations, copies of all the inscriptions, and representations of all the objects found, many of them reproduced in colors. No such vivid light has before been cast upon the civilization of the twelfth dynasty, and, to the surprise of nearly everybody, the art of the period, as exhibited in the ornaments in gold, enamel, and carved stones and metal, is more exquisite than any hitherto discovered. The historical data have not yet been fully worked out, but the exquisite work found in the tombs has created an excitement among all lovers of the beautiful in ornamental jewelry. And it is evident that all the treasures of the twelfth dynasty have not yet been unearthed, and perhaps greater surprises in regard to that wonderful people remain to be discovered. Indeed, on the 16th of February was found and brought to the Museum of Gesireh a quantity of more exquisite work than had been seen before. Without laying before the readers of the Study the colored drawings of these refined and rich objects, no adequate idea of their beauty can be conveyed. It is enough to say that Egypt is still our teacher, even in decorative art.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of April.—On February 26th ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of the Sandwich Islands, was sentenced for treason to five years' imprisonment and fined \$5000.

A rebellion in Cuba assumed large proportions during March. On March 8th the American merchant steamer *Allianza* was fired on off the eastern coast of Cuba by the Spanish cruiser *Conde de Venadido*.

William Court Gully, Liberal, was elected Speaker of the British House of Commons April 10th.

Oxford defeated Cambridge, March 30th, by two lengths in the annual boat-race on the Thames.

Ex-Premier Li Hung Chang, empowered by the Chinese government to make terms of peace, arrived at Shunonoseki, Japan, March 19th. On the 24th he was shot by a young Japanese. His wound was not serious enough to end negotiations.

DISASTERS.

March 11th.—The Spanish cruiser *Reine Regente* foundered off the coast of Spain with 420 men.

March 21st.—Sixty men were killed by an explosion in a mine at Evanston, Wyoming.

OBITUARY.

March 20th.—At Ridgewood, New Jersey, General Adam Badeau, aged sixty-four years.—At Malden, Massachusetts, Mrs. Abbie M. Gannett, the writer, aged fifty years.

March 22d.—At Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Henry Coppée, acting president of Lehigh University, aged seventy-four years.

April 2d.—At Brooklyn, David M. Stone, ex-editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, aged seventy-eight years.

April 8th.—At Laurel, Delaware, Governor J. H. Marvil, aged seventy years.

A PROPOSAL UNDER DIFFICULTIES



A Farce.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHARACTERS:

ROBERT YARDSLEY, { suitors for the hand of Miss An-
JACK BARLOW, { draws.
DOROTHY ANDREWS, a much-loved young woman.
JENNIE, a housemaid.
HICKS, a coachman, who does not appear.

The scene is laid in a fashionable New York drawing-room. The time is late in October, and Wednesday afternoon. The curtain rising shows an empty room. The front-door bell rings. After a pause it is heard opening and closing. Enter Yardsley through portière at rear of room.

Yardsley. Ah! So far so good; but I wish it were over. I've had the nerve to get as far as the house and into it, but how much further my courage will carry me I can't say. Confound it! Why is it, I wonder, that men get so rattled when they're head over heels in love, and want to ask the fair object of their affections to wed? I can't see. Now I'm brave enough among men. I'm not afraid of anything that walks, except Dorothy Andrews, and generally I'm not afraid of her. Stopping runaway teams and talking back to impudent policemen have been my delight. I've been courageous enough to submit a poem in person to the editor of a comic weekly, and yet here this afternoon I'm all of a tremble. And for what reason? Just because I've co-come to ask Dorothy Andrews to change her name to Mrs. Bob Yardsley; as if that were such an unlikely thing for her to do. Gad! I'm almost inclined to despise myself. (*Surveys himself in the mirror at one end of the room. Then*

walking up to it and peering intently at his reflection, he continues.) Bah! you coward! Afraid of a woman—a sweet little woman like Dorothy. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Bob Yardsley. She won't hurt you. Brace up and propose like a man—like a real lover who'd go through fire for her sake, and all that. Ha! That's easy enough to talk about, but how'll I put it? That's the question. Let me see. How do men do it? I ought to buy a few good novels and select the sort of proposal I like; but not having a novel, I must invent my own. How will it be? Something like this, I fancy. (*The portières are parted, and Jennie, the maid, enters. Yardsley does not notice her entrance.*) I'll get down on my knees. A man on his knees is a pitiable object, and pity, they say, is akin to love. Maybe she'll pity me, and after that—well, perhaps pity's cousin will arrive. (*The maid advances, but Yardsley is so intent upon his proposal that he still fails to observe her. She stands back of the sofa, while he, gazing downward, kneels before it.*) I'll say: "Divine creature! At last we are alone, and I—ah—I can speak freely the words that have been in my heart to say to you for so long—oh, so long a time." (*Jennie appears surprised.*) "I have never even hinted at how I feel towards you. I have concealed my love, fearing lest by too sudden a betrayal of my feelings I should lose all." (*Aside.*) Now for a little allusion to the poets. Poetry, they say, is a great thing for proposals. "You know, dearest, you must know how the poet has phrased it—'Fain would I fall but that I fear to climb.'

But now—now I must speak. An opportunity like this may not occur again. Will you—will you be my wife?" [Jennie gives a little scream of delight.

Jennie. Oh, Mr. Yardsley, this is so sudden like and unexpected, and me so far beneath you!

[Yardsley looks up, and is covered with confusion.

Yardsley. Great Scott! What have I done?

Jennie. But of course it ain't for the likes of me to say no to—

Yardsley (rising). For Heaven's sake, Jennie—do be sensi— Don't—say— Jennie, why—ah— (Aside.) Oh, confound it! What the deuce shall I say? What's the matter with my tongue? Where's my vocabulary? A word! a word! my kingdom for a word! (Aloud.) Now, Jen—

Jennie (coolly). I has been engaged to Mr. Hicks, the coach gentleman, sir, hut—

Yardsley. Good! good! I congratulate you, Jennie. Hicks is a very fine fellow. Drives like a—like a driver, Jennie, a born driver. I've seen him many a time sitting like a king on his box—yes, indeed. Noticed him often. Admired him. Gad, Jennie, I'll see him myself and tell him; and what is more, Jennie, I'll—I'll give Hicks a fine present.

Jennie. Yes, sir; I has no doubt as how you'll be doin' the square thing by Hicks, for, as I was a-sayin', I has been engaged like to him, an' he has some rights; but I think as how, if I puts it to him right like, and tells him what a nice gentleman you are (a ring is heard at the front door), it'll be all right, sir. But there goes the bell, and I must run, Mr. Yardsley. (Ecstatically kissing her hand.) Bob!

Yardsley (with a convulsive gasp). Bob? Jennie! You—er—you misun— (Jennie, with a smile of joy and an ecstatic glance at Yardsley, dances from the room to attend the door. Yardsley throws himself into a chair.) Well, I'll be teetotally—Awh! It's too dead easy proposing to somebody you don't know you are proposing to. What a kettle of fish this is, to be sure! Oh, pshaw! that woman can't be serious. She must know I didn't mean it for her. But if she doesn't, good Lord! what becomes of me? (Rises, and paces up and down the room nervously. After a moment he pauses before the glass.) I ought to be considerably dishevelled by this. I feel as if I'd been drawn through a knot-hole—or—or dropped into a stone-crusher—that's it, a stone-crusher—a ten million horse-power stone-crusher. Let's see how you look, you poor idiot.

[As he is stroking his hair and rearranging his tie he talks in pantomime at himself in the glass. In a moment Jennie ushers Mr. Jack Barlow into the room.

Jennie. Miss Andrews will be down in a minute, sir.

[Barlow takes arm-chair and sits gazing ahead of him. Neither he nor Yardsley perceives the other. Jennie tiptoes to one side, and tossing a kiss at Yardsley, retires.

Barlow. Now for it. I shall leave this house to-day the happiest or the most miserable man in creation, and I rather think the odds are in my favor. Why shouldn't they be? Egad! I can very well understand how a woman could admire me. I admire myself, rather. I confess candidly that I do not consider myself half bad, and Dorothy has always seemed to feel that way herself. In fact, the other night in the Perkinses' conservatory she seemed to be quite ready for a propos. I'd have done it then and there if it hadn't been. that confounded Bob Yardsley—

Yardsley (turning sharply about). Eh? Somebody spoke my name. A man, too. Great Heavens! I hope Hicks isn't here. I don't want to have a scene with Hicks. (Discovering Barlow.) Oh—ah—why—hullo, Barlow! You here?

Barlow (impatiently, aside). Hang it! Yardsley's here too! The man's always turning up when he's not wanted. (Aloud.) Ah! why, Bob, how are you? What 'r' you doing here?

Yardsley. What do you suppose—tuning the piano? I'm here because I want to be. And you?

Barlow. For the same reason that you are.

Yardsley (aside). Gad! I hope not. (Aloud.) Indeed? The great mind act again? Run in the same channel, and all that? Glad to see you. (Aside.) May the saints forgive me that fib! But this fellow must be got rid of.

Barlow (embarrassed). So'm I. Always glad to see myself—I mean you—anywhere. Won't you sit down?

Yardsley. Thanks. Very kind of you, I'm sure. (Aside.) He seems very much at home. Won't I sit down?—as if he'd inherited the chairs! Humph! I'll show him.

Barlow. What say?

Yardsley. I—ah—oh, I was really remarking that I thought it was rather pleasant out to-day.

Barlow. Yes, almost too fine to be shut up indoors. Why aren't you driving, or—or playing golf, or—ah—or being out-doors somewhere? You need exercise, old man; you look a little pale. (Aside.) I must get him away from here somehow. Deuced awkward having another fellow about when you mean to propose to a woman.

Yardsley. Oh, I'm well enough!

Barlow (solicitously). You don't look it—by Jove you don't. (Suddenly inspired.) No, you don't, Bob. You overestimate your strength. It's very wrong to overestimate one's strength. People—people have died of it. Why, I'll bet you a hat you can't start now and walk up to Central Park and back in an hour. Come. I'll time you. (Rises and takes out watch.) It is now four ten. I'll wager you can't get back here before five thirty. Eh? Let me get your hat. [Starts for door.

Yardsley (with a laugh). Oh no; I don't bet—after four. But I say, did you see Billie Wilkins?

Barlow (returning in despair). Nope.

Yardsley (aside). Now for a bit of strategy. (Aloud.) He was looking for you at the club. (Aside.) Splendid lie! (Aloud.) Had seats for the—ah—the Metropolitan to-night. Said he was looking for you. Wants you to go with him. (Aside.) That ought to start him along.

Barlow. I'll go with him.

Yardsley (eagerly). Well, you'd better let him know at once, then. Better run around there and catch him while there's time. He said if he didn't see you before half past four he'd get Tom Parker to go. Fine show to-night. Wouldn't lose the opportunity if I were you. (Looking at his watch.) You'll just about have time to do it now if you start at once.

[Grasps Barlow by arm, and tries to force him out. Barlow holds back, and is about to remonstrate, when Dorothy enters. Both men rush to greet her; Yardsley catches her left hand, Barlow her right.

Dorothy (slightly staggered). Why, how do you do—this is an unexpected pleasure—both of you? Excuse my left hand, Mr. Yardsley; I should have given you the other if—if you'd given me time.



"I'LL TIME YOU."

Yardsley. Delightful. I—ah—I didn't know that the Perkinses—

Barlow (interrupting). It was a good deal of a crush, though. As Mrs. Van Darling said to me, "You always meet—"

Yardsley. It's a pity Perkins isn't more of a society man, though, don't you think?

Dorothy. I've always found him very pleasant. He is so sincere.

Barlow. Isn't he, though? He looked bored to death all through the dance.

Yardsley. I thought so too. I was watching him while you were talking to him, Barlow, and such a look of ennui I never saw on a man's face.

Barlow. Humph!

Dorothy. Are you going to Mrs. Van Darling's dinner?

Barlow. Yes; I received my bid last night. You?

Dorothy. Oh yes!

Yardsley (gloomily). I can't go very well. I'm—ah—engaged for Tuesday.

Barlow. Well, I hope you've let Mrs. Van Darling know. She's a stickler for promptness in accepting or declining her invitations. If you haven't, I'll tell her for you. I'm to see her to-night.

Yardsley. Oh no! Never mind. I'll—I'll attend to it.

Barlow. Oh, of course! But it's just as well she should know in advance. You might forget it, you know. I'll tell her; it's no trouble to me.

Dorothy. Of course not, and she can get some one to take your place.

Yardsley (desperately). Oh, don't say anything about it. Fact is, she—ah—she hasn't invited me.

Barlow. Ah! (*Aside.*) I knew that all along. Oh, but I'm clever!

Dorothy (hastily, to relieve Yardsley's embarrassment). Have you seen Irving, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. Yes.

Barlow (suspiciously). What in? I haven't seen you at any of the first nights.

Yardsley (with a grin). In the grill-room at the Players.

Barlow (aside). Bah!

Dorothy (laughing). You are so bright, Mr. Yardsley!

Barlow (forcing a laugh). Ha, ha, ha! Why, yes—very clever that. It ought to have a Gibson picture over it, that joke. It would help it. Those Gibson pictures are fine, I think. Carry any kind of joke, eh?

Yardsley. Yes, they frequently do.

Dorothy. I'm so glad you both like Gibson, for I just dote on him. I have one of his originals in my portfolio. I'll get it if you'd like to see it.

[*She rises and goes to the corner of the room, where there stands a portfolio-case.*]

Yardsley (aside). What a bore Barlow is! Hang him! I must get rid of him somehow.

[*Barlow meanwhile is assisting Dorothy.*]

Yardsley (looking around at the others). Jove! he's off in the corner with her. Can't allow that, for the fact is Barlow's just a bit dangerous—to me.

Dorothy (rummaging through portfolio). Why, it was here—

Barlow. Maybe it's in this other portfolio.

Yardsley (joining them). Yes, maybe it is. That's a good idea. If it isn't in one portfolio maybe it's in another. Clever thought! I may be bright, Miss Andrews, but you must have observed that Barlow is thoughtful.

Dorothy (with a glance at Barlow). Yes, Mr. Yardsley, I have noticed the latter.

Barlow. Tee-hee! that's one on you, Bob.

Yardsley (obtuse). Ha, ha! Yes. Why, of course! Ha, ha, ha! For repartee I have always said—polite repartee, of course—Miss Andrews is— (*Aside.*) Now what the dickens did she mean by that?

Dorothy. I can't find it here. Let—me think. Where—can—it—be?

Barlow (striking thoughtful attitude). Yes, where can it be? Let me do your thinking for you, Miss Dorothy. (*Then softly to her.*) Always!

Yardsley (mocking Barlow). Yes! Let me think! (*Points his finger at his forehead and assumes tragic attitude. Then stalks to the front of stage in manner of burlesque Hamlet.*) Come, thought, come. Shed the glory of thy greatness full on me, and thus confound mine enemies. Where the deuce is that Gibson?

Dorothy. Oh, I remember. It's upstairs. I took it up with me last night. I'll ring for Jennie, and have her get it.

Yardsley (aside, and in consternation). Jennie! Oh, thunder! I'd forgotten her. I do hope she remembers not to forget herself.

Barlow. What say?

Yardsley. Nothing; only—ah—only that I thought it was very—very pleasant out.

Barlow. That's what you said before.

Yardsley (indignantly). Well, what of it? It's the truth. If you don't believe it, go outside and see for yourself.

[*Jennie appears at the door in response to Dorothy's ring. She glances demurely at Yardsley, who tries to ignore her presence.*]

Dorothy. Jennie, go up to my room and look on the table in the corner, and bring me down the portfolio you will find there. The large brown one that belongs in the stand over there.

Jennie (dazed). Yessum. And shall I be bringin' lemons with it?

Dorothy. Le—mons, Jennie?



"START AT ONCE"

Jennie. You always does have lemons with your tea, mum.

Dorothy. I didn't mention tea. I want you to get my portfolio from upstairs. It is on the table in the corner of my room.

[Looks at Jennie in surprise.

Jennie. Oh, excuse me, mum. I didn't hear straight.

[She casts a languishing glance at Yardsley and disappears.

Yardsley (noting the glance, presumably aside). Confound that Jennie!

Barlow (overhearing Yardsley). What's that? Confound that Jennie? Why say confound that Jennie? Why do you wish Jennie to be confounded?

Yardsley (nervously). I didn't say that. I—ah—I merely said that—that Jennie appeared to be—ah—confounded.

Dorothy. She certainly is confused. I cannot understand it at all. Ordinarily I have rather envied Jennie her composure.

Yardsley. Oh, I suppose—it's—it's—it's natural for a young girl—a servant—sometimes to lose her—her equipoise, as it were, on occasions. If we lose ours at times, why not Jennie? Eh? Huh?

Barlow. Certainly.

Yardsley. Of course—ha—trained servants are hard to get these days, anyhow. Educated people—ah—go into other professions, such as law, and—ah—the ministry—and—

Dorothy. Well, never mind. Let's talk of something more interesting than Jennie. Going to the Chrysanthemum Show?

Barlow. I am; wouldn't miss it for the world. Do you know, really now, the chrysanthemum, in my opinion, is the most human-looking flower we have. The rose is too beautiful, too perfect, for me. The chrysanthemum, on the other hand—

Yardsley (interrupting). Looks so like a football-player's head it appeals to your sympathies? Well, perhaps you are right. I never thought of it in that light before, but—

Dorothy (smiling). Nor I; but now that you mention it, it does look that way, doesn't it?

Barlow (not wishing to disagree with Dorothy). Very much. Droll idea, though. Just like Bob, eh? Very, very droll. Bob's always dro—

Yardsley (interrupting). When I see a man walking down the Avenue with a chrysanthemum in his button-hole, I always think of a wild Indian wearing a scalp for decorative purposes.

[Barlow and Dorothy laugh at this, and during their mirth Jennie enters with the portfolio. She hands it to Dorothy. Dorothy places it in her lap, and Barlow looking over one shoulder, she goes through it. Jennie in passing out throws another kiss to Yardsley.

Yardsley (under his breath, stamping his foot). Awgh!

Barlow. What say?

[Dorothy looks up, surprised.

Yardsley. I—I didn't say anything. My—ah—my shoe had a piece of—ah—

Barlow. Say lint, and be done with it.

Yardsley (relieved, and thankful for the suggestion). Why, how did you know? It did, you know. Had a piece of lint on it, and I tried to get it off by stamping, that's all.

Dorothy. Ah, here it is.

Yardsley. What? The lint?

Barlow. Ho! Is the world nothing but lint to

you? Of course not—the Gibson. Charming, isn't it, Miss Dorothy?

Dorothy (holding the picture up). Fine. Just look at that girl. Isn't she pretty?

Barlow. Very.

Dorothy. And such style, too.

Yardsley (looking over Dorothy's other shoulder). Yes, very pretty, and lots of style. (Softly.) Very—like some one—some one I know.

Barlow (overhearing). I think so myself, Yardsley. It's exactly like Josie Wilkins. By-the-way—ah—how is that little affair coming along, Bob?

Dorothy (interested). What! You don't mean to say— Why, Mister Yardsley!

Yardsley (with a venomous glance at Barlow). Nonsense. Nothing in it. Mere invention of Barlow's. He's a regular Edison in his own way.

[Dorothy looks inquiringly at Barlow.

Barlow (to Yardsley). Oh, don't be so sly about it, old fellow! Everybody knows.

Yardsley. But I tell you there's nothing in it. I—I have different ideas entirely, and you—you know it—or, if you don't, you will shortly.

Dorothy. Oh! Then it's some one else, Mr. Yardsley? Well, now I am interested. Let's have a little confidential talk together. Tell us, Mr. Yardsley, tell Mr. Barlow and me, and maybe—I can't say for certain, of course—but maybe we can help you.

Barlow (gleefully rubbing his hands). Yes, old man; certainly. Maybe we—we can help you.

Yardsley (desperately). You can help me, both of you—but—but I can't very well tell you how.

Barlow. I'm willing to do all I can for you, my dear Bob. If you will only tell us her name I'll even go so far as to call, in your behalf, and propose for you.

Yardsley. Oh, thanks. You are very kind.

Dorothy. I think so too, Mr. Barlow. You are almost too kind, it seems to me.

Yardsley. Oh no; not too kind, Miss Andrews. Barlow simply realizes that one who has proposed marriage to young girls as frequently as he has knows how the thing is done, and he wishes to give me the benefit of his experience. (Aside.) That's a facer for Barlow.

Barlow. Ha, ha, ha! Another joke, I suppose. You see, my dear Bob, that I am duly appreciative. I laugh. Ha, ha, ha! But I must say I laugh with some uncertainty. I don't know whether you intended that for a joke or for a staggerer. You should provide your conversation with a series of printed instructions for the listener. Get a lot of cards, and have printed on one, "Please laugh"; on another, "Please stagger"; on another, "Kindly appear confused." Then when you mean to be jocose hand over the laughter card, and so on. Shall I stagger?

Dorothy. I think Mr. Yardsley meant that for a joke. Didn't you, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. Why, certainly. Of course. I don't really believe Barlow ever had sand enough to propose to any one. Did you, Jack?

Barlow (indignant). Well, I rather think I have.

Dorothy. Ho, ho! Then you are an experienced proposer, Mr. Barlow?

Barlow (confused). Why—er—well—um—I didn't exactly mean that, you know. I meant that—ah—if it ever came to the—er—the test, I think I could—I'd have sand enough, as Yardsley puts it, to do the thing properly, and without making a—ah—a Yardsley of myself.

Yardsley (bristling up). Now what do you mean by that?

Dorothy. I think you are both of you horrid this afternoon. You are so quarrelsome. Do you two always quarrel, or is this merely a little afternoon's diversion got up for my especial benefit?

Barlow (with dignity). I never quarrel.

Yardsley. Nor I. I simply differ sometimes, that's all. I never had an unpleasant word with Jack in my life. Did I, Jack?

Barlow. Never. I always avoid such things.

Dorothy (desperately). Then let us have a cup of tea together and be more sociable. I have always noticed that tea promotes sociability—haven't you, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. Always. (*Aside.*) Among women.

Barlow. What say?

[*Dorothy rises and rings the bell for Jennie.*]

Yardsley. I say that I am very fond of tea.

Barlow. So'm I—here.

[*Rises and looks at pictures. Yardsley meanwhile sits in moody silence.*]

Dorothy (returning). You seem to have something on your mind, Mr. Yardsley. I never knew you to be so solemn before.

Yardsley. I have something on my mind, Miss Dorothy. It's—

Barlow (coming forward). Wise man, cold weather like this. It would be terrible if you let your mind go out in cold weather without anything on it. Might catch cold in your idea.

Dorothy. I wonder why Jennie doesn't come? I shall have to ring again.

[*Pushes electric button again.*]

Yardsley (with an effort at brilliance). The kitchen belle doesn't seem to work.

Dorothy. Ordinarily she does. She seems to be upset by something this afternoon. I'm afraid she's in love. If you will excuse me a moment I will go and prepare the tea myself.

Barlow. Do; good! Then we shall not need the sugar.

Yardsley. You might omit the spoons too, after a remark like that, Miss Dorothy.

Dorothy. We'll omit Mr. Barlow's spoon. I'll bring some for you and me. [*She goes out.*]

Yardsley (with a laugh). That's one on you, Barlow. But I say, old man (*taking out his watch and snapping the cover to three or four times*), it's getting very late—after five now. If you want to go with Billie Wilkins you'd better take up your hat and walk. I'll say good-by to Miss Andrews for you.

Barlow. Thanks. Too late now. You said Billie wouldn't wait after four thirty.

Yardsley. Did I say four thirty? I meant five thirty. Anyhow, Billie isn't over-prompt. Better go.

Barlow. You seem mighty anxious to get rid of me.

Yardsley. I? Not at all, my dear boy—not at all. I'm very, very fond of you, but I thought you'd prefer opera to me. Don't you see? That's where my modesty comes in. You're so fond of a good chat I thought you'd want to go to-night. Wilkins has a box.

Barlow. You said seats a little while ago.

Yardsley. Of course I did. And why not? There are seats in boxes. Didn't you know that?

Barlow. Look here, Yardsley, what's up, anyhow? You've been deuced queer to-day. What are you after?

Yardsley (tragically). Shall I confide in you?

Can I, with a sense of confidence that you will not betray me?

Barlow (eagerly). Yes, Bob. Go on. What is it? I'll never give you away, and I *may* be able to give you some good advice.

Yardsley. I am here to—to—to rob the house! Business has been bad, and one must live.

[*Barlow looks at him in disgust.*]

Yardsley (mockingly). You have my secret, John Barlow. Remember that it was wrung from me in confidence. You must not betray me. Turn your back while I surreptitiously remove the piano and the gas-fixtures, won't you?

Barlow (looking at him thoughtfully). Yardsley, I have done you an injustice.

Yardsley. Indeed?

Barlow. Yes. Some one claimed, at the club, the other day, that you were the biggest donkey in ex-



"CHARMING, ISN'T IT?"

istence, and I denied it. I was wrong, old man, I was wrong, and I apologize. You are.

Yardsley. You are too modest, Jack. You forget—yourself.

Barlow. Well, perhaps I do; but I've nothing to conceal, and you have. You've been behaving in a most incomprehensible fashion this afternoon, as if you owned the house.

Yardsley. Well, what of it? Do you own it?

Barlow. No, I don't, but—

Yardsley. But you hope to. Well, I have no such mercenary motive. I'm not after the house.

Barlow (bristling up). After the house? Mercenary motive? I demand an explanation of those words. What do you mean?

Yardsley. I mean this, Jack Barlow: I mean that I am here for—for my own reasons; but you—you have come here for the purpose of—

Dorothy enters with a tray, upon which are the tea things.

Barlow (about to retort to Yardsley, perceiving Dorothy). Ah! Let me assist you.

Dorothy. Thank you so much. I really believe I never needed help more. (*She delivers the tray to Barlow, who sets it on the table. Dorothy, exhausted, drops into a chair.*) Fan me—quick—or I shall faint. I've—I've had an awful time, and I really don't know what to do!

Barlow and Yardsley (together). Why, what's the matter?

Yardsley. I hope the house isn't on fire?

Barlow. Or that you haven't been robbed?

Dorothy. No, no; nothing like that. It's—it's about Jennie.

Yardsley (nervously). Jennie? Wha—wha—what's the matter with Jennie?

Dorothy. I only wish I knew. I—

Yardsley (aside). I'm glad you don't.

Barlow. What say?

Yardsley. I didn't say anything. Why should I say anything? I haven't anything to say. If people who had nothing to say would not insist upon talking, you'd be—

Dorothy. I heard the poor girl weeping downstairs, and when I went to the dumb-waiter to ask her what was the matter, I heard—I heard a man's voice.

Yardsley. Man's voice?

Barlow. Man's voice is what Miss Andrews said.

Dorothy. Yes; it was Hicks, our coachman, and he was dreadfully angry about something.

Yardsley (sinking into chair). Good Lord! Hicks! Angry! At—something!

Dorothy. He was threatening to kill somebody.

Yardsley. This grows worse and worse! Threatening to kill somebody! D-did-did you o-over-over-hear huh-huh-whom he was going to kuk-kill?

Barlow. What's the matter with you, Yardsley? Are you going to die of fright, or have you suddenly caught a chill?

Dorothy. Oh, I hope not! Don't die here, anyhow, Mr. Yardsley. If you must die, please go home and die. I couldn't stand another shock to-day. Why, really, I was nearly frightened to death. I don't know now but what I ought to send for the police, Hicks was so violent.

Barlow. Perhaps she and Hicks have had a lovers' quarrel.

Yardsley. Very likely; very likely indeed. I think that is no doubt the explanation of the whole trouble. Lovers will quarrel. They were engaged, you know.

Dorothy (surprised). No, I didn't know it. Were they? Who told you?

Yardsley (discovering his mistake). Why—er—wasn't it you said so, Miss Dorothy? Or you, Barlow?

Barlow. I have not the honor of the young woman's confidence, and so could not have given you the information.

Dorothy. I didn't know it, so how could I have told you?

Yardsley (desperately). Then I must have dreamed it. I do have the queerest dreams sometimes, but there's nothing strange about this one, anyhow. Parlor-maids frequently do—er—become engaged to coachmen and butlers and that sort of thing. It isn't a rare occurrence at all. If I'd said she was engaged to Billie Wilkins, or to—to Barlow here—

Barlow. Or to yourself.

Yardsley. Sir? What do you mean to insinuate? That I am engaged to Jennie?

Barlow. I never said so.

Dorothy. Oh dear, let's have the tea. You quarrelsome men are just wearing me out. Mr. Barlow, do you want cream in yours?

Barlow. If you please; and one lump of sugar. (*Dorothy pours it out.*) Thanks.

Dorothy. Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. Just a little, Miss Andrews. No cream, and no sugar.

[*Dorothy prepares a cup for Yardsley. He is about to take it when—*

Dorothy. Well, I declare! *It's nothing but hot water! I forgot the tea entirely!*

Barlow (with a laugh). Oh, never mind. Hot water is good for dyspepsia.

[*With a significant look at Yardsley.*

Yardsley. It depends on how you get it, Mr. Barlow. I've known men who've got dyspepsia from living in hot water too much.

[*As Yardsley speaks the portière is violently clutched from without, and Jennie's head is thrust into the room. No one observes her.*

Barlow. Well, my cup is very satisfactory to me, Miss Dorothy. Fact is, I've always been fond of cambric tea, and this is just right.

Yardsley (patronizingly). It is good for children.

Jennie (trying to attract Yardsley's attention). Pst!

Yardsley. My mamma lets me have it Sunday nights.

Dorothy. Ha, ha, ha!

Barlow. Another joke? Good. Let me enjoy it too. Hee, hee!

Jennie. Pst!

[*Barlow looks around; Jennie hastily withdraws her head.*

Barlow. I didn't know you had steam heat in this house.

Dorothy. We haven't. What put such an idea as that into your head?

Barlow. Why, I thought I heard the hissing of steam, the click of a radiator, or something of that sort back by the door.

Yardsley. Maybe the house is haunted.

Dorothy. I fancy it was your imagination; or perhaps it was the wind blowing through the hall. The pantry window is open.

Barlow. I guess maybe that's it. How fine it must be in the country now!

[*Jennie pokes her head in through the portières again, and follows it with her arm and hand, in which is a feather duster, which she waves wildly in an endeavor to attract Yardsley's attention.*

Dorothy. Divine. I should so love to be out of town still. It seems to me people always make a great mistake returning to the city so early in the fall. The country is really at its best at this time of year.

[*Yardsley turns half around, and is about to speak, when he catches sight of the now almost hysterical Jennie and her feather duster.*

Barlow. Yes; I think so too. I was at Lenox last week, and the foliage was gorgeous.

Yardsley (feeling that he must say something). Yes. I suppose all the feathers on the maple-trees are turning red by this time.

Dorothy. Feathers, Mr. Yardsley?

Barlow. Feathers?

Yardsley (with a furtive glance at Jennie). Ha, ha! What an absurd slip! Did I say feathers? I meant—I meant leaves, of course. All the leaves on the dusters are turning.

Barlow. I don't believe you know what you do mean. Who ever heard of leaves on dusters? What are dusters? Do you know, Miss Dorothy?

[*As he turns to Miss Andrews, Yardsley tries to wave Jennie away. She beckons with her arms more wildly than ever, and Yardsley silently speaks the words, "Go away."*

Dorothy. I'm sure I don't know of any tree by that name, but then I'm not a—not a what?

Yardsley (with a forced laugh). Treeologist.

Dorothy. What are dusters, Mr. Yardsley?

Barlow. Yes, old man, tell us. I'm anxious to find out myself.

Yardsley (aside). So am I. What the deuce are dusters, for this occasion only? (*Aloud.*) What? Never heard of dusters? Ho! Why, dear me, where have you been all your lives? (*Aside.*) Must gain time to think up what dusters are. (*Aloud.*) Why, they're as old as the hills.

Barlow. That may be, but I can't say I think your description is at all definite.

Dorothy. Do they look like maples?

Yardsley (with an angry wave of his arms toward Jennie). Something—in fact, very much. They're exactly like them. You can hardly tell them from oaks.

Barlow. Oaks?

Yardsley. I said oaks. Oaks! O-A-K-S!

Barlow. But oaks aren't like maples.

Yardsley. Well, who said they were? We were talking about oaks—and—er—and dusters. We—er—we used to have a row of them in front of an old house at— (*Aside.*) Now where the deuce did we have the old house? Never had one, but we must for the sake of the present situation. (*Aloud.*) And they kept the—the dust of the highway from getting into the house. (*With a sigh of relief.*) And so, you see, they were called dusters. Thought every one knew that.

[*As Yardsley finishes, Jennie loses her balance and falls headlong into the room.*

Dorothy (starting up hastily). Why, Jennie!

Yardsley (staggering into chair). That settles it. It's all up with me.

[*Jennie sobs, and rising, rushes to Yardsley's side.*

Jennie. Save yourself; he's going to kill you!

Dorothy. Jennie! What is the meaning of this? Mr. Yardsley—can—can you shed any light on this mystery?

Yardsley (trying to brace up). I? I assure you I can't, Miss Andrews. How could I? All I know is that somebody is—is going to kill me, though for what I haven't the slightest idea.

Jennie (indignantly). Eh? What! Why, Mr. Yardsley—Bob!

Barlow. Bob?

Dorothy. Jennie! Bob?

Yardsley. Don't you call me Bob.

Jennie. It's Hicks!

[*Bursts out crying.*

Barlow. Hicks?

Dorothy. Jennie, Hicks isn't Bob. His name is George.

Yardsley (in a despairing rage). Hicks be—

Dorothy. Mr. Yardsley!

Yardsley (pulling himself together). Bobbed. Hicks be Bobbed. That's what I was going to say.

Dorothy. What on earth does this all mean? I must have an explanation, Jennie. What have you to say for yourself?

Jennie. Why, I—

Yardsley. I, tell you it isn't true. She's made it up out of whole cloth.

Barlow. What isn't true? She hasn't said anything yet.

Yardsley (desperately). I refer to what she's going to say. I'm a—a—I'm a mind-reader, and I see it all as plain as day.

Dorothy. I can best judge of the truth of Jennie's words when she has spoken them, Mr. Yardsley. Jennie, you may explain, if you can. What do you mean by Hicks killing Mr. Yardsley, and why do you presume to call Mr. Yardsley by his first name?

Yardsley (aside). Heigho! My goose is cooked.

Barlow. I fancy you wish you had taken that walk I suggested now.

Yardsley. You always were a good deal of a fancier.

Jennie. I hardly knows how to begin, Miss Dorothy. I—I'm so flabbergasted by all that's happened this afternoon, mum, that I can't get my thoughts straight, mum.

Dorothy. Never mind getting your thoughts straight. I do not want fiction. I want the truth.

Jennie. Well, mum, when a fine gentleman like Mr. Yardsley asks—

Yardsley. I tell you it isn't so.

Jennie. Indeed he did, mum.

Dorothy (impatiently). Did what?

Jennie. Axed me to marry him, mum.

Dorothy. Mr. Yardsley—asked—you—to—to marry him?

[*Barlow whistles.*

Jennie (bursting into tears again). Yes, mum, he did, mum, right here in this room. He got down on his knees to me on that Proossian rug before the sofa, mum. I was standin' behind the sofa, havin' just come in to tell him as how you'd be down shortly. He was standin' before the lookin'-glass lookin' at himself, an' when I come in he turns around and goes down on his knees and says such an importunity may not occur again, mum; I've loved you very long; and then he recited some pottery, mum, and said would I be his wife.

Yardsley (desperately). Let me explain.

Dorothy. Wait, Mr. Yardsley; your turn will come in a moment.

Barlow. Yes, it'll be here, my boy; don't fret about that. Take all the time you need to make it a good one. Gad! if this doesn't strain your imagination, nothing will.

Dorothy. Go on, Jennie. Then what happened?

Yardsley (with an injured expression). Do you expect me to stand here, Miss Andrews, and hear this girl's horrible story?

Barlow. Then you know the story, do you, Yardsley? It's horrible, and you are innocent. My! you are a mind-reader with a vengeance.



DOROTHY.



"WHAT'S UP, ANYHOW?"

Dorothy. Don't mind what these gentlemen say, Jennie, but go on.

[*Yardsley sinks into the arm-chair. Barlow chuckles; Miss Andrews glances indignantly at him.*

Dorothy. Pardon me, Mr. Barlow. If there is any humor in the situation, I fail to see it.

Barlow (seeing his error). Nor, indeed, do I. I was not—ah—laughing from mirth. That chuckle was hysterics, Miss Dorothy, I assure you. There are some laughs that can hardly be differentiated from sobs.

Jennie. I was all took in a heap, mum, to think of a fine gentleman like Mr. Yardsley proposing to me, mum, and I says the same. I says, "Oh, Mr. Yardsley, this is so suddent like," whereat he looks up with such a countenance full o' pain that I hadn't the heart to refuse him; so, fergettin' Hicks for the moment, I says, kind of soft like, certingly, sir. It ain't for the likes o' me to say no to the likes o' him.

Yardsley. Then you said you were engaged to Hicks. You know you did, Jennie.

Barlow. Ah! Then you admit the proposal?

Yardsley. Oh Lord! Worse and worse! I—

Dorothy. Jennie has not finished her story.

Jennie. I did say as how I was engaged to Hicks, but I thought he would let me off; and Mr. Yardsley looked glad when I said that, and said he'd make it all right with Hicks.

Yardsley. What? I? Jennie O'Brien, or whatever your last name is, do you mean to say that I said I'd make it all right with Hicks?

Jennie. Not in them words, Mr. Yardsley; but you did say as how you'd see him yourself and give him a present. You did indeed, Mr. Yardsley, as you was a-standin' on that there Proossian rug.

Dorothy. Did you, Mr. Yardsley?

[*Yardsley buries his face in his hands and groans.*

Barlow. Not so ready with your explanations now, eh?

Dorothy. Mr. Barlow, really I must ask you not to interfere. Did you say that, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley. I did, but—

Dorothy (frigidly). Go on, Jennie.

Jennie. Just then the front-door bell rings and Mr. Barlow comes, and there wasn't no more opportunity for me to speak; but when I got downstairs into the kitchen, mum, Mr. Hicks he comes in, an' (*sobs*)—an' I breaks with him.

Yardsley. You've broken with Hicks for me?

Jennie. Yes, I have—but I wouldn't never have done it if I'd known—boo-hoo—as how you'd behave this way an' deny ever havin' said a word. I—I—I l-love Mr. Hicks, an' I—I hate you—and I wish I'd let him come up and kill you, as he said he would.

Dorothy. Jennie! Jennie! be calm! Where is Hicks now?

Yardsley. That's so. Where is Hicks? I want to see him.

Jennie. Never fear for that. You'll see him. He's layin' for you outside. An' that, Miss Dorothy, is why I was a-wavin' at him an' sayin' "pst" to him. I wanted to warn him, mum, of his danger, mum, because Hicks is very vi'lent, and he told me in so many words as how he was a-goin' to do—him—up.

Barlow. You'd better inform Mr. Hicks, Jennie, that Mr. Yardsley is already done up.

Yardsley. Do me up, eh? Well, I like that. I'm not afraid of any coachman in creation as long as he's off the box. I'll go see him at once.

Dorothy. No—no—no. Don't, Mr. Yardsley; don't, I beg of you. I don't want to have any scene between you.

Yardsley (heroically). What if he succeeds? I don't care. As Barlow says, I'm done up as it is. I don't want to live after this. What's the use? Everything's lost.

Barlow (dryly). Jennie hasn't thrown you over yet.

Jennie (sniffing airily). Yes, she has, too. I wouldn't marry him now for all the world—an'—and I've lost—lost Hicks. (*Weeps.*) Him as was so brave, an' looks so fine in livery!

Yardsley. If you'd only give me a chance to say something—

Barlow. Appears to me you've said too much already.

Dorothy (coldly). I—I don't agree with Mr. Barlow. You—you haven't said enough, Mr. Yardsley. If you have any explanation to make, I'll listen.

Yardsley (looks up gratefully. Suddenly his face brightens. Aside). Gad! The very thing! I'll tell the exact truth, and if Dorothy has half the sense I think she has, I'll get in my proposal under Barlow's very nose. (*Aloud.*) My—my explanation, Miss Andrews, is very simple. I—ah—I cannot deny having spoken every word that Jennie has charged to my account. I did get down on my knees on the rug. I did say "divine creature." I did not put it strong enough. I should have said "divinest of all creatures."

Dorothy (in remonstrance). Mr. Yardsley!

Barlow (aside). Magnificent bluff! But why? (*Rubs his forehead in a puzzled way.*) What the deuce is he driving at?

Yardsley. Kindly let me finish. I did say "I love you." I should have said "I adore you; I worship you." I did say "Will you be my wife?" and I was going to add, "for if you will not, then is light turned into darkness for me, and life, which your 'yes' will render radiantly beautiful, will become dull, colorless, and not worth the living." That is what I was going to say, Miss Andrews—Miss Dorothy—when—when Jennie interrupted me and spoke the word I most wish to hear—spoke the word "yes"; but it was not her yes that I wished. My words of love were not for her.

Barlow (perceiving his drift). Ho! Absurd! Nonsense! Most unreasonable! You were calling the sofa the divinest of all creatures, I suppose, or perhaps asking the—the piano to put on its shoes and—elope with you. Preposterous!

Dorothy (softly). Go on, Mr. Yardsley.

Yardsley. I—I spoke a little while ago about sand—courage—when it comes to one's asking the woman he loves the greatest of all questions. I was boastful. I pretended that I had that courage; but—well, I am not as brave as I seem. I had come, Miss Dorothy, to say to you the words that fell on Jennie's ears, and—and I began to get nervous—stage-fright, I suppose it was—and I was foolish enough to rehearse what I had to say—to you, and to you alone.

Barlow. Let me speak, Miss Andrews. I—

Yardsley. You haven't anything to do with the subject in hand, my dear Barlow, not a thing.

Dorothy. Jennie—what—what have you to say?

Jennie. Me? Oh, mum, I hardly knows what to say! This is suddenter than the other; but, Miss Dorothy, I'd believe him, I would, because—I—I think he's tellin' the truth, after all, for the reason that—oh dear—for—



"PST!"

Dorothy. Don't be frightened, Jennie. For what reason?

Jennie. Well, mum, for the reason that when I said "yes," mum, he didn't act like all the other gentlemen I've said yes to, and—and k—kuk—kiss me.

Yardsley. That's it! that's it! Do you suppose that if I'd been after Jennie's yes, and got it, I'd have let a door-bell and a sofa stand between me and—the sealing of the proposal?

Barlow (aside). Oh, what nonsense this all is! I've got to get ahead of this fellow in some way. (*Aloud.*) Well, where do I come in? I came here, Miss Andrews, to tell you—

Yardsley (interposing). You come in where you came in before—just a little late—after the proposal, as it were.

Dorothy (her face clearing and wreathing with

smiles). What a comedy of errors it has all been! I—I believe you, Mr. Yardsley.

Yardsley. Thank Heaven! And—ah—you aren't going to say anything more, D—Dorothy?

Dorothy. I'm afraid—

Yardsley. Are you going to make me go through that proposal all over again, now that I've got myself into so much trouble saying it the first time—Dorothy?

Dorothy. No, no. You needn't—you needn't speak of it again.

Barlow (aside). Good! That's *his congé*.

Yardsley. And—then if I—if I needn't say it again? What then? Can't I have—my answer now? Oh, Dorothy—

Dorothy (with downcast eyes, softly). What did Jennie say?

Yardsley (in ecstasy). Do you mean it?

Barlow. I fancy—I fancy I'd better go now, Miss—er—Miss Andrews. I—I—have an appointment with Mr. Wilkins, and—er—I observe that it is getting rather late.

Yardsley. Don't go yet, Jack. I'm not so anxious to be rid of you now.

Barlow. I must go—really.

Yardsley. But I want you to make me one promise before you go.

Dorothy. He'll make it, I am sure, if I ask him. Mr. Yardsley and I want you—want you to be our best man.

Yardsley. That's it precisely. Eh, Jack?

Barlow. Well, yes. I'll be—second-best man. The events of the afternoon have shown my capacity for that.

Yardsley. Ah!

Barlow. And I'll show my sincerity by wearing Bob's hat and coat into the street now and letting the fury of Hicks fall upon me.

Jennie. If you please, Miss Dorothy—I—I think I can attend to Mr. Hicks.

Dorothy. Very well. I think that would be better. You may go, Jennie. [Jennie departs.]

Barlow. Well, good-day. I—I've had a very pleasant afternoon, Miss—Andrews. Thanks for the—the cambric tea.

Dorothy. Good-by, and don't forget.

Barlow. I'm afraid—I won't. Good-by, Bob. I congratulate you from my heart. I was in hopes that I should have the pleasure of having you for a best man at my wedding, but—er—there's many a slip, you know, and I wish you joy.

[Yardsley shakes him by the hand, and Barlow goes out. As he disappears through the portières Yardsley follows, and, holding the curtain aside, looks after him until the front door is heard closing. Then he turns about. Dorothy looks demurely round at him, and as he starts to go to her side the curtain falls.]



HICKS.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

AMONG the common run of sailors who go to sea in merchant vessels will occasionally be found a fellow who originally came from good family, who can conjugate a Latin verb, and who still retains some traces of his birth and breeding. These men are the black sheep of their particular flock, outcasts from home, who, perhaps after a debauch, or from some other reason, have in a fit of despair shipped as common sailors, and then, so strong is the influence of environment, been content to remain in the same condition without any but an occasional desire to turn over a new leaf. Soon they descend to the same mental plane as the family of tramps on land, except that the nature of their life compels them to work harder, as the belaying-pin in the hands of the first or second officer is always behind them. Men of this type are invariably more incorrigible than the sailor who has not had to lower himself any to enter the life. They have more humor, as a rule, and oftentimes are a source of great exasperation to the "old man," as the captain is called. On a recent voyage made by the ship *Flyaway* around the Horn there was a man belonging to this class. He was the laziest sailor that ever walked a deck, and no amount of driving on the part of the first mate could make him work. He would resort to all sorts of subterfuges, and his influence upon the crew became so demoralizing that the captain, a shrewd New-Englander, resolved upon an unusual punishment to teach him a lesson, realizing fully by experience that ordinary means would invariably fail. He therefore determined to make the fellow an object of ridicule. One day when the ship was near the line, and Jackson, as he was called, had been "soldiering" on the staging that had been

lowered over the side while the ship was having a fresh coat of paint, he called him aft.

"Jackson," he said, "you want to loaf, and I will give you the opportunity." Calling the steward, he said, "Steward, go into the after cabin and get my best togs out of my chest."

The clothes were brought, and the captain made Jackson put on a white shirt and collar, which were several sizes too large for him, patent-leather shoes, and then his dress suit, which the man sulkily donned amid the grins of the rest of the watch. Then the captain drew a circle on the deck with a piece of chalk, and had a chair placed in it.

"There, my fine gentleman," he said; "you sit in that chair until I tell you to get up, and if you dare to move out of that circle beforehand, I'll pitch you overboard."

The day was intensely hot, the sun fairly boiling the pitch out of the seams in the deck, and for hours Jackson sat there, the perspiration rolling off him. After the watch below had been relieved, and everybody had had a chance to guy Jackson, the captain, hoping the lesson had proved effectual, came down from the poop-deck.

"Well," said he, "have you enjoyed yourself?"

"I can't say I have, cap'n," replied the man Jackson. "This is the first time in my life that I ever wore a dress suit before sundown."

TOM MASSON.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

THE elevator passed the homely man's floor.

"Here, boy," he cried, "let me out on the sixth. I thought you knew that was my floor."

"Excuse me, sah," returned the boy, stopping the elevator and returning to the sixth floor. "I ought to know you' face, sah, but de trouble is I has to remember so many ob 'em, an' you's am so complicated, sah."



FAIR, YET UNFAIR.

The fairer of the two, the lily or the maid?
 In beauty, Phyllis; in my eyes 'twill never fade.
 But when she judges me, then doth she sorely vex,
 For she's the most unfair of all her cruel sex.

THE RULING PASSION.

"My barber," writes a friend of the Drawer, "who is a musical genius, informed me that he was at the opera the night before."

"How did you enjoy it?" I asked, expecting to hear enthusiastic praises, for, like

many other barbers, he is a man of enthusiasms.

"Not at all," he replied. "My whole evening was a failure, for from where I sat in the gallery I could see that your hair wasn't parted straight."

A CHIROGRAPHICAL ERROR.

"It's a bad thing not to write a legible hand," said the Philosopher, knocking the ashes from the end of his cigar. "Sometimes most unpleasant complications arise from the habit of not writing clearly. I remember a row I once had with my friend Darby because of it. Darby had sent me a photograph of his wife with her four little ones, two on her lap and one peering over each shoulder. The children were great friends of mine, and he knew I'd like to have it. I immediately acknowledged its receipt to Mrs. Darby, and closed by saying that she looked like a beautiful rose-tree—the idea being that she was the tree and the children the roses."

"Very nice idea," said I.

"Yes," returned the Philosopher, sadly, "but my handwriting ruined it all. Darby met me on the street a few days later, and coldly inquired what I meant by writing to his wife and telling her she looked like a 'dutiful rooster.'"

WILLING TO WORK.

He was an unkempt-looking fellow, and he stopped at the suburban residence and asked for employment. It was spring, and the lady of the house was herself superintending the transplanting of the plants. The door of the greenhouse was open.

"Are you a gardener?" asked the woman.

"Ain't had much experience."

"Can you plant these bushes?"

"I'd hate to risk spoilin' 'em, ma'am."

"Then what can you do?"

"Well, ma'am, if you'll give me one o' your husband's cigars," he replied, meditatively, "I'll sit in the greenhouse an' smoke out the insects that's eatin' up the leaves o' them rose-bushes."

SATISFIED.

THE big office of the hotel was not full of people, noticeably, but it was somewhat overcrowded by the shrill utterances of a genial-looking old person, who sat off in one corner with a chance acquaintance.

"The theatres have been rather stupid this season, I think," the younger man was saying.

"I always take the cable-cars," replied the old person. "Them elevated stairs ketches my breath."

"I said the theatres have been dull," said the younger man, pitching his voice considerably higher.

"They jump about a good deal, and it's just as well for a man to look out for his ribs as not; but I like 'em. They're on the ground, which the elevated cars ain't."

"You're a little deaf, aren't you?" shouted the young man.

"Yes, sir!" was the answer. "I be. I'm as deaf's a post." Then there came a chuckle, and the shrill voice continued: "Some folks thinks as that's a terrible affliction, but I don't. I kin always hear what I'm a-sayin', and that's interestin' enough for me."



CHECKMATED.

HE. "The pawn is like you—looking for a mate."
SHE. "More like you—always after a check."

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

DR. CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, in his admirable "Manual of Historical Literature," tells us that the records of the proceedings of the United States Congress, from the adoption of the Constitution down to the present time, is comprised in no one series of volumes under a single title. From the assembling of the First Congress to May, 1824, the record is to be found in the forty-two volumes of Gales and Seaton's "Annals"; "The Register of Debates," in twenty-nine volumes, carries it from 1824 to 1837; "The Congressional Globe," in one hundred and eight volumes, brings it down to 1872, and "The Congressional Record" exhibits Congress up to date.

A compendium of this enormous mass of material relating to national legislation, and in available form, is contained in the recently published work of Mr. Joseph West Moore which he calls *The American Congress*,¹ and which must be of great value to those interested in its subject. It begins at the beginning, 1774, and it covers a period of a hundred and twenty years. It treats clearly and concisely, and without undue prejudice, of such important events as the Missouri Compromise, the Nullification Controversy, the Monroe Doctrine, the Mexican War, the Kansas Struggle, the Bank of the United States, the Slavery Question, the Civil War, the Impeachment of President Johnson, and the Tariff Controversy; and it is, therefore, a history of the Political Events of the land, as well as a record of the words and the deeds of the men who have represented the people of the United States in the two houses where laws are made—and sometimes broken. Mr. Moore knows what he is saying, and he says it well. It is not as dry a book as its title and theme would seem to imply; it is anecdotal as well as instructive, and two pictures of two prominent figures, taken at random from his pages, will give a fair notion of the author's style of expression, and of the quality of his work. Of Mr. Randolph he says: "Profoundly learned, with a great command of language and an acrimonious wit which he continually used in debate, he was, for a long time, almost the despot of the House, and a terror to his opponents. While speaking he would lift his long, bony finger impressively, and make peculiar gestures with it. Few could stand against his withering sarcasm; none cared to arouse his antagonism. He was tall and 'slender as a grasshopper,' had a swarthy complexion, and large, sunken,

black, eyes, brilliant and startling in their glance. His hair was a lustrous black, and was parted in the centre of a low forehead; he had no beard, and his face, though cadaverous, might be considered handsome." In fewer words he pictures a figure more familiar to the present generation. "Mr. Sumner was six feet two inches in height," he says, "and had a well-developed muscular body, and a large head, covered with long, shaggy, grayish hair. His face was rather sad and stern, except when lighted with a smile. His voice had deep rich tones, and as an orator he took first rank."

The temptation to quote other things from this work must, from the necessities of space, be resisted here. What Sumner, and Randolph, and their peers, said, and how and why they said it; the measures they advocated or opposed; the causes and the consequences of debate and legislation; the rise and fall of political parties, are all set down in the measure of room their importance warrants; state papers as well as speeches are preserved; and as a book of ready reference it may be safely recommended.

TEN years or so ago Mr. John Bigelow gave to the world the *Speeches of an American Statesman* who never went to Congress. Mr. Tilden took an active part in the politics of his country, he was a member of the New York State Assembly; of the Constitutional Conventions of 1846-67; he was Chairman of the Democratic State Committee; Governor of New York; candidate for the Presidency of the United States; but he never got so far as Washington in any recognized official capacity. The Electoral Commission refused to allow him to occupy the White House, and he seems to have had no desire to occupy any portion of either of the two Houses which stand at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. Bigelow prefaced each of the *Orations of Tilden* by a brief account of the circumstances under which it was composed and delivered, treating the written documents in the same way, and thereby he gave a very fair account of their author and his times. These he supplements now with *The Life of Samuel J. Tilden*,² in two octavo volumes, uniform with the *Speeches*; a complete record of a very memorable personality. Mr. Bigelow was a close friend of his subject, and one of the executors and trustees of his vast estate. He had access to the pri-

¹ *The American Congress. A History of National Legislation and Political Events, 1774-1895*. By JOSEPH WEST MOORE. 8vo, Cloth, \$3. New York: Harper and Brothers.

² *The Life of Samuel J. Tilden*. By JOHN BIGELOW. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, \$6. New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITERARY NOTES.

vate papers of Mr. Tilden during the life-time of the writer of them, and it was Mr. Tilden's own choice that this Memoir should be written by Mr. Bigelow. The delicate way in which the biographer has performed his task, and in which he has touched upon a very delicate episode in his subject's career is shown in the following extract from the Introduction:—"Tilden's public life," says Mr. Bigelow, "spanned a larger portion of the history of our Republic than that of any other American statesman; and he occupied the unique position in our history of being the only one selected by the nation for its chief-magistracy who was never clothed with its responsibilities." This, in a few words, but most fully, covers an exceedingly important field, and in brevity and completeness it has never been excelled.

In the first three chapters of the second volume of "The Life," however, Mr. Bigelow treats more fully of the Presidential Canvass of 1876, and of the electoral count of 1877, in which he shows how the Electoral Commission was created, and the composition and operations of the Louisiana Returning Board, and he declares that General Grant, among others, conceded Tilden's election. This is contained in more than one hundred pages which are peculiarly free from partisanship or vituperation, in view of the extreme bitterness of party feeling, and the great importance of that unfortunate chapter in the history of our country.

Mr. Bigelow's portrait of Mr. Tilden, the man, will, no doubt, be a surprise to those who knew Mr. Tilden only as a politician; and particularly so to those who knew him as the leader of a party to which they themselves were politically opposed. The biographer reports his subject as quoting Bryant to the effect that a gentleman never talks of his love-affairs or of his religion; and he adds that Mr. Tilden always lived up to this principle. He had no love-affairs to talk of, we are told; and while he often encouraged others to unfold their opinions upon religious subjects to him, he seems, at least during the last half of his life, never to have exposed his own views to any person. "Whatever may be the judgment which history is to pass upon the career of the hero of this narrative," says Mr. Bigelow in closing, "it will search in vain to find in the political annals of the Republic the names of many who ever rendered it such effective and enduring service, nor of those, any whose service cost it so little."

No Statesman can ask a better epitaph than that.

ANOTHER valuable work, not upon statesmanship, but upon what the late Mr. Tweed was pleased to term "Statesmanship," is *Our Fight with Tammany*,³ by Dr. Charles H. Park-

³ *Our Fight with Tammany*. By the Rev. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

hurst, lately published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Some one has said of Dr. Parkhurst that he is the Savonarola of America. His better title would be the John Knox of New York. The great Religious Reformer, in the middle of the Sixteenth Century printed, in Geneva, "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women." The great Municipal Reformer, towards the close of the Nineteenth Century, preached, in his church, on Madison Square, a sermon which he called "The First Gun of the Campaign." The Trumpet was blown against the cruel government of Queen Mary in England, and against the attempts of the Queen Regent of Scotland to rule without a Parliament. The Gun was aimed at the men who had cruelly misgoverned the metropolitan city of the New World; and the sound of the Gun was heard in every quarter of the land. Woman, upon whom John Knox waged his war, fought by the side of Dr. Parkhurst, and did more than her share in winning the battle. This was one fortunate point in favor of the present-day leader. But the objects of both were the same, and the results were not very different.

Dr. Parkhurst's book is not a large one, but it is complete and satisfactory. One of its objects, he says, "is to be of service to other municipalities in our country, which may still be suffering the same kind of tyranny which our own city has just renounced.... All American cities of any considerable size," he adds, "are circumstanced in much the same way. Virtue is at the bottom, and knavery on top. The rascals are out of jail, and are standing guard over men who aim to be honorable and law-abiding. Statesmanship has degenerated into small and dirty politics. Cities are administered in the pocket interests of the municipal government, not in the moral, social, industrial, and economic behalf of the rank and file of its citizens." This is strong language. But it is all very true.

The volume contains a history of Dr. Parkhurst's Society for the Prevention of Crime; the now historical discourse which first roused decent, long-suffering, honest men and women to arms; and a full account of the glorious campaign which followed; closing with a chapter upon the Dangers and Opportunities of Victory, which is, perhaps, the most important of all. The triumph he tells us "could never have been gained except as the outcome of popular enthusiasm. Now while there is a power in enthusiasm, there is, also, a peril in it; nothing will coagulate so quickly as blood, and nothing will chill so readily as enthusiasm.... Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is harder to use success than to win it."

Let us hope that the Reformer may be spared to help us use the success he did so much to help us win.

AN amusing and instructive treatise upon a local political campaign contained in Mr. John

LITERARY NOTES.

K. Bangs's "Three Weeks in Politics" was noticed in these columns in September last. It was a succinct account of the struggle for the mayoralty of a Hudson River city, told in the first person by an Idiot who was the ardent supporter of the unsuccessful candidate. This Idiot—who is by no means idiotic—had originally appeared in Mr. Bangs's "Coffee and Repartee," a cheerful little book published in the summer of 1893; and he is seen again this month in a volume bearing his own title—*The Idiot*.⁴ He will be found portrayed in the frontispiece as asking for another cup of Coffee, and on every page he indulges in the Repartee which has already made him famous. He is a survival of the immortal Breakfast Table talkers of Dr. Holmes; and in many ways he suggests to us "the young fellow called John," whom the Autocrat divided once into three Johns, and who nonplussed the Autocrat by appropriating the three peaches remaining on the plate, on the ground that there was just one apiece for him! The Idiot's Repartee is not always as practical as John's, but as a rule it is much more clear than is the general run of the boarding-house Coffee with which it is served. Though the Idiot does not say so, he has been reading "Rudder Grange" since we last met him; and most of his discourse, as he breaks his fast in the opening chapter, is upon the great advantages of a canal-boat as a place of residence. He goes much further, however, than does Mr. Stockton in the same line, and canal life he proves to be an amalgamation of the most expensive luxuries, since it combines yachting and driving with domesticity. It has, also, its local and its moral uses. If the neighborhood runs down it is a very simple matter to hitch a team of horses to the front stoop, and to tow one's home to a better and more fashionable quarter of the town; and as the house-boat can be towed to the church door on a rainy Sunday, it deprives mankind of any flimsy excuse for not going to meeting. And better still, adds Mr. Bangs, if churches were built upon the same plan, and were constructed like canal-boats, how easy would it be for the sexton to drive the chapel from door to door, and collect the delinquent absentees.

All this is very pleasant and very harmless fooling; and the Idiot will be greeted gladly by the friends he made in other days. That his inventor can be compared with Mr. Stockton and Dr. Holmes is saying not a little for Mr. Bangs and the Idiot.

*Men Born Equal*⁵ is a semi-political novel in which there is a little love and a long strike. Its scenes are laid in a Western town, and the

⁴ *The Idiot*. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1. New York: Harper and Brothers.

⁵ *Men Born Equal*. A Novel. By HARRY PERRY ROBINSON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

time is the present. Mr. Harry Perry Robinson, its author, although an Englishman by birth, displays a very unusual knowledge of American life and character in all its varied phases; and the pictures he draws are correct, even in the most minute details of speech and action.

His portrait of Mrs. Flail, who is merely a passing figure in the story, but a prominent figure in society, is as good as anything we have seen in the modern-day novel. She is one of those women who devote much of their means and all of their time and energy to the management and support of what Mr. Robinson calls "those multitudinous feminine organizations which seem necessary to the social life of any self-respecting community, especially if that community be located in the Western States of America in these last days of the Nineteenth Century." And then, in a few words, he tells us what she does and how much she accomplishes. She "entertains" a great deal, of course; and the number of "classes" which she has organized, he says, are almost incredible; classes in every European language, and in almost all branches of history; in china-painting; in photography; in palmistry; in æsthetics; in mnemonics; in Buddhism; in architecture; in whist; in social economy; in mind-cure, and in chafing-dish cooking. And above all she invented the Egyptian Lunches, "those mysterious functions at which a select circle of erudite ladies assembled every alternate Tuesday throughout a winter; and one of the party having first read a paper, by way of grace, on some recent phase of Egyptian discovery, the coterie sat down to lunch, and discussed chicken salad and cuneiform inscriptions together, and digested views on cartouches, while nibbling salted almonds." Mr. Howells, who has been studying the American feminine organization for many years with wonderful insight and penetration, has never done anything better than this glimpse which Mr. Robinson gives us of Mrs. Flail.

Mr. Robinson's matter is as good as his manner; and if this is his first novel we may congratulate him on its success, and congratulate ourselves that a new, strong man has come among us.

MR. FULLER'S *With the Procession*⁶ is a love-story in which there are no strikes and no politics. Its scenes, like those of Mr. Robinson, are laid in the West, and in the present; and its characters are taken from among "The Cliff-Dwellers," whom Mr. Fuller made so realistic in his earlier novel. It portrays the growth of Chicago and the development of ideas; the new generation's contempt for the old, and the old generation's treatment by the new; and it possesses all the virile strength

⁶ *With the Procession*. A Novel. By HENRY B. FULLER. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and contemporaneous interest displayed in Mr. Fuller's previous picture of Chicago life. His Mrs. Bates is a delightful foil to the Mrs. Flail who takes her place among "Men Born Equal"; and there is a certain little touch in her remarks about posies and wall-paper which is as pathetic as it is comic. Mrs. Bates is a part of the Procession, but she is not in it. She finds it very hard to keep step with the music of the Lake Front, and of the present day; and the tunes she loves are "Old Dan Tucker," "The Dutch Compa-nee," and "Roll on, Silver Moon." She is heartily tired of orchids and American Beauties—under glass; what she wants is a bed of portulaca and some cypress-vines running up strings to the top of a pole. And "as soon as she gets poor enough to afford it," she says, she is going to have a lot of phlox, and London-pride, and bachelor's-buttons out in the back yard; and let the girls hang their clothes-lines somewhere else. All she saved from the old place, when the Procession moved her along, she explained to Jane, was "just some furniture of ma's, and the wall-paper like what she herself had in her bedroom when she was young." She remembered the pattern of that wall-paper, and she tried everywhere to match it. At first she went to Twenty-second Street; then she went down town; then she tried all the little places on the West Side; then she had the pattern put on paper, and she made a tour of the country with it, to Belvidere, to Beloit, to Janesville, and to lots of places between Chicago and Geneva; and finally she sent down East and had eight or ten rolls made to order. She chased harder than anybody ever chased for a Raphael, she said, and she spent more than if she had hung the room with Gobelins; but— And there she paused. The "but" was significant enough. There was a great deal of the quality of eloquence in what she left unsaid. There are not a few home sick, semi-invalided, veterans in the ranks, as we go marching on to what are called better times; and a good many old-fashioned readers will smell "yaller" asters, and will have visions of half-forgotten upholstery, as they look over their shoulder and behind them, for a moment or two, with Mrs. Bates; and for a moment or two—perhaps—they will wish themselves so poor that they could afford such things again. Mr. Fuller can hardly be old enough to have cleared the track for Old Dan Tucker, or to have felt, in the Forties, that the Dutch Compa-nee was the best compa-nee; but to those of us who have passed our youth he talks like a middle-aged man. And we like his talk.

It is refreshing to turn from the expert presentation of American political and social life to an expert description of some of the features of Nature in America. Those readers who have been fortunate enough to travel with Dr. William C. Prime "Along New England Roads" in other days, will gladly go with

him now *Among the Northern Hills*.⁷ Dr. Prime knows Nature and loves it; and it is most interesting to compare what he has to say about trees with Mr. Moore's above-quoted words about statesmen. "The natural forest," says the Lover of Nature, "is a world of innumerable creatures, animate and inanimate, who have from time immemorial lived in community. You can never tame the wildness of these people. Why not call trees people? Since, if you come to live among them, year after year, you will learn to know many of them personally, and an attachment will grow up between you and them individually. They will be companionable to you, as are your horses and your dogs; and after a while you will have the same sympathy with them that you have with the next higher order of living beings whom you call animals." There are trees for whom some of us, we are sure, have more sympathy than for certain of the next higher order of living beings whom the historians call Statesmen, or the journalists call Strikers. William H. Seward, in a great speech delivered in the Senate almost half a century ago, said that "there is a higher law than the Constitution." He meant of course the Law of God. But the law of Nature is the Law of God, and it is upon this law and its enactment that Mr. Prime treats, and in the woods which were not only God's first Temple, but God's first House of Legislation.

Almost as much has been taken out of the books of the month as has been said about the books themselves; an unusual departure from the unwritten law of this department of the Magazine; but the conductor of it cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Prime once again. In a delightful chapter upon "Doughnuts and Tobacco," which is as instructive as it is entertaining, while speaking of the comforts and use of a pipe in the forests, Dr. Prime asserts, and very truly, that "no anti-tobacco man has yet invented a reason against smoking which is not equally strong against ice-cream, water-ices, iced water, apple pie, and doughnuts. The doughnut is a good subject of comparison," he adds; "the prevalence of doughnut-eating in the interior of New York and in northern New England is appalling. Medical science, which does not agree about tobacco, is generally down on doughnuts.... If up-country grave-stones told truth you would find ten saying 'died of doughnuts,' where one said 'died of tobacco.'"

A lover of Nature, and a friend of trees, who has smoked many a pipe "Among the Northern Hills," begs to thank Mr. Prime for what he has said here in defence of the Indian weed, and for what he has said in gentle, delicate, just, praise of "Trout Streams" of "The Primeval Forest," of "An Old Angler," and of "A Sleigh-ride," in his present work.

⁷ *Among the Northern Hills*. By WILLIAM C. PRIME. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1. New York: Harper and Brothers.



From the painting by T. W. Dewing.

"COMMEDIA."

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SOME IMAGINATIVE TYPES IN AMERICAN ART.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

IT is one peculiarity of imagination that it is difficult to disassociate it from its most obvious symbols, difficult to separate it as a force, as a quality, from the forms in which it is most commonly revealed. As the moving faculty of a creative genius, imagination is expected not only to control but to color a poet's thought, a painter's design, to lend a special character of strangeness to the work it has informed; and thus we talk of pure imagination, believing we have found it pre-eminently in Gothic license and novelty, in the rudderless improvisations of William Blake, when all the time the normal simplicity of Greek architecture, the sane verities of a fresco by Raphael or of a play by Shakespeare, provide a much better illustration. Confounding imagination with fancy, the power to invent a phantasy with the spiritual insight that draws an organism of thought from a chaos of experience, we often seek this highest gift of art or poetry in its lowest manifestation, in the external outlines of an imaginative production. We find imaginative art to mean, broadly, the curious art of the Renaissance, fruitful of scenes from Olympus and visions of heaven or hell, or it is the art made in our own time by the French Moreau, the English Watts or Rossetti, the American Albert Ryder. It is needless to deny, in short, that whether an artist has imagination or not is often settled in the mind of his public by his choice of subject. Seeking for a man of imagination among three painters who devoted themselves respectively to fairies, cattle, and the still-life of the kitchen, one would be tolerably certain to fix upon him of the elves and goblins.

This would be, in the main, both logical and right. Yet the recent growth of

American art puts a new face upon the question, and reminds us that while the subject is of vast importance, it is not the determining element in a work of painting or of sculpture. It was always known, it was always recognized in a general way, that imagination had gone to make our best portraits and landscapes what they are. It is only now becoming known that among the leading artists of America imagination is promising to be the leaven of the future, serving to transform our art, no matter what the subject—within limits, maybe—no matter whether they be figures of fairyland or earth that pass across the scene. It is because there is very little that is phantom-fair in American art, because there are very few men seeking the mysteries of another world, that it is desired to point out the imaginative power of some few men who dwell and work in this. It is because Mr. Dewing, Mr. Tryon, and Mr. Macmonnies are imaginative, without saying so in forms of dream or in weird abstractions, that they are chosen to represent a distinct phase of progress in our art. It might be said of them all that they stand for the refining process in this country, the gradual evolution of finer, more delicately balanced technical habits from the stress and ill-proportioned conditions of our earlier painters and sculptors. We have to thank the artists of the past decade or two for exertions which have made them all more accomplished workmen, and each one of the three to whom reference has been made above has been benefited in the strengthening of the schools. But Mr. Dewing, Mr. Tryon, and Mr. Macmonnies have something that cannot be drawn from Academic sources. In them is witnessed that instinctive uplifting of the senses to a higher plane which is of the

essence of imagination, and is a personal possession. Thus they are able to create a new wonder, and to give beauty to old and even common things. It is a matter of inborn faculty, a matter of temperament, of inspiration.

Here in America the native impulse has been for many years obscured and diverted by the accretions of foreign experience, by the influence of foreign schools. The temperament has been slow in casting off the mannerisms adopted from abroad, and has rarely spoken out. Men like George Inness, Winslow Homer, and John La Farge have been scarce. The inspiration has come only to a few. Yet there is something in the art of Mr. Dewing, for example, as in that of each of the two artists associated with him here, to convince us that the number of men in the American school who have a touch of the divine fire is increasing. What is this something? It is most of all, I think, the power to charm without the aid of any adventitious appeals to either poetry or incident, without any reliance upon eccentricity or even marked originality of

subject. In this Mr. Dewing utters an important word in American art. He sums up the growing indifference of the school to subject considered purely as subject. He paints the portrait of a lady standing with a volume in her hand, and calls it "Commedia." More than this in the literature, so to speak, of his art it is rarely worth while to ask. But mark how pointedly, how distinctly, Mr. Dewing detaches himself from that sterile school of craftsmen who have sought to establish in America the Parisian ideal of mere technical polish, irrespective of theme. The theme, it may be admitted, is slight in his work, but it is freighted with suggestion. Standing between art for the sake of art, and subject for the sake of subject, he reaches the only sound solution by cutting the Gordian knot. Choose your theme as you will, he says; an unimportant theme if you prefer. Keep your art. But make them both subjective.

Suiting the action to the formula which I have ventured to devise for him, Mr. Dewing has produced the various en-

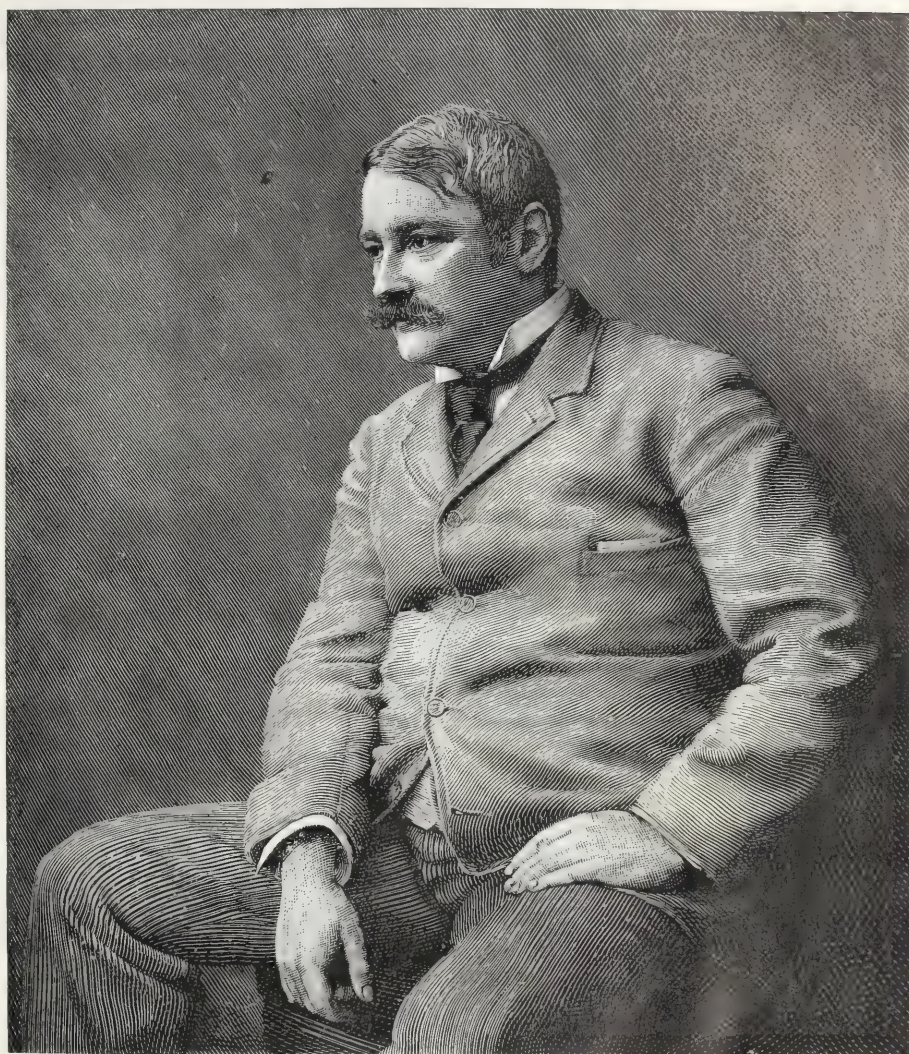


"THE HERMIT-THRUSH."—BY T. W. DEWING.

chanting pictures by which he is known. The adjective is used advisedly, and in spite of the comment just made on Mr. Dewing's themes. They do not widen our experience in romantic distant spheres, but in the world near at hand to which they introduce us they have an enchantment, a witchery, that only a man with poetic feeling could revive.

They impress us through their extraordinary fineness of workmanship. Mr. Dewing is indefatigable in the tender, searching manipulation of his brush. Still more does he owe his fragile spell to the grace, the impeccable elegance,

of his effect. That is unique. It is felt in a figure like the "Commedia," an embodiment of feminine subtlety, poise, and charm. It is felt to a remarkable degree in "The Hermit-Thrush," a painting of the purest simplicity, and yet more difficult of interpretation than many a crowded canvas. The episode is briefly described. Over a hill that slopes down to the foreground a gigantic tree is leaning, and hidden in its foliage is the bird to whom two women listen, one of the two seated, the other standing in the deep lush grass, both clad, oddly, in evening costume. Silvery grays and greens, purples that hesitate between the depth of shadowed leaves and the pale transparency of the violet—these with soft tawny browns and creamy rose hues in the figures make up the coloristic beauty of the whole. It is in a minor key as to color. But with the music of the thrush the picture fairly thrills. In this, it seems to me, we have one ideal



THOMAS WILMER DEWING.

of American art. The scene is not far-fetched. The motive is in the last degree simple—merely two women listening to the thrush. It sounds almost trivial when some of the great pictorial conceptions of the past are recalled; but Mr. Dewing does not forget that he is working in the present, and he shows the realists what can be done with the substance of modern life, modern environment. Responding to the infinite poetic glamour in his subject, seeing clearly the loveliness, the sweetness, of his scene, he has put such lyric rapture into the picture he has made of it that he stands head and shoulders above many a professed poet. Introducing no concrete emblems of imagination, he is nevertheless imaginative in very lofty measure. One extremely interesting proof of his inner grasp of his matter is the felicity with which he has bodied it forth, contriving within the limits of his canvas a beautiful unit of line, a perfect composition in the strict sense of that

term. It is not an Academic symmetry that he has achieved. It is the natural, unforced symmetry of a constructive imagination.

Spontaneous always, in spite of his patient method of execution, Mr. Dewing is never without this admirable quality of balance, is never without pictorial rectitude and finish, pictorial significance and charm. He does not need many figures for this, nor elaboration of design. Knowing that pictorial effect is largely a decorative effect, largely an affair of contour, of proportion, of the relation of a figure to its surroundings, he invests with a similar beauty the single figure of a picture like the "Commedia," or the group of a larger scheme, such as "A Summer Evening," in which three slender women stand motionless among the flowers, while the moon shines faintly over the trees. Often Mr. Dewing's contributions to the exhibitions have been of the least pretentious nature. His "Girl in Yellow" will be remembered as one of the best known and most successful of his feminine portraits—a seated young lady, distinguished for the high-bred erectness of her head and the fascination of her gown. It is with just such a figure that he is at home, delicately reporting every little *nuance* in the profile, every little hint of distinction in the glance, and flinging into the whole work the imaginative implication upon which I have dwelt. He has definite ideas. "The Hermit-Thrush" shows that; so does "A Summer Evening"; so does the study of figures moving through the grass with butterfly-nets, which is owned by a collector in the West; so does "The Prelude," which was one of Mr. Dewing's earliest and best productions; and so does any one of a number of paintings which might be cited here. The picture of a lady at the piano, which will be remembered as forming part of an exhibition some time ago, contains within itself a really wide range of thought; it is a conception over which you pause with endless variations on its central suggestion. Yet it is pleasant to turn from these more or less elaborate productions and find that on nothing like so substantial a basis, on such a figure as that of "The Yellow Girl," for instance, he has reared an equally brilliant success. To this eloquence, when dealing with the single figure, it is the more profitable to return, because it emphasizes

Mr. Dewing's first gift—his ability to achieve beauty just through the imaginative impulse which animates and guides his brush. It is that which constitutes power in the fine arts; it is that which promises, as has been said, to leaven the work of the American school. One of Mr. Dewing's decorations, made recently to fit a given space arched in a wall, represents a little girl standing with two kittens folded in her arms. Nothing could be more tenuous than the idea here set forth, but nothing could be more rich in a frail, gentle charm than this artless design; and the effect in this instance, as always, is to be ascribed to the invocation of those elements of taste, sensitiveness, refinement, imagination in short, which Mr. Dewing shares with the first artists of his country. For his eminence suffers no diminution from the identification of its foundation with what is best in American art in general; the distinction of Mr. Dewing is not in any way lessened because he proclaims an ideal which will ere long be widely known in this country. On the contrary, he is most delightful because he is most illustrative; rare as he is, full as he is with a beauty for which no close parallel can be found in the work of his contemporaries, he is yet of deepest interest because he is susceptible of emulation, because his conception of art as an imaginative interpretation of familiar themes falls closely into line with the natural trend of the school he dignifies and strengthens. It is impossible that any one could catch the personal touch in his work, repeat the loveliness of his women, or bring back the glimmer and the poetic vagueness of the meadows in which they are so often set. But he proves that others can follow in his path by proving that his art is rooted not in idiosyncrasy, not in the superficial incidents of design, but deep in the truths of nature, deep in the beauty of a finely artistic spirit. The great value of his work lies in the great elevation of his point of view.

It is the point of view that governs; it is the way in which the theme is apprehended that counts, rather, I would almost say, than the theme itself, or the mere technical fashion of handling it. In fact, to give the subject this relative position does not mean at all that one is to play into the hands of the crass realists, who might assert, as they have asserted before, that if a man's point of view

"A SUMMER EVENING."—BY T. W. DEWING.



is safe he can paint anything, no matter how low, to the honor of art. That is special pleading and a quibble. There is a point beyond which it is unseemly to go, and this point is not to be determined by any formal classification of subjects; it is decided by every one's natural sense of taste, reticence, imagination. Thus, if Mr. Dewing can make much of a child petting two kittens, and that fact is taken as relieving him of the obligation to portray expressly dramatic or poetic themes for which he has no predilection, he is not at the same time absolved from a superiority to what is base or trivial. Because imagination can enrich a simple motive is no reason why it should be put at the service of an unworthy one, and no reason why, I may add, the ambition to produce great compositions should languish. Mr. Dewing's high level does not invalidate our belief in a higher yet, on the whole. The great stimulus of his invigorating plane, as cannot be too often repeated, is that it is so fine in the absence of the more tangible characteristics of imaginative design.

Mr. Tryon serves to elucidate the point. He has not, any more than Mr. Dewing, sought to devise a complex, an esoteric work. He has preferred instead to do in landscape what Mr. Dewing has done in *genre*, to interpret nature with absolute simplicity, but with imagination, with subtlety refined to the furthest possible point. The point he has reached up to the present time is fruitful of no quality more striking than that which he shares with Mr. Dewing, his independence of picturesque invention cultivated for its own sake. The dramatic fire which so often bore George Inness on to a brilliant climax subsides or is altogether absent from Mr. Tryon's landscape. It is his belief that true art never enforces itself upon the beholder, but drifts as quietly as it does irresistibly into the mind. The theory would be inferred from his work, of which the principal characteristics are repose, suavity, moderation, and the gentle key of color synthesized to a tone as pure as it is transparent. The synthetic quality is perhaps the most remarkable in Mr. Tryon's work, for it has nothing in common with the excessive breadth of impressionism, and even differentiates itself by an extraordinary delicacy from the admirably solid naturalism which the Fontainebleau men introduced. He has

masses in his pictures, as may be seen from the grouping of the trees in his "Dawn—Early Spring," yet he emphasizes the dictum that art gives you a vision of facts instead of the facts themselves by lifting his masses out of the realm of dense ponderable things. He secures, I think, a veracity of vision, of feeling, as distinguished from a veracity of direct contact. The same is true of any thorough landscapist; it is true of many of Mr. Tryon's countrymen; but his pictures are so consummate in this particular that he stands almost alone. His technical merits have often elicited the admiration of his colleagues. There is no more complete painter's painter in America to-day. Yet with the same quick and profound sensitiveness to what is finest in art that has been pointed out in Mr. Dewing, he leaves, less than most landscapists, a margin for delight in his brushing or workmanship, his modelling or his perspective. I do not mean that these things are unimportant in him. They are of account in the achievement of his aim. But the first consideration of that aim is to awaken the sense of nature's living loveliness, the sense of quivering grass and palpitating clouds, the sense of trees that feel the wind, although they do not bend beneath its weight. Executive adequacy is tacitly assumed when these impalpable truths are pursued, and it is with the impalpable that Mr. Tryon is almost exclusively concerned. This might easily be construed as a fault in him, for thinness lies that way; but, as a matter of fact, he escapes the charge of tenuity by remembering that the truths of nature are, after all, rooted in the solid earth as much as in the circumambient air. He has therefore not only the flamelike tremulousness which shakes the grass in the foreground of his "Dawn," he has also in that, and in all his pictures, the organic equilibrium and depth which speak of close observation, and a sense of the massy structure in field and wood.

If this structural side of Mr. Tryon's art is not aggressive, not conspicuous in its effect, it is because of his entire freedom from Academic habits, his reliance upon instinctive rather than formulated rules of composition. The point is forcibly illustrated by reference to Mr. Tryon's most important work, a series of landscapes and marines painted for certain spaces in the house of a collector in De-



DWIGHT WILLIAM TRYON.

troit, Mr. Freer. For the hall in this house Mr. Tryon executed seven pictures, the largest a canvas of some eleven feet in length, and all of them in the neighborhood of five feet high. I emphasize this question of scale because it bears upon the scheme in which the pictures are arranged. They were all conceived with a view to their final destination; they were all painted as panels in an architectural ensemble. Their proportion, in brief, was fixed by the plan and height of the hall. The occasion was here offered, if ever, for a decorative if not purely formal series of designs. Mr. Tryon might have used an Academic plan in the work had he chosen. He elected, however—and in the election lies the finest demonstration of his talent—to bring the

unity of nature into the hall rather than to subdue his out-door inspiration to the hard and fast conditions of his space. He did not pile up his motives in designs that sought to harmonize themselves with the linear elements in the hall—a course that might easily have justified itself in the hands of a master of convention. He endeavored rather to preserve the intrinsic symmetry of landscape—the symmetry that falls instantly into line with the poise of architectural things, irrespective of where the place may be.

Before me is one of Elbridge Kingsley's masterly wood-engravings, a reproduction of the "Spring Morning" which figures in the Detroit series—a succession of pictures, by-the-way, devoted to the passage of the seasons. Reduced to the

broad simplicities of a monotone, all the structural character of this work stands forth, and how noble it is! It is a lyric moment that is celebrated in this dainty vision of faintly moving, scarcely breathing nature, with the soft whites of the apple blossoms rendered still more diaphanous by the veiling half-lights of the dawn, but there is something almost stately in the measured lines of the composition. The few erect trees, half-way up the canvas, the inclined apple-trees in the middle distance, the thick groves and dark horizon of the straight-ridged hill beyond, everything in the scene is subtly, emotionally interpreted, yet everything is subject to the keen selective eye of the artist, and you feel that he has hit upon the unæsthetic secret of their pictorial relationship, that he has flung them into just that unified, almost isolated group which Nature herself intended. The details are welded into one spontaneous whole. The effect would not be so fine were it not due to a conscious fusion of varied material. It is because Mr. Tryon is an artist, because he selects, arranges, refines, and finally forms his picture that he is admirable. But it is an old saying that the greatest art is that which conceals art, and it is in the spirit of this adage that Mr. Tryon works. Impressed and satisfied by the strong integrity of his design, one comes back, nevertheless, to the more elusive qualities which engaged our attention at the outset. One ends, as one begins, by praising Mr. Tryon for a synthetic gift which becomes more and more as you analyze it a matter of feeling, of inspiration, and less and less a matter of craft. He must be granted, I repeat, the deliberate fashioning power of the artist; but when you seek the bloom of his art, the sap that nourishes it and the beauty that it sheds, this question of form sinks into its proper relation, and the imaginative impetus of the painter comes to the front as the primal source of his power. This is reiterated because, as was stated in glancing at Mr. Dewing's work, it is for the slow but sure establishment of the imaginative principle that he and Mr. Tryon are to be especially thanked. They prove the great cardinal fact that, given a perfect balance between spiritual and technical qualities in a man's art, it is the higher of the two which goes swiftly to our consciousness and there refreshes and delights.

If I have dwelt at all upon Mr. Dewing's remarkable polish of workmanship, upon Mr. Tryon's intuitive sense of construction, it has been because those things are of a certain high importance—how high would be realized speedily enough were they absent from the paintings of either artist. But just as the first and last impression of Mr. Dewing is of a finely fibred nature, revealing the nameless beauty in things of familiar sight and sound, so Mr. Tryon must count for us as an intermediary between our half-sealed perceptions and nature's fathomless charm. I might talk of the just arrangement of planes in the "Winter" which hung in the Academy about three years ago, and still exerts undiminished, if not enhanced, the spell which it then made known to sympathetic beholders. I might point out the compact lines achieved simultaneously with unfettered spontaneity in the water view which adorns these pages. The rightness of design exemplified in the "Dawn—Early Spring" has already been touched upon. But it is with a recognition of their loftier rightness that one must take leave of these pictures, and of all those which have come from Mr. Tryon's brush. It is the bleakness, it is the melancholy, it is the iron-bound earth in his "Winter" that we remember; it is the chill and the windy freshness of his New Bedford Harbor study that the mind will not forget; it is the spring-time of his "Dawn—Early Spring" that haunts the imagination like a breath from the dewy scene it mirrors with such art. The art is quiescent as a mirror. It is the scene that you feel, thinking perhaps of Matthew Arnold's fine resolution to step aside and give the idea free play. That, I take it, is the resolution of Mr. Dewing and Mr. Tryon; to render all their faculties pliant, flexible, by the exercise of imagination, and then, standing in the presence of Nature, to let her speak through them in such terms as their own rules of taste, of reticence, and proportion show to be decorous and essential. There they are men of one ideal. The differences between them, such as they are, are obviously foreordained by their different fields. The range of a figure-painter is naturally richer in episodes that imply movement, if they do not directly illustrate it, than the range of a landscapist.

Mr. Dewing's art, as a matter of course,



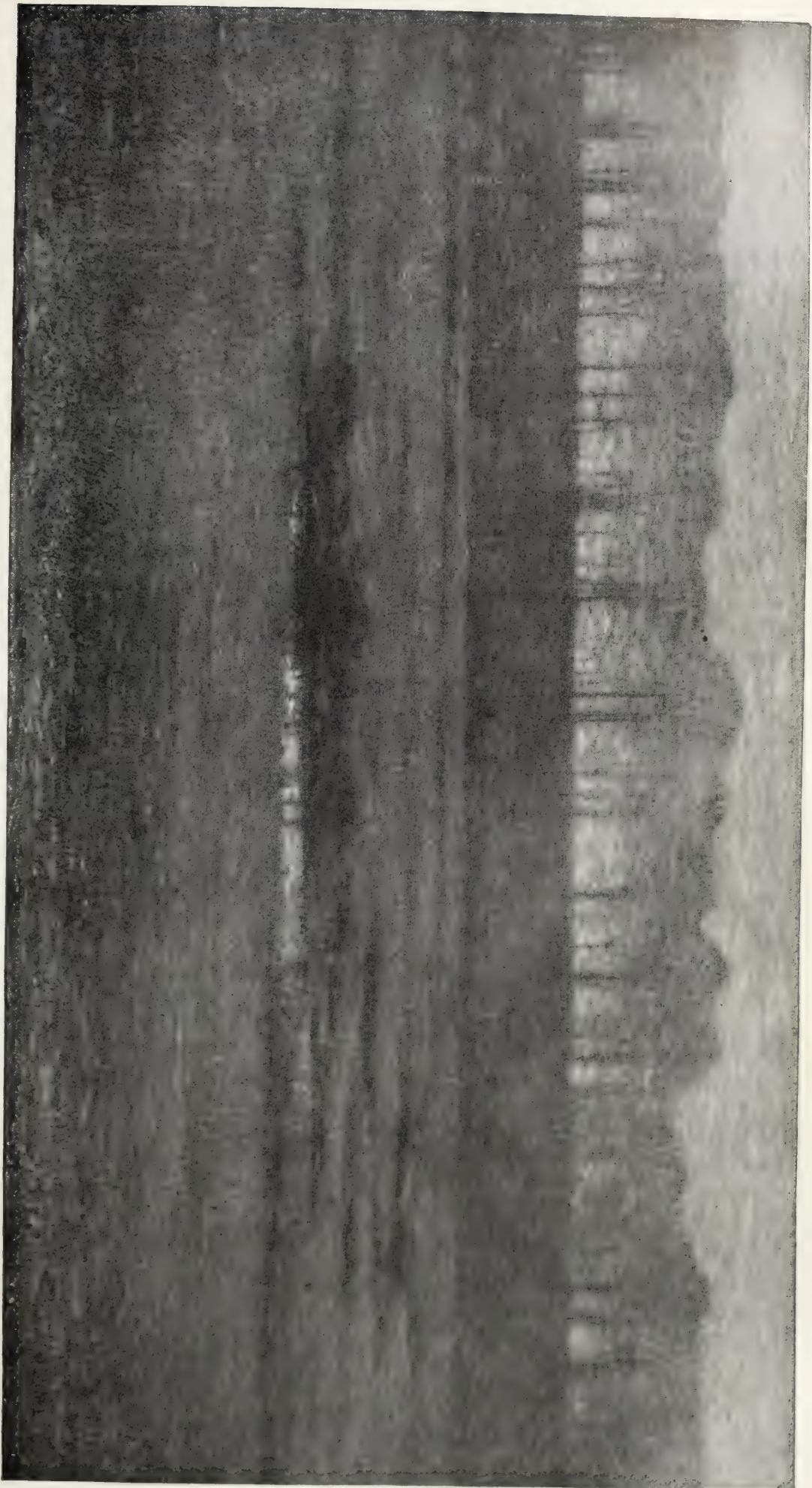
“SCENE AT NEW BEDFORD.”—BY D. W. TRYON.

meets more frequently than Mr. Tryon's with plastic opportunities. Mr. Macmonnies rejoices in such opportunities all the time, and for this reason his work presents, with exactly that sharpness of outline that is most convincing, the standard of excellence it is here desired to affirm. As a sculptor he provides the last type needed to give a visage and a concrete form to the ideal pursued in company with the subjects of this paper. Mr. Dewing represents the development of an art for which the carriage of the human form holds secrets of rhythmic beauty that he seeks to identify also with the invisible magic of natural or even more or less artificial surroundings. In Mr. Tryon you have a temperament susceptible to the protean spirit of the woods and fields—a meditative type. With Mr. Macmonnies there is an equally natural response to the uncapturable inner loveliness of life; but his medium fixes his attention inevitably upon the actuality of things, and by a fortunate gift he is, above all, sensitive to the finer side of that material province. Thus he gives reality to his conceptions without sinking into any of the side issues of realism. He delights in form without mistaking the substance for its enlivening spark. I say that he delights in it, because there always goes with his work, to my mind, an indescribable buoyancy and relish, a feeling of keen zest, that declares itself in many different ways—in the elasticity of his figures; in the easy, almost nervous flow of his contours; in the *élan* (I can find no better word) with which they stand in space. I would call his companions in this sketch thoughtful to the point of being contemplative; but the thoughtfulness of Mr. Macmonnies provokes him to vivacity of temper, if not to specific vivacity of design. The statue of Nathan Hale, which figures so admirably in the City Hall Park, will suffice to point this observation. There is solemnity in the theme, and when the attitude of the pinioned soldier and patriot is considered, when you study the expression of determination in his face, it is apparent that Mr. Macmonnies has matched the dignity of his occasion by the dignity of his art. But it is plain also that this statue is the work of a peculiarly nimble hand, that it has been modelled with animation, with a sure, decisive, even brisk touch; and a similar judgment is excited by every one

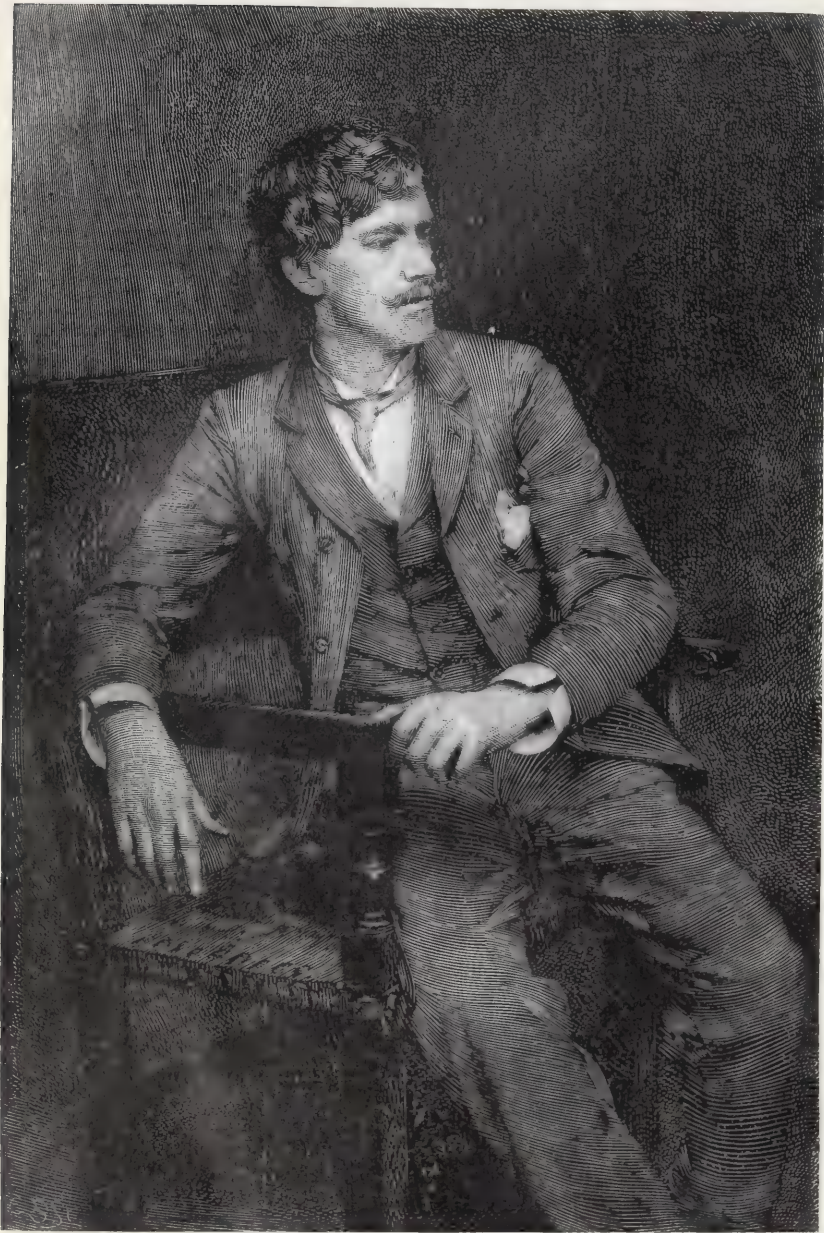
of the statues produced by Mr. Macmonnies, with the possible exception of his Stranahan monument for Brooklyn. That is a strikingly circumspect performance, and is, indeed, so massive in effect that it is hardly characteristic of Mr. Macmonnies, whose mercurial spirit is nearly always in evidence. But the Stranahan is appropriately handled, nevertheless. The bald simplicity of the work is in accord with the venerable aspect of the subject.

Mr. Macmonnies is usually simple, in the sense of reducing his material to its essential terms, but a natural outcome of his ardor, of his quick inventive faculty, is a light, decorative, picturesque effect; and as his works march past they fascinate again and again by a piquancy of design and outline, a crisp exhilarating vividness, which make him, as I have said, the most definite of exemplars, the most unmistakable embodiment of the influence considered in these pages. He is imaginative in his work, very, but he has the strongest possible hold on his facts, a fairly strenuous appreciation of them, and in consequence he leaves you with a consciousness of fine clear chiselling, of ideas enunciated without the faintest slur. Every passage of modelling is searched out boldly, expressed completely; and yet so instinct with feeling is the style that it never suggests a sharpness of edge, a too highly polished surface. There is nothing staccato in the method. The Bacchante recently exhibited in New York confirms this conclusion. It is deft, compact, a little triumph of concision, yet it has all the expansive grace, all the intimations of endless movement, which belong to a dancing figure. The same subtle blending of impulse with accomplishment, of the figure with its springs of action, of vague suggestion with authoritative expression, will be found in the quaint and delightful Sir Harry Vane done for the Boston Public Library, in the Diana arrested in mid-career which Mr. Macmonnies has developed from one of his earliest studies of the nude, in the "Pan of Rohallion," and in the youth and bird made to fit a niche in the wall of a country house in the Berkshires.

There is spontaneity in the art which these sculptures represent, and there is self-possession, a fastidious style; there is that mingling of vital energy with an almost epicurean love of form, a Corinthian luxuriance of pictorial charm, which



“DAWN—EARLY SPRING.”—BY D. W. TRYON.



FREDERICK WILLIAM MACMONNIES.

cated to it by the necessities of the situation; it was the composite quality I have just described, the expression of a moving, romantic conception full of bustle, indicative of pageantry, imagination, in thoroughly *clear* form. All through this brave and impetuous company of rowers and attendants, with Columbia enthroned above them, and an air as of jubilation and of flying banners cheering them on in their progress, there ran a thrill of self-directed, triumphant energy, which reflected itself in a perfect articulation of the plastic design. There was no surplusage; there was no confusion. The gift of expression, the gift for what is concrete, which has been indicated in his single figures, did not desert Mr. Macmonnies when he came to the preparation of a crowded spectacle. Alive to the significance of his group as a whole, he was also aware of what each constituent demanded, and

would make you call Mr. Macmonnies a follower of the Renaissance, were he not in the last impulses of his character an eclectic American, and a very American eclectic at that. He demonstrated this with particular force in the immense fountain which rose above the terraces of the Court of Honor at the fair. He was invited to be classic in that—invited by the architectural background, with its repetition of antique motives—and he met the invitation half-way, grouping his many figures with as much formal symmetry as possible, and endowing each one with a certain simplicity of dress and character in keeping with the Greek atmosphere of the buildings. But what made the fountain interesting and fine was not the classic tone faintly communi-

the result was a spirited, well-built design, which stood out brilliantly as though bathed in electric light.

It is not intended to emphasize unduly the purely plastic relations of the art of Mr. Macmonnies. He is more than an enamoured observer of surface loveliness. His value to us lies largely in his penetration beneath that surface. He understands character and unfolds it well, as his statues of Hale and Mr. Stranahan would alone prove. No, it is not merely as an exquisite modeller that he excels. Yet as such he has a special interest; for it is the distinction of his modelling, I believe, to find its source in the imaginative apprehension of beauty which he shares with Mr. Tryon and Mr. Dewing, not merely in technical accomplishment.

It needs an eye to perceive as well as a hand to record the fugitive modulations of the human form, an eye to intercept their immaterial and poetic grace, and that for which Mr. Macmonnies is remarkable is his singularity of vision. It has reached the basis of Sir Harry Vane's high-bred personality, courtly, though chastened by his Puritanical associations and beliefs; it has rested worthily on the noble figure of Hale; and in the Bacchante, the Pan, the boy of the niche, and his other works of ideal or allegorical import, it seems to me that Mr. Macmonnies has gone to the heart of the matter with notable directness and feeling. It is worth remarking that he has proved uncommonly plausible in work that with few exceptions has been denied a foundation in actually present individuality. The Vane and the Hale are portraits at very long range, yet they exert a curious authority, and so closely do they rival the statue of Mr. Stranahan in vitality and personal weight that it is hard not to credit them with equal authenticity as to feature. They warrant the liveliest expectations of those military groups which Mr. Macmonnies is now modelling for a great soldiers' monument in Indianapolis. Intrusted with a theme of this description, he is certain to make a great advance in the career which has already been marked by the production of such mature and beautiful work. He has the technical mastery; and he has not only imagination, but the ideal that makes that gift worth while.

I am aware of the heresy which may be suspected in any declaration of

this last qualification as the most potential of all; one must always be on guard against accusations of exalting extra-artistic qualities—as some would call them—above the other qualities which some would regard as alone artistic. But I maintain, nevertheless, that neither Mr. Dewing nor Mr. Macmonnies nor Mr. Tryon would be of any importance whatever without the high purpose they all so steadily serve; neither their originality nor their skill nor their affluence of mere sensuous ex-



PAN—DESIGN FOR FOUNTAIN.—BY F. W. MACMONNIES.



SIR HARRY VANE.—BY F. W. MACMONNIES.

citement would be worth anything at all were their tastes unrefined or their aim fixed upon the satisfaction of any but the purest instincts. Beauty, pure beauty—it is that which brings their imaginative powers into play; the realities of life, purged by artistic aspiration in the fullest sense of the term—these are the facts which they raise to a higher and sweeter

reality. It is their fundamental healthfulness which brings their differing works together in this place to illustrate the growth in American art of a principle which is to give that art a more than local stamp. For with ideality, with purity of spirit, if the testimony of historic schools has any value, you get the universal stamp. Every school has its lead-

er, there is a new goddess in every shrine, and every artist seeks his own ideal, yet of this much we can be sure, that the only ideal that is ultimately worth the serving, the only leader who goes on

unflinching to the end, the only goddess whose feet are not of clay, is she to whom you can say, in Elia's perfect words, "I never knew a whiter soul than thine."

ANNIE TOUSEY'S LITTLE GAME.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

ONCE when I was a little girl visiting my grandfather, his barn on the hill-side caught fire, and I was the first one who thought of the danger to my grandfather's beloved carriage. I can see it now, hideous, lumbering old vehicle that it was. I rushed to the barn, tore open the great doors, grasped the shafts of the carriage, and started down the hill. For the first ten feet I ran the carriage; from there to the bottom of the hill the carriage ran me. I have never forgotten the sensation when my grandfather died and the farm fell to Penneniah and me. The carriage episode repeated itself. For some weeks we ran the farm; from then the farm ran us, until the bottom of the hill and ruin stared us in the face.

It was all Uncle Elijah's fault; at least Penneniah and I so felt it to be. He knew, and we knew, and all the neighborhood knew, that grandfather had not intended leaving us the farm and no money with which to keep it in order. During the last weeks of his illness a stock company that every one had believed in failed suddenly. When the will was read our portion proved to be the old home farm and a number of valueless stocks in the ruined company. Everything else went to Uncle Elijah, who already owned a large farm, which grandfather had given him on his marriage years before. All the neighborhood thought Uncle Elijah would make up the value of the useless stocks to his dead brother's children. Penneniah thought he would, and Joseph, Uncle Elijah's stepson, was sure of it. I said nothing, for I was sure of the contrary, and I was right. The only move Uncle Elijah made in the matter was to send us a written offer of ten thousand dollars for the farm. Pen sat looking at the letter in dismay. As the elder sister by fifteen years, she opened our joint letters.

"Annie Tousey," she said—she always gave me the benefit of my full name—

"Annie Tousey, Uncle Elijah must know that the farm is worth fifteen thousand if it is worth a penny."

I was feeling very guilty.

"Penny," I said, "I must confess something to you. I have done a stupid thing. I should have known better. The day that the will was read Uncle Elijah asked me if we should sell the farm, and I said, 'knowing how grandfather loved it, I should feel it dishonest to sell to any one outside of the family.' Now, you see, Uncle Elijah is the only living relation we have. There is no one to bid against him that we would accept, and he knows it. Penny, I was very stupid, and I beg your pardon for it."

"You needn't feel so badly," said my sister, "for he asked me the same question and got the same answer. But even if he did buy the farm, he has no one to leave it to but Joseph, and that would be leaving it out of the family, unless, Annie Tousey—"

"He's not going to buy it at ten thousand dollars," I interrupted. "We will write to him that we hold the farm at fifteen thousand, and see what he does then."

But we did not see; for Uncle Elijah did nothing, not even replying to our letter. Yet we knew he received it, for Joseph told us so. Penneniah and I talked the situation over, and finally, in the face of advice from all the neighborhood, decided to try making the farm support us, with itself aided by a small yearly income which our father had left us. The result was as I have narrated. We and the farm ran steadily down hill. It was long before Penneniah and I would fully acknowledge to each other that our experiment was a failure, and I don't know how long this reserve would have held if it had not been rudely broken.

Open speech between us came about in this way: We were preparing to go into town and make some purchases for the farm (we purchased for nothing else by



“THEY SAY EF YOU COMBS YER HADE AT NIGHTS, YOU FERGITS.”

that time), when Penneniah came into my room half dressed, with one shoe on her foot and one in her hand. She said, "Annie Tousey, look at this slit in my shoe."

"Is it on the outside or the inside?" I asked. "If it is on the outside, wear your left boot on your right foot, and *vice versa*. I managed my last pair in that way."

"I thought of that, but they are not reversible."

"Then wear them as they are, and when we get into town we will buy a new pair," I said, desperately.

"I'd like to know where the money's to come from, Annie Tousey. We must buy chicken feed to-day. The hens have almost stopped laying. I won't buy a pair of shoes until they begin again."

Penneniah's facts were undeniable. I examined the shoe carefully. "Penny," I said, "snip off those ravellings sticking out of the slit, and black the white lining. Then, if you wear a black stocking, perhaps the hole won't show."

Penny listened, and followed my suggestions. By the aid of several like manoeuvres we really looked so nice that after our business in town was completed I proposed a visit to the neighborhood of fashion, where lived a connection of ours known to Penneniah and myself as the "Favored of Fortune."

"We had better go now, Pen," I said; "we may never have another chance. Dear knows what we may look like the next time we come to town!"

Pen dislikes remarks of that kind. She prefers to ignore ignoble particulars, even in the bosom of the family; but she saw the force of my argument, and assented. Just opposite the home of the Favored of Fortune lies a little park. As we crossed its stone pavement I heard an exclamation of horror from Pen. I turned to see her extended finger pointing to the ground.

"That," she said, in a tragic whisper—"that is *toe*."

I looked. There it was, undeniably. It had punched a way through the black stocking, and was poking out from her black shoe like a little white terrapin head. Its expression was so funny that I sat down on a bench and laughed until the tears rained down my face. A sense of the ridiculous is the little hobby-horse that has carried me safely over many a

muddy road, but Penneniah will rarely mount him behind me.

"Annie Tousey," she said, severely, "it is not your toe, or you wouldn't laugh."

I disagreed with her, but it was not the time to say so.

"Pen," I said, "you will have to ask the Favored of Fortune to lend you a pair of shoes."

"I will walk home barefoot first," returned Pen.

And I knew she would; she's just that proud.

"Pen," I said, "what makes you so proud? I believe the marrow in your bones would stand up alone. If you won't ask help you will have to sit down on this bench and turn your stocking wrong side out. That will throw the hole on the other side."

"And have the police speak to me! Annie Tousey, have you lost your mind?"

"He won't see you. I will hold my skirts before you. You'll have to choose between him and the Favored of Fortune, Pen."

She chose the former.

"Do you know where I am going now?" she said, when the performance was safely over. "I am going straight out into the country and offer the farm to Uncle Elijah for thirteen thousand dollars."

"Agreed," I answered, and we went forthwith. Daniel, our black factotum, was waiting for us with our carriage (that same that ran me). Daniel was a legacy from our grandfather along with the farm. Penneniah reposed an absolute confidence in him and his experience. Mine had received some shocks.

"To Uncle Elijah's, Daniel," said Penneniah, with unnecessary decision, as we entered the carriage. When we reached our uncle's home, Joseph came out of the house to receive us. His mother had died years before, not long after her marriage to our Uncle Elijah, and Joseph lived alone with his step-father. Uncle Elijah had not much patience with Joseph, who openly believed in theoretical farming, and wore gloves.

Uncle Elijah's creed was that a man should advertise his profession by trade-marks upon his person.

"When I buy a horse," he would say, "I look at his teeth; with a farmer, I look at his hands."

Joseph's white hands were as thorns in his step-father's side.

"Father is on the back porch," said Joseph. "He's buying eggs of a man. Did you ever see father buy eggs? You'd better take a lesson. It's a kind of retro-active thing. The man sells the eggs, and father sells the man."

We found Uncle Elijah on the back porch with a basket of eggs before him. A wooden ring was in his hand. Any egg which would go through the ring he rejected; only the eggs which stuck came up to his standard for buying. Uncle Elijah nodded to us, and went on with his purchasing.

"Pennemiah," I whispered in her ear, "ask him twelve thousand five hundred for the farm, not thirteen thousand."

"Annie Tousey," Pennemiah replied, in the same tone, "you said on the way out that you wouldn't come down a single penny."

"I hadn't seen that ring then," I answered. "Pen, I really think you'd better say twelve thousand."

"Very well," she answered; and when Uncle Elijah was ready to give us his attention, that was the offer Pen made him. Uncle Elijah had one habit of awful fascination to me. Whenever he talked on business matters he remodelled his features with his fingers, one after the other, in a kind of innocent pensive way, not to his personal advantage.

He remodelled his nose and lips on this occasion, but not his heart. He would only repeat his offer of ten thousand, which Pen refused as absolutely.

The interview was short, and conducted on my sister's side with some asperity, which Uncle Elijah met with forbearance as aggravating as it was unyielding. On these terms we parted.

"Penny," I said, when we reached home. "what on earth are we to do? Of course we can't sell the farm outside of the family, as Uncle Elijah knows too well, but how are we to keep, not rings, but gloves on our fingers and shoes on our toe—"

"I wish you would not refer to that again, Annie Tousey," said Pen, with dignity.

"Very well," I answered, "I won't; but we must have some ready money or starve ourselves—and the live-stock too, which is worse. Suppose we reduce the live-stock, Pennemiah? We might sell off half of

what we have and feed the rest on the proceeds. We'll see what Joseph thinks of it."

Joseph happened in the next day, and not only thought well of it, but offered to be auctioneer for us, so Pen and I decided to have a sale.

"There's a good deal to sell, you see," said Pen. "We don't want all these farming implements; we have about forty head of cattle, plenty of ducks and chickens, and, above all, the Berkshire pig, with her nine young ones."

Now this pig and her young ones were the pride of Pen's heart. I believe she prized their pedigree more than her own. Theirs certainly was the longer, but it came more trippingly from her tongue. As the day of sale drew near, Pen visited the sty daily, lavishing every attention on the inmates. She expected to realize more from them than from anything else. Alas! it was not to be.

One morning my sister rushed into the house with the announcement that there were but six little Berkshires in the sty.

"In my opinion," said Pennemiah, "the fox has taken them. It might be possible."

"Are you sure it was not a mink?" I asked, satirically.

Earlier in the year Pen, assisted by Daniel, had arrived at the conclusion that it was a mink which nightly entered the chicken-house to steal the chickens bodily. She persisted in this belief in Daniel and the mink, even when faced by an old almanac found in the garret which defined a mink as "a small animal of the weasel species, that sucks the blood of its victim and leaves the carcass." No carcasses were left in our hen-house.

But the present fact to face now was that by some agent the little pigs were gone also, and the next day three of their brethren followed them. Pen and I stood by the sty looking sadly at the three remaining relics.

"I am sure it is a fox," said Pen.

"How can you be so foolish?" I replied. "If it is a fox it is a two-legged one named Daniel. The little pigs have gone the way of the chickens. Do you really suppose, Pen, that the old pig would let a fox walk off with her young ones? She has teeth too, hasn't she?"

Alas! she had. Pen, poking about in the straw with the point of her parasol, found an unexpected answer to my ques-

tion. The murder was out. Daniel was vindicated, but the cherished Berkshire was a cannibal. Under the straw lay the half-eaten scraps of her children. Pen was made ill by this discovery, and not only from a moral point of view.

"She ain' no mo' use as a breeder, Miss Pen," said Daniel. "After they wonst tas'es peeg, they's a-goin' t'eat 'em ev'ry time."

I remembered having heard something of the same sort told by missionaries, and began to say so, when Pen begged me to stop.

"I suppose it's only one of Daniel's lies," I said, encouragingly. "You remember the mink—"

"It might be possible," Pen interrupted; and when Joseph came to talk over the inventory he said it was not only possible, but certain.

"Then it would be dishonest not to mention the fact at the sale," said Pen, sadly.

"No farmer would buy her if you did," said Joseph.

"It must be mentioned," replied Pen, with the air of a Roman father.

I followed Joseph into the hall when he left. "Look here," I said; "about that pig. So you mention the fact of the eating, it won't matter how you express it, I suppose. If you say that part of the litter were killed in the last *snap*, would that do?"

Joseph looked at me, and I looked at Joseph. The corners of his mouth approached his ears. "Yes, Annie," he said, "that will *do* somebody," and we parted with a mutual understanding. Pen is honest always. I am as honest as the times permit.

The morning of the sale came at last, and was like a nightmare. The live-stock would not be collected; and when they finally were, they would not stay where we put them. First the chickens got out. Those for sale had been locked in the hen-house the night before. In the morning Pen gave the key to Daniel's boy, with repeated instructions to "feed the chickens *in* the hen-house." Half an hour later Pen opened the trap-door of the hen-house and peeped in curiously.

"Hen, hen, hen," she called. Pen would never say "Chicky, chick." She thought it vulgar. But it made little difference, for there was not a chicken present in the hen-house.

"'Deed, Miss Penneniah, you done tol' me ter feed de chickens what ware *in* de hen-house, an' I let um out an' fed um," said Daniel's own son. "I 'ain' done nothin' but what you said."

Pen admitted that "it might be possible," and for the rest of the morning the little ducky had the delightful and previously forbidden occupation of chasing chickens.

For the ducks, every one supposed the other had locked them up the night before. "I seen um dis mornin'," said Daniel's son. "A-headin' up de stream dey was. Dey's got a feedin'-groun' way up de country yander. 'Tain' no kin' of use lookin' fur um."

To crown these discoveries came another. An Alderney calf, aged twenty-four hours, was missing, and the mother was lowing wildly in the stable.

"Hit sartinly was shet up las' night wid de res'," asserted Daniel; "jes as shore as you live, ladies, de bull eat it."

"I never heard of such a thing," replied Pen, tentatively; "did you, Annie Tousey?"

Daniel took serious umbrage at my reply.

"Excuse me, miss. I don' like to contradic' you, madam, but indeed, miss, I hev known bulls what eat calfs."

"It might be possible," said Pen, and Daniel looked at me reproachfully, supported by her faith; "and if he has," Pen went on, "he will be as useless as the Berkshire, I suppose."

"Daniel," I said, "if you are too lazy to hunt the calf yourself, let that poor cow out of the stable, and she'll find it fast enough. It was no more locked up last night than the ducks were."

Daniel departed, swelling with injury.

"Pen," I said, "how can you be such a fool? I wouldn't trust Daniel tied with a string. Who ever heard of a bull eating a calf?"

"Annie Tousey, you know nothing about it. If a pig eats her young, it might be possible to a bull. You hurt Daniel's feelings just now."

A little later Daniel appeared in the doorway. He was rolling a bit of straw about in his lips sheepishly. He generally carried a sample of the crop in season in his mouth.

"De calf done foun', Miss Penneniah," he said; "hit's ma went right to it. Hit ware out in de parsture, jes as snug under

de bushes where she done hid it las' night. How come I ter furgit it is 'cos I bin combin' my hade at nights here lately. They say ef you combs yer hade at nights, you fergits. That's what's got to me."

"Well," I said, "you were very careless, Daniel, but I am thankful the calf is found and safe."

"'Tain't safe," said Daniel, solemnly. "Hit's done foun' dade."

With all my dismay, this was too much. The sublimity of our misfortunes rose to the ridiculous, and I laughed until Pen became really angry.

I will not dwell longer on the confusions of that morning. Despite the ill luck which seemed to pursue us, we had everything fairly in order when Joseph arrived, and passing all over into his hands, Pen and I retired to the house, where we awaited results impatiently.

When the sale was over, and most of the people gone, Joseph came in to tell us that he really thought he had done rather well for us. "All the farming implements you wanted to sell are gone," he said; "but, best of all, the greater part of the live-stock has been bought in by one man, named Smith."

Pen bounded from her chair.

"Frank Smith!" she cried. "Did he pay cash? If not, he mustn't have one of them."

Joseph said the man gave his note, and added that he thought "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush."

"In the case of Smith his note represents the bush birds," I replied. "Joseph, you can't mean to say you didn't know that Smith has no credit in the county! Well, I see why you irritate your poor father."

I really had reason to feel troubled; for, with Smith refused as a purchaser, when the ducks came back at nightfall there was almost as much live-stock cackling and quacking and lowing about us as there had been before the sale.

That night Pen and I sat again looking at each other despairingly.

"Pen," I said at last, "this is a crisis. We have been working the farm together; now I suggest that you take what small proceeds there are from the sale, wear my shoes into town to-morrow" (she had been wearing rubbers over hers to hide the hole), "buy yourself a pair of shoes, and the things we must have to live, while I stay here trying to think out a plan."

Pen consented, and went into town the next day. All that morning I sat thinking, and all that afternoon I still thought, seeing before me more and more plainly but one hateful conclusion—to sell the farm to Uncle Elijah for two-thirds of its value; yet by the time Pen came home the problem was solved otherwise.

"Well, Annie Tousey," she said, "has any thought come to you?"

"Yes," I replied. "It didn't come until late in the afternoon, Penny, when I was sitting alone on the front porch; then it opened the gate and walked up the path, with a bucket of paint in each hand. Now, Penneniah, before I tell you anything I want to make a bargain with you. You know we decided that working together we had made a failure. I want you to promise me that you will not interfere with any of my decisions about the farm for a month. Then if I have not succeeded I will turn the farm over to you, and you can do what you like for a month. If we both fail we will hand it over to Uncle Elijah for his ten thousand dollars. Will you agree?"

"Yes," said my sister; "that seems fair."

"No interference for a month, mind, no matter what I do. Do you promise that?"

"Yes," answered Pen, and I knew she would keep her word—that's Penneniah. Then I said:

"I will tell you what I have done. By noon to-morrow the roof of this house will be crying out in large letters, white upon a red ground, 'Use Camphorated Compound Cramp Cure.' As we are on a hill and near the railroad, hundreds of people will have read it before nightfall, and we shall have one hundred dollars in our pockets."

Penny dropped into the nearest chair. She did not speak; but it would have been a waste of breath—her face was enough.

"I am glad you remember your promise," I said, quickly. "I was afraid for a moment that you were going to forget it. The man came up the path to say that if I would let him paint his advertisement on the roof of the barn he would pay me twenty-five dollars. I told him no—of course not. He was going away, when a thought struck me, and I called him back."

"What would you pay me," I said, "if I let you paint it on the roof of the house?" He looked from one roof to the

other, and said, as they were of about equal size, he would pay the same. "No you won't," I told him. "You know you never advertised on the roof of a handsome stone house before. You will pay me three times as much as for the barn, or none at all." I wished I had asked him more; for he grabbed at it, and the bargain is closed—twenty-five dollars for the barn and seventy-five for the house—one hundred dollars in all, where we had nothing."

Pennemiah burst into tears. "As I promised, of course I can say nothing," she sobbed, "but I shall never forgive you, Annie Tousey—never."

"I am very sorry you feel so badly about it," I said. "It seems to me best—conscientiously best, Pen. But, you know, I am to have but thirty days as my share of the management, and so I only rented the roofs for that term. Then you can have them painted over if you desire."

"The first day," sobbed Pen—"the very first day of my term."

"It may be possible to paint them over before then," I said. "Something may happen."

But as Pen would not be comforted, and as I was not moved sufficiently to withdraw from my decision, our relations became a little strained. In fact, I had to stand quite alone in the matter. The next day, when the white letters glared out on the red roof, and all the neighbors checked their teams at the gate to stare and laugh, Pen shut every window-blind, and would not cross the door-sill.

"I said I would not interfere, and I will not," she said, "but I feel exactly as if a demon were sitting on the roof."

Even Joseph saw fit to remonstrate with me on the subject.

"Annie," he said, "upon my word, I don't wonder Pen feels badly. I can't think what you're doing this for. It's not worth it."

"Joseph," I replied, "I advise you to go home and pull your thinkers up by the roots and plant them again. That's what I did the day Penny went into town. They got a new start that way. What does Uncle Elijah say?"

"He's pretty angry, Annie. And, to tell the truth, I don't blame him for it—or Pennemiah either."

This was the first day. The second day Joseph came again to tell me that his step-father had been to see his lawyer.

"He came home more outraged than ever," Joseph said, gravely. Then he began to laugh. "By-the-way, Annie, last night, after I went home, I did what you told me to. I pulled up my thinkers by the roots and planted them again. They are growing very fast now."

"What did you say?" asked Penny, wiping her eyes. She had been wiping one eye or the other ever since the "Compound Cure" had brooded over our roof.

"Nothing important," Joseph answered. "All the neighbors called on father to-day, Annie—casually, you know, just to pass the weather. You girls and the roof were mentioned by each one incidentally." He began to laugh again.

"Joseph," I said, sharply, "you had better not aggravate your father by coming to see us just now."

Joseph shook his head solemnly. "He'll be here himself before long. You see if he isn't. You had better be mixing your war-paint and collecting your feathers, Annie."

With this warning he left me.

"I can't think what ailed Joseph," said Pen, when he had gone. "He is usually so considerate and sympathetic. He must have seen I was in trouble to-day, yet he kept bursting out laughing in the oddest way at nothing at all. It was not like Joseph. Do you think Uncle Elijah is really coming here, Annie Tousey?"

On the third day of the reign of the "Compound Cure" on our roof Pen's question was answered by Uncle Elijah himself. Joseph was the first to see him, from the window, coming up the path to the house door.

"Annie," said Joseph, "are you ready? He's here."

Both Pennemiah and I knew whom he meant. Penny was sewing, and as she dropped her work and her hands together on the table by which she was sitting, her thimble positively rattled with apprehension.

"Joseph," I said, "I don't want Uncle Elijah to find you here. You have just time to slip out of the back door."

Joseph shook his head emphatically. "When I have been hanging about here for three days to see this! No, indeed, Annie; you can't make me go."

"Stay, Joseph," pleaded Pen; "I should feel safer. Annie, let him hide in the closet. Do, Joseph."

"I will if I may have the door on a crack," said Joseph. And to this I had to consent, for Uncle Elijah was already knocking at the front door. I went to let him in myself, and when I brought him back to our sitting-room with me only Pen was to be seen, sewing at the table with stitches which had all to be picked out afterwards; but the closet door was ajar.

"Pennemiah," said Uncle Elijah, deliberately, as he entered—he had ignored me, save for a brief greeting in the hall—"Pennemiah," he repeated, standing accusingly before her, "I have come to speak to you regarding the indecent way you are treating the home of your grandfather and your own father. Both would turn in their graves—"

"No, Uncle Elijah," I interrupted—Pen was already dissolved in tears—"Penny didn't do it; I did."

Uncle Elijah turned to me. "You, Annie Tousey?"

"Yes," I replied. "Penny is the oldest, of course, but you know how we keep our word when we once give it, and she has promised me that I shall run the farm, and that she will not interfere with anything I choose to do."

"Only for thirty—" Pen began to sob.

"Penny," I cried, "hold your tongue! You agreed not to say one word. Now keep your promise."

And my sister bowed her face into the white work she had been sewing.

"Uncle Elijah," I said, "if you've anything to say, please say it to me. I am in charge. Won't you take a chair?"

Uncle Elijah looked from the seat I offered to me, and then back again to the chair, which he finally sank into. I sat opposite him, and we looked silently at each other, until he had to begin.

"Annie Tousey," he said, "when you first told me that you would not sell the farm out of the family, I supposed you had some feeling for the old place."

"So I had, Uncle Elijah," I answered, "and so I have. That's why I rented the roof out to the 'Compound Cure' rather than sell it."

My uncle put his hand in his pocket and drew out his check-book.

"Now, Annie," he said, "it's not worth while for me to tell you that this is a great personal inconvenience to me, nor to enter into a talk on values. You have one mind as to the price of this farm, I

another. I have offered you ten thousand dollars down for the property; you have offered it to me for twelve thousand. I came over this afternoon prepared to make a compromise. Get me pen and ink. I will write you out a check for eleven thousand, which will split the difference."

He laid his check-book on the table and opened it.

"Uncle Elijah," I said, without moving, "I am very sorry you feel it so about the 'Compound Cure.' I had tried everything else to make the farm pay before I came to that. And I am sorry, too, that I must refuse your eleven thousand dollars; but I am in charge of affairs, and I wouldn't feel it just to Pennemiah."

Penny took her head out of her work to open her mouth, but I frowned it shut again.

"I must absolutely refuse, Uncle Elijah," I said.

"Very well, then," he answered; "if you are so obstinate over one thousand dollars, Annie Tousey, I will yield it."

He got up from his chair, for himself found pen and ink, and brought them back to the table with him.

"What are you going to do, Uncle Elijah?" I said, as he drew the check-book towards him. Uncle Elijah looked up at me and began to remodel his features.

"I accept your offer," he answered; "but it is a large sum to pay out, Annie Tousey."

"What is a large sum?" I asked.

"Twelve thousand dollars."

I shook my head.

"I can't sell the farm at twelve thousand, Uncle Elijah. I can't conscientiously do that."

Uncle Elijah laid down the pen and stared at me.

"What do you mean, Annie Tousey? That was your own offer. Pennemi—"

"No, Uncle Elijah," I said. "Pen has promised to leave all this to me, and you know she will. We did offer you the farm at twelve thousand, but that was before we—or rather I—had developed this advertising industry. We can afford to hold the farm now, and I mean to hold it at its full value—fifteen thousand dollars."

Uncle Elijah closed his check-book with a snap, which his eyes and mouth seemed to imitate.

"Then you can hold it," he said; "but

understand, Annie Tousey, no matter what straits and what disgrace you run yourself and Penneniah into, don't look to me for anything, for I wash my hands of you."

"We won't get into any straits, Uncle Elijah," I answered, firmly. "I see plain sailing ahead of me. I have thought out ever so many plans for developing an advertising industry. Our being near the railroad and on a hill is a great deal in our favor. I have decided to run a flag-staff up the side of every chimney we have, and rent out the flags. Of course wooden scantlings set up in the fields are nothing new, but that will yield something. I have a crowning plan of setting a scantling on the top of the house as high as it is safe. We live on a hill, but we don't have heavy winds. I mean to create here an advertising farm that people will come from far and near to see. I shall ask fancy prices for the advertisements, and I shall be inventing original and startling methods all the time."

Uncle Elijah lay back in his chair staring at me. I did not dare to look in Pen's direction.

"Annie Tousey," said Uncle Elijah; "do you actually mean to do this disgraceful thing on the old home place?"

"Uncle Elijah," I answered, solemnly, "I pledge you my honor I mean every word of it. I am sick of spending every penny we get on the farm. Now the farm has got to do something for us. If you can think of any better paying plan, short of selling the farm out of the family or selling it for less than fifteen thousand dollars, I should be delighted to hear of it. Otherwise this advertising industry will go on. I can see no help for it."

My uncle forgot to mould his features; he forgot to dip his pen in the ink until he found it would not write in his check-book.

"Here, Annie Tousey," he said, tearing out the check he drew up, and laying it loose on the table before me, "do you go and have a deed of this farm made to me. Of all the disgraceful things I ever heard, this is the most disgraceful. Get me the deed, I say, and two witnesses."

I looked at the check. It was for fifteen thousand dollars.

"Annie Tousey," said my Uncle Elijah, as I took the check and he rose to go, "I will do you the justice to say that I believe you do not realize what you have

done. As a woman, you cannot understand how it appears, but if you were a man, Annie Tousey, I should say, without a moment's hesitation, that you had deliberately played a very close and—a—very doubtful game. Annie Tousey—"

What my uncle saw written in my face I am sure I do not know. I opened my reticule quickly and shut his check inside. When I looked up again my uncle was vigorously modelling his features, and watching me so curiously that I was glad to glance at Penneniah. Pen was also looking at me, with an expression of doubtful awe. At that point it seemed to me that I heard a distinct and suppressed chuckle. I glanced at the cupboard door anxiously, but the sound did not come from that direction. As it was repeated, I turned involuntarily towards Uncle Elijah. He was no longer modelling his features, but they wore an expression quite new to me.

"Annie Tousey," he said, slowly, "you ought to have been a man;" and when he said that I knew that he felt himself paying me the highest compliment in his power, and also that in pocketing my uncle's check I had pocketed his respect.

"I am very sorry, Uncle Elijah—" I began, but he stopped me.

"No, you ain't, Annie Tousey. You needn't think I bear you a grudge, though, for I don't. Lord, it's a pity you ain't a man. It makes me sick when I see what ought to be a man having to walk about this world in woman's skirts, but it makes me sicker to see what ought to be a woman in man's trousers. Now there's my wife's Joseph— By-the-way, Annie Tousey, I have thought—"

The closet door creaked, and I broke in: "Never mind about Joseph, Uncle Elijah. I am glad you don't feel hardly towards me, and we can move away in a week, if that will suit you."

Uncle Elijah held out his hand. There was a curious smile on his face.

"It was a close deal, Annie Tousey," he said; "but as a deal it was square, and I can't complain. I'll tell you what, though, I'd rather have you on my side than on the other. You needn't think of leaving this farm for very long. I look at it this way: It takes two halves to make a whole, but you can make it out of three quarters and Joseph. He— Well, I wouldn't take away the big pieces of furniture, Annie Tousey."

IN THE GARDEN OF CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

NO matter what one man writes of China, the next writer will contradict him. A description of anything Chinese in one standard work is little, if at all, like a description of the same thing in the next treatise upon that people. Marco Polo has been called a liar for centuries, and now it is his defamers who are accused of falsehood, while the truth stands between, holding out a friendly hand to each side. With that knowledge of my subject, I yet venture to describe what I saw and learned in China. And I smile as I think of the letters that will come declaring me unreliable, nonsensical, imaginative, and altogether wrong. They will come because China is a dozen and a half of different countries, of which we will persist in speaking as one nation. I shall try to be careful to tell of only what I saw and found in the Kiang-su and the Cheh-kiang provinces, but the men who have traded for twenty-five years in the north, those who have explored the west, and the missionaries who have worked lifetimes in the south will all find these things so different from those they have observed that they will forget and contradict me. When I began to read what has been published about China I took notes of the peculiar ceremonies attendant on betrothal and marriage. Upon reading a second book I corrected what the first one said, until nothing remained of my notes except the part that the go-betweens and the astrologers played. Then I read a third book, by an author who painstakingly described the ceremonies in detail, and as his account was still different, I threw my notes away. I reached China with eight varying accounts of the marriage custom fighting each other in my head. At once I set about getting my own version from a born Chinaman in Shanghai. That was plain sailing. He glibly described his own experience at the—I will not say court of Hymen, but the stock exchange of Chinese matrimony. Nearly all that I had read he proved to be wrong. "I know what you've been reading," said he; "you have told me some things they do in Sze-chuen province, some that are the custom in Chihli, where Peking is, and some things that are number one

proper in Hunan, but nowhere else." After I had written out what he told me I found that I was not fully informed upon some minor details. Becoming acquainted with a very intelligent dependent upon a mandarin, I went to him for more light upon the subject.

"Now," said I, "who tells you when the bride has arrived in her chair, so that you can go out and knock on the door of the chair with your fan and bid her come out?"

"My no go knock on door," said he; "no b'long Shanghai custom for man go knock woman's chair."

"Oh!" I gasped, seeing my own "special correspondence on the scene" begin to go the way of all the other literature.

"Tink um b'long Canton side go knockee chair. Shanghai custom b'long differlent. My waitee in my house, in my bedloom, topside. Bime-by woman have come. My flend he call out, 'Hi-yah! woman have come; supposee you come down and see her.' Then—"

"Ah!" said I, "that is after she has been carried from her chair into your house, over the fire of charcoal on the door-sill?"

"No b'long cally into house. Woman get out chair, walkee in house. What piecee foolo man have talkee you? No b'long cally, b'long walkee. No savey foolo talk about makee fire in door-place."

"Well," said I, letting go all that I had read and heard and studied upon the subject, "but when she walks into your house, and your friend calls you to come down and see her, and you come down—"

"My no come down. My makee play pidgin. My cly out, 'You g'long; no wantchee gal';" here he paused, as if the effort he was making was too great, and said, "That makee long talkee; bime-by my tellee you."

"Well, but when you come down or she goes up—is it then that you stand on a tall chair, so that she must begin her married life by looking up to you, and must look up to you the rest of her days?"

"My no savey!" said my friend. "No gettee topside chair. T'ink you talkee Canton custom. Some man speakee you have come Canton side. No got chair. Got big loom and plenty flend, and my

makee bow to woman,
and she makee bow,
and then man and wo-
man makee chin-chin
joss-pidgin ["talk god-
business," which is to
say, religious worship]
all around the loom,
and chin-chin to farder
and mudder picture."

"Oh yes, I know,"
said I. "And is that
when the bride tells
your ancestors that
she has come into your
family, and is going
to be a good, dutiful
member of it?"

"No. Blide no can
talkee. Shanghai cus-
tom blide no makee
talkee for thlee days.
More better you go
look-see one piecee
malliage."

"I think so too,"
said I, for at each stage
of the investigation I
knew less than before.

It was the same
with everything. One
day we discussed the
funeral customs in a
group of European res-
idents in China. Mr.
Weldon said that the
queerest practice he
had witnessed was
that of concealing the
mourners within four
walls of white muslin carried by bearers,
with the feet of the mourners showing as
they walked inside the queer box. The
other men were surprised. They had never
seen that feature of the funeral service.
Within a week I twice witnessed it. The
reason that there could be a dispute upon
such a point is that European Shanghai
is peopled by Chinamen from many prov-
inces. And the differing customs in the
provinces account for all the confusion
that is created by men who write of one
province as if it were China. I should
consider that book an authority upon
China which could be written by an ob-
servant man who had spent a year each
in her twenty-odd provinces and territo-
ries. As for what I write, it is to be a
partial record of two months of incessant

observation, travel, and study in two of
the provinces within the Garden of China.

There are many Chinas, or many kinds
of China, but the only one I expected to
find was the one I did not see. It was
an ideal I had been forming all along the
years between my first geography and
my latest purchased book—of a country
peopled by men wearing broad-brimmed,
cone-shaped hats, and carrying boxes of
tea on each end of the bamboo poles they
balanced on one shoulder. That sort of
man I saw once or twice among the mill-
ions I met, but the whole combination I
missed altogether. My China has its
gentry, its merchants, its working-men,
and its farmers—not to speak of beggars,
actors, priests, conjurers, and sailors. We
found its merchant class polite, patient,



A VILLAGE GIRL.

extremely shrewd, well-dressed, pattern shopkeepers. We found its gentlemen graceful, polished, generous, and amiable. But the peasantry constantly reminded us of the country folk of continental Europe outside of Russia. Theirs was the same simplicity of costume, intelligence, and manners. They lived in very much the same little villages of thatched cottages. Theirs was the same awkwardness, shyness, cunning in trade, the same distrust of strangers and of strange things. The sharpest fracture of the comparison was seen in the Chinese farms; for, where we were, every handful of earth was almost literally passed through the hands of its cultivators, every leaf was inspected, every inch was watered, manured, watched, and cared for as a retired Englishman looks after his back garden. The result was a fertility beyond compare, a glory of vegetation, a universality of cultivation that permitted no waste places. It was a system that always included the preparation of a second growth to be transplanted into the place of the main growth when the first reached its harvest. As compared with Japan, one feature of every view was strikingly in favor of the larger country. The dress and behavior of the Chinese will not offend Europeans. The women of central China are not merely most modest, they are as completely dressed as any women I have ever seen. They are covered from neck to heels in a costume composed of a jacket and trousers. As Mr. Weldon says: "Their complete freedom of movement

is calculated to produce the most perfect nation, physically. It is God's providence that this menace to the safety of the world is offset by their innutritious food and their fondness for the crippling of women's feet." In Japan nakedness is what startles the new-comer on all sides. In China "the altogether" that Trilby

posed for is a product that I saw only in the cases of less than half a dozen children. I am told that in the country one sees women half bared above the waist when the sun shines tropically, but I cannot prove that. I saw one farmer girl with only her padlike frontlet of cotton on above her trousers, but I cannot announce a national custom upon that slender basis. On the other hand, I saw the women at every sort of labor, squatted down upon the river's edge, climbing like boys, wrestling, frolicking, rowing boats with their feet, wading streams, yet never having occasion to regard that jealous modesty which is safeguarded in their dress and in their souls from infancy onward. I never—

except in two instances among thousands—raised my eyes to have them meet those of a woman that she did not cast hers down, or turn and run in-doors as fast as her "golden lilies"—goat's feet, Weldon calls them—would carry her. Even in the night resorts of the gentlemen, where the bejewelled sing-song girls ply their service of song and attendance during the formal dinners of men of means, I never saw the suggestion of improper behavior on the men's women's parts. To be sure, these



BOY OF THE LOWER CLASS.



A WATER-SIDE REST-HOUSE.

women made bold to rub their hands softly against my hair (where I keep what I have, in the back) to see how our shorn hair feels. And they fingered my collar and cuffs, and gently touched my planklike shirt front, and giggled just as little children do under similar circumstances at home. So like little children were they that I could not bear to think them different in any respect—there in that garden where baby girls only fetched a dollar in the market, until the price rose recently, in Shanghai, because of the employment of girls in the silk-filature factories. Boys are different, of course. Just as I was leaving China an old man who wanted to adopt a son picked out a likely shaver of four years old and set his heart on having him. The fool of a mother did not see that the true price the old man offered was a comfortable home and the heirdom to his property. She only saw how much the old man wanted her boy. She would not sell him for less than eighty dollars. Therefore the prudent old fellow was obliged to stifle his budding affection and look for a cheaper child. He got a chubby little urchin for sixty dollars, which was his limit.

In spite of their modesty, the Chinese girls do flirt, and in proper European fashion. At a large mission college I was told that the perfect gravity of church service is ruffled at times by the manner in which the maidens steal glances at young men out of the tails of their

on the only day and occasion when the sexes come together. And I was told, too, that it had been found necessary to forbid the girls to use a certain path which is part of the route to the boys' school, because the decorum of the girls, as well as their peace of mind, was seen to suffer by the meeting of the male procession and the girl paraders during exercise-time. Very strange indeed is that familiar accessory of European schooling in a land where men and women are strangers until they wed, where not even a brother may so much as touch his sister's hand, where courtship, even by letter, is practically unknown.

Are the women of China pretty? Most Europeans think not, though many admit that pretty ones are more numerous in central China than in Japan. The plump, round Chinese face lends itself to girlish beauty better than the long, narrow physiognomies of the Japanese. All agree that the most beautiful women in China are those of Soo-chow (which city the Chinese say is one of two that rank next to heaven), and in that neighborhood I saw the greatest and most frequent beauty. I certainly saw many very pretty women there, and a few in other places. But though their costume includes the famous divided skirt of common-sense and reformers' noising, theirs is not a dress that we can admire, or consider an effective setting for a woman's charms. Put few in China, I say, into the grace-

ful, picturesque drapery of feminine Japan, and clothe Japan's gentler moiety in China's trousers, and the chief magnet that Japan holds for the attraction of the globe-trotter would disappear.

"Maskee," said Ananias; "can do—bime-by."

"Maskee!" He spoke the motto of the Chinese, the password of all, their constant thought and refuge and consolation, and the curse of the empire.

He had forgotten to buy the four dollars' worth of five-cent pieces that would have saved us fifty per cent. in our pettier outlays upon priests and beggars, ferry-men, small traders, and the like. We must have had about a bushel, a peck, two quarts, and a pint of *cash*, the mud-and-brass currency of the realm, but that was for the crew and the cook and the boy. We wanted cleaner, more convenient money, and were vexed that the boy had forgotten to get it. "Maskee" was all he said—"never mind."

On that first night aboard the *Swallow* we turned into the cabin and ordered our

beds made up as soon as we tired of the early night scenes around us. The noisy repartee of the crew, the occasional gasping steam-tugs, so unlooked-for in China, the long, shadowy trains of junks and smaller boats behind the panting launches, the yellow-specked villages by the water-side, and the dark flat country between them were the dim sights and loud sounds we soon tired of. Had we thought to see a second kickaway boat we might have staid up half the night for it, because that was one of the most weird, uncanny things we saw during all our stay in China. It came throbbing and drumming up to and beyond us, a great yellow box on a low broad hull. Huge beams of yellow lamp-light shot out of its many square windows upon the murky water beside it. Through the windows we saw the coolie passengers lying on bed shelves, and, next beyond them, the long-coated gentry in round, button-topped skull-caps, smoking and gambling and lounging about. And then came a fair third of the broad boat, open at the sides, half



A TYPICAL STONE BRIDGE.

lighted by a small smoky lamp, and filled with the ghostlike figures of many men, all walking, walking, walking, and yet standing in one place, as they clambered incessantly upon a tread-mill that worked a great naked stern paddle-wheel, toward which they walked, yet which they never reached. The trunks of the spectral men dripped with perspiration. The feeble rays of the lamp were caught upon their sweating sides and shoulders and reflected back. And when two or three turned their heads to look at our boat, the light leaped into their eyes and made them coals of fire. There were twelve or fifteen men on the tread-mill, though there might have been fifty, or none at all, but in their place a shapeless monster, all heads and legs and shadows, prisoned in a dark cell, and condemned to walk without rest to Soochow and back, and back again, forever. We saw the kickaway boats thrice every day while we voyaged (in the early gray, the high sunlight, and in black night), but Mr. Weldon did not sketch one. They made him shudder, he said, and they haunted him—they and their fiery yellow lights, their ceaseless plashing, their rising and falling chain-gangs, and their callous passengers gambling and smoking, as the Romans played, above the heads of the slaves bound to the galleys' oars. "Maskee," said the light-hearted passengers; "we must get to Soochow, and if the government will not permit steam passenger boats on that route we must go aboard the kickaway boats, and have ourselves kicked there by many relays of coolies, who get pay enough to buy rice, tobacco, and opium, and are glad of the chance."

"Maskee" was the last word we heard on that first night in true China. We felt the unpoetic square nose of the *Swallow* bump against the mud, and then tear through the sedge at the side of the creek. We ran on deck to see the place at which we were to lie up all night.



A STUCCO GARDEN WALL.

It proved to be the middle of a murky black night, edged at one side by the lamps and noisy activity of a little river town. To that town was wending a thin, steady stream of countrymen, beggars, and soldiers, who stumbled along the muddy towpath within an arm's-length of our cabin roof. We knew that our windows could not be fastened, and all the massacres, stonings of Christians, and atrocities of which we had read rushed back into our memories. We did not know then that there were pirates in those waters—but we knew enough. "Heavens!" said we, "can we not anchor out in the stream, or tie up far out in the country, or fasten the windows in some way?"

"No can rock the windows," said the boy.

"But any thief can slide a window

back and reach in and sweep out everything we've got."

"Maskee," said Ananias; "no can tief; too muchee fear."

"In the morning, very early," my notes say, "all life was astir. Though we are in a country where scarcely a house is to be seen, the towpath is lively with single travellers, and gangs of men tracking boats, women and children leading cows, tiny little girls tugging at great short-bodied, round-bellied, flat-horned buffaloes—and the water at the side of this procession fairly bustling with moving craft." But I must turn from my notes to speak of the impression on my mind, now that the days when the notes accumulated are all past and gone—the crowds of China! How continual, how incessant they were! I look back on China as if it were a vast imperial Wall Street or Charing Cross; for there is almost no spot along its highways, or time of any day, when the beholder does not rest his eyes upon crowds of people. The cities, towns, and villages are thronged; the highways are all alive; the fields are peopled—and if the eye rests upon a place deserted by men, it is almost certain to be crowded with the dead, still on the earth's surface, still breaking the line of the horizon as when they travelled their brief span.

Oh, but it was a beautiful country that confronted us on that first morning out. The land led forever away in great reaches of brilliant verdure, raised neck-high above the criss-crossed waterways. The tasselled, whispering rice stood knee-high and brilliant in uncountable fields, only broken by other multitudinous fields of cotton, dark green and brown, already plucked and wilting, but specked with white tatters of the garnered cotton-bolls. "It's all Holland magnified"—so they say who know Holland—the long low vistas of luxuriant green, the ever-lengthening, unbroken, flat view, the silvery water routes, and the great sails in every distance, seeming to glide over the land. To me the same scenes suggested Long Island at its best. To every one from America or England the comparisons would be as homelike and familiar. To be sure, there was every here and there the jar of something Chinese in the form of a pagoda rising polelike in the far distance, in the plenty of smooth-skinned buffaloes, in the quaint granite bridges, in the

swarming of people in loose and faded blue, and, now and then, in the little outside refuges or rest-houses along the only roads, the towpaths. And these resting-places were no more Chinese than the account that Ananias, our boy, gave of them.

"Velly good ting," said he. "Suppose one bakerman [beggar] got velly much lain or got velly much tired—too muchee walkee—can lest, can makee sleep nighttime. Plenty man can do."

No fling of the eye in any direction fails to compass many pump-sheds or irrigating stations. These are composed of a square roof of matting upon four short poles, and under it a horizontal cogged wheel that grinds a chain of buckets reaching down into the water. A blindfolded buffalo turns the great wheel by dragging its motor-bar around behind him—an ox of the African type, with a hide like a hippopotamus turned black, and with shapely flat black horns that curve back in line with his body. A man or a boy or a girl lounges on the earth near by to keep the solemn beast from forgetting his lot to labor. Over his eyes he wears a bandage of straw, or two old shoes, or the shells of a pair of tortoises, and yet at each creaking, gushing round of his wheel he steps over the chain of scoops with the precision of perfect sight, while the water pours into the field behind it in a solid liquid stream. Ofttimes the sheltering shed had a lush pumpkin-vine trained over its brown roof, and then the great green leaves and blazing yellow blossoms caused my artistic companion to wail for his oils.

In as full harmony with the sweet pure country are the numerous villages where the tillers of one-acre or three-acre rice and cotton farms huddle together, not merely as neighbors ruled by the usual ten heads of families, but very, very often as folk of one blood and family and surnames—for such are the villages of China. Beside the lesser canals and streams one sees these picturesque settlements—each a long line of low buildings overwhelmed to the vision by clouds of tree foliage. From a distance the thatched roofs peeping out of the greenery recall many hamlets that I have seen in Devonshire. But nearer at hand they look like villages made of matting, while nearer yet the houses are seen to be built of brick, wood, bamboo, or stone as well as matting—

which composes so many fences and compounds and sheds as to dominate the view.

Mr. Weldon and I often went into the villages, walking between the fields of shivering rice, but far oftener the villagers came to see us in our house-boat—men, women, babies, dogs, and all. Always some little side canal, the offshoot of a main waterway, was the only street between or before the village houses. There was always the towpath, but the best route was by a second path leading behind the houses. By following that we passed through the farms and yards. We saw the men and women thrashing the rice by beating a log with handfuls of it to scatter the kernels on the ground. We saw the farmers turning the soil over and breaking it up laboriously, or punching holes in the thick clay, dropping seeds in them, and then smearing the holes over with a rake. We went into the inner courts of the better houses, and noted how the men, and even the tiniest baby boys, thrust themselves forward to greet us, while the women and girls slunk behind or merely peeped through the doorways and open windows—the latter being Elizabethan contrivances, framed for little panes of oiled paper or the enamelled inner coating of sea-shells. White goats, wolfish dogs, common-sense chickens, hump-backed cows, and nose-led buffaloes made up the animal life that is so painfully missing in Japan and so abundant in China.

"Don't you have sheep?" I asked Ananias.

"Have got sheep," said he; "plenty—Shanghai side."

"I don't remember them."

"Sheep no tra-la," said he, meaning that they do not go roaming or tra-la-ing about like tourists. "No got sheep outside—all got in house so tief no can takee. Leave buffalo outside; so big no can tief."

Ananias never could look any one in the eye. It would not do to say that this was mainly because he was a liar and a cheat, or even because he felt above his position. He was a tall fellow, well built—like millions and millions of his coun-

trymen, who are not a small-sized race, as we think, who only see the Cantonese. His costume of "long clothes," such as the gentlemen and commercial folk wear, became him as if he had the right to put



ORNAMENTAL COURT-YARD DOOR.

it on. He was grave and sad and sneaking and quick-fingered, and he could lie so easily and calmly that it is a wonder he was not a mandarin. He was the only Chinaman that I saw of that sort. Most of those who were in the employ of my friends inspired confidence, and were highly praised by all who knew them; in fact, all men depend upon their boys in



CORNER OF A TEA-GARDEN.

the treaty ports, as the bankers and merchants depend upon their Chinese compradores. But Ananias was a sad rascal. He did not work because he wanted to. He hated it. All he wanted was a salary of twenty-five cents a day for dodging work, for stealing, and for telling falsehoods. After Mr. Weldon stopped traveling and took a house as a studio, he used to discharge Ananias every night—and then take him back every morning, because that was less trouble than to hunt up a fresh parasite. It was during the trip on the *Swallow* that we studied Ananias and mastered his eccentricities.

What he liked best was buying things in Chinese, and next to that he liked to bring things to sell to us in pidgin-English. Either way he doubled the prices for us. Of plain work, such as running errands, he made a failure nine times in ten. If we sent him to ask any one to let us sketch him or her, or his or her belongings, Ananias went away lazily, and came back to say that the person "chop-chop lunned away."

"Go catchee one piecee woman," Weldon would say; "my wantchee make sketch."

"No can scotch," Ananias would say when he returned. "That woman he got velly much fear. Tink you make tlubble, makee bad joss. My go talkee—no can do—chop-chop lunned away."

"Look-see," Weldon would say, "my wantchee that man's coat, so can take home and put on man and makee sketch. You buy coat—savey?"

"No tink can do," Ananias would say. "He velly much fear; he chop-chop lunned away."

"Confound you!" Mr. Weldon would shout; "go and catch my that coat."

Ananias would drag himself away, and then would drag himself back again to report that the man imagined himself the butt of a practical joke. "He tinkee you makee play-pidgin," was the way he expressed it.

One day, when it began to look as though no one would sell us any "properties" or the right to make any portraits, we went off with one of the coolies of the crew—the boy being in a neighboring city shopping. To our surprise, we found that whenever Mr. Weldon expressed a longing for picturesque costumes—even some that were then on the persons of their owners—this coolie went straightway to the own-

ers, and quickly returned with the coveted articles. It seems past belief, but one of the coolie's first feats was the following: There was a pretty girl of fourteen, the daughter of a miller whose beautiful mill and house lay up a picturesque little private canal. She wore a short black cotton jacket and a pair of trousers of a hue of faded blue that could not be had in a shop for money.

"Oh my! oh my!" said the artist. "I wish I had my paints with me to make a study of the blue of those trousers."

When the coolie went ashore to buy the clothes that hung on poles to dry in the miller's compound, he stopped to say a few words to the little girl, and, lo! out she came presently with the old blue garment in her hand and a new pair in their former place. The coolie bought a rare old pewter samsu-bottle for me, and a gentleman's walking-pipe for Mr. Weldon. It was obviously a gentleman's pipe, because it was four feet long, and never could be smoked unless the owner had a coolie to walk to the far end of it and light it. But the adventure with the girl in faded blue impressed us most. We told Ananias about it, before the crew, when we returned, and pledged ourselves to ship him home and put the coolie in his place if he did not prove as useful and as energetic. He lost so much "face" by that episode that from that time forward he did what we wanted, and squeezed us royally. I saw him pay twenty cents to one of Mr. Weldon's models one day, and when the man begged for more money, I heard Ananias say to Mr. Weldon:

"My tink he too muchee squeeze. My have pay him eighty cents. He wantchee catch one dollar."

"Give him the twenty cents," said the painter, "and drive him away."

"All light," said the boy, and gave the model another ten cents.

He sat down in the cabin with us on the second day out, which was an extraordinary piece of impudence, and on the next morning he began to serve breakfast with his pigtail coiled up. A Chinese house-servant should only show himself in his "long clothes" and with his queue down. It is said that they study to insult those whom they do not respect by thousands of little breaches of etiquette in speech, dress, and manners, but I only credit Ananias with a desire to show us how far he was above his place.

When he found that we knew our place, and his besides, he never failed in respect to us, outward at least.

He learned our wants and ways, and was, perhaps, worth all he cost. Certainly we got from him more than he dreamed that he was giving. I shall never see my gilt bronze idol, a goddess all crusted with jewels, without recalling his idea of a god.

"What kind of woman this b'long?" I asked.

"No b'long woman," said he. "B'long topside joss. He alle time sit in joss-house. Have got he stomach velly full. Alle time makee laugh. He say: 'Ha! ha! what ting? You wantchee chow? My got stomach velly full good chow. My velly happy—you go 'long.'"

If the reader understands that "he" is "she," that "my" means "I," that "chow" is "food," and that "what ting?" means "what's the matter?" this study of a god's character will be intelligible.

The Chinese fancy that three spirits inhabit their bodies—compose their souls, perhaps. One spirit goes topside with them when they makee die, one stays in their grave, and one inhabits the tablet that is kept at home to be revered. On one day we sent Ananias to a fisherman's cottage to ask the man's wife to pose for a sketch. He came back crest-fallen.

"No can do," said he; "woman too muchee fear—too muchee chin-chin joss pidgin" (religious business). "He tink you wantchee catch he face. Bime-by you go 'way, you takee scotch [sketch], makee chin-chin, and he makee die. Man got house he chin-chin woman. 'Lun in house,' he say, 'you big foolo. No wantchee have European catchee face—makee die.'"

The essence of that unexpected curio, which we added to our collection, was that both the man and woman were superstitious. They imagined that a European could take away one spirit from the body in making a counterfeit presentment of it on paper. Then the artist could go home and wish the woman dead, when she would straightway die.

But our sights, adventures, and experiences must form another chapter, this being merely on account of the manner in which we travelled and were attended.

On one Sunday we tied up near a pret-

ty green-bowered village; but we found no Sunday there, for that glad day is not in all China. That was pitiful. All over the fields, in the pelting rain, the women were at work—as one sees them in Europe. These had rolled up those strips of cloth that serve them as skirts, loin-high, out of the wet of the fields. Their square trousers legs were furled also, yet were in such evidence that but for their back hair and rounded outlines they would look as much like men as their husbands, all of whom, by-the-way, appear, as most Orientals do, decidedly like women. One thing about the coolie dress we never could grow accustomed to. That is the national habit of cutting their trousers out with a jig-saw. When one sees a pair hanging on a pole to dry, the inside line of the legs and middle forms a perfect crescent. On the women they fit well enough, but every pair that a man puts on has the seat hanging like a bag even with the knees. The coolie women have legs inside their trousers, as we see when a wet day comes. That does not surprise the reader as it surprised us, for we had been told by the ladies at the foreign missions that the women walked on "broomsticks"—on mere soft and pudgy undeveloped understandings. They were right as to the better class of small-footed women, it seems, who have to be carried, because they cannot walk and thus develop muscle. But the coolie women showed all the graceful outlines of proper physical development. They showed them as much as their loose jackets and looser drawers will permit display in a land where men and women marvel how our women can be so shameless as to model their dresses upon stays that reveal those outlines which modesty would rather be murdered than disclose.

We stopped near an irrigation shed at this village, and sent Ananias to the nearest house to ask the farmer to bring out his buffalo and hitch him to the wheel while the scene was being added to Mr. Weldon's collection. Across the rice-fields, sighing and shuddering in the fresh breeze, came men and maidens, women and boys, to stand behind the artist and watch him, wondering, agog, and curious. "And," as the old ditty has it, "the buffalo walked around."

The black hair of the wives was coiled behind, and held in place by a narrow bar of either gilt metal or imitation jade-

stone, that pierced the loop in the heart of the coil. The ends of the bar shone prettily against the jet coil, and the younger women increased the same effect by adding a gilt stick-pin or two at the sides of the coil. The young girls, especially the little ones, wore the coil at one side of the head, and decked it with a white bud, a green leaf, or a tiny row of blossoms. The boys wore pigtails, and the urchins had their hair shaved so as to leave tufts or tails here and there. The baby boys wore ridiculous red worsted crowns, or gorgeous open-topped caps of red cloth and tinsel, to emphasize their importance as boys and the pride of their parents in possessing them. For the rest, all, young, old, male, and feminine, wore a cotton jacket, broad trousers, and plaited-straw shoes. The women, of course, carried a frontlet of white cotton under their jackets—if hearing is believing.

“How much?” Weldon asks when his sketch is made.

After a great deal of talk twenty cents is agreed upon and paid. And does that end the bargain? Not in China—never. The man who has been paid announces that the buffalo bull belongs to such and such a woman, to whom he hands the money. And now he ought to have five cents for his trouble. The painter pays manfully, and then announces that he will give twenty-five cents to any woman or girl who will stand for her picture. Two old women move off when this is repeated in Chinese. Then a young girl takes the hand of a companion, and pulls her until both take to their heels and scamper. Presently only the men and boys remain, laughing at the flight of the women.

“Chinese custom,” says Ananias. “Countly peeper [people] talkee money alle time; but talkee picture, alle makee lun away chop-chop.”

At one of these villages a man passes us on the tow-path, carrying a string of straw shoes that the peasants wear. Mr. Weldon tried to buy a pair, but, though his foot is small in America, it is bigger than any shoes that he could buy. The man said that he would set his boys to work and fit us out by night with monster shoes. He did so, and we paid him three cents, Mexican, for each pair—that is, a cent and a half. Afterwards we learned that we had been swindled into paying many times too much for them.

Such are the wages of labor in China. They are almost as amazing as the profits of our neighbors at home who deal in Oriental merchandise. The very last thing I coveted in China was a porcelain inkstand, whose form was a pair of white dragons holding up a white apple. In a rather dear shop, frequented by Europeans, it was offered at thirty-seven cents. The first Chinese object I saw on my return to New York was the mate to that inkstand—a modern product, and not a curio. It was one of a million Oriental things in a great and popular store, and it was labelled “twelve dollars”!

But all this time we have confined our attention to the land, to the path beside the water. That is like trying to describe a street by telling only of the sidewalks. Beside us on the water was tenfold more that was strange, for the true highway was the water, and the most picturesque life, outside the towns, was the boat life. After looking upon it for an hour, Mr. Weldon declared that it had spoiled Japan for him, for him who has established himself in what the Chinese call the country of the *wo jen*—the black dwarfs.

A military drawbridge is before us, stuck all over with flags. And flags are on both banks of the river, while near at hand is a square stone-walled soldier camp, with its little house-tops showing above its six-foot play-at-war walls. Many broad, low, open boats, crowded with coolie recruits, are hurrying to the seaboard for enlistment, uniforms, and war. Always there is one man in a red-bordered coat standing in the stern—the recruiting officer, presumably. A mandarin's chop-boat heaves along. It is a hull with a great varnished house upon it, and with that cut up into rooms. The mandarin has ordered his coolies out upon the bank to “track” or tow him along. The dried-up old official, in his tall stiff cap and huge round goggles, stares at us as if we had dropped from the skies. We too are tracking. We have turned down our hinged mast, and put up a short jury-mast. From that we have sent a stout line ashore, and each coolie of the crew has hitched himself to the line. Each one carries a bamboo yoke, and a loop of rope from it to the long line. He presses against the yoke, while the loop tautens behind him, over one shoulder and under the other arm. There is a great “bobbery” every time we pass a boat going

the other way or a boat warped to the bank, and yet each is passed cleverly in a systematic way.

The activity on the water is marvellous. The craft are as numerous and as varied as the water will hold or the mind can fancy. The most impressive are the junks, with preposterous sails that hide everything behind them from earth to sky. These junks ride low in front, and are built up behind like the *Pinta*, *Niña*, and *Santa Maria*. They have great goggle-eyes painted and carved on their bows, and turned to look down at the water. Every European in China loves to tell a stranger why nearly all the boats, of every shape and size, are thus ornamented. It is because, "if no hab eye, how can see? If no can see, how can savey? If no can savey, how can walk?" Then there are large cargo-boats shaped like long barrels or large cigars. Their rounding tops are made of bent mats that can be piled on top of one another in one place to make a little cabin, or can be pulled out, end to end, to cover all the cargo. There are other long narrow boats, laden high with garden truck, with potatoes or pease or beans or rice straw, and looking like so many Flatbush farm wagons afloat. There are little sampans, from which men and women fish with nets. And there are innumerable other small boats, wherein men, women, and children are working those tools, like oyster-tongs, with which they tear up the weeds that grow beneath the water. These they spread on the farms, and thus raise all central China higher and higher above the water of the creeks and canals, which is where the ocean water once was, though the land now rises from four to six feet above it. The express boats are very interesting. They are slender long row-boats roofed over with mats, for one or two passengers, and carrying in the stern a muscular Chinaman, who propels a big-bladed oar with his feet. With a small oar in one hand to steer with, with the other hand holding a parasol or fan, the while he may be puffing at his pipe, he toils calmly on, all night or all day, seated on the point of his spine, and describing endless circles with his muscular legs and his dexterous feet.

Thousands of the vessels, even the smallest, are the only homes of the people in them. In them men take wives;

in them children are born and reared; in them death pursues his rounds. In them we saw whole families at work making baskets, making lanterns, busy at many sorts of labor. The family cat or dog, or the melancholy chicken perched on an outrigger and watching the family duck at his ablutions, tail up in the water, with a string tied to his leg to keep him at home—these were some of the assurances we had that certain of the craft were floating homes. Often, on the cargo-boats, the dwelling-place was beneath a great square mat in the stern. There the man slept, the woman cooked the rice and fish, and the tiniest children worked the yoolo to send the boat ahead. Baskets hanging behind served as closets and clothes-chests. On the chop-boats, which are floating homes of the best grade, we saw pots of pretty flowers, and kitchens and cooks, and gentle ladies and solemn-looking mustachioed old grandees, as well as nurses and children. Finer yet were the flower-boats, with their cargoes of those painted women who are not allowed to pollute the cities, and therefore float outside in little palaces, all gilt and glass and carved wood. Very ornate and often beautiful were these bulky square boats, masses of fine carving and loud with red and gold. The slave women, in their beautiful silks and jewel-crusted hair, peeped out at us from chalk-white faces, or we glanced in at the windows and heard and saw them practising to please with high-keyed lute and shriller voice.

Most of all were we interested in the cormorant fishing-boats. These are the size of a Whitehall row-boat, and are all open within, to permit the fisherman to walk from bird to bird between bow and stern. Often he is alone; often he carries a boy or a wife to work the yoolo. The birds sit at the sides of the boat, on projecting sticks over the water. They perch in pairs, and there may be ten of them or two dozen. They are the size and look very like the fish-hawks of the Atlantic coast; but they are dirty birds, with ragged wings, plucked to keep them from flying. In color they are a metallic black, with mottled or creamy or even white bosoms. They have long, narrow, curved bills of the flesh-tearing character. Their perches are wrapped with straw, to give the birds a good foothold. When fishing is to be done their master tightens the noose that each wears round its neck,

and putting a stick before each one, lifts it down to the water. When they have caught fish enough, or, more likely, have become so soaked that they must be taken aboard to dry, he rows among them and lifts them back on their perches. Their skill lies in their greed, and their greed has doomed them to servile labor.

perches. They yawn and flap their wings to dry themselves, and he prepares for them a fairly good dinner of rice and small fish, or whatever is cheapest, stopping now and then to scold or to beat one with a cane if one is quarrelsome. The man that Mr. Weldon painted sat for his portrait in the rain, protected by a hat of



PASSING THROUGH A FISH-SNARE.

They are caught on the sea-coast when young, and are trained by their purchasers until they become worth ten dollars, Mexican, apiece. Their training consists in starving them all day and in throttling them so that they cannot swallow what they catch. When they are in the water they not only dive for fish, but are said to swim swiftly under the water after their prey. When a fish is caught, the bird rises to the surface and gasps and chokes to get the fish down. The other birds rush at him to wrest his prey from him. The fisherman hurries to the spot, beats the other greedy birds away, and lifting the successful cormorant into the boat, takes his fish from him, loosens his throttling-string, and pokes some food into his ravenous beak as a reward of merit. At last the birds are all returned to their

thatched straw and a great cape of the same material—the water-proof of the common folk in both China and Japan. He was the second who sat for the artist. The first one made a bargain and tried hard to keep it, but as he sat in his boat alone on the water, with the “foreign devil” of Franklin Square looking at him and putting him down on paper, all the ages-old superstition that was in him began to tug at his heartstrings, and he surrendered to it and fled. If Mr. Weldon had offered to use a camera, which is made to work by being packed full of the eyes of dead Chinese babies—as they think over there—he would not have sat at all. But Mr. Weldon used a pencil, and since pencils are only milder inventions of foreign deviltry, who can guess what that ignorant fisherman thought of it?

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

EXECUTION OF JOHN PALM, BOOKSELLER.

IN the summer of 1806, the memorable year of Jena, there lived in the picturesque old town of Nuremberg a much-respected bookseller named John Palm. Under ordinary circumstances he would have lived and died like many another respectable German bookseller had not Napoleon, by a stroke of his pen, sent his name echoing around the world with the significance attaching to patriots like John Hampden and Nathan Hale. John Palm received, one day, in the usual course of his business, a package of books consigned through him to other booksellers of his neighborhood; these books were done up in separate packages, addressed to the respective consignees, and John Palm had no other connection with them than arranging for their safe delivery. He did not know the contents of any of these books.

Amongst them, however, happened to be one entitled *Germany in her Day of Shame*; it was a short anonymous work commenting severely upon the manner in which the French military administration pressed upon the people of Bavaria, and it evidently echoed the feeling of German patriots, who resented the arbitrary manner in which Napoleon quartered his troops upon them.

One copy of this pamphlet was consigned to a bookseller in Augsburg, who allowed his children to read it; through them, however, it fell into the hands of some French officers who were quartered upon the pastor of a neighboring village, and thus it became known to the higher French authorities. On the 7th of July, 1806, Napoleon ordered John Palm to be tried by court martial and shot.

This respectable bookseller was so convinced of his own innocence, and had such complete proof that he was not the author nor the publisher of the book, and did not even know what the book was about, that he refused the abundant opportunities he had of avoiding arrest by escaping into Austria or Prussia.

On the 22d of August he was locked up in the fortress of Braunau, an Austrian

town garrisoned by French troops, about two hundred miles from Nuremberg. He had taken leave of his wife and children, promising a speedy return, and felt confident that his trial would be merely a matter of form; and so it was.

He was given two short hearings. No one was allowed to plead for him, and within two days of entering the fortress he was sentenced to be shot.

At eleven o'clock on the 26th of August his prison door was opened. He assumed that he was to be set at liberty and start immediately to join his wife and children in Nuremberg. Instead of this, however, he was notified that he was to be shot at two o'clock, leaving him barely time to write a few letters to his family and most intimate friends.

The three short hours between the announcement of his sentence and the putting it into execution were of no use to him, nor would they have been had the electric telegraph been at his disposal. The court-martial decision was a surprise to his friends as well as to himself—in fact, to every one excepting the French military authorities, who were acting under instructions from Paris. The good people of the town begged mercy for him at the knees of the French commandant, ignorant of the fact that this officer was acting not as judge, but as executioner.

At the appointed hour John Palm was placed upon a peasant's cart and escorted beyond the walls of the town under a strong military escort. The whole garrison of the place was assembled to look on at the killing of this plain every-day little bookseller of Nuremberg. No people in Germany are more kindly and peace-loving than those of this particular neighborhood; but even these good people gave the French officers reason to fear that an attempt might be made to rescue him, and that therefore it was prudent to make as great a display of force as possible.

John Palm's wrists were tied behind his back, and six French soldiers stepped forward, aimed, and fired. Five of the shots missed him; the sixth brought him to the ground with a cry of pain. He struggled to his feet to receive another



THE EXECUTION OF JOHN PALM.

volley, which again brought him to the ground, crippled and helpless, but not yet dead. Two soldiers now ran quickly forward, placed the muzzles of their muskets against his head, and finished the task with disgusting thoroughness.

It is significant that John Palm, although a Protestant, was cared for by the Roman Catholic community of Braunau, was buried in their church-yard, and in 1866 received there a national monument to his memory.

The body of John Palm died in the summer of 1806, but, like John Brown of Osawatomie, "his soul goes marching on."

The killing of John Palm of Nuremberg may be designated as was the killing of the Duke of Enghien two years before—it was more than a crime, it was a blunder. The shots which brought sharp sorrow to the widow and children of this Bavarian bookseller brought mortification and anger into the heart of every German, to whatever petty state he might belong. No one could be blind to the fact that Napoleon by this act asserted his right, or at least his power, to reach out beyond his frontiers into a neighboring German state in a time of profound peace, seize a respectable German citizen, try him by court martial far from his home, execute him against the clearest evidence of innocence, and after it is done be called to account by nobody, not even the state whose territory he has outraged.

The story of John Palm's execution went from mouth to mouth all over Germany, kindling into patriotic fire the smouldering embers of German nationality. Even the court of Prussia was made to feel that there was in Germany such a thing as public sentiment. There were very many patriotic Germans who had looked on with deep distrust as Napoleon encroached more and more beyond the boundaries of France and dictated terms more and more humiliating to German states; but such affairs were, after all, the business of a small number of people, and but vaguely understood outside of diplomatic circles. Napoleon had upset many kings and raised up many more; he had overthrown constitutions and put new ones in their place; but not even his statecraft could make good in the popular mind the killing of the plain little German bookseller John Palm.

II.

QUEEN LUISE OF PRUSSIA BEFORE JENA.

THE travelling carriage stood ready in the court-yard of the Palace of Potsdam one fine morning in June, 1806. It was the year of Jena, but no one knew that. Queen Luise came down the steps, surrounded by her husband and children, bade them an affectionate farewell, and drove away in search of health—to a little watering-place called Pyrmont, situated between Hanover town and that Teutoburger Forest where Hermann (Arminius) routed the legions of Rome, and for all time asserted the power of Germany as a distinct nation. Queen Luise had buried a little baby boy in April of this year. It was her eighth child, and she loved it dearly. The loss afflicted her so much that her health suffered, and her doctors ordered her away in the hope that she might forget her sorrow in the pleasures of a watering-place.

Luise, in this year of sadness, was not merely the most beautiful woman on a throne, but a woman of beauty absolutely. We have the most abundant evidence on this point from contemporaries—not even excepting Napoleon. But more than beauty had she. Her character was pure. She had been reared amidst home influence calculated to develop the best qualities of a naturally frank, spirited, affectionate woman. There may have been prettier queens, and there have been queens more clever, but it would, I think, be difficult to name one combining so much of beauty and so much of sound political instinct as Luise.

Of the hundreds of pictures that have passed through my hands, all pretending to be portraits, only one does her justice, and that one is a miniature, without name or date, in the study of the Queen of Hanover, at Gmünden, on the Traun Lake. The best portrait in every way is the one by the great sculptor Rauch, who was for six years in service about the person of the Queen, and therefore knew her every expression. Rauch competed with Canova and Thorwaldsen for the honor of doing the famous sarcophagus at Charlottenburg, representing Luise extended as if in sleep, with hands folded across her bosom. He was awarded the prize, and produced a monument unique in its way.

The portrait reproduced here is the bust made by Rauch in 1816. In photo-



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN LUISE.

From the original bust by Rauch in the Berlin Museum.

graphing this I was assisted by Professor Siemering, the sculptor, who has charge of the Rauch Museum in Berlin. This portrait is to me better than the one on the sarcophagus, because not idealized. This is the living and speaking Queen Luise as Rauch knew her, and as Napoleon I. saw her at Tilsit, with the classic diadem upon her head. In this portrait we see the harmony of her features; the sensitive quality of her mouth, which is noticeable in the present Emperor William, her great-grandson. Her forehead is broad; her eyes are thoughtful. It is the face of a woman who should have known only kindness from others, for she lived only to make others happy.

She was born in the year of American Independence, 1776, and in 1806 was therefore barely thirty years old. Germans loved her with an intensity which can be accounted for by reference not merely to her personal gentleness and good sense, but to the peculiar position she occupied. She was the first Queen of Prussia in the memory of living man whose relations with her husband, her court, or her people were those which could please the average respectable mother. Luise at once became not merely the first lady of Prussia, but she made the Prussian court a pattern of domestic life to Germans of every degree. Germans have much sentiment, and above all do they cling to the

traditions of purity in family life. Frederick the Great had not done much in this direction; his successor, Frederick William II., had done even less—he had permitted the court of Berlin and Potsdam to set an example painfully demoralizing to German princes in general, and, above all, scandalous to the plain, honest people of the father-land.

It had also been the fashion under the two previous Kings of Prussia to regard the German language and German life in general as something good enough for the common people, but not at all the thing for people of rank. At court every one spoke French and wrote letters in French, even where both parties were German. Now so far as this was a fad in one class of society it did little harm, but since the French Revolution (1789) the armies of France had been cutting their way about Europe so energetically that Prussia, amongst others, was called upon to decide whether she should become a province of Napoleon's empire or fight him to the death.

Writing at the close of the nineteenth century, it is very strange to look back upon a period of Prussian history when for a series of years an influential section of the King's cabinet and court openly insisted that there was nothing degrading in becoming a dependent ally of the great Napoleon. Germans had tasted the dangerous sweets of a long peace. They had become accustomed to luxury; to dream of a universal empire with a wise Augustus at the head. Napoleon seemed to have been sent by Heaven for the purpose of inaugurating a great European millennium, and why should people of culture oppose an end so manifestly of interest to art, literature, science, and human happiness?

But Luise was German through and through. She knew her Germany by heart. She had travelled in every part of it, and knew the feelings of the people better than the members of the King's cabinet. She did not trust Napoleon. She knew that between the German and the French was a gulf of differences not to be bridged by fair promises, and she had faith in the German character as capable of developing a nation.

Is it wonder that Luise was beloved and treated almost as a national saint? To the rugged peasantry of Protestant Germany she embodied their national as-

pirations; she might have led them to war; she was their Brandenburg Madonna—a greater than Joan of Arc.

At Pymont, Luise was the head of a political congress made up of many little princely families who had come to this watering-place nominally for their health, but really to compare notes on the political situation and distribute news and gossip. Here, too, came Blücher, breathing fury at the French. Luise loved this old soldier, and many were the talks they had together, making plans for the future of her country.

At six every day Luise took her morning walk, glass in hand, listening to the hymn that was always played at this hour under the trees. She passed the shop of an invalid widower left with two feeble daughters, and asked after his health. It was not good. Luise recommended the drinking of asses' milk for them.

The poor man answered that such milk was too expensive for him. "Well, then, I am delighted," said the Queen, "to be able to help you in the matter. I drink asses' milk every morning with my steel, and there is a great deal left over. I shall see that the rest of the asses' milk comes to you each morning."

And the Queen kept her word. The milk itself may not have been of much value, but the manner in which the gift was made should have brought roses into the palest cheeks.

Prussia in these weeks appeared to be the strongest power of the Continent next to France. Her army was said to be 250,000 men, excellently drilled and well equipped. Her territories had been much enlarged by the seizure of Hanover, which Frederick William III. had accepted from Napoleon as a reward for subserviency. Austria had been defeated at Austerlitz in 1805; Napoleon had hinted to the Prussian monarch that a North German Empire would be viewed with favor in Paris. In short, to a superficial observer it might have seemed that no sovereign had more reason to be satisfied with his worldly prospects than the King of Prussia in the summer of 1806.

Luise left Pymont with hope and happiness somewhat revived. She had talked with representatives of nearly all the ruling families of North Germany, as well as with many Germans of note in other ways, and carried back to Charlotten-

burg a budget of impressions that were intended to make her husband very happy on his birthday, the 3d of August.

But that birthday brought other news, to be followed by worse news still. Napoleon had created a vast confederation of South German states, all dependent upon France. Francis II., head of the German Empire, had formally abdicated that title, and became henceforth merely Emperor of Austria. Then came rumors of French intrigue in the little courts of northern Germany, the object of which was to make them allies of Napoleon and isolate them from Prussia. But the worst blow came with the news from Paris that Hanover was, after all, to be handed back to England, that Napoleon, in other words, regarded Prussia as no more than a very feeble state to be treated like the rest of his vassal kingdoms.

All these expressions of Napoleon's contempt for his Prussian Majesty, coming pretty well together, convinced even Frederick William III. that he was now in a corner from which he was forced to fight his way out or be trampled to pieces.

The most natural thing, therefore, was to look around for friends to help him. He tried the little neighboring states, but it was too late. They had all conceived distrust of Prussia and immense fear of Napoleon. They remembered that since 1792 Prussia had been constantly pretending to protect Germany against French aggression, but somehow or other had always found her profit in letting France have her own way. The year of Jena brought upon Prussia the natural consequences of political blunders and crimes perpetrated upon her German neighbors.

Of course Prussia could not expect help from Austria after Austerlitz. The Russian Czar promised to come, but he was far away. England was energetically destroying Prussian ships wherever she could surprise them—already 1200 had been seized in this short summer. Frederick William III. objected to having ships of war because Frederick II. had not found them necessary, and at this time, therefore, England had rather an easy time of it in her war against Prussian commerce.

And this was the condition of things when the Prussian King took up arms against Napoleon. In 1805, when backed by Russia, England, and Austria, he shirked the contest. In 1806 he gayly

marches against the same common enemy when that enemy has become vastly stronger, and when his government has not a single friend or ally worth mentioning.

III.

THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF JENA—HEGEL AND NAPOLEON.

IN the night of October 14, 1806, a great German philosopher named Hegel occupied himself with the closing lines of a very learned work about positive conceptions and historical infinities. He called his book *Phenomenology*.

His lamp burned late that night, for on the next morning the manuscript was to be sent by post to his publisher.

Another lamp was burning late on that same night, almost next door. Another philosopher, and a vastly more practical one, was preparing for the press a manuscript quite as perplexing as that of Hegel. This philosopher, however, could not wait until the morning before posting his manuscript, but sent it off at once to Paris.

Both philosophers burned their lamps at the same hour in the beautiful little university town of Jena, and the man who sent his manuscript first was Napoleon Bonaparte.

The German philosopher rose early on the morning of October 15th, and with his precious *Phenomenology* under his arm, walked to the post-office. Here he learned for the first time that Napoleon had fought a great battle; that a Prussian army had been routed; that French troops occupied every village of this sweet smiling Saxon country, and no post would leave Jena that day.

So Hegel prepared to trudge back to his desk and wait for better times before giving *Phenomenology* to the world. As he pressed the precious bundle under his arm a clattering of hoofs caused him to stand aside in time to salute, with unaffected humility, the man who had on the day before manured two battle-fields with German carcasses. In later days the author of *Phenomenology* referred to this one peep at the conqueror as a most exalting moment. Hegel adored in Napoleon the great mind, the philosophic intellect. He recognized in him a colleague—a professor in another faculty—who had written better stuff than even *Phenomenology*.

There were many men in the Germany

of 1806 who were fiddling and philosophizing while French troops marched across their country. Let us not judge Hegel too harshly, for he was in the fashion. German men of letters, Germans who pretended to elegance in social matters, had been brought up to regard patriotism as savoring of bad taste, if not positive vulgarity. The plain people preserved their national feelings, but in 1806 the plain people were not asked their opinion on current events. Germany had been trained to docility for generations past, and this docility had turned into political imbecility. The country was full of Hegels who never bothered their heads whether they were governed by Turk or Tycoon. Whatever came from above they accepted with meekness; if the taxes were heavy they paid them with a groan, if they were light they paid them with a smile, but in any case they paid them, and never asked themselves who received the money or what it was spent for. Napoleon won the battle because Prussia was full of men like Hegel—Hegels in the universities, Hegels in the government offices, Hegels even at the head of the army.

IV.

THE EVE OF JENA, OCTOBER 13, 1806.

ON the 20th of September, 1806, the royal travelling carriage rolled into the palace court of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. Queen Luise and her husband took their seats and were driven to—Jena. They made their headquarters at Naumburg, which is about half-way between Leipzig and Erfurt, and there they spent two weeks, in which the King watched his showily dressed troops marching on to the front to do battle with the French.

In this neighborhood the Prussian army took a loose straggling position, with the general idea of checking Napoleon should he try to break through into Prussia. The King was, of course, the head of the army, but the Duke of Brunswick had been appointed commander-in-chief.

This old man had served under the great Frederick, was then seventy-odd years of age, and had solemnly said to a group of officers shortly before Jena: "The [Prussian] army is, in spite of all that has happened of late, and *even without improvements*, unquestionably the

first army of the world." This reminds us of the language held by the marshals of Napoleon III. in the summer of 1870.

The Prussian army was at the centre of Germany, surrounded by people who not only spoke a common tongue, but who were actively in sympathy with their purpose of defeating the French. This great army down to the morning of the 14th of October never once found out where Napoleon was, where his troops were, how many were marching, or in what direction. Frederick William III. had every facility for learning all about Napoleon, for the French army had been in Germany during many weeks past, and Prussian officers could have travelled about in disguise without difficulty.

It does not need a professional soldier to tell us that when going to war it is important to know where the enemy is, and how strong he is. On September 13, 1806, Napoleon wrote to his agent at Munich to keep him informed in regard to the movements of the Prussian army; that war would break out as soon as Prussians crossed into Saxony. "You will then write to Rapp, in Strasburg, to telegraph me, and one hour afterwards I shall be on the way to Würzburg."

Here is a practical man. He has a telegraphic line of semaphores reaching from Paris to every corner of his empire, and can communicate with Strasburg in half an hour, whereas the ordinary post required four days. The King of Prussia had no telegraphs, and it took nine days for a courier to get from Paris to Berlin, a journey now done in one day and night.

Yet telegraphs were no new thing in Europe. The French had used them in the army of the Revolution ten years before. Why did not Prussia also have telegraphs from Berlin to her frontiers? Strange as it may seem, I am assured by the editor of the famous Brockhaus Encyclopædia that not until 1832 did Prussia operate her first optical telegraph between Berlin and the Rhine. The Encyclopædia itself is silent on this subject. Even the excellent Post Museum in Berlin could give me no information in this matter.

Napoleon knew pretty much all there was to know about the Prussian army, its movements, and that is why, on September 12th, he wrote to Talleyrand:

"The idea that Prussia will venture to attack me single-handed is so ridiculous that it deserves no notice. My alliance with Prussia



Augereau.

Napoleon.

Lannes.

Hegel.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS MEET AT JENA.

is based upon her fear of me. That cabinet is so contemptible, the King so devoid of character," etc.

Six days after Queen Luise and Frederick William had started from Berlin, Napoleon left Paris. In two days (September 28th) he was on the Rhine, at Mainz, and had made every disposition for an offensive move, to begin on October 3d. His troops had been in garrison all the way from Bonn, on the Rhine, to Braunau, on the Inn—Braunau, where poor John Palm was murdered. On October 4th his army of invasion had united with great rapidity on the line Würzburg-Baireuth, and already on the 7th began the great forward move of the whole mass straight on Berlin.

He had 160,000 men with him, divided into six army corps. These men had for the most part done severe marching to reach their places in time, as a glance at the map will show. Two regiments and the Corps Artillery, for instance, had been ordered to be in Würzburg on October 3d, marching all the way from Bonn. It was a twelve days' march, for which Napoleon had allowed only nine days. But these troops made it in eight days, arriving on October 2d. A day's march for troops was $22\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres in the French army. This made an average of more than $33\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres for eight consecutive days.

Napoleon had on this campaign a manuscript map prepared by his engineer corps. The Prussians had only a Saxon map published in 1763, and reaching no further than the river Werra and the Saale, at Hof; map-making in general was then in its infancy. There was no topographical map of Prussia in existence, although a beginning had been made in 1803, covering only the extreme northern corner on the Baltic.

In 1812 there was captured at the Bérésina, in Napoleon's baggage, a manuscript map of central Europe on a scale 1:100,000. The original is in St. Petersburg, and the only copy extant, so far as I know, is in the Berlin Military Intelligence Bureau. Of this copy I have had the use, thanks to the kindness of the German government. The map accompanying this paper has been based upon that map of Napoleon's, in order that the reader may be able to place himself in the same state of knowledge as was enjoyed by the French conqueror. I have reason to think that Napoleon prepared this map some time before

Jena, and kept it as accurate as possible on account of its great importance to him. Of course I have in my map given the watercourses according to the latest German surveys.

Napoleon left Bamberg on October 8th at three in the morning, and at six of the same morning was settled in his next headquarters dictating orders. He generally travelled in the night, when the roads were clear, and he consequently could drive more rapidly. He would lie down to sleep about six in the afternoon, and at about midnight would be sending out orders for the morrow. In this way he was able to draw in all possible information regarding the day's movements before himself proposing another move.

All this was wearing work, such work as the Prussian army could not or would not do.

Napoleon and most of his marshals were between thirty-five and thirty-seven years old. On the Prussian side the King alone was within these years. His commander-in-chief was not fit to be on horseback. Out of 66 colonels in the infantry of the line, 28 were over sixty years; of 281 majors, 86 were over fifty-five and 190 more than fifty years old.

On October 8th appeared a Bulletin, of which Napoleon was editor-in-chief, saying, amongst other things: "The Queen of Prussia is with the army, dressed as an Amazon, and wearing the uniform of her dragoon regiment. She writes twenty letters a day to fan the flames in all directions. One might fancy her an Armida, who in her excitement sets fire to her own palace." Now, considering that Armida was a classic heroine, noted chiefly for having seduced several young men from the path of virtue, it will be admitted that the simile is not chaste.

This bulletin of Napoleon was so public an insult that in Prussia at least it was never forgotten or forgiven. Luise was destined to receive additional insults from the hands of this soldier, but none more deeply resented by the people of Germany.

The date of this bulletin may be taken as the date when war was formally declared, for the Prussian King had threatened to fight France in case Napoleon did not yield to his demands by October 8th.

On the afternoon of October 13th Napoleon arrived in the beautiful little university town of Jena, on the river Saale.

Had he followed the example of the Prussians he would have gone quietly to bed and waited until morning before doing anything further. But he did what any practical commander would have done in such a case—drew in all possible in-

resting with Prussia. Napoleon, of course, expected to find this plateau bristling with cannon, and looked forward to a severe struggle for its possession.

To his amazement he was told that the Prussians had not even taken the trouble



JENA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

From the great map in sixty-four sections which was captured from Napoleon at the crossing of the Beresina.

formation regarding the strength of the enemy.

Jena is dominated by a high plateau, whose sides run steeply down to the river Saale and the town. For our purposes we may roughly compare this plateau to the parade-ground of West Point, and assume that the enemy was expected to march up from the shore of the Hudson River. So strong is this Jena plateau by nature that a handful of troops could easily hold in check a very much larger force. On this particular evening each side had about 50,000, the advantage of numbers

to occupy it. This was so improbable that he climbed in person to the top, and satisfied himself that Prussian commanders could be guilty of such folly as would make a militia volunteer blush. The fact was that the Prussian general found the plateau rather chilly these October nights, and had sought more agreeable shelter further back in the hollows. He had evidently convinced himself that the approach to this plateau was so difficult that no artillery could possibly get up to it.

And it was, of course, exactly by this

most difficult approach that Napoleon did drag up his artillery. When I visited the battle-field in 1893 I found this road in practically the same state as it was described in 1806—a species of gully washed out of shape by rain-storms. Napoleon set his men to work with pick and shovel. He superintended the work himself. As an officer of artillery, it was a work particularly congenial to him, and he soon had the path so widened that before daylight all his artillery was up in position—just where the guns of Frederick William should have been had his generals shown even a very small amount of practical sense or energy.

While Napoleon was feeling his way about on the plateau of Jena, guided by the light of torches, and preparing for a battle on the morrow, the Prussian King was at a little village twelve miles away, called Auerstedt. This place is too small to be placed on ordinary maps, but can be readily found on a line almost due north from Jena, at a point as far from Jena as Weimar is from Jena. Auerstedt is almost equally distant from Jena and Weimar, and not four miles from the river Saale, along whose right bank French troops had been marching for three days past, this being the best route towards Berlin.

The King here called a council of war, made up of the Duke of Brunswick, a Field-Marshal Mollendorf, who was then eighty years old, four generals, and two colonels. This assemblage represented what was then regarded as the highest military authority in Prussia. They talked and they talked, and they kept on talking, without even knowing that Napoleon's army was within cannon range of them.

During the evening of October 13th the French Marshal Davoust occupied the Saale crossing at Kösen, which place is only a three hours' march from Auerstedt in a northeast direction. While the Prussians were therefore holding their senseless powwow at Auerstedt, the French had not only approached their front, they were already in a position to cut them off from Berlin.

The Prussian General Schmettau knew that the pass at Kösen was undefended, but said that it would be time enough on the morrow. He went to bed and slept soundly.

In the middle of the night the commander-in-chief at last thought it might

be prudent to guard the passes over the Saale against surprise, and therefore ordered that this should be done on the 14th, and, of course, by the time his order was penned every pass was already in French hands.

At this famous council of war held by the King in Auerstedt, old Brunswick, the commander, could not keep awake. He dozed part of the time, and immediately after it was over went to bed and spent four hours in sleep. Prince Hohenlohe, who commanded the advance army at Jena, also spent the night in bed. His troops were sound asleep when Napoleon's artillery opened fire at daybreak of October 14th. The ever alert and enterprising Blücher came in the night with an important message to the King; the message could not be delivered. The King also was asleep, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed.

And so the eve of Jena was slumbered away by 50,000 of Prussia's best troops, commanded by professional soldiers, who had been selected for this duty by Frederick William III. When Queen Luise, in the year following, said to Napoleon that Prussia had fallen asleep on the laurels of the great Frederick, she no doubt had in mind the night before Jena.

But Napoleon did not sleep. His men kept on marching steadily throughout the night, occupying one good position after the other, until they had at last reached so far into the Prussian rear that Frederick William woke up to find himself not merely invited to battle, but forced to fight, if only to secure his retreat.

Whatever the view of the reader may be as regards military genius in general, I think we shall agree that in the presence of so much ignorance, stupidity, and laziness as characterized the Prussian command on the 13th of October, 1806, there are few average citizen soldiers who might not have achieved undying fame by commanding the French army of that day.

V.

THE GREAT PRUSSIAN STAMPEDE FROM JENA AND AUERSTEDT.

A DENSE fog covered the neighborhood of Jena on the morning of October 14, 1806, and stretched beyond Auerstedt, twelve miles away. At both places the Prussians were comfortably asleep when the cannon of the French commenced to



M. Caton Woodville.
1874

FRENCH TROOPS ENTER A GERMAN VILLAGE.

thunder. Napoleon commanded in person 50,000 men at Jena, against 53,000 Prussians. At Auerstedt Marshal Davoust commanded 27,300 men, against 50,000 Prussians under their King and old Brunswick. The advantage in point of numbers lay entirely with the Prussians—an advantage which was particularly striking in regard to cavalry and artillery. At Auerstedt Davoust had only 1300 cavalry against the Prussian 8800. He had only 44 pieces of artillery against the Prussian 230. Towards one o'clock Napoleon was re-enforced so that his total

teau, on which Napoleon had spent the night. This road is quite as bad as the one Napoleon used, and is to-day a mere tangle of forest through which falls the dry bed of a torrent called the Steinbach, or "stone beck." Soult's idea, of course, was to wedge his men, if possible, between the Prussians near Jena and the rest near Auerstedt; and he succeeded, thanks to the fact that the Prussian commander did not suppose that any troops would attempt to come up this very rocky and difficult defile. It was really more difficult than the *Steiger* "climber," up which Napoleon had brought his guns. The pastor of Wenigenjena has been much abused by German writers for having betrayed his country to the enemy, or, in other words, for having guided Marshal Soult to the plateau above Jena. But let those cast the first stone who are quite sure that they would have sought the death of a martyr under similar circumstances—a French pistol under each ear.

At twenty minutes before six Napoleon commenced the fight by firing away into the fog, and feeling his way forward amongst the sleeping Prussians. At about seven o'clock the Prussian commander discovered that the firing was in his rear, and that they had gone to sleep the night before with their encampment facing the wrong way. Prussia had some very unwilling Saxon

allies at this battle. Their commander came to headquarters at Capellendorf after six o'clock in the morning asking for orders. He was told that there would be no battle that day.

Then the Prussian general who had drawn his troops away from the Jena plateau on account of the cold night air thought he had better go back there and see what the firing was about. He was soon put to rout.

At about eight o'clock Prince Hohenlohe, the Prussian commander at Jena, finally appeared on the right wing, where the tents were still up and the men not yet out. He had a pleasant chat with



MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF JENA TO PARIS AND BERLIN, AND THE POLITICAL DIVISIONS OF 1806.

fighting force amounted to 54,000, but this small superiority of 1000 was outweighed by Prussian superiority in horses and artillery—the ratio at Jena being 10,500 horses to the French 8450, and 175 guns to the French 108. The glory of the campaign rests, of course, with Napoleon, as commander-in-chief, but the glory of the day is Davoust's, who at Auerstedt fought against odds far greater than Napoleon's and achieved a victory no less decisive.

Marshal Soult was fortunate in finding the pastor of Wenigenjena in bed. He made him get up and show him another road from the Saale up to the Jena pla-



RECEIVING NEWS OF THE DECLARATION OF WAR IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.

their commander; said that the men had better make themselves comfortable in camp until the fog lifted; that there would be nothing of importance that day; perhaps a bit of a skirmish—that was all.

Shortly after this little chat news came that the Prussian left wing was fighting desperately. At some point the Prussians gained a momentary advantage and made a handful of prisoners. Hereupon Prince Hohenlohe sent off a written message to the general commanding the reserves, in which he said, "I am whipping the enemy at every point." Then up galloped another Prussian general to congratulate the Prince on having won a glorious victory!

The fact was that the Prussians were so badly led that their numerical advantage created little more than confusion. At both Jena and Auerstedt their cavalry and artillery achieved scarcely anything, whereas the French used theirs to excel-

lent effect. The infantry fought as well as could be expected of men who had been well drilled but had no confidence in their officers.

By one o'clock Napoleon ordered a general attack at all points, and by two the Prussians were in full retreat upon Weimar. Capellendorf is on the way, and here the Prussian reserves did their best to make a stand. In the midst of it came worse news from the King, in Auerstedt, ten miles away, saying that his battle was as good as lost—to hurry and help him. But there was not time to choose. In half an hour the matter was effectually settled by the French, who tumbled the reserves along with the rest head over heels, and sent them madly careering to Weimar, seven miles away. They did fast running, for some of them got there by four o'clock, and there learned that the French had not only routed the Prussian army at Jena, but at Auerstedt as well; that they were nearly surrounded, and

would have to run still harder if they meant to escape.

Towards night the fugitives from Auerstedt joined those from Jena. A panic had seized them all; officers were brushed aside, knapsacks and muskets were thrown

away in the darkness, and reached Castle Villach at ten. But his rest here was spoiled by a false alarm of French cavalry, which caused him at midnight to hurry off once more in a westerly direction through the darkness. He reached



FLIGHT OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY AFTER JENA.

away, cannon were left stuck in the potato-fields, and the men hurried off with only one desire—to escape a pursuing enemy.

Prince Hohenlohe, who had been in bed when the battle commenced, and who had complacently assured his generals that the 14th of October was to be a quiet day, could hardly have chosen a better time than this for shortening a life which had cost his country so much shame and misery. But he thought otherwise. At Weimar he abandoned his troops to their fate, and with eight squadrons for the protection of his precious person galloped

Tennstedt at seven of the following morning, forty-four kilometres (about thirty miles) from Weimar. But not even here could he rest. The French cavalry were on his track, and after a rest of one and a half hours he started again, and reached Sondershausen with only sixty horsemen left out of the eight squadrons that had started with him. He had made sixty miles in that flight from Jena, which shows that a general may develop enormous energy under the spur of fear for his personal safety. Would that he had shown but half so much before the battle commenced!

At Auerstedt the 14th of October brought the same fog that enveloped Jena, twelve miles away. So dense was it that the eagle-eyed Blücher put his horse at a row of French bayonets, thinking he was at an easy hedge. A volley of musketry taught him his mistake.

King Frederick William III. woke up to find that the French corps of Davoust had forced a fight upon him. The Prussians fought here as aimlessly as at Jena. The soldiers did as well as might have been expected of men who were kept from deserting by fear of flogging. But the commanders showed here, as at Jena, complete ignorance of their trade.

It is almost incredible that throughout the battle, when the King's troops were at times less than five miles distant from the army fighting at Jena, he never once received a communication to say even that a fight was in progress. Here was a Prussian army of over 100,000 men divided into two parts, neither part knowing what the other was doing.

Towards noon the King sent for reinforcements from Capellendorf, which is half-way between Jena and Weimar. He supposed that the troops at Jena were lying idle, and would soon arrive and help drive the French from the field and make him master of the day. But the reserves did not come. The Prussians blundered about aimlessly owing to conflicting orders. The Duke of Brunswick was shot in one eye, the bullet passing out through the other. He was carried helpless from the field, and the command devolved upon anybody who chose to give orders. The day had begun with no plan; none had been formed during the fight; and when old Brunswick was carried from the field no one knew even what direction the army should take in case they had to retire.

The King was asked for orders. He ordered a retreat upon Weimar, expecting to there join the rest of his army and renew the fight next day. The retreat, however, soon became a rout, under the lively fire of the French sharpshooters and skirmishers. Soldiers threw away all they carried, and were soon in the sweep of the mad current made up of both armies converging upon Weimar. They were, however, no longer armies—simply mobs of frightened men, who, some hours ago, were masquerading in the livery of Frederick the Great.

The King was the first to hurry from

the battle-field, under escort of some picked cavalry. All at once he was surprised by a picket of French hussars, and had to draw his sword and fight his way clear of them at the imminent risk of his life. This would have been the culmination of Napoleon's triumph on this day, had the Prussian King been brought to him as prisoner, along with the news that the commander-in-chief was mortally wounded. Nor let us forget that Queen Luise was also at this moment flying over the Weimar road out of the reach of the same enemy, and that she, too, narrowly escaped capture.

All night long rode the King, chased by fears of capture, and totally separated from his army. At seven on the following morning he ventured to stop for rest at the village of Sömmerda, which is about twenty miles westward of Auerstedt as the crow flies, but must have been twice as long to them travelling in the dark over an unknown country. Strange to record, the Prussians had no detailed map of the region immediately about Jena.

Sömmerda may be found by running the eye northward from a point half-way between Erfurt and Weimar for about fifteen miles. It is not a town that guide-books notice—not even a German Baedeker. Yet here it was that a nephew of Frederick the Great turned to the faithful Blücher, who had stuck to his King throughout this horrible day and night, and said, "Let us congratulate ourselves upon having got out of the scrape so well!"

The two armies that desperately struggled for space on the road leading from the two battle-fields to Weimar hoped that there, at last, they would find rest. The generals expected that some arrangements would have been made to defend the place, give the broken battalions a chance to catch their breath, and at least get something to eat. But they were rudely disturbed in these calculations, and all night long under Goethe's window stormed the great army of uniformed tramps—cursing and crowding; pushed from behind; dragging themselves blindly along anywhere, so long as it was away from the French bayonets. Out in the open country beyond, the rabble plundered what it could not beg, and caught such snatches of sleep as even hunted men indulge in.

But on those two battle-fields the night was sadder still. There had been a long day's butchery—a killing-match between 100,000 Prussians and 80,000 Frenchmen. Cannon-balls and musket-balls had scattered the ground for miles with dead bodies, and, worse still, the thousands of helpless wounded. The French conquerors were no worse than others in the same position; they had no time to waste over the fallen; their business was to follow and finish the work of destruction. So forward galloped the cavalry; and after them chased the horse-artillery. Their path lay straight towards the flying enemy, and bad luck to the helpless bodies that squirmed and groaned in the furrows as the heavy wheels bumped and crashed over the ground! So ends the day of Jena. Whoever wishes to know more about it, let him consult the massive and authoritative work by Lettow-Vorbeck, a retired German colonel.

The lesson of this day ought to be treasured by us who believe in personal liberty and self-government. Here was an army of over 100,000 men, all professional soldiers; led by a King whose education was purely military; commanded by officers who knew nothing outside of the profession of arms. They fought on their own ground, in defence of their country; they were superior in cavalry, artillery, and infantry to the French. This army was completely defeated by an enemy which employed no novel method of warfare, which commanded no source of knowledge inaccessible to the Prussians. Napoleon conducted the French campaign, but he achieved his victory by acting upon principles of warfare common enough in his time. He had no "Napoleonic tactics"; in fact, he had no tactics at all. His troops had none but the old drill regulations of 1791, and even these were not uniformly applied. He let each general drill his troops much as he chose.

In fact, the closer Napoleon is studied the more do we see that he was great in his day because he was simple. When he determined to attack Prussia he gathered the largest number of troops together and marched straight upon Berlin. He took care that his men were well fed, while those of Prussia were sadly in want. He gave his men warm cloaks to

sleep in; the Prussians had none. He kept himself informed of the whereabouts and strength of his enemy, the Prussians did not. He kept his troops always in hand, so that when he determined on battle he could strike one hard blow instead of a series of weak ones. The Prussians did just the reverse. These features of Napoleon's behavior in war were not new to any one of that day who kept his eyes open. But the Prussian army was full of old men whose self-conceit made them blind. The American war (1776-1783) had demonstrated that citizen soldiers, led by enterprising men of practical sense, were more than a match for the regulars of the English King. Thirty thousand Germans had been sold into the service of the English in those seven years, of whom only about one-third returned from America. But these few were enough to warn their fellow-countrymen against the folly of marching in solid battalions against an enemy that scattered in skirmishing line. The Prussian generals were, however, too much puffed up with professional prejudice to learn the lesson taught by the farmers of America; it took a Jena to bring that lesson home.

The French learned more readily, because in their revolutionary armies necessity forced them to fight as best they could, with little reference to parade-ground tactics. Napoleon inherited this French Army of the Revolution, and with it the fighting methods of men who had been in America with Lafayette. Napoleon led his men with practical shrewdness and enterprise against obsolete tactics and muddle-headed generals. In the American war, Washington, at a much greater disadvantage, had made two English armies surrender. Napoleon is a genius only in the sense that Greene and Gates and Washington are also to be classed as such.

On the evening of October 14, 1806, the Prussian army, commanded by all that Prussia classed as aristocratic, had been converted into a mad mob. The most military state of Europe suddenly discovered that in the day of trial soldiers alone, even when led by officers of "noble blood," are a poor substitute for liberty-loving citizens capable of rapid organization.

ROSAMOND'S ROMANCE.

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

BELLOMONT—it was named after the old New York Governor—had been unknown to fame and coaching parties until Mrs. Dallison discovered it. One morning she had driven over from the neighboring "Springs," attracted thereto by the rumors of a gemlike lake lying hidden somewhere in that dull, dusty back country, and Bellomont was obscure no longer. Mrs. Dallison had been at once charmed with the quietness and quaintness of the village, and enraptured by the solemn beauty of the lake hidden in the pine woods. It was as she stood upon the soft yielding carpet that lay beneath the massive branches of the big pine-trees, through which the light seemed to stab its way in slender steely rays, and gazed down into the rich dark depths of the water, that she made her famous resolution to have a country house at once at that very spot.

We had been at Bellomont about two weeks—several of us had come up to see the Dallisons settled in the new place—when one morning Mrs. Dallison rode to the station with Cosmo Simms and myself to send a telegram. She jumped from her horse to the platform with a lightness that brought both her heels almost at the same time on the rough warped boards, and looked inquisitively about. There was no one in sight.

"I suppose it must be in there," she said, pointing to a door over which hung the dull blue sign with the white lettering of a Western Union Telegraph office.

In the narrow little pen cut off from the main "waiting-room," reading a book open on the table beside the telegraphic instrument, sat a young woman. She looked up as if startled when Mrs. Dallison appeared at the window of her den; then, with a certain diffident haste, rose and placed a pile of telegraph blanks on the ledge. Mrs. Dallison smiled with her usual friendliness through the narrow opening as she pushed the sheet on which she had scrawled her despatch across to the operator.

The young woman looked puzzled, then embarrassed.

"Could you—" she began, in a low soft voice, and then paused.

Hardly any stenographer could have followed Mrs. Dallison in her rapid utterance, and it is not astonishing that her pen, vainly trying to record her quickly succeeding fancies, should generally make rather illegible work of it.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Dallison, promptly, "can't you read it? I'm afraid I don't write plainly," and she rattled off: "'Reginald Tooms, Esq., Knickerbocker Club, Fifth Avenue, New York city. Must have best box at Horse Show. Dick says never mind price. Cannot be in town, and shall depend on you to get it. Come up as soon as you can. J. B. D.'"

Mrs. Dallison paid the money for the despatch, and slowly left the room.

"What a life," she said to us, "cooped up there all day! and the way she spoke showed that she has life enough in her. Oh, it's so much harder for girls now than it used to be! Once they didn't know anything, and now they know everything. Once they hardly knew enough to want what they did not have; now they know so much that as often as not what they have is no earthly use to them. Poor thing, I can see in that ugly, refined face of hers that she's not happy. Oh, how I pity poor girls who have no chance! I really must find out about her, and see if I can do anything."

Mrs. Dallison did "find out" about Rosamond Basset—for that she soon learned was her name—and the substance of what she discovered she imparted to me one morning as we walked to the stables.

Rosamond was entitled by birth and association to be ranked in her native place among its gentle-folk. Simon Basset was a surveyor, a real-estate agent, who, though he had never gathered unto himself fortune, had always lived in Bellomont, and acquired that authority that long residence so often gives. The small white house in which he dwelt—in which Rosamond had been born—was in the aristocratic quarter of the village, and he himself was one of the representative men of the place. It was not absolutely necessary for Rosamond to "earn her own living." Old Basset made more than enough to maintain the small establish-

ment. But Rosamond, it was understood, entertained advanced ideas, and although she was not what Bellomont ventured to call a "strong-minded woman," she believed that womankind owed it to themselves to do something in the world. She had learned telegraphing, and had occupied the post of operator at the station for three years at the time when Mrs. Dallison instituted her inquiries. For Rosamond Basset was not young—not young at least if years and a pink and white complexion are all that constitute youth—since it was true that if the blood still flowed warmly beneath her skin, there were a few small wrinkles above her eyes, and that if her hair still rippled prettily, it had grown darker and less lustrous.

"And," concluded Mrs. Dallison, "that girl is miserably unhappy. She is eating her heart out about something. And I am going to find out what it is. She interests me."

I was not present on every occasion, and much of what happened I must repeat from what was afterwards told me by my hostess. This is true of an interview that took place at the Basset mansion one warm autumn afternoon.

"Rosamond," said Mrs. Dallison, as she sat on the front porch, and with her chin on her hand and her elbow on her knee, gazed meditatively at the family cat, which lay in the soft late sunshine, "you are not satisfied. Now don't attempt to deny it, for you can't. I've not read many books in my life, but people are very clear, large print to me—and you are especially, my dear."

How great the intimacy had become may be inferred from Mrs. Dallison's use of her protégée's first name.

"I don't suppose," answered Rosamond, "that any one is quite contented. Why cannot I have my portion of discontent, just like any one else?"

"Because," said Mrs. Dallison, "you are taking more than your fair share. You have, you know, what is called an introspective nature."

Rosamond Basset laughed.

"Yes, you have," Mrs. Dallison maintained, very seriously; "you think about things—and you feel things."

"I'm sure," replied Rosamond, "there's little enough for me to think about, and still less to—feel."

"It doesn't make the least difference

in the world what is given to some people for the construction of their emotions—some women at least. Why, I know a number who if they had been set to make bricks without straw I believe they could have done it, they seem to get so much out of nothing. My dear, women are like storm-clouds: they go on absorbing things without their knowing or any one else knowing what is going on, and then some day there is rain and thunder and lightning, and every one wonders where it all comes from. My metaphors may be all mixed, but I'm not."

Rosamond laughed again, and she always laughed very pleasantly and easily. "You see, you know very little about my life," Rosamond went on. "I never have been pretty. If you only knew how hard it is for a woman to be plain."

"Thank you for the implied compliment; but then, you know, I never have been thought exactly a raving beauty."

"But you have so many other things," continued Rosamond, earnestly. "You—you"—and it was evident she could not express exactly what she meant—"you are so attractive—charming—all that."

"Thank you again."

"But I never have had—never can be anything but matter-of-fact and uninteresting."

"But you have ability, taste, education."

"Yes," replied Rosamond, as she leaned over and stroked the cat, which purred pleasantly.

"You very ungrateful creature!" said Mrs. Dallison.

"I suppose I am," sighed the girl; "but I want to have so much else." Then she added, desperately, "I don't seem really ever to have lived."

Mrs. Dallison did not speak.

"If I were only pretty," she continued, insistently, "I know it would be different. When I was a little girl I was like every one else. It is only since I have grown up that I have felt as I do. I am sure it is because I am not pretty."

She looked at Mrs. Dallison almost beseechingly, as if she sought in her, as a supreme power, reversal of popular judgment; but Mrs. Dallison was looking at the cat, and she continued, miserably:

"There does not seem anything for me to do. What I make for myself to do seems as unreal as all the rest, and as valueless. For years I have been trying to

educate myself, and what has been the result? I have only succeeded in widening the distance between myself and those whom I must see; have ended by making them hateful to me and myself hateful to them. There is not a man, woman, or child in the village who does not think that I am proud. Of what do they think I am proud, I wonder? And I, with my shyness, my awkwardness, and my ugliness, cannot remove the impression. Sometimes it seems as if I could not endure it; that I must run away and see if among people who have not known me always I cannot make a place. But then they would see me, and that would be an end of it all."

"But, Rosamond," remonstrated Mrs. Dallison, "you are really not homely; you are very, very refined-looking."

"Who ever sees me who would know that, or, knowing it, could care for it?" continued the girl, passionately. "Oh, sometimes I think that I am the most frightful-looking thing that ever existed; sometimes for weeks together I will not look at myself in the glass."

"You are too sensitive. You have become morbid. I was right in what I said about introspection. However, because the people about you have not the eyes to see, you must not imagine that all are blind."

"Do you think," demanded Rosamond, eagerly, "that there is any one that would ever think me good-looking?"

"What very embarrassing questions you ask!" said Mrs. Dallison, laughing.

"Do you?" insisted the girl.

"I think there are many who would find you very, *very* attractive."

"Really?" said Rosamond, delightedly.

"As much so as Milley Trensedale?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallison; "that vulgar little village thing with the lumpy figure?—*much more* so."

"Honestly?" asked the girl, with an intensity that in view of the matter seemed almost childish.

"Honestly," repeated Mrs. Dallison, smiling at the anxious woman before her.

Rosamond Basset walked rapidly to the gate, turned briskly, and came back up the path. "If I only had a chance—if I could only know some one without letting them see me. I'm sure then some one might like me."

"Rosamond," asked Mrs. Dallison, suddenly, "have you ever been in love?"

The blush that rose in the girl's face was as ominous and sombre as the glow of a conflagration on some heated midsummer night's sky.

"No," she said.

"Has no one ever loved you?" continued Mrs. Dallison, relentlessly.

With eyes that were motionless in their fixedness, the girl shortly shook her head from side to side.

"Has no one ever told you that he loved you?"

"Yes—one," she said, almost in a whisper; "but he lied; he thought me ugly too; he only wanted my money."

"And so you are an heiress?"

"I am rich for Bellomont," said Miss Basset, a little haughtily.

"Well, well, my dear," said Mrs. Dallison, as she arose. "Croesus would only be well-to-do nowadays, Cosmo Simms said at dinner last night. Everything's relative except relations. I've got to meet a grandaunt at the train, who is to stay three days. Pray for my soul, and send up the embroideries when you get ready."

And Mrs. Dallison, tripping down the path with its edging of box-trees, and through the gate that was chained and balled as if serving out a penal sentence, sprang into the trap in which I was waiting for her at the stepping-stone.

It was only a short time after this that Mrs. Dallison made another announcement.

"Do you know," she said, "that I really think I have discovered what is the matter with that girl? I understand now her unhappy looks, her indifferent tone, her general despondency."

"What is it?" asked Cosmo Simms, carelessly, for this was before we became really interested.

"I know it's a strange thing for one woman to say of another," admitted Mrs. Dallison, "but that girl is positively unhappy because she has no one with whom she can be in love."

Cosmo Simms nodded sagaciously.

"She is just languishing," went on Mrs. Dallison. "She has a great warm nature, and there is no chance for its exercise. She is in a most dangerous position. In her longing to be loved and to love—though she is perfectly ignorant what she feels—she could be made to believe almost anything. I am really very sorry for Rosamond; a girl who has not a lover hasn't got her rights, and Rosa-

mond never has had one. I am very much distressed and very anxious about her."

September had become October, and suddenly Rosamond Basset was a changed woman. It was no longer with dull and heavy steps that she paced the road from the station. There was a spring, a vigor, in her motions that no one had ever seen before. No longer did her head droop almost as if in shame, but with challenging erectness she met the gaze of all. No longer were her eyes heavy and sad, but, dancing with a new light, they shone joyously in what could only be supreme contentment. She looked younger, fresher, prettier. Any one could see the change, it was so sudden and so marked. Even the people in the village, slow as they were in the reception of new impressions, noticed the transformation. They did not understand it. The women said it was because she dressed better, the men because she was actually growing better-looking.

I myself, stranger as I was, could distinctly see an alteration in Miss Basset, and hardly recognized the animated and jubilant being I now beheld as the shrinking, despondent creature I had noticed bending over the telegraph instrument at the station during the first weeks of my stay. I had not been at first greatly interested in my hostess's "find," but from this time I was as excited about Rosamond as Mrs. Dallison herself.

"There can't be any doubt about it," said that lady to me one afternoon, as we let the ponies walk up the village hill, "Rosamond Basset *has* a sweetheart at last."

Yes, there could be no doubt about it; Rosamond Basset had a lover at last. Nothing else could account for the glad independence of her bearing, the almost defiant recklessness of her glance, the exultation of her tone. It seemed almost all that she could do not to cry aloud the fact that she was no longer unlike the other young women of the village—that she had some one who loved her too.

"But who he is, or what he is, or where he comes from," Mrs. Dallison said, "I cannot imagine."

Outwardly there was no alteration in the dull routine of Rosamond's life. She came; she went to and from the station; she sewed; she read with the same regu-

larity as of old—so Mrs. Dallison informed me. We never saw any one with her; we never heard that she was ever seen with any one; and assuredly if there had been any one in the place or any stranger from out the place who exhibited any signs of interest in Miss Basset, we should have heard of it, for Bellomont was not reticent, whatever else it might be. It was all very mysterious. Who was Rosamond's lover, and where did she see him? I became very curious about the matter. I know that Mrs. Dallison was really excited, and little by little the interest of the entire house party was aroused. Who was Rosamond Basset's lover? We discussed the matter eagerly, and tried in all possible ways to learn something that might help us. A little more and Cosmo Simms would have turned himself into an amateur detective and "shadowed" the poor girl in attempted satisfaction of our curiosity.

"The fact," said Cosmo, as he put down a glass of hock and Apollinaris one day at luncheon and looked defiantly around the table, "that this little, artless, fragrant episode of village life can have a charm for us, shows perhaps more clearly than anything else that cultivation is only intelligent simplification. For the educated and the unrefined there are necessary violent contrasts and extravagant actions; it is only the most thoroughly discriminating taste that can derive an emotion from slight causes."

There was a momentary silence, as there generally is after one of Cosmo's remarks.

This state of suspense lasted for some time, and our curiosity, instead of lessening, perceptibly increased. There is not much to do in the country, and a small interest is a great thing. All news was eagerly sought, and when, one noon, I met Mrs. Dallison entering the hall, I knew that something had been heard or had happened. She was really agitated. I could see it from the way in which she drew off her gloves.

"I've found it out at last," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"About Rosamond Basset's lover."

"Who is he?" I demanded, quickly.

"It is so strange and queer I hardly can realize it myself, although the way she told it must make any one understand how real it is to her."

"Where did she see him?"

"She has never seen him."

"How did she come to know him?"

"She doesn't know him—at least she has never exactly talked with him."

I gazed at Mrs. Dallison in amazement.

"Is he a disembodied spirit?" I asked.

"He might as well be, to all intents and purposes," she replied, with a short laugh. "Like all other great discoveries," she began, "mine was an accident. I went to the station alone to send a telegram. Rosamond was there, as usual. As I wrote, I heard that impertinent little machine go clicking away, and I watched the girl. It was a comedy without words. If ever a woman received a declaration of love, that woman did as she bent over that ugly little trip-hammer. If it had been some tender sentence whispered in her ear in some hidden nook while the moonlight fell through the interlaced branches, she could not have listened more shyly or appeared more tenderly confused. I was sure she was unconscious that I was there. Tack-tack-tack went the horrid thing, and she drank in every beat of it as if it had been the sweetest music.

"Why, Rosamond," I exclaimed, "what are you doing? What is the matter?"

"She always blushes very easily, but I do not think I ever saw a person turn so dully red. She breathed, too, almost as if the flood of color were some flush of sudden heat.

"Oh, Mrs. Dallison, did you hear? Could you understand?"

"No," I answered, "not the words, but the sense." I had the queerest feeling. It seemed as if I had intruded, and yet I could not accuse myself of being where I did not belong. Imagine interrupting a tête-à-tête when the parties were miles apart! Then she told me all about it. I could easily see that she was only too glad to have a chance to speak. It had been the strangest wooing imaginable—all telegraphic. How it had begun she could not tell herself, but first a word here and then a word there had slipped over the wires—a question and an answer—and then in the intervals of business more questions and answers, and at last they had fallen into regular conversation. It's only a side line, and they have plenty of time to talk. It was very pretty to see her. A girl who has carried a flirtation through a season in the most orthodox fashion could not have been more thoroughly natural than Rosamond as she told me her curious story. And she is in love;

I never saw any one more so. But the remarkable thing about it is that she talks about him as if she saw him constantly. She has thought so much about him that she seems to have made a mental picture of him, and the idea that he may not look as she fancies, I am sure, has not entered her head. I think she has decided what must be the color of his hair, the shape of his nose, and even the manner of his dress. I am sure she does not hear that metallic tick-tack at all, but a voice purely of her own imagining which she has given to him. It is a hopeless case of idealization. Heaven knows that girls idealize their lovers enough when they see the actual being before them, and that the awakening is sufficiently rude; but think what a shock must be in store for Rosamond!"

"Why does he not come to see her?"

"She will not let him. He is the operator up at the branch, and he is not far off, but she will not let him. You know that she realizes that she is not regularly pretty, and she fears to let him see her."

Mrs. Dallison sighed, and I whistled.

"It is a charming little romance," she resumed; "but the trouble with a romance is that it cannot keep going on. It is quite perfect, but how will it end?"

"Perhaps it may not be so bad, after all," I suggested.

"There is one thing we must do," said Mrs. Dallison, briskly, "and that is, we must find out what kind of a man he is."

"But how are we to do it?" I demanded, blankly.

"You are going to town in a day or two, and you must make inquiries and write to me."

"But you don't know his name."

"Yes, I do. She told me everything—everything. His name is Ballard Clemson."

On the evening of the second day I spent in town I despatched a letter to Mrs. Dallison, in which I said: "I have obtained without any difficulty the information you desired. Ballard Clemson is undoubtedly a thoroughly worthless creature. His habits are known to be of the worst, and his reputation generally is far from good. He is a skilful operator, having what almost amounts to a genius for telegraphy. He has been moved within the last few days to the main office here. No one in the place can 'take' or send words so rapidly as he can when he is himself; but his intemperance has told

upon his health, and he is physically a wreck. I am sorry I cannot send you more satisfactory news."

"Poor Rosamond!"

The afternoon was cold, dark, and rainy; indeed, at times the rain had changed to sleet and then to snow. It was the beginning of November now, and the autumn storms showed touches of severity that indicated the nearness of winter. Between the trees and in the ridges of the road there were little white drifts, but everything else was dull and black with the wet. The wind was rising too, and sighed mournfully among the branches of the swaying trees.

Rosamond Basset, in the early evening, was in her office in the fanciful fantastic station, and a knot of men were clustered about the small window. The day was election day, and, as several of us at the house had bets upon the result, we had come down to get the first returns. It was not one of the great national struggles, but only a State matter. Still, much depended on the result, both in immediate effect and with regard to future possibilities. It had been a "clean sweep," however, and the despatches that had come hurrying over the wire all indicated unmistakably from the first how the contest had "gone." "Tick-tick" went the telegraph instrument, with such rapidity that only Rosamond's practised ear could detect the difference in the pauses between the beats. As the messages came in she wrote the words on slips of paper and handed them to me.

"The General Press Bulletin," I had just read, "concedes that the State will go Republican by over forty thousand."

It was one of the many statements to the same effect that had been received from many sources, and no one paid very much attention to it.

Again the instrument began to rattle off its glib messages.

"The Republican State Committee announces—" Rosamond began to write.

Abruptly the instrument ceased its spirited click-clack.

Rosamond looked up.

"I cannot imagine what has happened," she said; "they have stopped sending."

There was silence in the little room, broken only by the roar of the wind through the trees. Five minutes passed.

"It's very strange," said Rosamond.

Suddenly the instrument began its sharp metallic clatter.

From the first beat, Rosamond bent eagerly forward. But as the machine continued its noise she did not write, but, leaning further forward, listened with strained attention. It lasted but a moment; then she half rose, pushing back her chair. The clack of the instrument went on, but Rosamond had fallen helplessly fainting to the floor.

All started forward.

"What is it?" asked the man next to me.

"I understand, and can tell you what it is," replied another. "The message that came was this: 'Ballard Clemson, regular operator, seized with hemorrhage while sending last message. Has been carried dying from the room. All ready, go ahead. The Republican State Committee announces—'"

It was still raining when Rosamond reached the city. She had never before been there alone. The crowd, the noise, the brilliant lights about the station, puzzled and bewildered her. If she had not been thoroughly mastered by one idea, she would have been confused and wholly disconcerted. However, with one thought in her mind, all that might happen—the multiplicity of confusing incidents—did not seriously disturb her. She felt that there was but one thing that she could do—that she should do; and with the end so clearly before her, the means of its attainment did not distress her. She, who had always been so shy and retiring, felt that she was equal to any encounter, prepared for any act of determination.

Rosamond knew where the main office of the company was, and thither she had determined to make her way as quickly as possible. She did not know, though, in what direction it lay; she did not even know the names of the streets, but she could ask her way; or, better still, a carriage would bear her more quickly and surely to her destination.

"Could you take me," she said to a hackman; with her usual timidity of manner, but with a very different feeling in her heart, "to the telegraph office on the corner of Cayuga and Chenango streets?"

The man glanced at her plain but tasteful dress, and with that power of appreci-

ation that experience of large cities gives to the most ignorant, recognized that the woman before him was entitled to respectful consideration.

"Certainly, miss," he said.

The carriage jolted heavily along the rough pavement of the business thoroughfares, drawn slowly by horses that had managed to acquire a gait that looked like a trot but which was hardly faster than a walk.

The building was all alight. Outside was a board, and, late as it was, the crowd was so dense that the hack could not make its way to the curb-stone.

"You'll have to get out and walk," said the driver, leaning over from his seat.

Rosamond opened the door.

"Am I to wait?" asked the man.

"Yes," she answered.

Slowly making her way, advancing whenever the restlessness of the throng permitted her to make a forward movement, stealing rather than pushing along, she finally reached the steps and entered the brilliantly lighted office. The place was crowded and tumultuous. Messenger-boys were hurrying out and in; people were coming and going with despatches. Rosamond did not heed them, but reached as rapidly as possible the window in the glass partition that crossed the room.

"Can you tell me," she said, "where Ballard Clemson lives?"

"Who's Ballard Clemson?" asked the man.

"One of the operators," she answered. "He's the one who was taken ill this afternoon."

"Don't know anything about him. They'll know upstairs, perhaps," he went on, noticing her evident distress, and rising as he spoke.

Again she was in the carriage, and again she was slowly driven over the uneven pavement. The driver brought up his horses before a row of low houses in one of those narrow streets, almost alleys, that are sometimes to be found connecting the broader thoroughfares in the crowded quarters of a town. Rosamond got out and mounted the few steps leading to the door.

"They must be gone to bed, miss," said the driver, after she had rung several times.

"Yes," she answered. She had a vague

idea that if he were dead there would be a crape on the door, but then she remembered that this must be a boarding-house, and the sudden joy she had at first felt at the thought that it was not there, slowly ebbed away.

"There's some one coming," said the man.

A light appeared in the uncurtained glass at the side of the door.

"Does Mr. Clemson live here?" she asked, as a tall thin woman with a candle stood before her.

"He did," answered the woman, severely, "but whether he's living at all now I couldn't tell you. He was took sick at his work this afternoon and carried to the hospital."

"What hospital?" gasped Rosamond.

"I suppose the City Hospital," replied the woman. "Be you one of his folks?"

But Rosamond had flown to the carriage, and with a hurried word to the coachman had shut the door.

The clean, quiet, dimly lighted room seemed more terrible to her than the stained, noisy, brilliant telegraph office, than the dingy dwelling.

"Yes," said the man in charge, in answer to her inquiries; "a patient by the name of Ballard Clemson was brought here this afternoon."

"Can—can I see him?" she asked.

"Are you a relative of his—one connected with his family?"

"No," she answered.

The man looked at her.

"I am only—a—a friend," she said.

"I have no authority to admit you; there must be an order; you must wait till morning."

"But he may die."

"My position is very difficult, but—my orders are very decided," said the man, doubtfully.

When Rosamond again became conscious she found herself in one of the beds in a ward of the City Hospital.

At first she was unable to understand where she was; then suddenly her journey and her quest came back to her.

"I have been ill?" she said, quickly.

"For ten days," answered the nurse; "but you are going to be well very soon."

"And no one has known where I have been?" she demanded.

"We did not know who you were, and nothing could be done."

"What will he think has happened to

me?" she half asked herself, thinking of her father at home. "And he—" she began.

The nurse had been told the story of her patient's appearance in the place, and turned quickly away.

"And he—" repeated Rosamond, rising on her elbow, as she saw the nurse understood. "You can tell me. I can bear it."

"He is dead," answered the woman, understanding she would be quieter if she were told the truth.

Rosamond did not speak for a moment.

"When did he die?" she asked, dully, at last.

"A week ago yesterday," answered the nurse. "The body was taken by his family to the village where he lived."

"And so she never saw him," said Mrs. Dallison, as she recounted to us the story of Rosamond's flight and search for the man she loved.

"And so Rosamond's romance was no romance, after all," I said.

"I do not agree with you," responded Cosmo Simms. "The tentative striving, even the fruitless aspirations of a nature are often most interesting and instructive. There is many a thought, many a fancy, many an emotion, so fine, so delicate, so evanescent, that it cannot possibly sustain itself for any length of time, and which never can be anything but a beginning. Beginnings are the most charming things in the world. Rosamond's story is a happy tragedy. She experienced the divinest emotion that falls to the lot of mortals here below, and her emotion never required translation into vulgar actuality. She is happier than if her romance had ended in a more common happiness—the world is enriched to her by the possession of an ideal that may never be tarnished, and she has found a rarer, surer possession—"

"Come to luncheon," I interrupted.

ALL-SOULS DAY.

BY ROSAMOND MARRIOTT-WATSON.

TO-DAY is theirs—the unforgotten dead—
 For strange and sweet communion set apart,
 When the strong, living heart
 Beats in the dissolute dust, the darkened bed,
 Rebuilds the form beloved, the vanished face,
 Relights the blown-out lamps o' the faded eyes,
 Touches the clay-bound lips to tenderest speech,
 Saying, "Awake—arise!"
 To-day the warm hands of the living reach
 To chafe the cold hands of the long-loved dead;
 Once more the lonely head
 Leans on a living breast, and feels the rain
 Of falling tears, and listens yet again
 To the dear voice—the voice that never in vain
 Could sound the old behest.

Each seeks his own to-day;—but, ah, not I—I enter not
 That sacred shrine beneath the solemn sky;
 I claim no commerce with the unforgotten.

My thoughts and prayers must be
 Even where mine own fixed lot hereafter lies,
 With that great company
 For whom no wandering breeze of memory sighs
 Through the dim prisons of imperial Death:
 They in the black, unfathomed oubliette
 For ever and ever set—
 They, the poor dead whom none remembereth.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

WE rested and otherwise refreshed ourselves two or three hours at Gien, but by that time the news was abroad that the young girl commissioned of God to deliver France was come; wherefore such a press of people flocked to our quarters to get sight of her that it seemed best to seek a quieter place, so we pushed on and halted at a small village called Fierbois.

We were now within six leagues of the King, who was at the castle of Chinon. Joan dictated a letter to him at once, and I wrote it. In it she said she had come a hundred and fifty leagues to bring him good news, and begged the privilege of delivering it in person. She added that although she had never seen him she would know him in any disguise and would point him out.

The two knights rode away at once with the letter. The troop slept all the afternoon, and after supper we felt pretty fresh and fine, especially our little group of young Domremians. We had the comfortable tap-room of the village inn to ourselves, and for the first time in ten unspeakably long days were exempt from bodings and terrors and hardships and fatiguing labors. The Paladin was suddenly become his ancient self again, and was swaggering up and down, a very monument of self-complacency. Noël Rainguesson said—

“I think it is wonderful, the way he has brought us through.”

“Who?” asked Jean d’Arc.

“Why, the Paladin.”

The Paladin seemed not to hear.

“What had he to do with it?” asked Pierre d’Arc.

“Everything. It was nothing but Joan’s confidence in his discretion that enabled her to keep up her heart. She could depend on us and on herself for valor, but discretion is the winning thing in war, after all; discretion is the rarest and loftiest of qualities, and he has got more of it than any other man in France

—more of it, perhaps, than any other sixty men in France.”

“Now you are getting ready to make a fool of yourself, Noël Rainguesson,” said the Paladin, “and you want to coil some of that long tongue of yours around your neck and stick the end of it in your ear, then you’ll be the less likely to get into trouble.”

“I didn’t know he had more discretion than other people,” said Pierre, “for discretion argues brains, and he hasn’t any more brains than the rest of us, in my opinion.”

“No, you are wrong there. Discretion hasn’t anything to do with brains; brains are an obstruction to it, for it does not reason, it feels. Perfect discretion means absence of brains. Discretion is a quality of the heart—solely a quality of the heart; it acts upon us through feeling. We know this because if it were an intellectual quality it would only perceive a danger, for instance, where a danger exists; whereas—”

“Hear him twaddle—the damned idiot!” muttered the Paladin.

“—whereas, it being purely a quality of the heart, and proceeding by feeling, not reason, its reach is correspondingly wider and sublimer, enabling it to perceive and avoid dangers that haven’t any existence at all; as for instance that night in the fog, when the Paladin took his horse’s ears for hostile lances and got off and climbed a tree—”

“It’s a lie! a lie without shadow of foundation, and I call upon you all to beware how you give credence to the malicious inventions of this ramshackle slander-mill that has been doing its best to destroy my character for years, and will grind up your own reputations for you, next. I got off to tighten my saddle girth—I wish I may die in my tracks if it isn’t so—and whoever wants to believe it can, and whoever don’t, can let it alone.”

“There, that is the way with him, you see; he never can discuss a theme temperately, but always flies off the handle

* Begun in April number, 1895.

and becomes disagreeable. And you notice his defect of memory. He remembers getting off his horse, but forgets all the rest, even the tree. But that is natural; he would remember getting off the horse, because he was so used to doing it. He always did it when there was an alarm and the clash of arms at the front."

"Why did he choose that time for it?" asked Jean.

"I don't know. To tighten up his girth, *he* thinks; to climb a tree, *I* think. I saw him climb nine trees in a single night."

"You saw nothing of the kind! A person that can lie like that deserves no one's respect. I ask you all to answer me. Do you believe what this reptile has said?"

All seemed embarrassed, and only Pierre replied. He said, hesitatingly—

"I—well, I hardly know what to say. It is a delicate situation. It seems offensive to refuse to believe a person when he makes so direct a statement, and yet I am obliged to say, rude as it may appear, that I am not able to believe the whole of it—no, I am not able to believe that you climbed nine trees."

"There!" cried the Paladin; "now what do you think of yourself, Noël Rainguesson? How many do you believe I climbed, Pierre?"

"Only eight."

The laughter that followed inflamed the Paladin's anger to white heat, and he said—

"I bide my time—I bide my time. I will reckon with you all, I promise you that!"

"Don't get him started," Noël pleaded; "he is a perfect lion when he gets started. I saw enough to teach me that, after the third skirmish. After it was over I saw him come out of the bushes and attack a dead man single-handed."

"It is another lie; and I give you fair warning that you are going too far. You will see me attack a live one, if you are not careful."

"Meaning me, of course. This wounds me more than any number of injurious and unkind speeches could do. Ingratitude to one's benefactor—"

"Benefactor? What do I owe you, I should like to know?"

"You owe me your life. I stood between the trees and the foe, and kept

hundreds and thousands of the enemy at bay when they were thirsting for your blood. And I did not do it to display my daring, I did it because I loved you and could not live without you."

"There—you have said enough! I will not stay here to listen to these infamies. I can endure your lies, but not your love. Keep that corruption for somebody with a stronger stomach than mine. And I want to say this, before I go. That you people's small performances might appear the better and win you the more glory, I hid my own deeds through all the march. I went always to the front, where the fighting was thickest, to be remote from you, in order that you might not see and be discouraged by the things I did to the enemy. It was my purpose to keep this a secret in my own breast, but you force me to reveal it. If you ask for my witnesses, yonder they lie, on the road we have come. I found that road mud, I paved it with corpses. I found that country sterile, I fertilized it with blood. Time and again I was urged to go to the rear because the command could not proceed on account of my dead. And yet you, you miscreant, accuse me of climbing trees! Pah!"

And he strode out, with a lofty air, for the recital of his imaginary deeds had already set him up again and made him feel good.

Next day we mounted and faced toward Chinon. Orleans was at our back, now, and close by, lying in the strangling grip of the English; soon, please God, we would face about and go to her relief. From Gien the news had spread to Orleans that the peasant Maid of Vaucouleurs was on her way, divinely commissioned to raise the siege. The news made a great excitement and raised a great hope—the first breath of hope those poor souls had breathed in five months. They sent commissioners at once to the King to beg him to consider this matter, and not throw this help lightly away. These commissioners were already at Chinon by this time.

When we were half-way to Chinon we happened upon yet one more squad of enemies. They burst suddenly out of the woods, and in considerable force, too; but we were not the apprentices we were ten or twelve days before; no, we were seasoned to this kind of adventure now; our hearts did not jump into our throats and

our weapons tremble in our hands. We had learned to be always in battle array, always alert, and always ready to deal with any emergency that might turn up. We were no more dismayed by the sight of those people than our commander was. Before they could form, Joan had delivered the order, "Forward!" and we were down upon them with a rush. They stood no chance; they turned tail and scattered, we ploughing through them as if they had been men of straw. That was our last ambushade, and it was probably laid for us by that treacherous rascal the King's own minister and favorite, De la Tremouille.

We housed ourselves in an inn, and soon the town came flocking to get a glimpse of the Maid.

Ah, the tedious King and his tedious people! Our two good knights came presently, their patience well wearied, and reported. They and we reverently stood—as becomes persons who are in the presence of Kings and the superiors of Kings—until Joan, troubled by this mark of homage and respect, and not content with it nor yet used to it, although we had not permitted ourselves to do otherwise since the day she prophesied that wretched traitor's death and he was straightway drowned, thus confirming many previous signs that she was indeed an ambassador commissioned of God, commanded us to sit; then the Sieur de Metz said to Joan:

"The King has got the letter, but they will not let us have speech with him."

"Who is it that forbids?"

"None forbids, but there be three or four that are nearest his person—schemers and traitors every one—that put obstructions in the way, and seek all ways, by lies and pretexts, to make delay. Chiefest of these are Georges de la Tremouille and that plotting fox the Archbishop of Rheims. While they keep the King idle and in bondage to his sports and follies, they are great and their importance grows; whereas if ever he assert himself and rise and strike for crown and country like a man, their reign is done. So they but thrive they care not if the crown go to destruction and the King with it."

"You have spoken with others besides these?"

"Not of the Court, no—the Court are the meek slaves of those reptiles, and watch their mouths and their actions,

acting as they act, thinking as they think, saying as they say: wherefore they are cold to us, and turn aside and go another way when we appear. But we have spoken with the Commissioners from Orleans. They said with heat: 'It is a marvel that any man in such desperate case as is the King can moon around in this torpid way, and see his all go to ruin without lifting a finger to stay the disaster. What a most strange spectacle it is! Here he is, shut up in this wee corner of the realm like a rat in a trap; his royal shelter this huge gloomy tomb of a castle, with wormy rags for upholstery and crippl'd furniture for use, a very house of desolation; in his treasury forty francs, and not a farthing more, God be witness! no army, nor any shadow of one; and by contrast with this hungry poverty you behold this crownless pauper and his shoals of fools and favorites tricked out in the gaudiest silks and velvets you shall find in any Court in Christendom! And look you—he knows that when our city falls, as fall it surely will except succor come swiftly, *France* falls; he knows that when that day comes he will be an outlaw and a fugitive, and that behind him the English flag will float unchallenged over every acre of his great heritage; he knows these things, he knows that our faithful city is fighting all solitary and alone against disease, starvation, and the sword to stay this awful calamity, yet he will not strike one blow to save her, he will not hear our prayers, he will not even look upon our faces.' That is what the commissioners said, and they are in despair."

Joan said, gently—

"It is pity, but they must not despair. The Dauphin will hear them presently. Tell them so."

She almost always called the King the Dauphin. To her mind he was not King yet, not being crowned.

"We will tell them so, and it will content them, for they believe you come from God. The Archbishop and his confederate have for backer that veteran soldier Raoul de Gaucourt, Grand Master of the Palace, a worthy man but simply a soldier, with no head for any greater matter. He cannot make out to see how a country girl, ignorant of war, can take a sword in her small hand and win victories where the trained generals of France have looked for defeats only, for fifty years—and

always found them. And so he lifts his frosty mustache and scoffs."

"When God fights it is but small matter whether the hand that bears His sword is big or little. He will perceive this in time. Is there none in that Castle of Chinon who favors us?"

"Yes, the King's mother-in-law, Yolande, Queen of Sicily, who is wise and good. She spoke with the Sieur Bertrand."

"She favors us, and she hates those others, the King's beguilers," said Bertrand. "She was full of interest, and asked a thousand questions, all of which I answered according to my ability. Then she sat thinking over these replies until I thought she was lost in a dream and would wake no more. But it was not so. At last she said, slowly, and as if she were talking to herself: 'A child of seventeen.... a girl.... country bred.... untaught.... ignorant of war, the use of arms, and the conduct of battles.... modest, gentle, shrinking.... yet throws away her shepherd's crook and clothes herself in steel and fights her way through a hundred and fifty leagues of hostile territory, never losing heart or hope and never showing fear, and comes.... she to whom a King must be a dread and awful presence.... and will stand up before such a one and say, Be not afraid, God has sent me to save you! Ah, whence could come a courage and conviction so sublime as this *but* from very God Himself!' She was silent again awhile, thinking, and making up her mind, then she said: 'And whether she comes of God or no, there is that in her heart that raises her above men—high above all men that breathe in France to-day—for in her is that mysterious something that puts heart into soldiers and turns mobs of cowards into armies of fighters that forget what fear is when they are in that presence—fighters who go into battle with joy in their eyes and songs on their lips, and sweep over the field like a storm—that is the spirit that can save France, and that alone, come it whence it may! It is in her, I do truly believe, for what else could have borne up that child on that great march, and made her despise its dangers and fatigues? The King must see her face to face—and shall!' She dismissed me with those good words, and I know her promise will be kept. They will delay her all they can—those animals—but she will not fail, in the end."

"Would she were King!" said the other knight, fervently. "For there is little hope that the King himself can be stirred out of his lethargy. He is wholly without hope, and is only thinking of throwing away everything and flying to some foreign land. The commissioners say there is a spell upon him that makes him hopeless—yes, and that it is shut up in a mystery which they cannot fathom."

"I know the mystery," said Joan, with quiet confidence, "I know it, and he knows it, but no other but God. When I see him I will tell him a secret that will drive away his trouble, then he will hold up his head again."

I was miserable with curiosity to know what it was that she would tell him, but she did not say, and I did not expect she would. She was but a child, it is true; but she was not a chatterer to tell great matters and make herself important to little people; no, she was reserved, and kept things to herself, as the truly great always do.

The next day Queen Yolande got one victory over the King's keepers, for in spite of their protestations and obstructions she procured an audience for our two knights, and they made the most they could out of their opportunity. They told the King what a spotless and beautiful character Joan was, and how great and noble a spirit animated her, and they implored him to trust in her, believe in her, and have faith that she was sent to save France. They begged him to consent to see her. He was strongly moved to do this, and promised that he would not drop the matter out of his mind, but would consult with his council about it. This began to look encouraging. Two hours later there was a great stir below, and the innkeeper came flying up to say a commission of illustrious ecclesiastics was come from the King—from the King his very self, understand!—think of this vast honor to his humble little hostelry!—and he was so overcome with the glory of it that he could hardly find breath enough in his excited body to put the facts into words. They were come from the King to speak with the Maid of Vaucouleurs. Then he flew down stairs, and presently appeared again, backing into the room and bowing to the ground with every step, in front of four imposing and austere bishops and their train of servants.

Joan rose, and we all stood. The bish-

ops took seats, and for a while no word was said, for it was their prerogative to speak first, and they were so astonished to see what a child it was that was making such a noise in the world and degrading personages of their dignity to the base function of ambassadors to her in her plebeian tavern, that they could not find any words to say, at first. Then presently their spokesman told Joan they were aware that she had a message for the King, wherefore she was now commanded to put it into words, briefly and without waste of time or embroideries of speech.

As for me, I could hardly contain my joy—our message was to reach the King at last! And there was the same joy and pride and exultation in the faces of our knights, too, and in those of Joan's brothers. And I knew that they were all praying—as I was—that the awe which we felt in the presence of these great dignitaries, and which would have tied our tongues and locked our jaws, would not affect her in the like degree, but that she would be enabled to word her message well, and with little stumbling, and so make a favorable impression here, where it would be so valuable and so important.

Ah dear, how little we were expecting what happened then! We were aghast to hear her say what she said. She was standing in a reverent attitude, with her head down and her small hands clasped in front of her. When the spokesman had finished, she raised her head and set her calm eye on those faces, not any more disturbed by their state and grandeur than a princess would have been, and said, with all her ordinary simplicity and modesty of voice and manner—

"Ye will forgive me, reverend sirs, but I have no message save for the King's ear alone."

Those surprised men were dumb for a moment and their faces flushed darkly; then the spokesman said—

"Hark ye, do you fling the King's command in his face and refuse to deliver this message of yours to his servants appointed to receive it?"

"God has appointed one to receive it, and another's commandment may not take precedence of that. I pray you let me have speech of his grace the Dauphin."

"Forbear this folly, and come at your

message! Deliver it, and waste no more time about it!"

"You err indeed, most reverend fathers in God, and it is not well. I am not come hither to talk, but to deliver Orleans, and lead the Dauphin to his good city of Rheims, and set the crown upon his head."

"Is that the message you send to the King?"

But Joan only said, in the simple fashion which was her wont:

"Ye will pardon me for reminding you again—but I have no message to send to any one."

The King's messengers rose in deep anger and swept out of the place without further words, we and Joan kneeling as they passed.

Our countenances were vacant, our hearts full of a sense of disaster. Our precious opportunity was thrown away; we could not understand Joan's conduct, she who had been so wise until this fatal hour. At last the *Sieur Bertrand* found courage to ask her why she had let this great chance to get her message to the King go by.

"Who sent them here?" she asked.

"The King."

"Who moved the King to send them?"

She waited for an answer; none came, for we began to see what was in her mind—so she answered herself: "The Dauphin's council moved him to it. Are they enemies to me and to the Dauphin's weal, or are they friends?"

"Enemies."

"If one would have a message go sound and ungarbled, does one choose traitors and tricksters to send it by?"

I saw that we had been fools, and she wise. They saw it too, so none found anything to say. Then she went on—

"They had but small wit that contrived this trap. They thought to get my message and seem to deliver it straight, yet deftly twist it from its purpose. You know that one part of my message is but this—to move the Dauphin by argument and reasonings to give me men-at-arms and send me to the siege. If an enemy carried these in the right words, the exact words, and no word missing, yet left out the persuasions of gesture and supplicating tone and beseeching looks that inform the words and make them live, where were the value of that argument—whom could it convince? Be patient, the Dau-

phin will hear me presently; have no fear."

The Sieur de Metz nodded his head several times, and muttered as to himself—

"She was right and wise, and we are but dull fools, when all is said."

It was just my thought; I could have said it myself; and indeed it was the thought of all there present. A sort of awe crept over us, to think how that untaught girl, taken suddenly and unprepared, was yet able to penetrate the cunning devices of a King's trained advisers and defeat them. Marvelling over this, and astonished at it, we fell silent and spoke no more. We had come to know that she was great in courage, fortitude, endurance, patience, conviction, fidelity to all duties—in all things, indeed, that make a good and trusty soldier and perfect him for his post; now we were beginning to feel that maybe there were greatnesses in her brain that were even greater than these great qualities of the heart. It set us thinking.

What Joan did that day bore fruit the very day after. The King was obliged to respect the spirit of a young girl who could hold her own and stand her ground like that, and he asserted himself sufficiently to put his respect into an act instead of into polite and empty words. He moved Joan out of that poor inn, and housed her, with us her servants, in the Castle of Courdray, personally confiding her to the care of Madame de Bellier, wife of old Raoul de Gaucourt, Master of the Palace. Of course this royal attention had an immediate result; all the great lords and ladies of the Court began to flock there to see and listen to the wonderful girl soldier that all the world was talking about, and who had answered a King's mandate with a bland refusal to obey. Joan charmed them every one with her sweetness and simplicity and unconscious eloquence, and all the best and capablest among them recognized that there was an indefinable something about her that testified that she was not made of common clay, that she was built on a grander plan than the mass of mankind, and moved on a loftier plane. These spread her fame. She always made friends and advocates that way; neither the high nor the low could come within the sound of her voice and the sight of her face and go out of her presence indifferent.

CHAPTER VI.

WELL, anything to make delay. The King's council advised him against arriving at a decision in our matter too precipitately. *He* arrive at a decision too precipitately! So they sent a committee of priests—always priests—into Lorraine to inquire into Joan's character and history—a matter which would consume several weeks, of course. You see how fastidious they were. It was as if a person should come to put out the fire when a man's house was burning down, and they waited till they could send into another country to find out if he had always kept the Sabbath or not, before letting him try.

So the days poked along; dreary for us young people in some ways, but not in all, for we had one great anticipation in front of us; we had never seen a king, and now some day we should have that prodigious spectacle to see and to treasure in our memories all our lives; so we were on the lookout, and always eager and watching for the chance. The others were doomed to wait longer than I, as it turned out. One day great news came—the Orleans commissioners, with Yolande and our knights, had at last turned the council's position and persuaded the King to see Joan.

Joan received the immense news gratefully but without losing her head, but with us others it was otherwise; we could not eat or sleep or do any rational thing for the excitement and the glory of it. During two days our pair of noble knights were in distress and trepidation on Joan's account, for the audience was to be at night, and they were afraid that Joan would be so paralyzed by the glare of light from the long files of torches, the solemn pomps and ceremonies, the great concourse of renowned personages, the brilliant costumes, and the other splendors of the Court, that she, a simple country maid, and all unused to such things, would be overcome by these terrors and make a piteous failure.

No doubt I could have comforted them, but I was not free to speak. Would Joan be disturbed by this cheap spectacle, this tinsel show, with its small King and his butterfly dukelets?—she who had spoken face to face with the princes of heaven, the familiars of God, and seen their retinue of angels stretching back into the remotenesses of the sky, myriads upon

myriads, like a measureless fan of light, a glory like the glory of the sun streaming from each of those innumerable heads, the massed radiance filling the deeps of space with a blinding splendor? I thought not.

Queen Yolande wanted Joan to make the best possible impression upon the King and the court, so she was strenuous to have her clothed in the richest stuffs, wrought upon the princeliest pattern, and set off with jewels; but in that she had to be disappointed, of course, Joan not being persuadable to it, but begging to be simply and sincerely dressed, as became a servant of God, and one sent upon a mission of a serious sort and grave political import. So then the gracious Queen imagined and contrived that simple and witching costume which I have described to you so many times, and which I cannot think of even now in my dull age without being moved just as rhythmical and exquisite music moves one, for *that* was music, that dress—that is what it was—music that one saw with the eyes and felt in the heart. Yes, she was a poem, she was a dream, she was a spirit when she was clothed in that.

She kept that raiment always, and wore it several times upon occasions of state, and it is preserved to this day in the Treasury of Orleans, with two of her swords, and her banner, and other things now sacred because they had belonged to her.

At the appointed time the Count of Vendôme, a great lord of the court, came richly clothed, with his train of servants and assistants, to conduct Joan to the King, and the two knights and I went with her, being entitled to this privilege by reason of our official positions near her person.

When we entered the great audience hall, there it all was, just as I have already painted it. Here were ranks of guards in shining armor and with polished halberds; two sides of the hall were like flower-gardens for variety of color and the magnificence of the costumes; light streamed upon these masses of color from two hundred and fifty flambeaux. There was a wide free space down the middle of the hall, and at the end of it was a throne royally canopied, and upon it sat a crowned and sceptred figure nobly clothed and blazing with jewels.

It is true that Joan had been hindered

and put off a good while, but now that she was admitted to an audience at last, she was received with honors granted to only the greatest personages. At the entrance door stood four heralds in a row, in splendid tabards, with long slender silver trumpets at their mouths, with square silken banners depending from them embroidered with the arms of France. As Joan and the Count passed by, these trumpets gave forth in unison one long rich note, and as we moved down the hall under the pictured and gilded vaulting, this was repeated at every fifty feet of our progress—six times in all. It made our good knights proud and happy, and they held themselves erect, and stiffened their stride, and looked fine and soldierly. They were not expecting this beautiful and honorable tribute to our little country maid.

Joan walked two yards behind the Count, we three walked two yards behind Joan. Our solemn march ended when we were as yet some eight or ten steps from the throne. The Count made a deep obeisance, pronounced Joan's name, then bowed again and moved to his place among a group of officials near the throne. I was devouring the crowned personage with all my eyes, and my heart almost stood still with awe.

The eyes of all others were fixed upon Joan in a gaze of wonder which was half worship, and which seemed to say, "How sweet—how lovely—how divine!" All lips were parted and motionless, which was a sure sign that those people, who seldom forgot themselves, had forgotten themselves now, and were not conscious of anything but the one object they were gazing upon. They had the look of people who are under the enchantment of a vision.

Then they presently began to come to life again, rousing themselves out of the spell and shaking it off as one drives away little by little a clinging drowsiness or intoxication. Now they fixed their attention upon Joan with a strong new interest of another sort; they were full of curiosity to see what she would do—they having a secret and particular reason for this curiosity. So they watched. This is what they saw:

She made no obeisance, nor even any slight inclination of her head, but stood looking toward the throne in silence. That was all there was to see, at present.

I glanced up at De Metz, and was shocked at the paleness of his face. I whispered and said—

"What is it, man, what is it!"

His answering whisper was so weak I could hardly catch it—

"They have taken advantage of the hint in her letter to play a trick upon her! She will err, and they will laugh at her. That is not the King that sits there!"

Then I glanced at Joan. She was still gazing steadfastly toward the throne, and I had the curious fancy that even her shoulders and the back of her head expressed bewilderment. Now she turned her head slowly, and her eye wandered along the lines of standing courtiers till it fell upon a young man who was very quietly dressed, then her face lighted joyously, and she ran and threw herself at his feet, and clasped his knees, exclaiming in that soft melodious voice which was her birthright and was now charged with deep and tender feeling—

"God of His grace give you long life, O dear and gentle Dauphin!"

In his astonishment and exultation De Metz cried out—

"By the shadow of God, it is an amazing thing!" Then he mashed all the bones of my hand in his grateful grip, and added, with a proud shake of his mane, "*Now* what have these painted infidels to say!"

Meantime the young person in the plain clothes was saying to Joan—

"Ah, you mistake, my child, I am not the King. There he is," and he pointed to the throne.

The knight's face clouded, and he muttered in grief and indignation—

"Ah, it is a shame to use her so. But for this lie she had gone through safe. I will go and proclaim to all the house what—"

"Stay where you are!" whispered I and the *Sieur Bertrand* in a breath, and made him stop in his place.

Joan did not stir from her knees, but still lifted her happy face toward the King, and said—

"No, gracious liege, you are he, and none other!"

De Metz's troubles vanished away, and he said—

"Verily, she was not guessing, she *knew*. Now, how could she know? It is a miracle. I am content, and will meddle no more, for I perceive that she is

equal to her occasions, having that in her head that cannot profitably be helped by the vacancy that is in mine."

This interruption of his lost me a remark or two of the other talk; however, I caught the King's next question:

"But tell me who you are, and what would you?"

"I am called Joan the Maid, and am sent to say that the King of Heaven wills that you be crowned and consecrated in your good city of Rheims, and be thereafter Lieutenant of the Lord of Heaven, who is King of France. And He willeth also that you set me at my appointed work and give me men-at-arms." After a slight pause she added, her eye lighting at the sound of her words, "For then will I raise the siege of Orleans and break the English power!"

The young monarch's amused face sobered a little when this martial speech fell upon that sick air like a breath blown from embattled camps and fields of war, and his trifling smile presently faded wholly away and disappeared. He was grave now, and thoughtful. After a little he waved his hand lightly, and all the people fell away and left those two by themselves in a vacant space. The knights and I moved to the opposite side of the hall and stood there. We saw Joan rise at a sign, then she and the King talked privately together.

All that host had been consumed with curiosity to see what Joan would do. Well, they had seen, and now they were full of astonishment to see that she had really performed that strange miracle according to the promise in her letter; and they were fully as much astonished to find that she was not overcome by the pomps and splendors about her, but was even more tranquil and at her ease in holding speech with a monarch than ever they themselves had been, with all their practice and experience.

As for our two knights, they were inflated beyond measure with pride in Joan, but nearly dumb, as to speech, they not being able to think out any way to account for her managing to carry herself through this imposing ordeal without ever a mistake or an awkwardness of any kind to mar the grace and credit of her great performance.

The talk between Joan and the King was long and earnest, and was held in low voices. We could not hear, but we

had our eyes and could note effects; and presently we and all the house noted one effect which was memorable and striking, and has been set down in memoirs and histories and in testimony at the Great Trial by some who witnessed it; for all knew it was big with meaning, though none knew what that meaning was at that time, of course. For suddenly we saw the King shake off his indolent attitude, and straighten up like a man, and at the same time look immeasurably astonished. It was as if Joan had told him something almost too wonderful for belief, and yet of a most uplifting and welcome nature.

It was long before we found out the secret of this conversation, but we know it now, and all the world knows it. That part of the talk was like this—as one may read in all histories. The perplexed King asked Joan for a sign. He wanted to believe in her and her mission, and that her Voices were supernatural and endowed with knowledge hidden from mortals, but how could he do this unless these Voices could prove their claim in some absolutely unassailable way? It was then that Joan said—

“I will give you a sign, and you shall no more doubt. There is a secret trouble in your heart which you speak of to none—a doubt which wastes away your courage, and makes you dream of throwing all away and fleeing from your realm. Within this little while you have been praying, in your own breast, that God of His grace would resolve that doubt, even if the doing of it must show you that no kingly right is lodged in you.”

It was that that amazed the King, for it was as she had said: his prayer was the secret of his own breast, and none but God could know about it. So he said—

“The sign is sufficient. I know, now, that these Voices are of God. They have said true in this matter; if they have said more, tell it me—I will believe.”

“They have resolved that doubt, and I bring their very words, which are these: Thou art lawful heir to the King thy father, and true heir of France. God has spoken it. Now lift up thy head, and doubt no more, but give me men-at-arms and let me get about my work.”

Telling him he was of lawful birth was what straightened him up and made a man of him for a moment, removing his doubts upon that head and convincing

him of his royal right; and if any could have hanged his hindering and pestiferous council and set him free, he would have answered Joan’s prayer and set her in the field. But no, those creatures were only checked, not checkmated; they could invent some more delays.

We had been made proud by the honors which had so distinguished Joan’s entrance into that place—honors restricted to personages of very high rank and worth—but that pride was as nothing compared with the pride we had in the honor done her upon leaving it. For whereas those first honors were shown only to the great, these last, up to this time, had been shown only to the royal. The King himself led Joan by the hand down the great hall to the door, the glittering multitude standing and making reverence as they passed, and the silver trumpets sounding those rich notes of theirs. Then he dismissed her with gracious words, bending low over her hand and kissing it. Always—from all companies, high or low—she went forth richer in honor and esteem than when she came.

And the King did another handsome thing by Joan, for he sent us back to Courdray Castle torch-lighted and in state, under escort of his own troop—his guard of honor—the only soldiers he had; and finely equipped and bedizened they were, too, though they hadn’t seen the color of their wages since they were children, as a body might say. The wonders which Joan had been performing before the King had been carried all around by this time, so the road was so packed with people who wanted to get a sight of her that we could hardly dig through; and as for talking together, we couldn’t, all attempts at talk being drowned in the storm of shoutings and huzzas that broke out all along as we passed, and kept abreast of us like a wave the whole way.

CHAPTER VII.

WE were doomed to suffer tedious waits and delays, and we settled ourselves down to our fate and bore it with a dreary patience, counting the slow hours and the dull days and hoping for a turn when God should please to send it. The Paladin was the only exception—that is to say, he was the only one who was happy and had no heavy times. This was partly owing to the satisfaction he

got out of his clothes. He bought them when he first arrived. He bought them at second hand—a Spanish cavalier's complete suit, wide-brimmed hat with flowing plumes, lace collar and cuffs, faded velvet doublet and trunks, short cloak hung from the shoulder, funnel-topped buskins, long rapier, and all that—a graceful and picturesque costume, and the Paladin's great frame was the right place to hang it for effect. He wore it when off duty; and when he swaggered by with one hand resting on the hilt of his rapier, and twirling his new mustache with the other, everybody stopped to look and admire; and well they might, for he was a fine and stately contrast to the small French gentleman of the day squeezed into the trivial French costume of the time.

He was king bee of the little village that snuggled under the shelter of the frowning towers and bastions of Courdray Castle, and acknowledged lord of the tap-room of the inn. When he opened his mouth there, he got a hearing. Those simple artisans and peasants listened with deep and wondering interest; for he was a traveller and had seen the world—all of it that lay between Chinon and Domremy, at any rate—and that was a wide stretch more of it than they might ever hope to see; and he had been in battle, and knew how to paint its shock and struggle, its perils and surprises, with an art that was all his own. He was cock of that walk, hero of that hostelry; he drew custom as honey draws flies; so he was the pet of the innkeeper, and of his wife and daughter, and they were his obliged and willing servants.

Most people who have the narrative gift—that great and rare endowment—have with it the defect of telling their choice things over the same way every time, and this injures them and causes them to sound stale and wearisome after several repetitions; but it was not so with the Paladin, whose art was of a finer sort; it was more stirring and interesting to hear him tell about a battle the tenth time than it was the first time, because he did not tell it twice the same way, but always made a new battle of it and a better one, with more casualties on the enemy's side each time, and more general wreck and disaster all around, and more widows and orphans and suffering in the neighborhood where it happened. He could

not tell his battles apart himself, except by their names; and by the time he had told one of them ten times he had to lay it aside and start a new one in its place, because it had grown so that there wasn't room enough in France for it any more, but was lapping over the edges. But up to that point the audience would not allow him to substitute a new battle, knowing that the old ones were the best, and sure to improve as long as France could hold them; and so, instead of saying to him as they would have said to another, "Give us something fresh, we are fatigued with that old thing," they would say, with one voice and with a strong interest, "Tell about the surprise at Beaulieu again—tell it three or four times!" That is a compliment which few narrative experts have heard in their lifetime.

At first when the Paladin heard us tell about the glories of the Royal Audience he was broken-hearted because he was not taken with us to it; next, his talk was full of what he would have done if he had been there; and within two days he was telling what he *did* do when he *was* there. His mill was fairly started, now, and could be trusted to take care of its affair. Within three nights afterward all his battles were taking a rest, for already his worshippers in the tap-room were so infatuated with the great tale of the Royal Audience that they would have nothing else, and so besotted with it were they that they would have cried if they could not have gotten it.

Noël Rainguesson hid himself and heard it, and came and told me, and after that we went together to listen, bribing the inn hostess to let us have her little private parlor, where we could stand at the wickets in the door and see and hear.

The tap-room was large, yet had a snug and cozy look, with its inviting little tables and chairs scattered irregularly over its red brick floor, and its great fire flaming and crackling in the wide chimney. It was a comfortable place to be in on such chilly and blustering March nights as these, and a goodly company had taken shelter there, and were sipping their wine in contentment and gossiping one with another in a neighborly way while they waited for the historian.

The host, the hostess, and their pretty daughter were flying here and there and yonder among the tables and doing their



JOAN DISCOVERS THE DISGUISED KING.

best to keep up with the orders. The room was about forty feet square, and a space or aisle down the centre of it had been kept vacant and reserved for the Paladin's needs. At the end of it was a platform ten or twelve feet wide, with a big chair and a small table on it, and three steps leading up to it.

Among the wine-sippers were many familiar faces: the cobbler, the farrier, the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the armorer, the maltster, the weaver, the baker, the miller's man with his dusty coat, and so on; and conspicuous and important, as a matter of course, was the barber-surgeon, for he is that in all villages. As he has to pull everybody's teeth, and purge and bleed all the grown people once a month to keep their health sound, he knows everybody, and by constant contact with all sorts of folk becomes a master of etiquette and manners and a conversationalist of large facility. There were plenty of carriers, drovers, and their sort, and journeymen artisans.

When the Paladin presently came sauntering indolently in, he was received with a cheer, and the barber bustled forward and greeted him with several low and most graceful and courtly bows, also taking his hand and touching his lips to it. Then he called in a loud voice for a stoup of wine for the Paladin, and when the host's daughter brought it up on to the platform and dropped her courtesy and departed, the barber called after her, and told her to add the wine to his score. This won him ejaculations of approval, which pleased him very much and made his little rat eyes shine; and such applause is right and proper, for when we do a liberal and gallant thing it is but natural that we should wish to see notice taken of it.

The barber called upon the people to rise and drink the Paladin's health, and they did it with alacrity and affectionate heartiness, clashing their metal flagons together with a simultaneous crash, and heightening the effect with a resounding cheer. It was a fine thing to see how that young swashbuckler had made himself so popular in a strange land in so little a while, and without other helps to his advancement than just his tongue and the talent to use it given him by God—a talent which was but one talent in the beginning, but was now become ten through husbandry and the increment

and usufruct that do naturally follow that and reward it as by a law.

The people sat down and began to hammer on the tables with their flagons and call for "the King's Audience! the King's Audience! the King's Audience!" The Paladin stood there in one of his best attitudes, with his plumed great hat tipped over to the left, the folds of his short cloak drooping from his shoulder, and the one hand resting upon the hilt of his rapier and the other lifting his beaker. As the noise died down he made a stately sort of a bow, which he had picked up somewhere, then fetched his beaker with a sweep to his lips and tilted his head back and drained it to the bottom. The barber jumped for it and set it upon the Paladin's table. Then the Paladin began to walk up and down his platform with a great deal of dignity and quite at his ease; and as he walked he talked, and every little while stopped and stood facing his house, and so standing continued his talk.

We went three nights in succession. It was plain that there was a charm about the performance that was apart from the mere interest which attaches to lying. It was presently discoverable that this charm lay in the Paladin's sincerity. He was not lying consciously; he believed what he was saying. To him, his initial statements were facts, and whenever he enlarged a statement, the enlargement became a fact too. He put his heart into his extravagant narrative, just as a poet puts his heart into a heroic fiction, and his earnestness disarmed criticism—disarmed it as far as he himself was concerned. Nobody believed his narrative, but all believed that he believed it.

He made his enlargements without flourish, without emphasis, and so casually that often one failed to notice that a change had been made. He spoke of the governor of Vaucouleurs, the first night, simply as the governor of Vaucouleurs; he spoke of him the second night as his uncle the governor of Vaucouleurs; the third night he was his father. He did not seem to know that he was making these extraordinary changes; they dropped from his lips in a quite natural and effortless way. By his first night's account the governor merely attached him to the Maid's military escort in a general and unofficial way; the second night his uncle the governor sent him with the Maid as lieutenant of her rear-guard; the third

night his father the governor put the whole command, Maid and all, in his especial charge. The second night his uncle the governor spoke of him as the latest and worthiest lineal descendant of the chiefest and noblest of the Twelve Paladins of Charlemagne; the third night he spoke of him as the lineal descendant of the whole dozen. In three nights he promoted the Count of Vendôme from a fresh acquaintance to schoolmate, and then brother-in-law.

At the King's Audience everything grew, in the same way. First the four silver trumpets were twelve, then thirty-five, finally ninety-six; and by that time he had thrown in so many drums and cymbals that he had to lengthen the hall from five hundred feet to nine hundred to accommodate them. Under his hand the people present multiplied in the same large way.

The first two nights he contented himself with merely describing and exaggerating the chief dramatic incident of the Audience, but the third night he added illustration to description. He throned the barber in his own high chair to represent the sham King, then he told how the Court watched the Maid with intense interest and suppressed merriment, expecting to see her fooled by the deception and get herself swept permanently out of credit by the storm of scornful laughter which would follow. He worked this scene up till he got his house in a burning fever of excitement and anticipation, then came his climax. Turning to the barber, he said:

"But mark you what she did. She gazed steadfastly upon that sham's villain face as I now gaze upon yours—this being her noble and simple attitude, just as I stand now—then turned she—thus—to me, and stretching her arm out—so—and pointing with her finger, she said, in that firm calm tone which she was used to use in directing the conduct of a battle, 'Pluck me this false knave from the throne!' I, striding forward as I do now, took him by the collar and lifted him out and held him aloft—thus—as if he had been but a child." (The house rose, shouting, stamping, and banging with their flagons, and went fairly mad over this magnificent exhibition of strength—and there was not the shadow of a laugh anywhere, though the spectacle of the limp but proud barber hanging there in the

air like a puppy held by the scruff of its neck was a thing that had nothing of solemnity about it.) "Then I set him down upon his feet—thus—being minded to get him by a better hold and heave him out of the window, but she bid me forbear, so by that error he escaped with his life.

"Then she turned her about and viewed the throng with those eyes of hers, which are the clear-shining windows whence her immortal wisdom looketh out upon the world, resolving its falsities and coming at the kernel of truth that is hid within them, and presently they fell upon a young man modestly clothed, and him she proclaimed for what he truly was, saying, 'I am thy servant—thou art the King.' Then all were astonished, and a great shout went up, the whole six thousand joining in it, so that the walls rocked with the volume and the tumult of it!"

He made a fine and picturesque thing of the march-out from the Audience, augmenting the glories of it to the last limit of the impossibilities; then he took from his finger and held up a brass nut from a bolt-head which the head ostler at the castle had given him that morning, and made his conclusion—thus:

"Then the King dismissed the Maid most graciously—as indeed was her desert—and turning to me, said, 'Take this signet-ring, son of the Paladins, and command me with it in your day of need; and look you,' said he, touching my temple, 'preserve this brain, France has use for it; and look well to its casket also, for I foresee that it will be hooped with a ducal coronet one day.' I took the ring, and knelt and kissed his hand, saying, 'Sire, where glory calls, there will I be found; where danger and death are thickest, that is my native air; when France and the throne need help—well, I say nothing, for I am not of the talking sort—let my deeds speak for me, it is all I ask.'

"So ended that most fortunate and memorable episode, so big with future weal for the crown and the nation, and unto God be the thanks! Rise! Fill your flagons! Now—to France and the King—drink!"

They emptied them to the bottom, then burst into cheers and huzzas, and kept it up as much as two minutes, the Paladin standing at stately ease the while and smiling benignantly from his platform.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEAR-CHASING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

MR. MONTAGUE STEVENS is an Englishman who for the most part attends to the rounding up of his cattle, which are scattered over the northwestern quarter of New Mexico; but he does not let that interfere with the time which all Englishmen set duly apart to be devoted to sport. His door-yard is some hundreds of miles of mountain wilderness and desolate mesa—a more gorgeous preserve than any king ever dreamed of possessing for his pleasure—with its plains dotted with antelope, and its mountains filled with cougar, deer, bear, and wild turkeys. The white race has given up the contest with nature in those parts, and it has reverted to the bear, the Navajo, and Mr. Stevens, land grants, corrals, cabins, brands, and all else.

General Miles was conducting a military observation of the country, which is bound to be the scene of any war which the Apaches or Navajos may make, and after a very long day's march, during which we had found but one water, and that was a pool of rain-water, stirred into mud and full of alkali, where we had to let our horses into the muddy stuff at the ends of our lariats, we had at last found a little rivulet and some green grass. The coffee-pot bubbled and the frying-pan hissed, while I smoked, and listened to a big escort-wagon-driver who was repairing his lash, and saying, softly, "Been drivin' a bloody lot of burros for thirty years, and don't know enough to keep a whip out of a wheel; guess I'll go to jack-punchin', 'nen I kin use a dry club."

Far down the valley a little cloud of dust gleamed up against the gray of the mountains, and presently the tireless stride of a pony shone darkly in its luminous midst. Nearer and nearer it grew—the flying tail, the regular beating of the hoofs, the swaying figure of the rider, and the left sleeve of the horseman's coat flapping purposelessly about. He crossed the brook with a splash, trotted, and, with a jerk, pulled up in our midst. Mr. Stevens is a tall, thin young man, very much bronzed, and with the set, serious face of an Englishman. He wore corduroy clothes, and let himself out of his saddle with one hand, which he also presented in greeting, the other having

been sacrificed to his own shot-gun on some previous occasion. Mr. Stevens brought with him an enthusiasm for bear which speedily enveloped the senses of our party, and even crowded out from the mind of General Miles the nobler game which he had affected for thirty years.

The steady cultivation of one subject for some days is bound to develop a great deal of information, and it is with difficulty that I refrain from herein setting down facts which can doubtless be found in any good encyclopædia or natural history; but the men in the mountains never depart from the consideration of that and one other subject, which is brands, and have reached some strange conclusions, the strangest being that the true Rocky Mountain grizzly is only seen once in a man's lifetime, and that the biggest one they ever heard of leaves his tracks in this district, and costs Mr. Stevens, roughly estimating, about \$416 a year to support, since that about covers the cattle he kills.

At break of day the officers, cavalrymen, escort wagons, and pack-train toiled up the Cañon Largo to Mr. Stevens's camp, which was reached in good time, and consisted of a regular ranchman's grub-wagon, a great many more dogs of more varieties than I could possibly count, a big Texan, who was cook, and a professional bear-hunter by the name of Cooper, who had recently departed from his wonted game for a larger kind, with the result that after the final deal a companion had passed a .45 through Mr. Cooper's face and filled it with powder, and brought him nigh unto death, so that even now Mr. Cooper's head was swathed in bandages, and his mind piled with regrets that he had on at the time an overcoat, which prevented him from drawing his gun with his usual precision. Our introduction to the outfit was ushered in by a most magnificent free-for-all dog-fight; and when we had carefully torn the snarling, yelling, biting mass apart by the hind legs and staked them out to surrounding trees, we had time to watch Mr. Cooper draw diagrams of bear paws in the dust with a stick. These tracks he had just discovered up the Largo Cañon, and he averred that the bear was a grizzly, and weighed

"GONE AWAY."



eighteen hundred pounds, and that he had been there two years, and that all the boys had hunted him, but that he was a sad old rascal.

After lunch we pulled on up the cañon and camped. The tents were pitched and

Mr. Cooper, whose only visible eye rolled ominously, and Dan, the S. U. foreman, with another puncher.

"He's usin' here," said Cooper. "That's his track, and there's his work," pointing up the hill-side, where lay the dead body



CROSSING A DANGEROUS PLACE.

the cooks busy, when I noticed three cowboys down the stream and across the cañon who were alternately leading their horses and stooping down in earnest consultation over some tracks on the ground. We walked over to them. There were

of a five-year-old cow. We drew near her, and there was the tale of a mighty struggle all written out more eloquently than pen can do. There were the deep furrows of the first grapple at the top; there was the broad trail down the steep



WATERING HORSES IN A 'DOBE HOLE.

hill for fifty yards, with the stones turned over, and the dust marked with horn and hoof and claw; and there was the stump which had broken the roll down hill. The cow had her neck broken and turned under her body; her shoulder was torn from the body, her leg broken, and her side eaten into; and there were Bruin's big telltale footprints, rivalling in size a Gladstone bag, as he had made his way down to the stream to quench his thirst and continue up the cañon. The cow was yet warm—not two hours dead.

"We must pull out of here; he will come back to-night," said Cooper. And we all turned to with a will and struck the tents, while the cooks threw their tins, bags, and boxes into the wagons, whereat we moved off down wind for three miles, up a spur of the cañon, where we again camped. We stood around the fires and allowed Mr. Cooper to fill our minds with hope. "He'll shore come back; he's usin' here; an' cow outfits—why, he don't consider a cow outfit nothin'; he's been right on top of cow outfits since he's been in these parts, and thet two years gone now when he begun to work this yer

range and do the work you see done yonder. In the mornin' we'll strike his trail, and if we can git to him you'll shore see a bar-fight."

We turned in, and during the night I was awakened twice, once by a most terrific baying of all the dogs, who would not be quieted, and later by a fine rain beating in my face. The night was dark, and we were very much afraid the rain would kill the scent. We were up long before daylight, and drank our coffee and ate our meat, and as soon as "we could see a dog a hundred yards," which is the bear-hunter's receipt, we moved off down the creek. We found that the cow had been turned over twice, but not eaten; evidently Bruin had his suspicions. The dogs cut his trail again and again. He had run within sight of our camp, had wandered across the valley hither and yon, but the faithful old hounds would not "go away." Dan sat on his pony and blew his old cow's horn, and yelled, "Hooick! hooick! get down on him, Rocks; hooick! hooick!" But Rocks could not get down on him, and then we knew that the rain had killed the scent.

We circled a half-mile out, but the dogs were still; and then we followed up the Cañon Largo for miles, and into the big mountain, through juniper thickets and over malpais, up and down the most terrible places, for we knew that the bear's bed-ground is always up in the most rugged peaks, where the rim-rock overhangs in serried battlements, tier on tier. But no bear.

Rocks, the forward hound, grew weary of hunting for things which were not, and retired to the rear for consultation with his mates; and Dan had to rope him, and with some irritation started the pony, and Rocks kept the pace by dint of legging it, and by the help of a tow from nine hundred pounds of horseflesh. Poor Rocks! He understood his business, but in consequence of not being able to explain to the men what fools they were, he suffered.

The hot mid-day sun of New Mexico soon kills the scent, and we were forced to give over for the day. A cavalry sergeant shot three deer, but we, in our superior purpose, had learned to despise deer. Later than this I made a good two-hundred-yard centre on an antelope, and though I had not been fortunate enough in years to get an antelope, the whole sensation was flat in view of this new ambition.

On the following morning we went again to our dead cow, but nothing except the jackals had been at the bear's prey, for the wily old fellow had evidently scented our camp, and concluded that we were not a cow outfit, whereat he had discreetly "pulled his freight."

We sat on our horses in a circle and raised our voices. In consideration of the short time at our disposal, we concluded that we could be satisfied with taking eighteen hundred pounds of bear on the instalment plan. The first instalment was a very big piece of meat, but was, I am going to confess, presented to us in the nature of a gift; but the whole thing was so curious I will go into it.

We hunted for two days without success, unless I include deer and antelope; but during the time I saw two things which interested me. The first was a revelation of the perfect understanding which a mountain cow-pony has of the manner in which to negotiate the difficulties of the country which is his home.

Dan, the foreman, was the huntsman.

He was a shrewd-eyed little square-built man, always very much preoccupied with the matter in hand. He wore a sombrero modelled into much character by weather and time, a corduroy coat, and those enormous New Mexican "chaps," and he sounded a cow-horn for his dogs, and alternately yelped in a most amusing way. So odd was this yelp that it caught the soldiers, and around their camp-fire at night you could hear the mimicking shouts of, "Oh Rocks! eh-h-h! hooick! get down on him, Rocks; tohoot! tohoot!" We were sitting about on our horses in a little *sienneca*, while Dan was walking about, leading his pony and looking after his dogs.

When very near me he found it necessary to cross an *arroyo* which was about five feet deep and with perfectly perpendicular banks. Without hesitating, he jumped down into it, and, with a light bound, his pony followed. At the opposite side Dan put up his arms on the bank and clawed his way up, and still paying no attention to his pony, he continued on. Without faltering in the least, the little horse put his fore feet on the bank, clawed at the bank, once, twice, jumped, scratched, clawed, and, for all the world like a cat getting into the fork of a tree, he was on the bank and following Dan.

Later in the day, when going to our camp, we followed one of Dan's short-cuts through the mountains, and the cowboys on their mountain ponies rode over a place which made the breath come short to the officers and men behind. Not that they could not cross themselves, being on foot, but that the cavalry horses could they had their solemn doubts, and no one but an evil brute desires to lead a game animal where he may lose his life. Not being a geologist, I will have to say it was a blue clay in process of rock formation, and in wet times held a mountain torrent. The slope was quite seventy degrees. The approach was loose dirt and malpais, which ran off down the gulch in small avalanches under our feet. While crossing, the horses literally stood on their toes to claw out a footing. A slip would have sent them, belly up, down the toboggan slide, with a drop into an unknown depth at the end. I had often heard the cavalry axiom "that a horse can go anywhere a man can if the man will not use his hands," and a little recruit murmured it to reassure himself.



THE BEAR AT BAY.



TIMBER-TOPPING IN THE ROCKIES.

I passed with the loss of a quarter of the skin on my left hand, and later asked a quaint old veteran of four enlistments if he thought it was a bad place, and he said, "It's lizards, not harses, what ought te go thar."

Riding over the rough mountains all day sows poppy seeds in a man's head, and when the big medical officer opens your tent flaps in the morning, and fills the walls with his roars to "get up; it's four o'clock," it is with groans that you obey. You also forego washing, because you are nearly frozen stiff, and you go out and stand around the fire with your companions, who are all cheerfully miserable as they shiver and chaff each other. It

seems we do not live this life on a cold calculating plane of existence, but on different lines, the variation of which is the chief delight of the discriminating, and I must record a distinct pleasure in elbowing fellows around a camp-fire when it is dark and cold and wet, and when you know that they are oftener in bed than out of it at such hours. You drink your quart of coffee, eat your slice of venison, and then regard your horse with some trepidation, since he is all of a tremble, has a hump on his back, and is evidently of a mind to "pitch."

The eastern sky grows pale, and the irrepressible Dan begins to "honk" on his horn, and the cavalcade moves off through

the grease-wood, which sticks up thickly from the ground like millions of Omaha war-bonnets.

The advance consists of six or eight big blood-hounds, which range out in front, with Dan and Mr. Cooper to blow the horn, look out for "bear sign," and to swear gently but firmly when the younger dogs take recent deer trails under consideration. Three hundred yards behind come Scotch stag-hounds, a big yellow mastiff, fox-terriers, and one or two dogs which would not classify in a bench show, and over these Mr. Stevens holds a guiding hand, while in a disordered band come General Miles, his son, three army officers, myself, and seven orderlies of the Second Cavalry. All this made a picture, but, like all Western canvases, too big for a frame. The sun broke in a golden flash over the hills, and streaked the plain

with gold and gray-greens. The spirit of the thing is not hunting but the chase of the bear, taking one's mind back to the buffalo, or the nobles of the Middle Ages, who made their "image of war" with bigger game than red foxes.

Leaving the plain, we wound up a dry creek, and noted that the small oaks had been bitten and clawed down by bear to get at the acorns. The hounds gave tongue, but could not get away until we had come to a small glade in the forest, where they grew wildly excited. Mr. Cooper here showed us a very large bear track, and also a smaller one, with those of two cubs by its side. With a wild burst the dogs went away up a cañon, the blood went into our heads, and our heels into the horses, and a desperate scramble began. It is the sensation we have travelled so long to feel. Dan and Cooper



CONVERSATION AT 4 A.M.

"Do you think the pony is going to buck?"
 "He does look a little hostile."

sailed off through the brush and over the stones like two old crows, with their coat tails flapping like wings. We follow at a gallop in single file up the narrow dry watercourse. The creek ends, and we take to the steep hill-sides, while the loose stones rattle from under the flying hoofs. The rains have cut deep furrows on their way to the bed of the cañon, and your horse scratches and scrambles for a foothold. A low gnarled branch bangs you across the face; and then your breath fairly stops as you see a horse go into the air and disappear over a big log

yelling dogs goes straight up, amid scraggly cedar and juniper, with loose malpais underfoot. We arrive at the top only to see Cooper and Dan disappear over a precipice after the dogs, but here we stop. Bears always seek the very highest peaks, and it is better to be there before them if possible. A grizzly can run down hill quicker than a horse, and all hunters try to get above them, since if they are big and fat they climb slowly; besides, the mountain-tops are more or less flat and devoid of underbrush, which makes good running for a horse.



THE FINALE.

fallen down a hill of seventy degrees' slope. The "take off and landing" is yielding dust, but the blood in your head puts the spur in your horse, and over you go. If you miss, it is a two-hundred-foot roll, with a twelve-hundred-pound horse on top of you. But the pace soon tells, and you see nothing but good honest climbing ahead of you. The trail of the

We scatter out along the cordon of the range. The bad going on the rim-rock of the mountain-tops, where the bear tries to throw off the dogs, makes it quite impossible to follow them at speed, so that you must separate, and take your chances of heading the chase.

I selected Captain Mickler—the immaculate—the polo-player—the epitome



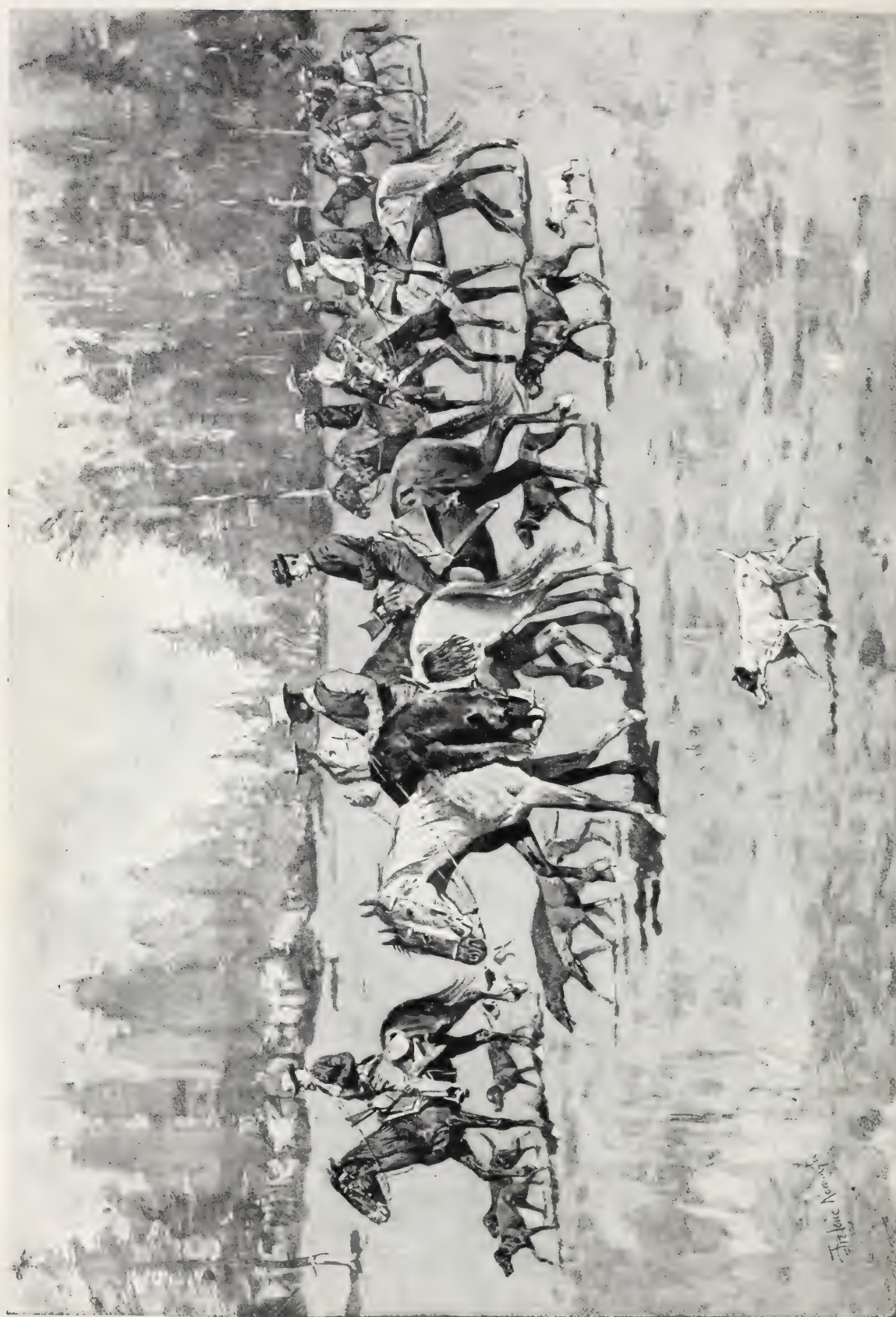
DAN AND ROCKS.

of staff form—the trappiest trooper in the Dandy Fifth, and, together with two orderlies, we started. Mickler was mounted on a cow-pony which measured one chain three links from muzzle to coupling. Mickler had on English riding-togs—this is not saying that the pony could not run, or that Mickler was not humorous. But it was no new experience for him, this pulling a pony and coaxing him to attempt breakneck experiments, for he told me casually that he had led barefooted cavalymen over these hills in pursuit of Apaches at a date in history when I was carefully conjugating Latin verbs.

We were making our way down a bad formation, when we heard the dogs, and presently three shots. A strayed cavalry orderly had, much to his disturbance of mind, beheld a big silver-tip bearing down on him, jaws skinned, ears back, and red-eyed, and he had promptly removed himself to a proper distance, where he dismounted. The bear and dogs were much exhausted, but the dogs swarmed around the bear, thus preventing a shot. But Bruin stopped at intervals to fight the dogs, and the soldier fired, but without effect. If men do not come up with the dogs in order to encourage them, many will draw off, since the work of

chasing and fighting a bear without water for hours is very trying. The one now running was an enormous silver-tip, and could not “tree.” The shots of the trooper diverted the bear, which now took off down a deep cañon next to the one we were in, and presently we heard him no more. After an hour’s weary travelling down the winding way we came out on the plain, and found a small cow outfit belonging to Mr. Stevens, and under a tree lay our dead silver-tip, while a half-dozen punchers squatted about it. It appeared that three of them had been working up in the foot-hills, when they heard the dogs, and shortly discovered the bear. Having no guns, and being on fairly good ground, they coiled their *riatas* and prepared to do battle.

The silver-tip was badly blown, and the three dogs which had staid with him were so tired that they sat up at a respectful distance and panted and lolled. The first rope went over Bruin’s head and one paw. There lies the danger. But instantly number two flew straight to the mark, and the ponies surged, while Bruin stretched out with a roar. A third rope got his other hind leg, and the puncher dismounted and tied it to a tree. The roaring, biting, clawing mass of hair was



THE RETURN OF THE HUNTERS

practically helpless, but to kill him was an undertaking.

"Why didn't you brand him and turn him loose?" I asked of the cowboy.

"Well," said the puncher, in his Texan drawl, "we could have branded him all right, but we might have needed some help in turning him loose."

They pelted him with malpais, and finally stuck a knife into a vital part, and then, loading him on a pony, they brought him in. It was a daring performance, but was regarded by the "punchers" as a great joke.

Mickler and I rode into camp, thinking on the savagery of man. One never heard of a bear which travelled all the way from New Mexico to Chicago to kill a man, and yet a man will go three thousand miles to kill a bear—not for love, or fear, or hate, or meat; for what, then? But Mickler and I had not killed a bear, so we were easy.

One by one the tired hunters and dogs straggled into camp, all disappointed, except the dogs, which could not tell us what had befallen them since morning. The day following the dogs started a big black bear, which made a good run up a bad place in the hills, but with the hunters scrambling after in full cry. The bear treed for the dogs, but on sighting the horsemen he threw himself backward from the trunk, and fell fifteen feet among the dogs, which latter piled into him *en masse*, the little fox-terriers being particularly aggressive. It was a tremendous shake-up of black hair and pups of all colors, but the pace was too fast for Bruin, and he sought a new tree. One little foxie had been rolled over, and had quite a job getting his bellows mended. This time the bear sat on a limb very high up,

and General Miles put a .50-calibre ball through his brain, which brought him down with a tremendous thump, when the pups again flew into him, and "wool-ed him," as the cowboys put it, to their hearts' content.

While our bear-hunting is not the thing we are most proud of, yet the method is the most sportsmanlike, since nothing but the most desperate riding will bring one up with the bear in the awful country which they affect. The anticipation of having a big silver-tip assume the aggressive at any moment is inspiring. When one thinks of the enormous strength of the "silver-tip," which can overpower the mightiest steer, and bend and break its neck or tear its shoulder from its body at a stroke, one is able to say, "Do not hunt a bear unless thy skin is not dear to thee." Then the dogs must be especially trained to run bear, since the country abounds in deer, and it is difficult to train dogs to ignore their sight and scent. The cowboys account for the number of the bear in their country from the fact that it is the old Apache and Navajo range, and the incoherent mind of the savage was impressed with the rugged mass of fur and the grinning jaws of the monster which crossed his path, and he was awed by the dangers of the encounter—arrow against claw. He came to respect the apparition, and he did not know that life is only sacred when in the image of the Creator. He did not discriminate as to the value of life, but, with his respect for death, there grew the speculation, which to him became a truth, that the fearsome beast was of the other world, and bore the lost souls of the tribe. He was a vampire; he was sacred. Oh Bear!

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

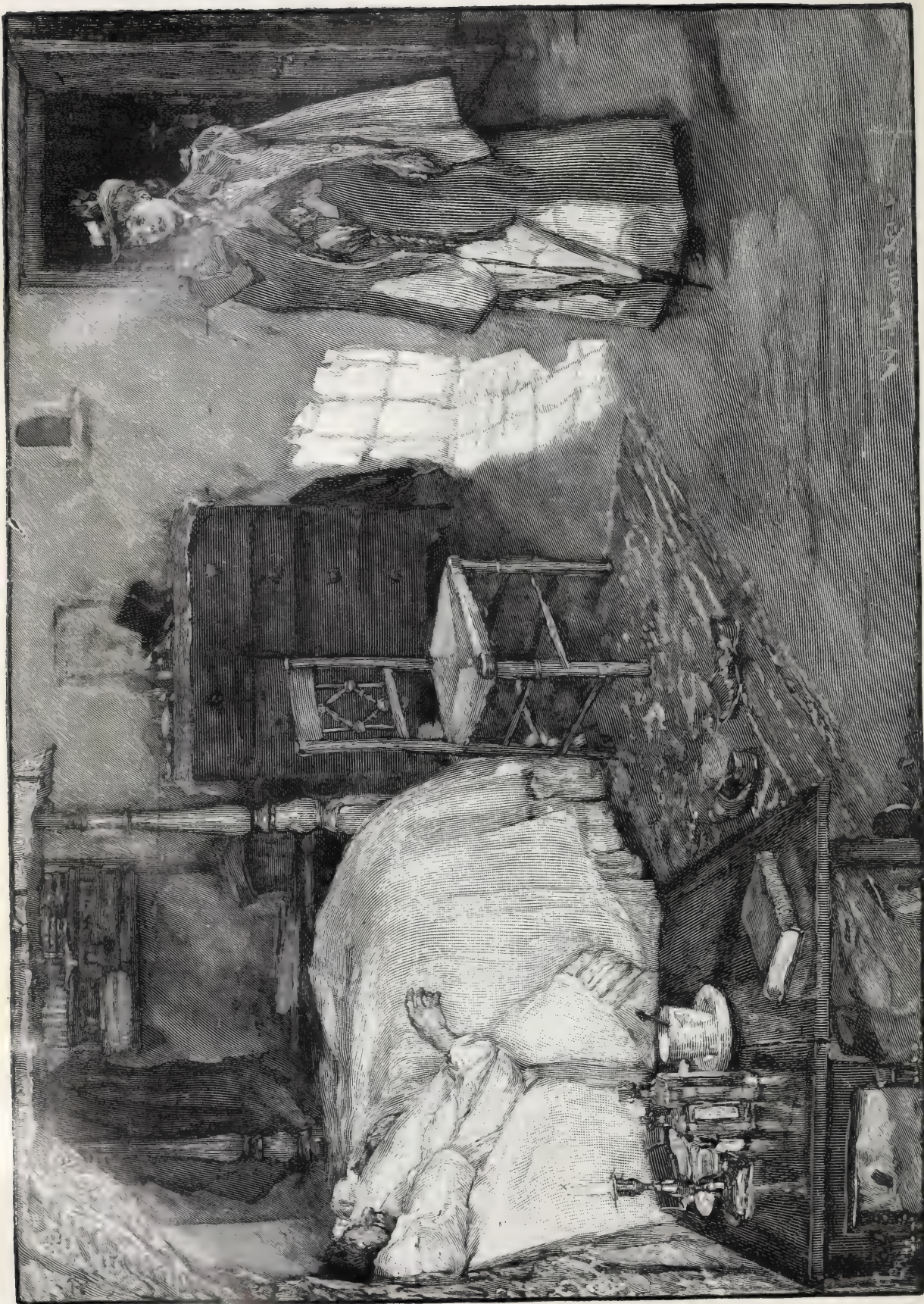
CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN returning to his native town of Shaston as schoolmaster, Phillotson had won the interest and awakened the memories of the inhabitants, who, though they did not honor him for his miscellaneous acquirements as he would have been honored elsewhere, retained for him a sincere regard. When, shortly after his arrival,

he brought home a pretty wife—awkwardly pretty for him if he did not take care, they said—they were glad to have her settle among them.

For some time after her flight from that home Sue's absence did not excite comment. Her place as monitor in the school was taken by another young woman within a few days of her vacating it, which substitution also passed without remark,

* Begun in December number, 1894, under the title "The Simpletons."



"HER ADVENT SEEMED GHOSTLY—LIKE THE FLITTING IN OF A MOTH."

Sue's services having been of a provisional nature only. When, however, a month had passed, and Phillotson casually admitted to acquaintances that he did not know where his wife was staying, curiosity began to be aroused, till, jumping to conclusions, people ventured to affirm that Sue had played him false and run away from him. The schoolmaster's growing languor and listlessness over his work gave countenance to the idea.

Though Phillotson had held his tongue as long as he could, except to his friend Gillingham, his honesty and directness would not allow him to do so when misapprehensions as to Sue's conduct spread abroad. On a Monday morning the chairman of the school committee called, and after attending to the business of the school, drew Phillotson aside out of earshot of the children.

"You'll excuse my asking, Phillotson, since everybody is talking of it: is this true as to your domestic affairs—that your wife's going away was on no visit, but a secret elopement? If so, I condole with you."

"No," said Phillotson.

"And she *has* gone to visit friends?"

"No."

"Then what has she done?"

"She has gone away under circumstances that usually call for condolence with the husband. But there was no secrecy about it. I gave my consent."

The chairman looked as if he had not apprehended the remark.

"What I say is quite true," Phillotson continued, testily, in his perverseness not caring to shelter himself behind the cousinship between Jude and Sue. "She asked leave to go, and I let her. I can't explain any further. I don't wish to be questioned."

The children observed that much seriousness marked the faces of the two men, and went home and told their parents that something new had happened about Mrs. Phillotson. Then Phillotson's little maidservant, who was a school-girl just out of her standards, said that Mr. Phillotson had helped in his wife's packing, had offered her what money she required, and had written a friendly letter to her young man, telling him to take care of her. Gross exaggerations were not wanting. The chairman of the committee thought the matter over, and talked to

the other managers of the school, till a request came to Phillotson to meet them privately. The meeting lasted a long time, and at the end the schoolmaster came home, looking, as usual, pale and worn. Gillingham was sitting in his house awaiting him.

"Well, it is as you said," observed Phillotson, flinging himself down wearily in a chair. "They have requested me to send in my resignation on account of my scandalous conduct in being kind to my wife. But I sha'n't resign."

"I think I would."

"I won't. It is no business of theirs. It doesn't affect me in my public capacity at all. They may expel me if they like."

"If you make a fuss it will get into the papers, and you'll never get appointed to another school. You see, they have to consider the effect of what I will call certain possible misapprehensions upon the morals of the town; and, to ordinary opinion, your position is indefensible."

To this good advice, however, Phillotson would not listen.

"I don't care," he said. "I don't go unless I am turned out. And for this reason, that by resigning I acknowledge I have acted wrongly by her, when I am more and more convinced every day that in the sight of Heaven, and by all natural, straightforward humanity, I have acted rightly."

Gillingham saw that his rather headstrong friend would not be able to maintain such a position as this; but he said nothing further, and in due time—indeed, in a quarter of an hour—the formal letter of dismissal arrived, the managers having remained behind to write it after Phillotson's withdrawal. The latter replied that he should not accept dismissal, and called a public meeting, which he attended, although he looked so weak and ill that his friend implored him to stay at home. When he stood up to give his reasons for contesting the decision of the managers he advanced them firmly, as he had done to his friend, and contended, moreover, that the matter was a domestic theory which did not concern them. This they overruled, insisting that the private eccentricities of a teacher came quite within their sphere of control, as it touched the morals of those he taught. Phillotson replied that he did not see how an act of Christian charity could injure morals.

All the respectable inhabitants and

well-to-do fellow-natives of the town were against Phillotson to a man. But, somewhat to his surprise, some dozen champions rose up in his defence as from the ground.

It has been stated that Shaston was the anchorage of a curious and interesting group of itinerants, who frequented the numerous fairs and markets held up and down Wessex during the summer and autumn months. Although Phillotson had never spoken to one of these gentlemen, they now nobly led the forlorn hope in his defence. The body included two cheap-jacks, a shooting-gallery proprietor, a pair of boxing-masters, a steam round-about manager, a gingerbread-stall-keeper, a swing-boat owner, and a "test-your-strength" man.

This generous phalanx of supporters, and a few others of independent judgment, whose own domestic experiences had been not without vicissitude, came up and warmly shook hands with Phillotson, after which they expressed their thoughts so strongly to the meeting that issue was joined, the result being a general scuffle, wherein three panes of the hall windows were broken, and some black eyes and bleeding noses given, one of which, to everybody's horror, was the venerable vicar's, owing to the zeal of a reforming chimney-sweep who took the side of Phillotson's party. Phillotson deplored almost in groans the untoward and degrading circumstances, regretted that he had not resigned when called upon, and went home so ill that next morning he could not leave his bed.

The farcical yet melancholy event was the beginning of a serious illness for him, and he lay in his lonely bed in the pathetic state of mind of a middle-aged man who perceives at length that his life, intellectual and domestic, is tending to failure and gloom. Gillingham came to see him in the evenings, and on one occasion mentioned Sue's name.

"She doesn't care anything about me!" said Phillotson. "Why should she?"

"She doesn't know you are ill."

"So much the better for both of us."

"Where was this cousin or guardian of hers living?"

"At Melchester—he was some time ago."

When Gillingham reached home he sat and reflected, and at last wrote an anonymous line to Sue, on the bare chance of

its reaching her, the letter being enclosed in an envelope addressed to Jude at the diocesan capital. Arriving at that place, it was forwarded to Marygreen, in North Wessex, and thence to Aldbrickham by the only person who knew his present address—the widow who had nursed his aunt.

Three days later, in the evening, when the sun was going down in splendor over the lowlands of Blackmore, and making the Shaston windows like tongues of fire to the eyes of the rustics in that vale, the sick man fancied that he heard somebody come to the house, and a few minutes after there was a tap at the bedroom door. Phillotson did not speak; the door was hesitatingly opened, and there entered—Sue.

She was in light spring clothing, and her advent seemed ghostly—like the flitting in of a moth. He turned his eyes upon her and flushed, but appeared to check his primary impulse to speak.

"I have no business here," she said, turning her frightened face to him. "But I heard you were ill—very ill; and as I know that you recognize other and equally natural feelings between man and woman than physical love, I have come."

"I am not very ill, my dear friend. Only unwell."

"I didn't know that; and I am afraid that only a severe illness would have justified my coming!"

"Yes . . . yes . . . And I almost wish you had not come! It is a little too soon—that's all I mean. Still, let us make the best of it. You haven't heard about the school, I suppose?"

"No—what about it?"

"Only that I am going away from here to another place. The managers and I don't agree, and we are going to part—that's all."

She did not for a moment, either now or later, suspect what troubles had resulted to him from letting her go; it never once seemed to cross her mind, and she had received no news whatever from Shaston. They talked on slight and ephemeral subjects, and when his tea was brought up he told the amazed little servant that a cup was to be set for Sue. That young person was much more interested in their history than they supposed, and as she descended the stairs she lifted her eyes and hands in grotesque amazement. While they sipped, Sue went to the win-

dow, and thoughtfully said, "It is such a beautiful sunset, Richard!"

"They are mostly beautiful from here, owing to the rays crossing the mist of the vale. But I lose them all, as they don't shine into this gloomy corner where I lie."

"Wouldn't you like to see this particular one? It is like heaven opened."

"Ah, yes! But I can't."

"I'll help you to."

"No—the bedstead can't be shifted."

"But see how I mean."

She went to where a swing-glass stood, and taking it in her hands, carried it to a spot by the window where it could catch the sunshine, moving the glass till the beams were reflected into Phillotson's face.

"There—you can see the great red sun now!" she said. "And I am sure it will cheer you—I do so hope it will!" She spoke with a childlike, repentant kindness, as if she could not do too much for him.

Phillotson smiled sadly. "You are an odd creature!" he murmured, as the sun glowed in his eyes. "The idea of your coming to see me after what has passed!"

"Don't let us go back upon that!" she said, quickly. "I have to catch the omnibus for the train, as Jude doesn't know I have come; he was out when I started, so I must return home almost directly. Richard, I am so very glad you are better. You don't hate me, do you? You have been such a kind friend to me."

"I am glad to know you think so," said Phillotson, huskily. "No, I don't hate you!"

It grew dusk quickly in the gloomy room during their intermittent chat, and when candles were brought and it was time to leave, she put her hand in his—or rather allowed it to flit through his; for she was significantly light in touch. She had nearly closed the door, when he said, "Sue!" He had noticed that, in turning away from him, tears were on her face and a quiver in her lip.

It was bad policy to recall her—he knew it while he pursued it. But he could not help it. She came back.

"Sue," he murmured, "do you wish to make it up, and stay? I'll forgive you, and condone everything!"

"Oh, you can't, you can't!" she said, hastily. "You can't condone it now!"

"He is united to your life now, in effect, you mean, of course?"

"You may assume it. He is obtaining a divorce from his wife Arabella."

"His wife! It is altogether news to me that he has a wife."

"It was a bad marriage."

"Like yours."

"Like mine. He is not doing it so much on his own account as on hers. She wrote and told him it would be a kindness to her, since then she could marry and live respectably. And Jude has agreed."

"A wife....A kindness to her. Ah, yes; a kindness to her to release her altogether....But I don't like the sound of it. I can forgive, Sue."

"No, no. You can't have me back now I have been so wicked."

There had arisen in Sue's face that incipient fear which showed itself whenever he changed from friend to husband, and which made her adopt any line of defence against marital feeling in him. "I *must* go now. I'll come again—may I?"

"I don't ask you to go even now. I ask you to stay."

"I thank you, Richard; but I must. As you are not so ill as I thought, I *cannot* stay!"

"She's his!" said Phillotson, but so faintly that in closing the door Sue did not hear it. She had been prevented telling him of the innocent nature of her relations with Jude by a dread of possible results in the shape of a reactionary change in the schoolmaster's sentiments, coupled perhaps with a faint shamefacedness at letting him know what a slipshod lack of thoroughness, from a man's point of view, characterized her transferred allegiance; and Phillotson lay writhing like a man in hell as he pictured the prettily dressed, maddening compound of sympathy and averseness who bore his name returning gladly to the home of her cousin.

Gillingham was so interested in Phillotson's affairs, and so seriously concerned about him, that he walked up the hill-side to Shaston two or three times a week, although, there and back, it was a journey of nine miles, which had to be performed between tea and supper, after a hard day's work in school. When he called on the next occasion after Sue's visit his friend was downstairs, and Gillingham noticed that his restless mood had been supplanted by a more fixed and composed one.

"She's been here since you called last," said Phillotson.

"Not Mrs. Phillotson?"

"Yes."

"Ah! You have made it up?"

"No. She just came, patted my pillow with her little hands, played the thoughtful nurse for half an hour, and went away."

"Well—I'm hanged!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what a curious, capricious little woman! If she were not your wife—"

"She is not; except in name and law. And I have been thinking—it was suggested to me by a conversation I had with her—that, in kindness to her, I ought to dissolve the legal tie altogether; which, singularly enough, I think I can do, now she has been back, and refused my request to stay after I said I had forgiven her. I believe that fact would afford me opportunity of doing it, though I did not see it at the moment. What's the use of keeping her chained on to me if she doesn't belong to me? I know—I feel absolutely certain—that she would welcome my taking such a step as the greatest charity to her. She would get to like me much better, and as she once did. For though as a fellow-creature she sympathizes with and pities me, as a husband she cannot endure me—there's no use in mincing words. She cannot endure me, and my only manly and dignified and merciful course is to complete what I have begun. . . . And for worldly reasons, too, it will be better for her to be independent. I have hopelessly ruined my prospects because of my decision as to what was best for us, though she does not know it; and I don't want her to suffer poverty with me. I shall probably have enough to do to make both ends meet during the remainder of my life, now my occupation's gone, and I shall be able to bear it better alone. I may as well tell you that what has suggested this is some news she brought me."

"Oh—brought you news, did she? Awfully kind of her."

"Well—I don't want your opinion on that. However, what I was going to say is that my liberating her can do her no possible harm, and will open up a chance of happiness for her which she has never dreamt of hitherto."

Gillingham knew to what he alluded, and did not hurry to reply. "I may dis-

agree with your motive," he said, "but I think you are right in your determination—if you can carry it out. I doubt, however, if you can."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEN the unpractical man turns away from his unpracticalness he often does surprising things. How Gillingham's doubts were disposed of will most quickly appear by passing over the series of unpleasant months and unpleasant incidents that followed the events of the last chapter, and coming on to a Sunday in the February of the year following.

Sue and Jude were living in Aldbrickham on much the same friendly footing that they had established between themselves when she left Shaston to join him the year before. The proceedings in the law courts had reached their consciousness but as a distant sound, and an occasional missive which they hardly understood.

They had met, as usual, to breakfast together, in the little house with Jude's name on it, that he had taken at fifteen pounds a year, with three pounds ten extra for rates and taxes, and furnished with his aunt's ancient and lumbering goods, which had cost him about their full value to bring all the way from Marygreen. Sue kept house, and managed everything, Jude having a room exactly opposite, the street being so narrow that they could call to each other across it. As he entered this morning, Sue held up a letter she had just received.

"Well, and what is it about?" he said, after shaking hands with her.

"That the decree *nisi* in the case of Phillotson *versus* Phillotson and Fawley, pronounced six months ago, has just been made absolute."

"Ah!" said Jude, as he sat down.

The same concluding incident in Jude's suit against Arabella had occurred about a month or two earlier. The cases had both been too insignificant to be reported in the papers.

"Now, then, Sue, at any rate, you can do what you like." He looked at his cousin curiously.

"Are we—you and I—just as free now as if we had never married at all?"

"Just as free—except, I believe, that a clergyman may object personally to remarry you, and hand you on to somebody else."

"But I wonder—do you think it is really so with us? I know it is generally. But I have an uncomfortable feeling that my freedom has been obtained under false pretences."

"How?"

"Well—if the truth about us had been known, the decree wouldn't have been pronounced. It is only, isn't it, because we have made no defence, and have led them into a false supposition? Therefore is my freedom lawful, however proper it may be?"

"Oh yes—I think so. We were not obliged to prove anything. That was their business. I don't know that you would have been free if we had."

"That's what I mean. So that isn't it rather a *ruse*?"

"I don't see it as such. One thing is certain, that, however brought about, a marriage is dissolved when it is dissolved. There is this advantage in being poor obscure people like us—that these things are done for us in a rough and ready fashion. It was the same with me and Arabella. I was afraid her criminal second marriage would have been discovered, and she punished; but nobody took any interest in her; nobody inquired; nobody suspected it. If we'd been patented nobilities we should have had infinite trouble, and days and weeks would have been spent in investigations."

By degrees Sue acquired her cousin's cheerfulness, and proposed that they should take a walk in the fields, even if they had to put up with a cold dinner on account of it. Jude agreed, and Sue went up stairs and prepared to start, putting on a joyful colored gown, in observance of her freedom; seeing which, Jude put on a lighter tie.

"Now we'll strut arm in arm," he said, "like any other engaged couple. We've a legal right to."

They rambled out of the town, and along a path over the low-lying lands that bordered it, though these were frosty now, and the extensive seed-fields were bare of color and produce. The pair, however, were so absorbed in their own situation that their surroundings were little in their consciousness.

"Well, my dear companion, the result of all this is that we can marry after a decent interval."

"Yes; I suppose we can," said Sue, without enthusiasm.

"And aren't we going to?"

"I don't like to say no, dear Jude, but I feel just the same about it now as I have done all along. I have just the same dread lest an iron contract should extinguish your tenderness for me, and mine for you, just as it did between our unfortunate parents."

"Still, what can we do? I do love you, as you know, Sue."

"I know it abundantly. But I think I would much rather go on living always as lovers, as we are living now, and only meeting every day. It is so much sweeter—for the woman at least, and when she is sure of the man. And henceforward we needn't be so particular as we have been about appearances."

"Our experiences of matrimony with others have not been encouraging, I own," said he, with some gloom; "either owing to our own dissatisfied, unpractical natures, or by our misfortune. But we two—"

"Should be two dissatisfied ones linked together, which would be twice as bad as before. . . . I think I should begin to be afraid of you, Jude, the moment you had contracted to love me under a government stamp, and I was licensed to be loved on the premises by you—ugh, how horrible and sordid! Although, as you are, free, I trust you more than any other man in the world."

"No, no—don't say I should change!" he expostulated; yet there was misgiving in his own voice also.

"Apart from ourselves and our unhappy peculiarities, it is foreign to a man's nature to go on loving a person when he is told that he must and shall be that person's lover. There would be a much likelier chance of his doing it if he were told not to love. If the marriage ceremony consisted in an oath and stamped contract between the parties to cease loving from that day forward, in consideration of personal possession being given, and to avoid each other's society as much as possible in public, there would be more loving couples than there are now. Fancy the secret meetings between the perjuring husband and wife, the denials of having seen each other, the clambering in at bedroom windows, and the hiding in closets! There'd be little cooling then."

"Yes; but admitting this or something like it to be true, you are not the only one in the world to see it, dear little Sue."

People go on marrying because they can't resist natural forces, although many of them may know perfectly well that they are buying a month's pleasure with a life's discomfort. No doubt my father and mother, and your father and mother, saw it, if they at all resembled us in habits of observation. But then they went and married just the same, because they had ordinary passions. But you, Sue, are such a phantasmal, ethereal, bodiless creature, one who—if you'll allow me to say it—has so little of the animal woman in you, that you can act upon reason in the matter when we poor unfortunate wretches of grosser substance can't."

"Well," she sighed, "you've owned that it would probably end in misery for us. And I am not so exceptional a woman as you think. Fewer women like marriage than you suppose, only they enter into it for the dignity it is assumed to confer, and the social advantages it gains them sometimes—a dignity and an advantage that I am quite willing to do without."

Jude fell back upon his old complaint—that, intimately acquainted as they were, he had never once had from her an honest, candid declaration that she passionately loved him. "I really fear sometimes that you do not," he said, with a dubiousness approaching anger. "You are so reticent. I know that women are taught by other women that they must never admit the full truth to a man. But the highest form of affection is based on full sincerity on both sides. Not being men, these women don't know that in looking back on those he has had tender relations with a man's heart returns closest to her who was the soul of truth in her conduct. The better class of man, even if caught by airy affectations of dodging and parrying, is not retained by them. A Nemesis attends the woman who plays the game of elusiveness too often in the utter contempt for her that sooner or later her old admirers feel, under which they allow her to go unlamented to her grave."

Sue, who was regarding the distance, had acquired a guilty look, and she suddenly replied, in a tragic voice, "I don't think I like you to-day so well as I did, Jude."

"Don't you? Why?"

"Oh, well, you are not nice—too sermony. Though I suppose I am so bad

and worthless that I deserve the utmost rigor of lecturing."

"No, you are not bad. You are a dear. But as slippery as an eel when I want to get a confession from you."

"Oh yes, I am bad, and obstinate, and all sorts. It is no use your pretending I am not. People who are good don't want scolding as I do.... But now that I have nobody but you, and nobody to defend me, it is *very* hard that I mustn't have my own way in deciding whether I'll be married or no."

"Sue, my own comrade and sweetheart, I don't want to force you to marry—of course I don't. It is too wicked of you to be so pettish. Now we won't say any more about it, and go on just the same as we have done, and during the rest of our walk we'll talk of the meadows only, and the floods, and the prospect of the farmers this coming year."

After this the subject was not mentioned between them for several days, though living as they were, with only a few yards between them, it was constantly in their minds. Sue was assisting Jude very materially now. He had latterly occupied himself on his own account in working and lettering head-stones, which he kept in a little yard at the back of his little house, where in the intervals of domestic duties she marked out the letters full size for him, and blacked them in after he had cut them. It was a lower class of handicraft than were his former performances as a cathedral mason, and his only patrons were the poor people who lived in his own neighborhood, and knew what a cheap man to employ, for the simple memorials they required for their dead, was this "Jude Fawley, Monumental Mason" (as he called himself on his front door). But he seemed more independent than before, and it was the only arrangement under which Sue, who particularly wished to be no burden on him, could render any assistance.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was an evening at the end of the month, and Jude had just returned home from a lecture on ancient history in the public hall not far off. When he entered, Sue, who had been keeping in-doors during his absence, laid out supper for him. Contrary to custom, she did not speak. Jude had taken up some illustrated paper, which he perused, till, rais-

ing his eyes, he saw that her face was troubled.

"Are you depressed, Sue?" he said.

She paused a moment. "I have a message for you," she answered.

"Somebody has called?"

"Yes. A woman." Sue's voice quavered as she spoke, and she suddenly sat down from her preparations, laid her hands in her lap, and looked into the fire. "I don't know whether I did right or not," she continued. "I said you were not at home, and when she said she would wait, I said I thought you might not be able to see her."

"Why did you say that, dear? I suppose she wanted a head-stone. Was she in mourning?"

"No. She wasn't in mourning, and she didn't want a head-stone; and I thought you wouldn't see her." She looked critically and imploringly at him.

"But who was she? Didn't she say?"

"No. She wouldn't give her name. But I know who she was—I think I do. It was Arabella!"

"Heaven save us! What should Arabella come for? What made you think it was she?"

"Oh, I can hardly tell. But I know it was! I feel perfectly certain it was—by the light in her eyes as she looked at me. She was a fleshy, coarse woman."

"Well—I should not have called Arabella coarse, exactly, except in speech, though she may be getting so by this time under the duties of the public-house. She was rather handsome when I knew her."

"Handsome! A big thing!"

"Well, waiving that, as she is nothing to me, and virtuously married to another man, why should she come troubling us?"

"Are you sure she's married? Have you definite news of it?"

"No—not definite news. But that was why she asked me to release her. She and the man both wanted to lead a proper life, as I understood."

"Oh, Jude—it was, it *was* Arabella!" cried Sue, covering her face with her hands. "And I am so miserable! It seems such an ill omen, whatever she may have come for. You could not possibly see her, could you?"

"I don't really think I could. It would be so very painful to talk to her now—for her as much as for me. However, she's gone. Did she say she would come again?"

"No; but she went away very reluctantly."

Sue, whom the least thing upset, could not eat any supper, and when Jude had finished his she took it away, and he prepared to go across to bed. He had just raked out the fire for her, and was waiting to open the front door, when there came a knock. Sue instantly emerged from the kitchen, which she had momentarily entered.

"There she is again!" Sue whispered, in appalled accents.

"How do you know?"

"She knocked like that last time."

They listened, and the knocking came again. No servant was kept in the house, and if the summons were to be responded to, one of them would have to do it in person. "I'll open a window," said Jude. "Whoever it is cannot expect to be let in at this time." He accordingly went up to the front bedroom and lifted the sash. The obscure street of early-retiring work-people was empty from end to end, save of one figure—that of a woman walking up and down by the lamp a few yards off.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Is that Mr. Fawley?" came up from the woman, in a voice which was unmistakably Arabella's.

Jude replied that it was.

"Is it she?" asked Sue, from the landing, with lips apart.

"Yes, dear," said Jude. "What do you want, Arabella?" he inquired.

"I beg your pardon, Jude, for disturbing you," said Arabella, humbly. "But I called earlier—I wanted particularly to see you to-night if I could. I am in trouble, and have nobody to help me."

"In trouble, are you?"

"Yes."

There was a silence. An inconvenient sympathy seemed to be rising in Jude's breast at the appeal. "But aren't you married?" he said.

Arabella hesitated. "No, I am not," she returned. "He wouldn't, after all. And I am in great difficulty. I hope to get another situation as barmaid soon. But it takes time; and I really am in great distress, because of a sudden responsibility that's been sprung upon me from Australia, or I wouldn't trouble you. I want to tell you about it."

Sue remained at gaze in painful tension, hearing every word, but speaking none.

"You are not really in want of money, Arabella?" he asked, in a distinctly softened tone.

"I have enough to pay for the night's lodging I have obtained, but barely enough to take me back again."

"Where are you living?"

"In London still." She was about to give the address, but she said: "I am afraid somebody may hear, so I don't like to call out particulars of myself so loud. If you could come down and walk a little way with me towards The Prince Inn, where I am staying to-night, I would explain all. You may as well, for old time's sake, as you did when we met at Christminster."

"Poor thing! I must do her the kindness of hearing what's the matter, I suppose," said Jude, in much perplexity. "As she's going back to-morrow, it can't make much difference."

"But you can go and see her to-morrow, Jude! Don't go now, Jude!" came in plaintive accents from the doorway. "Oh, it is only to entrap you, I know it is, as she did before! Don't, don't go, dear! She is such a low-passioned woman—I can see it in her shape, and hear it in her voice!"

"But I shall go," said Jude. "Don't attempt to detain me, Sue. God knows I love her little enough now, but I don't want to be cruel to her." He turned to the stairs.

"But she's not your wife!" cried Sue, distractedly. "And I—"

"And you are not either, dear, yet," said Jude.

"Oh, but are you going to her? Don't! Stay at home! Please, please stay at home, Jude, and not talk to her, now she's not your wife any more than I!"

"Well, she is rather more than you, come to that," he said, taking his hat determinedly. "I've wanted you to be, and I've waited with the patience of Job, and I don't see that I've got anything by my self-denial. I shall certainly give her something, and hear what it is she is so anxious to tell me; no man could do less!"

There was that in his manner which she knew it would be futile to oppose. Sue said no more, but, turning to the wall as meekly as a martyr, heard him go down stairs, open the door, and close it behind him. With a woman's disregard of her dignity, when in her own presence and no other's, she also trotted down, sobbing

articulately, and listened. She knew exactly how far it was to the inn that Arabella had named as her lodging. It would occupy about seven minutes to get there at an ordinary walking pace; seven to come back again. If he did not return in fourteen minutes he would have lingered. She looked at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes to eleven. He *might* enter the inn with Arabella, as they would reach it before closing-time; she might get him to drink with her, and Heaven only knew what disasters would befall him then.

In a still suspense she waited on. It seemed as if the whole time had nearly elapsed, when the door was opened again, and Jude appeared.

Sue gave a little ecstatic scream. "Oh, I knew I could trust you!—how good you are!" she began.

"I can't find her anywhere in this street, and I went out in my sleeve waistcoat only. She has walked on, thinking I've been so hard-hearted as to refuse her requests entirely, poor woman. I've come back for my coat, as it is beginning to rain."

"Oh, but why should you take such trouble for a woman who has served you so badly?" said Sue, in a jealous burst of disappointment, her fears now excited to their strongest degree.

"But, Sue, she's a woman, and I once cared for her; and one can't be a brute in such circumstances."

"She isn't your wife any longer!" exclaimed Sue, more passionately than ever. "You *mustn't* go out to find her! It isn't right! You *can't* join her, now she's a stranger to you! How can you forget such a thing, my dear, dear one!"

"She seems much the same as ever—an erring, careless, unreflecting fellow-creature," he said, continuing to pull on his coat. "What those legal fellows have been playing at in London makes no difference in my real relations to her. If she was my wife while she was away in Australia with another husband, she's my wife now."

"But she wasn't! That's just what I hold. There's the absurdity!—Well, you'll come straight back, after a few minutes, won't you, dear? She is too low, too coarse, for you to talk to long, Jude, and was always!"

"Perhaps I am coarse too. I have the germs of every human infirmity in me, I

verily believe; that was why I saw it was so preposterous of me to think of being a curate. I have cured myself of drunkenness, I think, but I never know in what new form a suppressed vice will break out in me. I do love you, Sue, though I have danced attendance on you so long for such poor returns. All that's best and noblest in me loves you, and your freedom from everything that's gross has elevated me, and enabled me to do what I should never have dreamt myself capable of, or any man, a year or two ago. It is all very well to preach about self-control and the wickedness of coercing a woman. But I should just like a few virtuous people who have condemned me in the past, about Arabella and other things, to have been in my tantalizing position with you through these late months!—they'd believe, I think, that I have exercised some little restraint in always giving in to your—what's her name?—Daphne sort of temper—living here almost in one house, and not a soul to prevent our marriage!"

"Yes, you have been good to me, Jude, in your respect for my foolish feelings; I know you have, dear protector!"

"But Arabella appeals to me—perhaps to my more primitive sympathies. I shall go out and speak to her, at least."

"I can't say any more! Oh, if you must, you must!" she said, bursting out into sobs that seemed to break her heart. "I have nobody but you, Jude, and you are deserting me! I didn't know you were like this—I can't bear it, I can't! If she were yours it would be different!"

"Or if you were, dear. Now come; why won't you be? Will you be my wife, and put an end to this state of things? If you'll promise that, I'll stay, and let her go her ways."

"Oh—I—if I must, I must—if you make me! You are the strongest, and I am the weak one!"

"No; I sha'n't have you on those terms. No compulsion, but voluntarily."

"Very well, then, since you will have it so, I agree. Only I didn't mean to marry again! But yes—I agree, I agree! I ought to have known that you would conquer in the long-run, living like this!"

She ran across and flung her arms round his neck. "I am not a cold-natured, heartless creature, am I, for keeping you at such distance? I am sure you don't think so! Wait and see! I do be-

long to you, don't I? I give in about my arguments! You can arrange for our marriage to-morrow, or as soon as ever you wish."

"Then I'll let her go," said Jude, embracing Sue softly. "I do feel that it would be unfair to you to see her, and perhaps unfair to her. She is not like you, my darling, and never was; it is only bare justice to say that. Don't cry any more. There! and there! and there!" He kissed her on one side, and on the other, and in the middle, and waiting till the street was empty, slipped across the way to his room.

The next morning it was wet.

"Now, dear," said Jude, gayly, when he came to breakfast, "I have your promise, and I must keep you up to it. As this is Saturday, I mean to call about the banns at once, so as to get the first publishing done to-morrow, or we shall lose a week. Banns will do? We shall save a pound or two."

She was also for economy, and agreed to banns. But her mind for the moment was running on something else. A glow had passed away from her, and depression sat upon her features. "I feel I was wickedly selfish last night!" she murmured. "It may have been sheer unkindness in me to treat Arabella as I did. I was so excited that I didn't care about her being in trouble, and what she wished to tell you. Perhaps it was really something she was justified in telling you. That's some more of my badness, I suppose! Love has its own dark morality when rivalry enters in—at least mine has, if other people's hasn't.... I wonder how she got on? I hope she reached the inn all right, poor woman!"

"Oh yes, she got on all right," said Jude, placidly.

"I hope she wasn't shut out, and that she hadn't to walk the streets in the rain. Do you mind my putting on my waterproof and going to see if she got in? I've been thinking of her all the morning."

"Well, is it necessary? You haven't the least idea how Arabella is able to shift for herself. Still, darling, if you want to go and inquire you can."

There was no limit to the unnecessary penances which Sue would meekly undertake when in a contrite mood; and this going to see all sorts of extraordinary persons, whose relation to her was pre-

cisely of a kind that would have made other people shun them, was an instinct with her, so that the request did not surprise him.

"And when you come back," he added, "I'll be ready to go about the banns. You'll come with me?"

Sue agreed, and went off under cloak and umbrella, letting Jude kiss her freely, and returning his kiss in a way she had never done before. Times had decidedly changed. "The bird is caught at last!" she said, a little sadness showing in her smile.

"No—only mated," he answered her.

She walked along the muddy street till she reached the public-house mentioned by Arabella, which was not so very far off. She was informed that Arabella had not yet left, and, in doubt how to announce herself so that her predecessor in Jude's affections would recognize her, she sent up word that a friend from Spring Street had called, naming the place of Jude's residence. She was asked to step up stairs, and on being shown into a room, found that it was Arabella's bedroom, and that the latter had not yet risen. Sue halted on the turn of her toe till Arabella cried from the bed, "Come in and shut the door," which Sue accordingly did.

Arabella lay facing the window, and did not at once turn her head; and Sue was wicked enough, despite her penitence, to wish for a moment that Jude could behold her forerunner now, with the daylight full upon her. She may have seemed handsome enough in profile under the lamps, but a frowziness was apparent this morning; and the sight of her own fresh charms in the looking-glass made Sue's manner bright, till she reflected what a meanly sexual emotion this was in her, and hated herself for it.

"I've just looked in to see if you got back comfortably last night, that's all," she said, gently. "I was afraid afterwards that you might have met with any mishap."

"Oh— How stupid this is! I thought my visitor was—your friend—your husband—Mrs. Fawley, as I suppose you call yourself?" said Arabella, flinging her head back upon the pillows with a disappointed toss, and ceasing to retain the dimple she had just taken the trouble to produce.

"Indeed I don't," said Sue.

"Oh, I thought you might have, even if he's not legally yours. Seemliness is seemliness, any hour of the day."

"I don't know what you mean," said Sue, stiffly. "He is mine in promise, if you come to that! We have fixed the day and everything."

"It wasn't fixed yesterday."

Sue colored scarlet, and said, "How do you know?"

"From your manner when you talked to me at the door. Well, my dear, you've been quick about it, and I expect my visit last night helped it on—ha, ha! But I don't want to get him away from you."

Sue looked out at the rain, and at the dirty toilet cover, and at the detached tail of Arabella's hair hanging on the looking-glass, just as it had done in Jude's time, and wished she had not come. In the pause there was a knock at the door, and the chambermaid brought in a telegram for "Mrs. Cartlett."

Arabella opened it as she lay, and her ruffled look disappeared. "I am much obliged to you for your anxiety about me," she said, when the maid had gone; "but it is not necessary you should feel it. My man finds he can't do without me, after all, and agrees to stand by the promise to marry again over here that he has made me all along. See here. This is in answer to one from me." She held out the telegram for Sue to read, but Sue did not take it. "He asks me to come back. His little corner public in Lambeth would go to pieces without me, he says. But he isn't going to knock me about when he has had a drop any more after we are spliced by English law than before. . . . As for you, I should coax Jude to take me before the parson straight off, and have done with it, if I were in your place. I say it as a friend, my dear."

"He's waiting to, as I said," returned Sue, with frigid pride.

"Then let him, in Heaven's name. Life is more businesslike after it, and money matters work better. And then, you see, if you have rows, and he turns you out of doors, you can get the law to protect you, which you can't otherwise, unless he runs you through with a knife or cracks your noddle with a poker. And if he bolts away from you—I say it friendly, as woman to woman, for there's never any knowing what a man may do—you'll have the sticks o' furniture, and won't be looked upon as a thief. I shall marry my man over again, now he's willing, as there was a little flaw in the

first ceremony. In my telegram, which this is an answer to, I told him I had almost made it up with Jude; and that frightened him, I expect. Perhaps I should quite have done it if it hadn't been for you," she said, laughing; "and then how different our histories might have been from to-day! Never such a tender fool as Jude is if a woman seems in trouble and coaxes him a bit. However, as it happens, it is just as well as if I had made it up, and I forgive you. And, as I say, I'd advise you to get the business legally done as soon as possible. You'll find it an awful bother later on if you don't."

"I have told you he is pressing me earnestly to marry him, and has been for a long time—every day almost," said Sue, with yet more dignity. "It was quite by my wish that he didn't the moment I was free."

"Ah, yes—you are a oneyer too, like myself," said Arabella, eying her visitor with humorous criticism. "Bolted from your first, didn't you, like me?"

"Good-morning!—I must go," said Sue, hastily.

"And I, too, must up and off!" replied the other, springing out of bed so suddenly that Sue jumped aside.

"Just a moment, dear," the other requested, putting her hand on Sue's arm. "I really did want to consult Jude on a little matter of business, as I told him. I came about that more than anything else. Would he run up to speak to me at the station as I am going? You think not. Well, I'll write to him about it. I didn't want to write it, but never mind—I will."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN Sue reached home Jude was awaiting her at the door to take the initial step towards their marriage. She clasped his arm, and they went along silently together, as true comrades sometimes do. He saw that she was preoccupied, and forbore to question her.

"Oh, Jude, I've been talking to her," she said at last. "I wish I hadn't! And yet it is best to be reminded of things."

"I hope she was civil."

"Yes. She's not an ungenerous nature; and her difficulties have all suddenly ended." She explained how Arabella had been summoned back, and would be enabled to retrieve her position. "I was

referring to our old question. What Arabella has been saying to me has made me feel more than ever how hopelessly vulgar an institution marriage is—a sort of trap to catch a man. I can't bear to think of it. I wish I hadn't promised to let you put up the banns this morning."

"Oh, don't mind me. Any time will do for me. I thought you might like to get it over quickly now."

"Indeed, I don't feel any more anxious now than I did before. Perhaps with any other man I might be a little anxious; but among the very few virtues possessed by your family and mine, dear, I think I may set stanchness. So I am not a bit frightened about losing you, now I really carry my wedding-day in my own hands, so to speak. In fact, I am easier in my mind than I was, for my conscience is clear about Richard, who assumed we had planned to marry when we hadn't. I felt we were deceiving him before."

"Sue, you seem, when you are like this, to be one of the women of an old civilization, whom I used to read about in my by-gone, wasted, classical days, rather than a denizen of a Christian country. I almost expect you to say at these times that you have just been talking to some friend whom you met in the Via Sacra about the latest news of Octavia or Livia, or have been listening to Aspasia's eloquence, or have been watching Praxiteles chiselling away at his latest Venus, while Phryne made complaint that she was tired of posing."

They had now reached the house of the parish clerk. Sue stood back, while her lover went up to the door. His hand was raised to knock, when she said, "Jude!"

He looked round.

"Wait a minute; would you mind?"

He came back to her.

"Just let us think," she said, timidly. "I had such a horrid dream last night. . . . And Arabella—"

"What did Arabella say to you?" he asked.

"Oh, she said that when people were tied up you could get the law of a man better—and how when couples quarrelled. . . . Jude, do you think that when you *must* have me with you by law we shall be so happy as we are now? The men and women of our family are very generous when everything depends upon their good-will, but they always kick against

compulsion. Don't you dread the attitude that insensibly arises out of legal obligation? Don't you think it is destructive to a passion whose essence is its gratuitousness?"

"Upon my word, love, you are beginning to frighten me too with all this foreboding! Well, let us go back and think it over."

Her face brightened. "Yes—so we will!" said she. And they turned from the clerk's door, Sue murmuring, as they walked on homeward:

"Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No. Nor fetter'd love from dying
In the knot there's no untying!"

They thought it over, or postponed thinking. Certainly they postponed action, and seemed to live on in a dreamy paradise. At the end of a fortnight or three weeks matters remained unadvanced, and no banns were announced to the ears of any Aldbrickham congregation.

Whilst they were postponing and postponing thus, a letter and a newspaper arrived one morning from Arabella, both being, as usual, delivered at the house with his name on the door, and where his stone-yard was, and not where he slept. Sue, who had come down from her little room to breakfast with him as usual, opened the newspaper; Jude the letter. After glancing at the paper, she held across the first page to him with her finger on a paragraph; but he was so absorbed in his letter that he did not turn for a while.

"Look!" said she.

He looked and read. The paper was one that circulated in South London only, and the marked paragraph was simply the announcement of a marriage at St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, under the names "CARTLETT—DONN," the united pair being Arabella and the innkeeper.

"Well, it is satisfactory," said Sue, complacently. "She is provided for now, in a way, I suppose, whatever her faults, poor thing! It is nicer that we are able to think that than to be uneasy about her. I must write to Richard and ask him how he is getting on, too, poor man!"

But Jude's attention was still absorbed. Having merely glanced at the announcement, he said, in a disturbed voice: "Listen to this letter. What shall I say or do?"

"THE THREE HORNS, LAMBETH.

"DEAR JUDE (I won't be so distant as to call you Mr. Fawley),—I send to-day a newspaper, from which useful document you will learn that I was married over again to Cartlett last Tuesday. So that business is settled right and tight at last. But what I write about more particular is that private affair I wanted to speak to you on when I come down to Aldbrickham. I couldn't very well tell it to your lady friend, and should much have liked to let you know it by word of mouth, as I could have explained better than by letter. The fact is that, though I have never informed you before, there was a boy born of our marriage eight months after I left you, when I was at Sydney, living with my father and mother. All that is easily provable. As I had separated from you before I thought such a thing was going to happen, and I was over there, and our quarrel had been sharp, I did not think it convenient to write about the birth. I was then looking out for a good situation, so my parents took the child, and he has been with them ever since. That was why I did not mention it when I met you in Christminster, nor at the law proceedings. He is now of an intelligent age, of course, and my mother and father have lately written to say that, as they have rather a hard struggle over there, and I am settled comfortably here, they don't see why they should be encumbered with the child any longer, his parents being alive. I would have him with me here in a moment, but he is not old enough to be of any use in the bar, nor will be for years and years, and naturally Cartlett might think him in the way. They have, however, packed him off to me in charge of some friends who happened to be coming home, and I must ask you to take him when he arrives, for I don't know what to do with him. He is lawfully yours; that I solemnly swear. If anybody says he isn't, call them brimstone liars, for my sake. Whatever I may have done afterwards, I dealt honestly by you from the time we were married till I went away, and I remain, Yours, &c.,

ARABELLA CARTLETT."

Sue's look was one of dismay. "What will you do, dear?" she asked, faintly.

Jude did not reply, and Sue watched him anxiously, with heavy breaths.

"It hits me hard!" said he, in an under-voice. "It *may* be true. I can't make it out. Certainly, if his age is exactly what it ought to be— I cannot think why she didn't tell me when I met her at Christminster and came on here with her.... Ah! I do remember now that she said something about having a thing on her mind that she would like me to know, if ever we lived together again."

"The poor child seems to be wanted by nobody!" Sue replied, and her eyes filled.

Jude had by this time come to himself. "What a view of life he must have, mine or not mine!" he said. "I must say that if I were better off I should not stop for a moment to think whose he might be. I would take him and bring him up. The beggarly question of parentage—what is it, after all? What does it matter, when you come to think of it, whether a child is yours by blood or not? All the little ones of our time are collectively the children of us adults of the time, and entitled to our general care. That excessive regard of parents for their own children, and their dislike of other people's, is, like class feeling, patriotism, save-your-own-soul-ism, and other virtues, a mean exclusiveness at bottom."

Sue jumped up and kissed Jude with passionate devotion. "Yes—so it is, dearest! And we'll have him here. And if he isn't yours, it makes it all the better. I do hope he isn't—though perhaps I ought not to feel quite that! If he isn't, I should like *so much* for us to have him as an adopted child!"

"Well, you must assume about him what is most pleasing to you, my curious little love who won't marry me," he said. "I feel that, anyhow, I don't like to leave the unfortunate little fellow to neglect. Just think of his life in a Lambeth pot-house, and all its evil influences, with a parent who doesn't want him, and has, indeed, hardly ever seen him, and a step-father who doesn't know him! 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.' That's what the boy—my boy, perhaps—will find himself saying before long."

"Oh no!"

"As I was the petitioner, I am really entitled to his custody, I suppose."

"Whether or no, we must have him. I see that. I'll do the best I can to be a

mother to him, and we can afford to keep him somehow. I'll work harder. I wonder when he'll arrive?"

"In the course of a few weeks, I suppose."

"I wish— When shall we have courage to marry, Jude?"

"Whenever you have it, I think I shall. It remains with you entirely, dear. Only say the word, and it's done."

"Before the boy comes?"

"Certainly."

"It would make a more natural home for him, perhaps," she murmured.

Jude thereupon wrote in purely formal terms to request that the boy should be sent on to them as soon as he arrived, making no remark whatever on the surprising nature of Arabella's information, nor vouchsafing a single word of opinion on the boy's paternity, and on whether, had he known all this, his conduct towards her would have been quite the same.

In the down train that was timed to reach Aldbrickham station about ten o'clock the next evening a small pale child's face could be seen in the gloom of a third-class carriage. He had large, frightened eyes, and wore a white woollen cravat, over which a key was suspended round his neck by a piece of common string, the key attracting attention by its occasional shine in the lamp-light. His eyes remained mostly fixed on the back of the seat opposite, and never turned to the window even when a station was reached and called. On the other seat were two or three passengers, one of them a working-woman who held a basket on her lap, in which was a tabby kitten. The woman opened the cover now and then, whereupon the kitten would put out its head and indulge in playful antics. At these the fellow-passengers laughed, except the solitary boy bearing the key, who, regarding the kitten with his saucer eyes, seemed mutely to say: "All laughing comes from misapprehension. Rightly looked at, there is no single laughable thing under the sun."

Occasionally at a stoppage the guard would look into the compartment and say to the boy: "All right, my man. Your box is safe in the van." The boy would say, "Yes," without animation, would try to smile, and fail.

He was Age masquerading as Juvenility, and doing it so badly that his real

self showed through crevices. A groundswell from ancient years of night seemed now and then to lift the child in this his morning life, when his face took a back view over some great Atlantic of time, and appeared not to care for what it saw.

When the other travellers closed their eyes, which they did one by one—even the kitten curling itself up in the basket, weary of its too circumscribed play—the boy remained just as before. He then seemed to be doubly awake, like a dwarf divinity, sitting passive, and regarding his companions as if he saw their whole rounded lives rather than their immediate figures.

This was Arabella's boy. With her usual carelessness, she had postponed writing to Jude about him till the eve of his landing, when she could absolutely postpone no longer, though she had known for weeks of his approaching arrival, and had, indeed, visited Aldbrickham mainly to reveal the boy's existence and his near home-coming to Jude. This very day on which she had received her former husband's answer, at some time in the afternoon, the child reached the London Docks, and the family in whose charge he had come having put him into a cab for Lambeth, and directed the cabman to his mother's house, bade him good-by, and went their way.

On his arrival at the Three Horns, Arabella had looked him over with an expression that was as good as saying, "You are very much what I expected you to be," had given him a good meal, and, late as it was getting, despatched him to Jude by the next train, wishing her husband, who was out, not to see him.

The train reached Aldbrickham, and the boy was deposited on the lonely platform beside his box. The man who took his ticket, with a meditative sense of the fitness of things, asked him where he was going by himself at that time of night.

"Going to Spring Street," said the little one, impassively.

"Why, that's a long way from here; a'most in the country; and the folks will be gone to bed."

"I've got to go there."

"You must have a fly for your box."

"No. I must walk."

"Oh, well, you'd better leave your box here and send for it. There's a 'bus goes half-way, but you'll have to walk the rest."

"I'm not afraid."

"Why didn't your friends come to meet 'ee?"

"I suppose they didn't know I was coming."

"Who is your friends?"

"Mother didn't wish me to say."

"All I can do, then, is to take charge of this. Now walk as fast as you can."

Saying nothing further, the boy came out into the street, looking round to see that nobody followed or observed him. When he had walked some little distance, he asked for the street of his destination. He was told to go straight on, quite into the outskirts of the place.

The child fell into a steady mechanical creep which had in it an impersonal quality—the movement of the wave, or of the breeze, or of the cloud. He followed his directions literally, without an inquiring gaze at anything. It could have been seen that the boy's ideas of life were different from those of the local boys. Children begin with detail and learn up to the general; they begin with the contiguous and gradually comprehend the universal. The boy seemed to have begun with the generals of life, and never to have concerned himself with the particulars. To him the houses, the willows, the obscure fields beyond, were apparently regarded not as brick residences, pollards, meadows, but as human dwellings in the abstract, vegetation, and the wide dark world.

He found the way to the little street, and knocked at the door of Jude's house. Sue and Jude had just retired to their respective quarters, but they had not gone to bed. Sue heard the knock, and came down.

"Is this where father lives?" asked the child.

"Who?"

"Mr. Fawley; that's his name."

She called Jude from opposite by throwing a little gravel at his window, this being their method of signalling. He came almost immediately, though, to her impatience, he seemed long.

"What—is it he—so soon?" she faltered, aside, to her cousin.

She scrutinized the child's features, and suddenly went away into the adjoining room. Jude lifted the boy to a level with himself, keenly regarded him with gloomy tenderness, and telling him he would have been met if they had known of his com-

ing so soon, set him provisionally in a chair whilst he went to look for Sue, whose supersensitive nature was disturbed, he knew. He found her in the sitting-room, in the dark, bending over an arm-chair. He enclosed her with his arm, and putting his face by hers, whispered, "What's the matter?"

"What Arabella says is true—true! I see you in him!"

"Well, that's one thing in my life as it should be, at any rate."

"But the other half of him is *she*! And that's what I can't bear! But I'll try to get used to it, as I ought!"

"Jealous little Sue! I withdraw all remarks about your sexlessness. Never mind. Time may right things. . . . And Sue, darling, I have an idea. We'll educate and train him with a view to the university. What I couldn't accomplish in my own person, perhaps I can carry out through him. They are making it easier for poor students now."

"Oh, you dreamer!" said she, and holding his hand, returned to the child with him.

The boy looked at her as she had looked at him.

"Is it you who's my *real* mother at last?" he inquired.

"Why? Do I look like your father's wife?"

"Well, yes; 'cept that he seems fond of you, and you of him. Can I call you mother?"

Then a yearning look came over the child, and he began to cry. Sue thereupon could not refrain from instantly doing likewise, as she took him and soothed him. She was a harp which the least wind of emotion from another's heart could make to vibrate as readily as a radical stir in her own.

"You may call me mother, if you wish to, my poor dear," she said, bending her cheek against his to hide her tears.

"What's this round your neck?" asked Jude, with affected calmness.

"The key of my box that's at the station."

They bustled about and got him some supper, and made him up a temporary bed, where he soon fell asleep. Both went and looked at him as he lay.

"He called you mother two or three times before he dropped off," murmured Jude. "Wasn't it odd that he should have wanted to?"

"Well—it was significant," said Sue, wiping her eyes. "There's more for us to think about in that one little hungry heart than in all the stars of the sky. . . . I suppose, dear, we *must* pluck up courage and get that ceremony over. It is no use struggling against the current, and I feel myself getting intertwined with my kind. Oh, Jude, you'll love me dearly, won't you, afterwards? I do want to be kind to this child, and to be a mother to him; and our marrying might make it easier for me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARTH'S RAVISHMENT.

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

IF I amid a lovely scene still use
 The inner vision, and within the mind
 Search for a joy the poor sense fails to find
 In sunsets and long shadows and in dews,
 It is not that I love those outward hues
 The less, or to earth's ravishment am blind.
 A spirit dwells in nature far too kind
 To need eye-service. While I seem to muse
 On some foregone delight, and to forget
 An ever-constant lover, she at play
 Wreathes round me roses all along the way,
 That with their fragrance close as in a net
 All avenues of soul, which cannot stir
 But it receives a kiss or two from her.

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS.

BY OWEN WISTER.

AT the threshold, outside which we stood before entering, the small natives of the street had gathered themselves, and, partly curious, mainly derisive, considered the premises with suspicion. The door was open for any that might wish to look further; and this, together with the light that burned in the hall and showed stairs leading to parts unknown, was plainly, in the opinion of these seasoned sceptics, a mild and transparent decoy.

If you own no father or mother in particular, and have been hopping about the curb-stones for some dozen years, you may not be able to read or write, but your knowledge of traps and how to escape them is full-fledged. To your widely watchful mind any stranger, and almost any friend, may suddenly turn into the policeman, or come out from behind something and beat you or cheat you, and you pass your shrewd, self-sufficient days in alertness against mankind. And so this crowd of boys hovering at the threshold or near it on the dark pavement, full of the inevitable unhappy cleverness that life had taught each one, and with the feeling clear among them that a mere open door and a light were by no means enough to catch such accomplished birds as they. Now and then they jeered, or fell into a light skirmish; sometimes some eight-year-old would make an observation older in wit than the hills; or another would grow impatient of watching, and with an "A-ah!" of depreciation and baffled inquiry would slouch whistling away to his slums. Yet skirmishing and all gave way to new curiosity when from time to time some one passed through the door. It might be a Harry or a Sam, one of themselves; then they called comments at him, and questions born of satire. But when it was a young lady in a cloak, satire died away; and I think this sight more than any other wrought upon the curious birds at the door. A man, even with gloves and a good coat, could not so strike the street eye and imagination; for with such they had dealt in one way and another—blackening their boots at a corner, for example; but a young lady in a cloak on familiar terms with Harry and Sam was almost as unlikely as those pink and flaxen crea-

tions that slowly pivot behind plate-glass, unfolding the new fashions.

How such a being was regarded by those who decided to explore and defy the trap I saw almost at once. The threshold crowd stood apart for us and watched us go inside. And when we came to the stairs, we found, half-way up, a strayer, who had been evidently lured thus far one step at a time, and was debating over what next. We stopped on his particular stair, and I saw his small face quicken to distrust. He told his name grudgingly with a latent defiance, and his age, and his intentions, which were adverse. No, he did not belong to the Evening Home. No, he never came there. His brother did. He came around with his brother. This in a tone indicating that the brother might succumb, but deceit with him would be futile. I suppose he was eight or nine; very dirty, and his knee-breeches ragged. Like the crowd at the door, he was collarless, and with no shirt to speak of. He eyed the lady in the cloak strangely, a little drawing back, and a little held by bewilderment. She, somewhat in the same way that a host offers meat without urging it, told him he had better come and be a member, patted his shoulder, which from his look I take to have been a new experience to him, and so we left him on the stairs, sidewise, and halting against the banisters.

Upon our entrance to the Evening Home's main room I noticed instantly two things—the quite spontaneous removing of hats, and the great proportion of collars. These were birds of the same feather with those at the threshold, but they had been coming to the Home through the nights of several years. I succeeded in counting seventy-five of them, but there were more—a company showing various styles of orderliness and self-respect, made from the humblest, the very humblest, of the homeless and the penniless—boys who had often not got so far as selling papers, who had never done a coherent thing in their lives, and who came into this place of their own free-will, and had learned better without rules. For no rules exist here, printed, written, or unwritten. The new-comer meets no restriction more formulated than those

which the more lucky of us began with in the homes of our childhood. And yet one boy among the seventy-five was pointed out to me as the only one who had ever been impertinent. The wise absence of rules is, of course, the secret of this. They troop about the room, these uncompelled guests, with all their native suspicions upon the watch. They look at the walls, the benches, the piano, the books, strange and uneasy at first, ready to resist somebody or something. They see groups of their fellows seated apart playing some game like twenty questions, while others are at checkers, and a few—only a few, to be sure—are reading. No spy seems to be at hand; the evening goes on of itself without apparent constraint or direction; coming, going, and staying are equally simple; you do what you please—in short, there is nothing to resist, no authority, no person with a club. The most belligerent cannot wage war without some enemy to complete the bargain, and thus the stranger in the Evening Home settles on a bench with blankness at first in his spirit, and presently with the dawn of a new idea—that here are a number of people known to him who are finding enjoyment in a manner not known to him, and he will investigate how this is managed, and why some of them wear badges.

I think I saw several in this state, boys who had but lately set foot inside the door, and sat unoccupied, still confused by the presence of an influence which they had never met before, and could not name now. I was myself a little dazed by the visible progress and action of this force. There were boys upon whom it had been at work for seven or eight years—since the beginning; the first boys, now grown into young men, with a bond and a pride uniting them, a sense of owing something to themselves and the Home, monitors to check the riot when too riotous, secretaries to keep the minutes of the little inside societies formed for their occupation and enlightenment, singers who had as principal characters or chorus mastered successively *Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *Iolanthe*, many of them still unable to read music, and the younger ones scarce able to read plain English; yet they had sung the operas through to audiences who came each year, and hope to come again. Then from the older ones, shaped by this influence of several

years, I could turn to the more formless, and so run the scale down to the most recent vagrants, untidy, unpromising, waiting to be rebellious, and with nothing to rebel against but this invisible power, this pervading unwritten discipline which they need not obey, and which had redeemed their elder comrades from the plight of the gutter that themselves were in. For, let me repeat, this good work was being spent upon the nethermost, those whose need of help is the extremest, who in general do not even ply the simplest of street trades, but run unhoused and motherless, eating where they happen, sleeping where they can, vagabonding the alleys, making themselves ready for the reform school and the jail. Here in this room they sat, kept out of the streets, in the presence at least of decency, and in some of them certainly crime was being nipped in the bud. The best part of it was that they were not aware of this. They were being taught nothing that they did not desire, and only the simplest knowledge then. I looked in upon a department of the industry, a night school for somewhat older boys, who sat round a table ciphering upon slates, and handing their sums to the lady who sits with them, and devotes herself to helping them read, write, and figure—the three old “r’s.” I will instance among them one student: a young man who lost his work last summer has at present an employment not quite sufficient to feed him, sleeps in an empty house he found convenient, begs his breakfast each morning on his way to work, and each night comes to the lady in the Evening Home to learn arithmetic.

But teaching, either mental or manual, is not the central aim of this place, and the Evening Home and Library Association, of Chestnut and Aspen streets, Philadelphia, stands alone of its kind in our country, and, so far as I know, has but one counterpart anywhere, which is the People’s Palace in London. There, too—but only there—some wise and devoted people have got hold of a notion that lies below reading and arithmetic and carpentering. Our cities are full of institutions where trade knowledge is well taught, but none of them are meant to fill the lack for which the Evening Home stands, and that is simply home influence for those who have never known it. Not even religion enters specifically

here into the learning that these waifs receive, but the wider thing that every true religion stands for. I do not suppose that it lies in the imagination of most of us to conceive what we should have been like had we begun our lives alone and uncared for by a single human being, and I believe that the sense of being valued by somebody is inestimable in the making of character; and with the making of character it is that the Evening Home concerns itself—to begin early with the boys to destroy that sheeplike herding dependence upon some leader, to start the springs of independent thought, to create the power of sustained attention—these are matters that come before arithmetic, and are achieved neither in schools of manual training nor along the street. It is the lack of independence and persistence far more than scanty book-learning which brings most men to begging and the penitentiary, and in this experiment that is being tried with gathering success at Chestnut and Aspen streets the street boy is found invariably devoid of application. No matter how sharp his wits may be, how naturally apt for acquisition—and many have excellent brains—never a one begins with the slightest notion of sticking to a thing. At the effort to understand a printed page and retain something of it in his memory his unaccustomed mind recoils. After the first poor minute of attempt at collecting his dishevelled faculties he sickens with fatigue and disgust, and then quickly throws the book at the teacher's head. Not especially in rage at her, but in his intolerable restlessness at constraint, and she is naturally the first target of his young displeasure.

This book-throwing has been a common manifestation at the Evening Home, and before I come to *Pinafore* I shall briefly recount the methods devised for catching the waif's attention and winning him to some sort of regularity. For without the power of attention, be it well remembered, the manual training schools will accomplish nothing for him. He will not sit still long enough, but, having strayed in, will directly, upon discovering himself to be bored, stray out again to pervade the streets and mature himself in evil.

Suspicion, as I have said, is the cardinal taint in these young people, and to allay suspicion is the first effort of the volunteers. It is a volunteer's custom to

select a group of about ten boys, and tell them his or her name, and on what evenings he or she will be at the Evening Home. Next comes the offer to read to them, or play games, *if they will ask it*. These wild colts are not even led to the water, for they would be off on the instant. They are shown where the water is, and the rest is tactfully left to them. After the first early acquaintance and removal of reticence each boy is asked a little about himself, how long he has been coming, how often, and if he is a member. He tells the classes and clubs that he has attended or would like to join; he names his favorite book, if he knows of such a thing. Then comes the paper, the *Chronicle*, published by the boys each month. Does he read it regularly? And does he keep an account with the Stamp Saving Fund? This thrifty device has found its way even among some of the parents and relatives, when there are any. It was begun two years ago, after it had proved a success in several large cities. The Home has merely established an agency for the sale of stamps and the issue of deposit cards. The would-be saver buys the stamps—one, two, three cents, and higher, according to the sum of his deposit—and pastes them upon his card. The amount can be withdrawn in whole or in part by giving notice and presenting the card, upon which the stamps are cancelled. I took some of these to look at, and it was strange to count at sight how various were the inclinations to save. Here was a book full of five-cent stamps, while the next contained a single deposit of a cent. A small boy stood by, and informed the volunteer, in a determined manner, that he preferred spending his money. She abstained from over-advising him, but dropped an observation upon the prudence of certain other boys.

When the volunteer has somewhat learned the character of each individual, his special enjoyments and needs, he is recommended to what seems appropriate for him. He must join the Home, become a member for fifteen cents a year, and wear the club button. Then he has waiting for him many clubs and classes: the night schools, the manual training school, the cooking school, military drill, debating club, fife and drum corps, and last, but in many cases undoubtedly best for persuading him to system and discipline, music, which he can take in the form

of singing, piano, guitar, and banjo. For in everything that he tries to learn he is opposed inveterately by his own mental incoherence. Reading and writing are, I suppose, the most distasteful to him; but even modelling the Lucerne Lion in clay does not generally hold him long absorbed at the outset; and though I saw heads of animals and angels that showed evident facility, and were the promise of a future livelihood for their designer, the main room was filled with little vacant idlers who could make up their minds to nothing but noise, until, at the end of the evening, they were gathered to the piano; then, indeed, the marvellous power that music has for them was made plain. At first they were unwilling to be silent; they romped, they scrambled, they jibed in masses, drowning the player's accompaniment; it seemed a hopeless bedlam. Yet the music went on. A little fellow was induced to sing. He sang many lyrics of an extreme and—to him, I must think—utterly incomprehensible pathos. One in particular, which reiterated "Take back the engagement ring," followed by a lugubrious waltz chorus, seemed quite incompatible with the emotions of thirteen summers. Yet it was overloaded sentiment that they desired to hear, and they listened and joined with fervor and solemnity. Steadily the noise and skylarking were forgotten; they watched the musician intently, and the spell was obviously at work. Why they should wish melancholy songs, and a moral where virtue is reproachful and magnanimous, I cannot clearly guess; I suppose the melody and half-comprehended words make some dim appeal to that spark of the divine which I have the happiness to believe is implanted somewhere in all of them. At any rate, it was this characteristic of theirs that brought *Pinafore*. Music could keep them attentive; they should be set to learning music, and words that went with it.

The first trial, *Pinafore*, was something at which the mere contemplation staggers. They would not learn the lines. They assured their leader that they could not possibly remember all that stuff. To give them books would have disbanded them on the spot. Teaching began orally word by word. They listened for two minutes, marched out of the door, and roamed the town for several days. They were made to know

that plenty were ready to fill their places, and this brought them casually back to see what was going on. They saw the indomitable leader standing at the piano, striking the keys with one hand, waving the other, and shouting melody to the chorus, who shouted, "We sail the ocean blue," in response. Then the recalcitrant sat down once more, and succeeded in committing some lines to memory. This was the only argument used to them: "You said you could not learn anything by heart. You have learned that, and therefore can learn some more." Again some of them went away, but returned, to find the leader eternally shouting by the piano, and the chorus replying, "Sir Joseph's barge is seen." By this time the music, and possibly the drama, began to interest them, and they caught at the sentiment of "Fair moon, to thee I sing." *Pinafore* was now creeping from chaos, when a sudden twist in the boy nature cropped out and threatened to tangle the whole enterprise. The big boys of seventeen would not sing with the small ones of twelve. They could not submit their dignity to this affront. So they sat in a corner together and looked on cynically. The worst of it was that this first set of boys had not been long enough under the influence of the Home to acquire any sort of independence. They herded with their leader; and if Jim came in and sincerely wanted to sing, but discovered that Jack had decided not to sing, he too forsook the troupe and sat in the corner. It was explained to them all that little boys are necessary, because only they can sing treble, but this technicality had no weight with them. And then Josephine and Little Buttercup struck on the issue of petticoats. Still the leader stood by the piano, week in and week out; and at length, in the spring, *Pinafore* was actually given. To say it was astonishing is pale comment. The audience of polite "grown-ups" that came to hear it went home entirely amazed. But the best of *Pinafore* was that it established two fundamental precedents. They knew now that they could learn and remember out of a book, and the chorus who finally sang made their first step in independence. When *The Pirates of Penzance* came there were Jims ready to sing, whether the Jacks refused or not. Moreover, the printed book was now dared. How much of Mr. Gilbert's pol-

ished idiom reached their comprehension I cannot say. I have laughed at many a Major-General, not only in the song about the hypotenuse, but at a certain prose speech of contrition for telling a lie that he makes to his ancestors in his recently bought chapel. Frederic reminds him that they are not his ancestors, and he replies (I quote from memory): "Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors. I do not know whose they were, but I know whose they are; and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase, if I may so style myself, should have brought a blot upon what I have no doubt was an unstained escutcheon." The effect of this from the Major-General of the Evening Home surpassed any I have heard. *Iolanthe* was a still greater undertaking, but the company acquitted itself admirably, and now we are looking for more. The dread of the printed book is now healed.

These comic operas have served a good end, for they have worked in with the chief aims of the Home, greatly helping to teach the boys attention and independence. I might say something of the coffee-room, where cups are to be had for three cents, and other refreshments for similar small sums; and I could speak of the library, and the Happy Thought Club, and the baseball nine. But I do not wish to burden my page with statistics. It may be said that the Home is open every night in the week from the 1st of October until the 1st of May. The nightly attendance varies from fifty to two hundred and fifty, with ages ranging from twelve to forty. In a recent season the whole attendance upon the general assembly room was 17,997 boys and 2953 men; upon the manual training school, 2000 boys; and upon the cooking-school, 560 girls. Only boys are now taken in the cooking-school.

I cannot think of a more useful or more simple charity than this early appeal to

the better instincts of our poor, this forestalling of evil while the waif is still unhardened. After each one of us has learned to walk and talk and spell, and perhaps be president of something, and the mansion of self is crowded from floor to roof with business and recreation, still some room is left in the heart of nearly every man, vacant of his own concerns, ready for another's use—a sort of lodging for strangers, in fact, the spare room of benevolence. It is here that we order the extra turkeys at Christmas, and here that we draw checks when Chicago burns or Johnstown is wasted by a flood. In no other place can we acquire the sorrowful wholesome knowledge of how many upon this earth directly need our help, and what various help they call for, day and night. Yet if a man the year round did nothing else than minister to the thousand shapes in which Want roams among us, he could not reach all or the half; and so it happens that many become bewildered in the presence of this army of starved souls and bodies, and either leave off altogether, or dispense their kindness without plan, firing random shots of generosity. To put hand in pocket for the passing beggar undoubtedly blesses him that gives, and I would not go a month without this self-indulgence; but the street penny cuts at the root of no evil, and the cure of one empty stomach seems a fleeting benefit to the race when you might be preventing a dozen from ever going hungry. You must reach the vagrant at the dawn of his day, before he has walked the streets too long, before they have taught him too much. That is the great work to aim at, and nothing I know of hits it so true as the Evening Home of Philadelphia. If this work spreads elsewhere, our jails and our penitentiaries will certainly have fewer in them, more of the destitute will have started upon life with something like a home; and it is there, I think, that charity begins.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

AMERICANS who go to Paris might be divided, for the purposes of this article at least, into two classes—those who use Paris for their own improvement or pleasure, and those who find her too strong for them, and who go down before her and worship her, and whom she either fashions after her own liking, or rides

under foot and neglects until they lose heart and disappear forever.

Balzac, in the last paragraph of one of his novels, leaves his hero standing on the top of a hill above Paris, shaking his fist at the city below him, and cursing her for a wanton.

One might argue that this was a some-

what childish and theatrical point of view for the young man to have taken. He probably found in Paris exactly what he brought there, and it seems hardly fair, because the city was stronger than he, that he should blame her and call her a hard name. Paris is something much better than that, only the young man was probably not looking for anything better. He had taken her frivolous side too seriously, and had not sought for her better side at all. Some one should have told him that Paris makes a most agreeable mistress, but a very hard master.

There are a few Americans who do not know this until it is too late, until they lose their heads with all the turmoil and beauty and unending pleasures of the place, and grow to believe that the voice of Paris is the voice of the whole world. Perhaps they have heard the voice speak once; it has praised a picture which they have painted, or a book of verses that they have written, or a garden fête that they have given, at which there were present as many as three ambassadors. And they sit breathless ever after, waiting for the voice to speak to them again, and while they are waiting Paris is exclaiming over some new picture, or another fête, at which there were four ambassadors; and the poor little artist or the poor little social struggler wonders why he is forgotten, and keeps on struggling and fluttering and biting his nails and eating his heart out in private, listening for the voice to speak his name once more.

He will not believe that his time has come and gone, and that Paris has no memory, and no desire but to see and to hear some new thing. She has taken his money and eaten his dinners and hung his pictures once or twice in a good place; but, now that his money is gone, Paris has other dinners to eat, and other statues to admire, and no leisure time to spend at his dull receptions, which have taken the place of his rare dinners, or to climb to his garret when there is a more amusing and more modern painter on the first floor.

Paris is full of these poor hangers-on, who have allowed her to use them and pat them on the back, and who cannot see that her approbation is not the only reward worth the striving for, but who go on year after year tagging in her train, beseeching her to take some notice of them. They are like the little boys who

run beside the coaches and turn somersaults to draw a copper from passengers on top, and who are finally left far behind, unobserved and forgotten beside the dusty road. The wise man and the sensible man takes the button or the medal or the place on a jury that Paris gives him, and is glad to get it, and proud of the recognition and of the source from which it comes, and then continues on his way unobserved, working for the work's sake. He knows that Paris has taught him much, but that she has given him all she can, and that he must now work out his own salvation for himself.

Or, if he be merely an idler visiting Paris for the summer, he takes Paris as an idler should, and she receives him with open arms. He does not go there to spend four hours a day, or even four hours a week, in the serious occupation of leaving visiting-cards. He does not invite the same people with whom he dined two weeks before in New York to dine and breakfast with him again in Paris, nor does he spend every afternoon in a frock-coat watching polo, or in flannels playing lawn-tennis on the Île de Puteaux. He has tennis and polo at home. Nor did he go all the way to Paris to dance in little hot apartments, or to spend the greater part of each day at the race-tracks of Longchamps or Auteuil. The Americans who do these things in Paris are a strange and incomprehensible class. Fortunately they do not form a large class, but they do form a conspicuous one, and while it really does not concern any one but themselves as to how they spend their time, it is a little aggravating to have them spoiling the local color of a city for which they have no real appreciation, and from which they get no more benefit than they would have received had they remained at home in Newport.

They treat Paris as they would treat Narragansett Pier, only they act with a little less restraint, and are very much more in evidence. They are in their own environment in the picture at the Pier or at the Horse Show, and if you do not like it, you are at perfect liberty to keep out of it, and you will not be missed; but you do object to have your view of the Arc de Triomphe cut in two by a coach-load of them, or to have them swoop down upon D'Armenonville or Paillard's on the boulevards, calling each other by their first names, and running from table to

table, and ordering the Hungarians to play "Daisy Bell," until you begin to think you are in the hall of the Hotel Waldorf, and go out into the night to hear French spoken, if only by a cabman.

I was on the back seat of a coach one morning in the Bois de Boulogne, watching Howlett give a man a lesson in driving four horses at once.

It was very early, and the dew was still on the trees, and the great broad avenues were empty and sweet-smelling and green, and I exclaimed on the beauty of Paris. "Beautiful?" echoed Howlett. "I should say it was, sir. Now in London, sir, all the roads lie so straight there's no practice driving there. But in Paris it's all turns and short corners. It's the most beautiful city in the world." I thought it was interesting to find a man so wrapped up in his chosen work that he could see nothing in the French capital but the angles which made the driving of four horses a matter of some skill. But what interest can you take in those Americans who have been taught something else beside driving, and who yet see only those things in Paris that are of quite as little worth as the sharp turns of the street corners?

You wonder if it never occurs to them to walk along the banks of the Seine and look over the side at the people unloading canal boats, or clipping poodles, or watering cavalry horses, or patiently fishing; if they never pull over the books in the stalls that line the quays, or just loiter in abject laziness, with their arms on the parapet of a bridge, with the sun on their backs, and the steamboats darting to and fro beneath them, and with the towers of Notre Dame before and the grim prison of the Conciergerie on one side. Surely that is a better employment than taking tea to the music of a Hungarian band, while your young friends from Beverly Farms and Rockaway knock a polo ball around a ten-acre lot. I met two American women hurrying along the Rue de Rivoli one morning last summer who told me that they had just arrived in Paris that moment, and were about to leave two hours later for Havre to take the steamer home.

"So," explained the elder, "as we have so much time, we are just running down to the Louvre to take a farewell look at 'Mona Lisa' and the 'Winged Victory'; we won't see them again for a year, per-

haps." Their conduct struck me as interesting when compared with that of about four hundred other American girls, who never see anything of Paris during their four weeks' stay there each summer, because so much of their time is taken up at the dressmakers'. It is pathetic to see them come back to the hotel at five, tired out and cross, with having had to stand on their feet four hours at a time while some mysterious ceremony was going forward. It is hard on them when the sun is shining out-of-doors and there are beautiful drives and great art galleries and quaint old chapels and curious museums and ancient gardens lying free and open all around them, that they should be compelled to spend four weeks in this fashion.

There was a young woman of this class of American visitors to Paris who had just arrived there on her way from Rome, and who was telling us how much she had delighted in the galleries there. She was complaining that she had no more pictures to enjoy. Some one asked her what objection she had to the Louvre or the Luxembourg.

"Oh, none at all," she said; "but I saw those pictures last year."

These are the Americans who go to Paris for the spring and summer only, who live in hotels, and see little of the city beyond the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue of the Champs Elysées and their bankers'. They get a great deal of pleasure out of their visit, however, and they learn how important a thing it is to speak French correctly. If they derive no other benefit from their visit they are sufficiently justified, and when we contrast them with other Americans who have made Paris their chosen home, they almost shine as public benefactors in comparison.

For they, at least, bring something back to their own country: themselves, and pretty frocks and bonnets, and a certain wider knowledge of the world. That is not much, but it is more than the American Colony does.

There is something fine in the idea of a colony, of a body of men and women who strike out for themselves in a new country, who cut out their homes in primeval forests, and who make their peace with the native barbarians. The Pilgrim Fathers and the early settlers in Australia and South Africa and amidst the snows of Canada were colonists of whom any mother-nation might be proud; but

the emigrants who shrink at the crudenesses of our present American civilization, who shirk the responsibilities of our government, who must have a leisure class with which to play, and who are shocked by the familiarity of our press, are colonists who leave their country for their country's good. The American Colony in Paris is in a strange position. Its members are neither the one thing nor the other. They cannot stand in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe and feel that any part of its glory falls on them, nor can they pretend an interest in the defeat of Tammany Hall, nor claim any portion in the magnificent triumph of the Chicago Fair. Their attitude must always be one of explanation; they are continually on the defensive; they apologize to the American visitor and to the native Frenchman; they have declined their birthright and are voluntary exiles from their home. The only way by which they can justify their action is either to belittle what they have given up, or to emphasize the benefits which they have received in exchange, and these benefits are hardly perceptible. They remain what they are, and no matter how long it may have been since they ceased to be Americans, they do not become Frenchmen. They are a race all to themselves; they are the American Colony.

On regular occasions this Colony asserts itself, but only on those occasions when there is a chance of its advertising itself at the expense of the country it has renounced. When this chance comes the Colonists suddenly remember their former home; they rush into print, or they make speeches in public places, or buy wreaths for some dead celebrity. Or when it so happens that no one of prominence has died for some time, and there seems to be no other way of getting themselves noticed, the American Colony rises in its strength and remembers Lafayette, and decorates his grave. Once every month or so they march out into the country and lay a wreath on his tomb, and so for the moment gain a certain vogue with the Parisians, which is all that they ask. They do not perform this ceremony because Lafayette fought in America, but because he was a Frenchman fighting in America, and they are playing now to the French galleries and not to the American bleaching-boards. There are a few descendants of Lafayette who are deserv-

ing of our sincere sympathy. For these gentlemen are brought into the suburbs many times in the year in the rain and storm to watch different American Colonists place a wreath on the tomb of their distinguished ancestor, and make speeches about a man who left his country only to fight for the independence of another country, and not to live in it after it was free. Some day the descendants of Lafayette and the secretaries of the American embassy will rise up and rebel, and refuse to lend themselves longer to the uses of these gentlemen.

They will suggest that there are other graves in Paris. There is, for instance, the grave of Paul Jones, who possibly did as much for America on the sea as Lafayette did on shore. If he had only been a Frenchman, with a few descendants of title still living who would consent to act as chief mourners on occasion, his spirit might hope to be occasionally remembered with a wreath or two; but as it is, he is not to be considered with the French marquis, who must, we can well imagine, turn uneasily beneath the wreaths these self-advertising patriots lay upon his grave.

The American Colony is not wicked, but it would like to be thought so, which is much worse. Among some of the men it is a pose to be considered the friend of this or that particular married woman, and each of them, instead of paying the woman the slight tribute of treating her in public as though they were the merest acquaintances, which is the least the man can do, rather forces himself upon her horizon, and is always in evidence, not obnoxiously, but unobtrusively, like a pet cat or a butler, but still with sufficient pertinacity to let you know that he is there.

As a matter of fact the women have not the courage to carry out to the end these affairs of which they hint, as have the French men and women around them whose example they are trying to emulate. And, moreover, the twenty-five years of virtue which they have spent in America, as Balzac has pointed out, is not to be overcome in a day or in many days, and so they only pretend to have overcome it, and tell *risqués* stories and talk scandalously of each other and even of young girls. But it all begins and ends in talk, and the *risqués* stories, if they knew it, sound rather silly from

their lips, especially to men who put them away when they were boys at boarding-school, and when they were so young that they thought it was grand to be vulgar and manly to be nasty.

It is a question whether or not one should be pleased that the would-be wicked American woman in Paris cannot adopt the point of view of the Parisian women as easily as she adopts their bonnets. She tries to do so, it is true; she tries to look on life from the same side, but she does not succeed very well, and you may be sure she is afraid and a fraud at heart, and in private a most excellent wife and mother. If it be reprehensible to be a hypocrite and to pretend to be better than one is, it should also be wrong to pretend to be worse than one dares to be, and so lend countenance to others. It is like a man who shouts with the mob, but whose sympathies are against it. The mob only hears him shout and takes courage at his doing so, and continues in consequence to destroy things. And these foolish pretty women lend countenance by their talk and by their stories to many things of which they know nothing from experience, and so do themselves injustice and others much harm. Sometimes it happens that an outsider brings them up with a sharp turn, and shows them how far they have strayed from the standard which they recognized at home. I remember, as an instance of this, how an American art student told me with much satisfaction last summer of how he had made himself intensely disagreeable at a dinner given by one of these expatriated Americans. "I didn't mind their taking away the character of every married woman they knew," he said; "they were their own friends, not mine; but I did object when they began on the young girls, for that is something we haven't learned at home yet. And finally they got to Miss —, and one of the women said, 'Oh, she has so compromised herself now that no one will marry her.'"

At which, it seems, my young man banged the table with his fist, and said: "I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and I know twenty more men at home who would be glad of the chance. We've all asked her once, and we're willing to ask her again."

There was an uncomfortable pause, and the young woman who had spoken pro-

tested she had not meant it so seriously. She had only meant the girl was a trifle *passée* and travel-worn. But when the women had left the table, one of the men laughed, and said:

"You are quite like a breeze from the piny woods at home. I suppose we do talk rather thoughtlessly over here, but then none of us take what we say of each other as absolute truth."

The other men all agreed to this, and protested that no one took them or what they said seriously. They were quite right, and, as a matter of fact, it would be unjust to them to do so, except to pity them. The Man without a Country was no more unfortunate than they. It is true they have Henry's bar, where they can get real American cocktails, and the Travellers', where they can play real American poker; but that is as near as they ever get to anything that savors of our country, and they do not get as near as that towards anything that savors of the Frenchman's country. They have their own social successes, and their own salons and dinner parties, but the Faubourg St.-Germain is as strange a territory to many of them as though it were situated in the heart of the Congo Basin.

Of course there are many fine, charming, whole-souled, and clean-minded American women in Paris. They are the wives of bankers or merchants or the representatives of the firms which have their branches in Paris and London as well as New York. And there are hundreds more of Americans who are in Paris because of its art, the cheapness of its living, and its beauty. I am not speaking of them; and should they read this they will understand.

The American in Paris of whom one longest hesitates to speak is the girl or woman who has married a title. She has been so much misrepresented in the press, and so misunderstood, and she suffers in some cases so acutely without letting it be known how much she suffers, that the kindest word that could be said of her is not half so kind as silence. No one can tell her more distinctly than she herself knows what her lot is, or how few of her illusions have been realized. It is not a case where one can point out grandiloquently that uneasy lies the head that wears a coronet; it is not magnificent sorrow; it is just pathetic, sordid, and occasionally ridiculous. To treat it

too seriously would be as absurd as to weep over a man who had allowed himself to be fooled by a thimblerrigger; only in this case it is a woman who has been

of view, is a very pretty and desirable object. But as the title has to be worn in Paris and not in New York, its importance lies in the way in which it is considered there, not here. As far as appears on the surface, the American woman of title in Paris fails to win what she sought, from either her own people or those among whom she has married. To her friends from New York or San Francisco she is still Sallie This or Eleanor

That. Her friends are not deceived or impressed or overcome—at least, not in Paris. When they return to New York they speak casually of how they have



"STANDING ON THEIR FEET FOR HOURS AT A TIME."

imposed upon, and who asks for your sympathy.

There is a very excellent comic song which points how certain things are only English when you see them on Broadway; and a title, or the satisfaction of being a countess or princess, when viewed from a Broadway or Fifth Avenue point

been spending the summer with the Princess So-and-So, and they do not add that she used to be Sallie Sprigs of San Francisco. But in Paris, when they are with her, they call her Sallie, just as of yore, and they let her understand that they do not consider her in any way changed since she has become ennobled,

or that the glamour of her rank in any way dazzles them. And she in her turn is so anxious that they shall have nothing to say of her to her disadvantage when they return that she shows them little of her altered state, and is careful not to refer to any of the interesting names on her new visiting-list.

Her husband's relations in France are more disappointing: they certainly cannot be expected to see her in any different light from that of an outsider and a nobody; they will not even admit that she is pretty; and they say among themselves that, so long as Cousin Charles had to marry a great fortune, it is a pity he did not marry a French woman, and that they always had preferred the daughter of the chocolate-maker, or the champagne-grower, or the Hebrew banker—all of whom were offered to him. The American princess cannot expect people who have had title and ancestors so long as to have forgotten them to look upon Sallie Sprigs of California as anything better than an Indian squaw. And the result is that all which the American woman makes by her marriage is the privilege of putting her coronet on her handkerchief and the humble deference of the women at Paquin's or Viot's, who say "Madame the Baroness" and "Madame the Princess" at every second word. It really seems a very heavy price to pay for very little.

We are attributing very trivial and vulgar motives to the woman, and it may be, after all, that she married for love in spite of the title, and not on account of it. But if these are love-matches, it would surely sometimes happen that the American men, in their turn, would fall in love with foreign women of title, and that we would hear of impecunious princesses and countesses hunting through the States for rich brokers and wheat-dealers. Of course the obvious answer to this is that the American women are so much more attractive than the men that they appeal to people of all nations and of every rank, and that American men are content to take them without the title.

The rich fathers of the young girls who are sacrificed should go into the business with a more accurate knowledge of what they are buying. Even the shrewdest of them—men who could not be misled into buying a worthless railroad or an empty mine—are frequently imposed upon in

these speculations. The reason is that while they have made a study of the relative values and the soundness of railroads and mines, they have not taken the pains to study this question of titles, and as long as a man is a count or a prince, they inquire no further, and one of them buys him for his daughter on his face value. There should be a sort of Bradstreet for these rich parents, which they could consult before investing so much money plus a young girl's happiness. There are, as a matter of fact, only a very few titles worth buying, and in selecting, the choice should always lie between one of England and one of Germany. An English earl is the best the American heiress can reasonably hope for, and after him a husband with a German title is very desirable. These might be rated as "sure" and "safe" investments.

But these French titles created by Napoleon, or the Italians, with titles created by the Papal Court, and the small fry of other countries, are really not worth while. Theirs are not titles; as some one has said, they are epitaphs; and the best thing to do with the young American girl who thinks she would like to be a princess is to take her abroad early in her life, and let her meet a few other American girls who have become princesses. After that, if she still wants to buy a prince and pay his debts and supply him with the credit to run into more debt, she has only herself to blame, and goes into it with her pretty eyes wide open. It will be then only too evident that she is fitted for nothing higher.

On no one class of visitor does Paris lay her spell more heavily than on the American art student. For, no matter where he has studied at home, or under what master, he finds when he reaches Paris so much that is new and beautiful and full of inspiration that he becomes as intolerant as are all recent converts, and so happy in his chosen profession that he looks upon everything else than art with impatience and contempt. As art is something about which there are many opinions, he too often passes rapidly on to the stage when he can see nothing to admire in any work save that which the master that he worships declares to be true, and he scorns every other form of expression and every other school and every other artist.

You almost envy the young man his



"THE AMERICAN COLONY IS NOT WICKED."

certainly of mind and the unquestionableness of his opinion. He will take you through the Salon at a quick step, demolishing whole walls of pictures as he goes with a sweeping gesture of the hand, and will finally bring you breathless before a little picture, or a group of them, which, so he informs you, are the only ones in the exhibition worthy of consideration. And on the day following a young disciple of another school will escort you through the same rooms, and regard with pitying contempt the pictures which your friend of the day before has left standing, and will pick out somewhere near the roof a strange monstrosity, beneath which he will stand with bowed head, and upon which he will comment in a whisper.

It is an amusing pose, and most be-

wildering to a philistine like myself when he finds all the artists whom he had venerated denounced as photographers and decorators, or story-tellers and illustrators. I used to be quite ashamed of the ignorance which had left me so long unenlightened as to what was true and beautiful.

These boys have, perhaps, an aunt in Kansas City, or a mother in Lynn, Massachusetts, who is saving and pinching to send them fifteen or twenty dollars a week so that they can learn to be great painters, and they have not been in Paris a week before they have changed their entire view of art, and adopted a new method and a new master and a new religion. It is nowise derogatory to a boy to be supported by a fond aunt in Kansas City,

who sends him fifteen dollars a week and the news of the social life of that place, but it is amusing to think how she and his cousins in the West would be awed if they heard him damn a picture by waving his thumb in the air at it, and saying, "It has a little too much of that," with a downward sweep of the thumb, "and not enough of this," with an upward sweep. For one hardly expects a youth who is still at Julien's, and who has not yet paid the first quarter's rent for his studio, to proclaim all the first painters of France as only fit to color photographs. It is as if some one were to say, "You can take away all of the books of the Boston Library and nothing will be lost, but spare three volumes of sonnets written by the only great writer of the present time, who is a friend of mine, and of whom no one knows but myself."

Of course one must admire loyalty of that sort, for when it is loyalty to an idea it cannot help but be fine and sometimes noble, though it is a trifle amusing as well. It is just this tenacity of belief in one's own work, and just this intolerance of the work of others, that make Paris inspiring. A man cannot help but be in earnest, if he amounts to anything at all, when on every side he hears his work attacked or vaunted to the skies. As long as the question asked is "Is it art?" and not "Will it sell?" and "Is it popular?" the influence must be for good.

These students, in their loyalty to the particular school they admire, of course proclaim their belief in every public and private place, and are ever on their guard, but it is in their studios that they have set up their gods and established their doctrines most firmly.

One of these young men, whom I had known at college, took me to his studio last summer, and asked me to tell him how I liked it. It was a most embarrassing question to me, for to my untrained eye the rooms seemed to be stricken with poverty, and so bare as to appear untenanted. I said, at last, that he had a very fine view from his windows.

"Yes, but you say nothing of the room itself," he protested; "and I have spent so much time and thought on it. I have been a year and a half in arranging this room."

"But there is nothing in it," I objected; "you couldn't have taken a year and a half to arrange these things. There

is not enough of them. It shouldn't have taken more than half an hour."

He smiled with a sweet superior smile, and shook his head at me. "I am afraid," he said, "that you are one of those people who like studios filled with tapestries and armor and palms and huge hideous chests of carved wood. You are probably the sort of person who would hang a tennis-racket on his wall and consider it decorative. We believe in lines and subdued colors and broad bare surfaces. There is nothing in this room that has not a meaning of its own. You are quite right; there is very little in it; but what is here could not be altered or changed without spoiling the harmony of the whole, and nothing in it could be replaced or improved upon."

I regarded the studio with renewed interest at this, and took a mental inventory of its contents for my own improvement. I was guiltily conscious that once at college I had placed two lacrosse-sticks over my doorway, and what made it worse was, that I did not play lacrosse, and that they had been borrowed from the man upstairs for decorative purposes solely. I hoped my artist friend would not question me too closely. His room had a bare floor and gray walls and a green door. There was a long low bookcase, and a straight-legged table, on which stood, ranged against the wall, a blue and white jar, a gold Buddha, and a jade bottle. On one wall hung a gray silk poke-bonnet, of the fashion of the year 1830, and on another an empty gold frame. With the exception of three chairs there was nothing else in the room. I moved slightly, and with the nervous fear that if I disturbed or disarranged anything the bare gray walls might fall in on me. And then I asked him why he did not put a picture in his frame.

"Ah, exactly!" he exclaimed, triumphantly; "that shows exactly what you are; you are an American philistine. You cannot see that a picture is a beautiful thing in itself, and that a dead-gold frame with its four straight lines is beautiful also; but together they might not be beautiful. That gray wall needs a spot on it, and so I hung that gold frame there, not because it was a frame, but because it was beautiful; for the same reason I hung that eighteen-thirty bonnet on the other wall. The two grays harmonize. People do not generally hang bonnets on



“WHAT MIGHT SOME TIME HAPPEN IF THESE WERE LOVE-MATCHES.”

walls, but that is because they regard them as things of use, and not as things of beauty.”

I pointed with my stick at the three lonely ornaments on the solitary table. “Then if you were to put the blue and white jar on the right of the Buddha, instead of on the left,” I asked, “the whole room would feel the shock?”

“Of course,” answered my friend. “Can’t even you see that?”

I tried to see it, but I could not. I had only just arrived in Paris.

There was another artist with a studio across the bridges, and his love of art cost him much money and some severe trials. His suite of rooms was all in blue, gray, white, and black. He said

that if you looked at things in the world properly, you would see that they were all gray, blue, or black. He had painted a gray lady in a gray dress, with a blue parrot on her shoulder. She had brown lips and grayish teeth. He was very much disappointed in me when I told him that lips always looked to me either pink or red. He explained that by saying that my eyes were not trained properly. I resented this, and told him that my eyes were as good as his own, and that a recruiting officer had once tested them with colored yarns and letters of the alphabet held up in inaccessible corners, and had given me a higher mark for eyesight than for anything else. He said it was not a question of colored yarns; and that while I might satisfy a recruiting sergeant that I could distinguish an ammunition train from a travelling circus, it did not render me a critic on art matters. He pointed out that the eyes of the women in the Caucasus who make rugs are trained to distinguish a hundred and eighty different shades of colors that other eyes cannot see; and in time, he added, I would see that everything in real life looked flat and gray. I took a red carnation out of my coat, and put it over the gray lady's lips, and asked him whether he would call it gray or red, and he said that was no argument.

He suffered a great deal in his efforts to live up to his ideas, but assured me that he was much happier than I in my ignorance of what was beautiful. He explained, for instance, that he would like to put up some of the photographs of his family that he had brought with him around his room, but that he could not do it, because photographs were so undecorative. So he kept them in his trunk. He also kept a green cage full of doves because they were gray and white and decorative, and in spite of the fact that they were a nuisance, and always flying away, and being caught again by small boys, who brought them back, and wanted a franc for so doing. He suffered, too, in his inability to find the shade of blue for his chair covers that would harmonize with the rest of his room. He had covered the furniture five times, and never successfully, and hence the cushions of his lounge and stiff chairs were still as white as when they had last gone to the upholsterer's.

These young men are friends of mine,

and I am sure they will not object to my describing their ateliers, of which they were very proud. They believed in their own schools, and in their own ways of looking at art, and no one could laugh or argue them out of it; consequently they deserved credit for the faith that was in them. They are chiefly interesting here as showing how a young man will develop in the artistic atmosphere of Paris. It is only when he ceases to develop, and sinks into the easy lethargy of a life of pleasure there, that he becomes uninteresting.

There was still another young man whom I knew there who can serve here now as an example of the American who stops in Paris too long.

I first met this artist at a garden party, and he asked me if I did not think it dull, and took me for a walk up to Montmartre, talking all the way of what a great and beautiful mother Paris was to those who worked there. His home was in Maine, and he let me know, without reflecting on his native town, that he had been choked and cramped there, and that his life had been the life of a Siberian exile. Here he found people who could understand; here, the very statues and buildings gave him advice and encouragement; here were people who took him and his work seriously, and who helped him on to fresh endeavors, and who made work a delight.

"I have one picture in the Salon," he said, flushing with proper pride and pleasure, "and one has just gone to the World's Fair, and another has received an honorable mention at Munich. That's pretty good for my first year, is it not? And I'm only twenty-five years old now," he added, with his eyes smiling into the future at the great things he was to do. Nobody could resist the contagion of his enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose.

He was painting the portrait of some rich man's daughter at the time, and her family took a patronizing interest in him, and said it was a pity that he did not go out more into society and get commissions. They asked me to tell him to be more careful about his dress, and to suggest to him not to wear a high hat with a sack-coat. I told them to leave him alone, and not to worry about his clothes, or to suggest his running after people who had pretty daughters and money enough to have them painted.



“HE HAD ONE PICTURE IN THE SALON.”

These people would run after him soon enough, if he went on as he had begun.

When I saw him on the boulevards the next summer he had to reintroduce himself; he was very smartly dressed, in a cheap way, and he was sipping silly little sweet juices in front of a café. He was flushed and nervous and tired-looking, and rattled off a list of the fashionable people who were then in Paris as correctly as a *Galignani* reporter could have done it.

“How’s art?” I asked.

“Oh, very well,” he replied. “I had

a picture in the Salon last year, and another was commended at Munich, and I had another one at the Fair. That’s pretty good for my first two years abroad, isn’t it?”

The next year I saw him several times with various young women in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, than which there is probably no place in all Paris less Parisian. They seemed to be models in street dress, and were as easy to distinguish as a naval officer in citizen’s clothes. He stopped me once again before I left Paris,

and invited me to his studio to breakfast. I asked him what he had to show me there.

"I have three pictures," he said, "that I did the first six months I was here; they—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted. "One was at last year's Salon, and one at the World's Fair, and the other took a prize at Munich. Is that all?"



LISTENING FOR A VOICE TO SPEAK HIS NAME
ONCE MORE.

He flushed a little, and laughed, and said, "Yes, that is all."

"Do you get much inspiration here?" I asked, pointing to the colored fountain and the piles of luggage and the ugly glass roof.

"I don't understand you," he said.

He put the card he had held out to me back in his case, and bowed grandly, and walked back to the girl he had left at one of the tables, and on my way out from the offices I saw him frowning into a glass before him. The girl was pulling him by the sleeve, but he apparently was not listening.

The American artist who has taken Paris properly has only kind words to speak of her. He is grateful for what she gave him, but he is not unmindful of his mother-country at home. He may complain when he returns of the mud in our streets, and the height of our seventeen-story buildings, and the ugliness of our elevated roads—and who does not? But if his own art is lasting and there is in his heart much constancy, his work will grow and continue in spite of these things, and will not droop from the lack of atmosphere about him. New York and every great city owns a number of these men who have studied in the French capital, and who speak of it as fondly as a man speaks of his college and of the years he spent there. They help to leaven the lump and to instruct others who have not had the chance that was given them to see and to learn of all these beautiful things. These are the men who made the Columbian Fair what it was, who taught their teacher and the whole world a lesson in what was possible in architecture and in statuary, in decoration and design. That was a much better and a much finer thing for them to have done than to have dragged on in Paris waiting for a ribbon or a medal. They are the best examples we have of the Americans who made use of Paris, instead of permitting Paris to make use of them. And because they did the one thing and avoided the other, they are now helping and enlightening their own people and a whole nation, and not selfishly waiting in a foreign capital for a place on a jury for themselves.

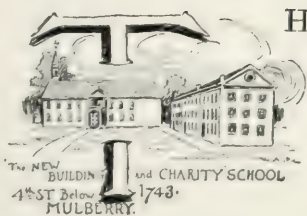


BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From a miniature portrait in the possession of his great-granddaughter Mrs. E. D. Gillespie.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.*

BY FRANCIS N. THORPE.



THE University of Pennsylvania was founded in Philadelphia, in 1740, as a Charitable School, one hundred and four years later than Harvard, thirty-nine years later than Yale. The most distinguished men active in its foundation were Dr. William Smith, its first Provost, and Benjamin Franklin, who for nearly half

a century was identified with the institution as a trustee, and for a large part of that time as the President of its Board. Nine years after its foundation Franklin wrote a pamphlet relative to the education of youth in Pennsylvania, in which he advocated courses in the English language and literature; in other modern languages, particularly French, Italian, and Spanish, because they were the tongues of commerce in his day; in history, in mathematics, and in the elements of the

* The history of the University has recently been published by the government of the United States, in an illustrated octavo volume, obtainable on re-

quest from the Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C., and therefore no extensive account of its history need be given here.

applied sciences—all constituting a curriculum which, in his opinion, would qualify those who pursued them “to pass through and execute the several offices of civil life with advantage and reputation to themselves and country.” Franklin tried to exclude Latin and Greek from the school. Provost Smith advocated them. By compromise, both ancient and modern languages were included in the course. Shortly before his death Franklin wrote an elaborate paper to show that his own ideas of education were the ideas of the founders of the University. As many of

later these schools were united under a charter from the Penns. The charter was renewed in 1755, with liberal modifications, the title being changed to “The College, Academy, and Charitable School of Philadelphia, in the Province of Pennsylvania.” An extraordinary event hastened the prosperity of the institution. Whitefield, the apostle of a religious renaissance, came to America in 1739, began preaching in Philadelphia, and by his eloquence stirred the city. Enthusiasm moved his admirers to erect a meeting-house large enough to accommodate the crowds who

would come to hear him whenever he might visit the city. Money was raised; ground was purchased; a great building was erected. Whitefield returned to England, leaving no disciple who could fill the new meeting-house with worshippers. Franklin recognized the opportunity, and the meeting-house was purchased for the Academy. The reputation of the school grew rapidly. Dr. William Smith was chosen Rector—a title soon changed to that of Provost.* In 1763 Dr. Smith went to England,



OLD SURGEONS' HALL, FIFTH STREET BELOW LIBRARY, 1765-1807.

his ideas have been adopted into modern educational systems, and especially his emphasis of science, modern languages, history, political economy, and psychology, as the University has developed into a great school of science, and has of late years laid the foundations of schools of economy, history, biology, hygiene, veterinary science, chemistry, and engineering, Franklin, by many, is called the founder of the University. Probably a just statement will include the labors of Provost Smith and the ideas of Dr. Franklin as the principal initiative forces of the University.

The elementary studies pursued in the Charitable School did not meet the wants of the times, and the Academy of Philadelphia was founded in 1749. Four years

and, supported by the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the authority and permission of the crown, under letters patent from the Lord High Chancellor, there collected twenty-five thousand dollars for the school.

The four years' course of study laid down by Provost Smith was inaugurated in 1753, and was the beginning of that familiar division of studies followed ever since in American colleges and universities. The University of Pennsylvania was thus the parent of the collegiate system of this country, a system distinct

* The adoption of the title Provost is evidence of the influence of the associations of leading Pennsylvania men with the University of Edinburgh, at which they had studied medicine. It is the only use of the title in an American university.



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1807-1829.

from that of any other country. Meanwhile discords arose in the Province and factions rent the school. Whigs and Tories carried the war into the college. The Provost was cast into jail for a brief time, and, it is said, met his classes there. In 1779 the State Legislature dispossessed the trustees of their charter, and created a new, a rival, institution—the University of the State of Pennsylvania. The effect of Whitefield's preaching in eradicating the animosities of religious sects, felt at the time of the purchase of the meeting-house, by which persons of different religious views were then joined as trustees, was again seen in the incorporation of this new university: its trustees were to include the President of the Commonwealth, the Speaker of the Assembly, the Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, and the senior minister of the Episcopal, of the Presbyterian, of the Baptist, of the Lutheran, of the German Calvinist, of the Roman churches, and thirteen other trustees, among whom were David Rittenhouse, Frederick Muhlenberg, and “the honorable Benjamin Franklin, doctor of laws, minister plenipotentiary from the United States to his most Christian Majesty.”

Ten years later, about the time when Alexander Hamilton was founding the

University of the State of New York, the Pennsylvania Legislature reinstated the trustees of the College, Academy, and Charitable School. The University and this restored institution had in part the same trustees, the same privileges, and the same professors. The constant confusion, the destructive factions, and the conflicting claims incident to this condition of affairs almost destroyed both institutions. At last, after years of wasted opportunities, the Legislature united them, September 30, 1791, under the title of “The University of Pennsylvania,” and granted the charter which is in force to this day. The act of 1779 creating the University makes Pennsylvania the oldest University in America, the title not having been applied to Harvard till a year later.

Since the days of Franklin the University has been attended by men from 113 States and countries, and it has imparted instruction to nearly 67,000 persons. The number 66,747 means year's courses, and not necessarily individuals in attendance. Owing to the varying lengths of courses of study at times during the history of the University, two, three, four, five years, it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine from the records the exact number of individuals who have attended the University from 1740 to 1892. As equip-



THE MEDICAL LABORATORY.

ment had to be made during that time for the whole number of students in attendance, whether they remained for entire or for partial courses, the number above, 66,747, represents practically the attendance upon the University. It has graduated nearly 17,000—twice as many as Yale, and about 2500 less than Harvard. Its faculties now number 273 professors and instructors—about 35 less than Harvard, and 80 more than Yale. Its students number 2500—790 less than Harvard, and 150 more than Yale. The influence of the institution is only suggested by such a statement. It becomes clearer if the statement be made more in detail. American universities have regions of influence. First, the region of which the institution is the immediate centre, then a region usually extending directly west of that centre. Harvard and Yale have a zone of influence in all States and Territories from New England westward. The influence of Pennsylvania has been chiefly in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and southern New York, which in the aggregate have sent 35,000 students. From Virginia and the States south have come more than 13,000; from the States north of the Ohio, only a few more than 1000, a small number, owing to the dominating influence there of Harvard and Yale, and to the early founding of col-

leges in the region originally called the Northwest—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. New England has sent about 900, chiefly to the medical school; Central and South America more than 700; Great Britain and the British Provinces more than 400. At present, examinations for admission are conducted annually in some fifteen cities of the Union, among which are Chicago, St. Paul, Bay

City, Atlanta, Rochester, San Francisco, and Galveston. An examination is held also at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

The explanation of this wide academic influence is found in the evolution of the University itself. It has been and is a growing institution. From the circumstances of its origin it is non-sectarian: the first American university founded without administrative relations with any religious sect. Yet from the beginning it has retained harmonious relations with the various churches, and many eminent divines of different denominations have belonged to its Board of Trustees and to its faculties. It has never had a chair or faculty of theology, but from time to time it confers the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon clergymen of various denominations who seem in its opinion entitled to such an honor. Had Franklin been an active churchman, had Pennsylvania been identified a hundred years ago with a powerful ecclesiastical polity, without doubt the early influence of the University would have been as great in the West as that of Harvard or of Yale. At last the academic world has caught up with Franklin's ideas. Harvard and Yale have long been non-sectarian. Ecclesiasticism, sectarianism, are vanishing from American university life.

In 1751 Dr. Thomas Cadwalader began a course of lectures on anatomy in a private house in Philadelphia. The effort was opportune. A germ was planted. Dr. John Morgan, after spending five

exert new vigor. It may collect a number of young persons of more than ordinary abilities, and so improve their knowledge as to spread its reputation to different parts. By sending these abroad



ONE OF THE OLD COLLEGE BUILDINGS, NINTH STREET BETWEEN CHESTNUT AND MARKET, 1829-1874.

years with Hunter in London and with Cullen in Edinburgh, returned to Philadelphia in 1765, young and enthusiastic. He persuaded the Trustees of the University to found a Medical School, of which there was not then a single instance in America, and it was due to the school thus founded, the oldest in the land, that Philadelphia at once became the medical capital of the western continent.

A passage from Dr. John Morgan's address "Upon the Institution of Medical Schools in America," delivered at the College of Philadelphia, now the University, May 30, 1765, now reads like a prophecy: "Perhaps this Medical Institution, the first of its kind in America, though small in its beginning, may receive a constant increase of strength, and annually

duly qualified, or by exciting an emulation amongst men of parts and literature, it may give birth to other useful institutions of a similar nature, or occasional rise, by its example to numerous societies of different kinds, calculated to spread the light of knowledge through the whole American continent, wherever inhabited."

The school was attended at the session of 1894-5 by 818 students, and it now has nearly 12,000 living graduates scattered throughout the world. Its faculty has included Morgan, Rush, Horner, Wistar, Wood, Pepper, Hare, Jackson, Leidy, Goodell, and Agnew. It has been a leader in the important movement to extend the course of medical education to three, and more recently to four years. So vast has been its influence that the

University of Pennsylvania is often identified with its Medical School, rather than is its Medical School identified with the University. This paradox is paralleled by the popular notion that Princeton is a theological school, Columbia, a school of mines.

Nearly all the medical schools of the West and of the Southwest were founded by graduates of Pennsylvania, and most of them have been administered by Pennsylvania men. An examination of Amer-

ventions of practitioners, but also, in 1872, in the founding of the University Hospital, "by the co-operation of the State Legislature and of persons in private life." This was the first instance in this country of the identification of a public hospital with a university. It was possible because the University holds functional relations with the State. It was intended in 1779 that the University should be at the head of the educational system of the Commonwealth. The Governor is



A LECTURE IN ANATOMY.

ican medical literature shows that a greater part of it has been written by Pennsylvania men than by the graduates of any other institution, and the large part of this Pennsylvanian contribution has been made by members of the Pennsylvania faculty. This momentum, early acquired by the Medical School, has developed objectively, not only in instruction, in the indirect founding of other medical schools, in the advancement of medical science by the discoveries and in-

ex officio President of the Board of Trustees, and the Legislature somewhat irregularly makes appropriations for the Medical Hospital and for the Veterinary Hospital.

The School of Law was founded forty years after the Medical School. Mr. Bryce has rediscovered one of our greatest constitutional lawyers, James Wilson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a delegate from Pennsylvania with Franklin and Morris in the Federal Convention of



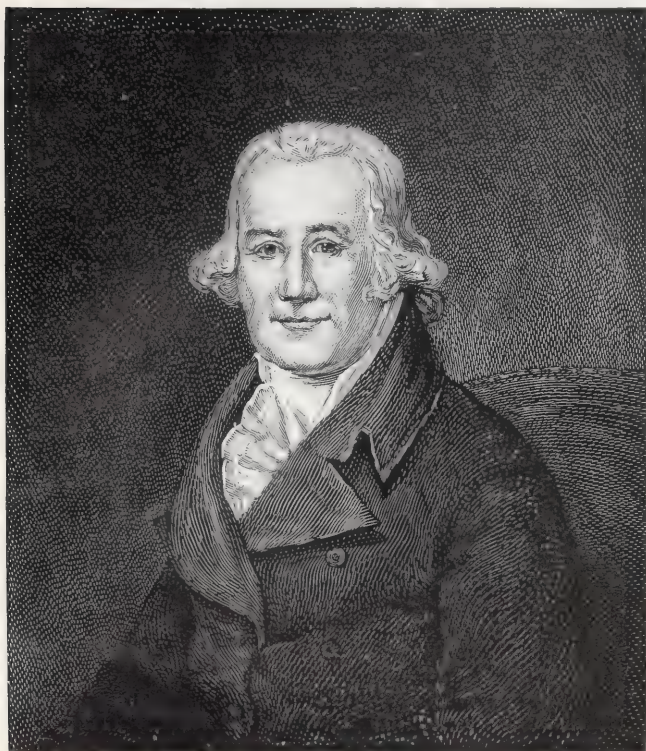
IN THE HOSPITAL.

1787. Washington has recorded his own judgment of Wilson, not only in pronouncing him the ablest member of the Convention that made the Constitution of the United States, but also by appointing him an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1790 Justice Wilson was elected professor of law at Pennsylvania, and delivered the introductory lecture of his course before President Washington, the Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, the Governor of the Commonwealth, the General Assembly, the Mayor and Council of Philadelphia, the judges of its courts, the members of its bar, and the students of the University. Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Hamilton are mentioned among the ladies present. Philadelphia was then the national capital. The Law School so auspiciously opened is the oldest in America. It may now be said to be the only school in the country whose instruction is based on the system of common law. In other States and in

other schools codes and statutes compel the course of practical instruction to be founded chiefly upon them. To what extent a law student should be grounded in the elements of the common law is disputed among lawyers. The three years' course and the large attendance at Pennsylvania are evidence that, as codes and statutes are founded on common law, legal instruction may have the same foundation.

In 1875 the School of Mines, Arts, and Manufactures, founded twenty-five years earlier, was reorganized as the Towne Scientific School, and it has been the parent of several later departments in the University—those of Science and Technology, of Architecture, of Chemistry, of Chemical Engineering, of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, and of Civil Engineering. These departments have been founded in response to public demands, and a little more than half the attendance in the college is upon these scientific

courses. Experience at Pennsylvania suggests that as a department meets a public want, so do students enter it from distant States and countries. The old scholastic course, founded on books and



CASPAR WISTAR.

ideas, rather than upon ideas and laboratories, has not been able to compete with any of these scientific courses. Whether this decay of scholasticism is to be deplored is still debated by academicians. In our universities there continues a peaceful war between the advocates of the scientific and the advocates of the purely classical courses. The public seems unconscious of this struggle, and the majority of students enter the science courses. Undoubtedly these courses are valued as avenues to gainful occupations. Most students now entering a university, consciously or unconsciously, follow the advice of the Greek philosopher—"Consider the end." As ours is a material age, our university courses become in the end material courses. Perhaps a remarkable difference between the history of Yale and of Pennsylvania is explained by the difference between these universities in respect to the estimate apparently set by them on scientific and on classical studies. By scientific studies I mean those studies leading directly to entrance

upon gainful occupations, as the various engineering, chemical, and architectural courses. Yale has won highest distinction in the position which her graduates have taken in public life. She has identified herself with our national life as has no other American university. With few exceptions, her graduates thus distinguished pursued general culture courses, not courses technical in their relation to gainful occupations, such as engineering, chemistry, manufacturing, or mining. She surpasses Pennsylvania in the results of these culture courses as much as Pennsylvania surpasses her in practical opportunities for studying law and medicine, afforded by contiguity to municipal hospitals and to numerous courts. The tendency towards technical courses and in the founding of technical schools has been strong at Pennsylvania for twenty-five years, and there is little doubt that the response to a public demand for such courses has been hastened by the conditions amidst which Pennsylvania is set. The technical schools at Pennsylvania may be said to be rooted in the interests of the region of country from which the University draws its greatest number of students. Manufacturing, business, min-

ing, transportation, building, engineering, may be said to be the natural occupations of the people in the Pennsylvania belt. In 1881 Pennsylvania had 97 professors and instructors and 972 students, or 176 less in her faculty and 1528 less students than at the present time. During this period at least three universities have been founded, representing an aggregate endowment of \$40,000,000: one in New Orleans, one in Chicago, and one in California. During this time universities and colleges have been greatly strengthened. This remarkable awakening of Pennsylvania after a sluggish life of almost a century is one of the educational phenomena of the times.

In 1875 the institution was moved from its ancient site near the centre of Philadelphia to the west bank of the Schuylkill, where it has acquired fifty-two acres of land by purchase or by gift from the municipality in exchange for certain academic privileges which it grants in free scholarships to graduates of the public High-Schools for boys. The immediate

effect of this newness has enabled the institution to be both conservative and progressive. Its five-and-twenty buildings are new; its charter is old. Its traditions are conservative; its policy is modern. The smell of the last century is barely traceable about the place. Its laboratories are modern; its apparatus fresh from the hands of expert manufacturers. There remain in the university many curious evidences of an honorable past. Among the collections in the library are books presented by Louis XVI., including a set of the famous and now somewhat rare *Encyclopédie* to which Voltaire contributed, and which a century ago turned the world upside down. There is an apocryphal apparatus, said to be Franklin's electric glass rod. There are curious instruments, made by Rittenhouse at the order of European monarchs of the last century. It seems odd that a university a century and a half old should have no academic buildings that date back thirty years. At the time of the educational revival following the civil war in America, the old universities repaired their buildings and reorganized their courses. Pennsylvania sold her ancient buildings, disposed of her old campus, acquired a new location, erected new buildings, and reorganized her courses. Her energies during the last twenty years have been constructive.

In 1878 the Dental School, now having 781 graduates, was organized with a two years' course, lengthened, fifteen years later, to three years. Its courses have attracted students from all parts of the world; they to-day represent thirty-two States and Territories in the Union, and twenty-one foreign countries. Perhaps the chief claim of the school to distinction is not alone the quality of its technical instruction, but also the

range of that instruction, which conduces to the advancement of the dental profession and to the health and comfort of the public by including instruction in anatomy, physiology, and chemistry.

In 1881 was established the Wharton School of Finance and Economy. The Columbia School of Political and Social Science was opened a year earlier; the Michigan School, a year later. After twelve years no better description can be given of the school than the statement of its purpose made at the time of its foundation: a school to provide young men special means of training "in the knowledge of modern finance and economy, both public and private, in order that, being well informed and free from delusions upon these important subjects, they may either serve the community skilfully as well as faithfully in offices of trust, or, remaining in private life, may prudently manage their own affairs and aid in maintaining sound financial morality." This emphasis of the value of economic studies by its founder, Joseph Wharton, was immediately appreciated by the public, and the school is serving the purpose of its



GOD OF CORN AND SWEET-POTATOES—ANCIENT AMERICAN POTTERY IN THE MUSEUM.



COLLEGE HALL, FROM THE WEST.

foundation. The Schools of History and Political Science characterize the third era in American education. The first was of theology, moral philosophy, and the classics; the second, of the applied sciences; the third, of history, social science, economics, and government. The courses in the Wharton School include logic, psychology, literature, and administrative law.

The response of the University to the demand for instruction in the principles of government in America and in its social, industrial, and political history was again made in 1891 in the establishing of elaborate courses in American History and Institutions. The essential idea upon which the courses in American History and Institutions are founded is suggested by a well-known passage from Mr. Bryce: "To the people we come sooner or later; it is upon their wisdom and self-restraint that the stability of the most cunningly devised scheme of government will in the last resort depend." A course descriptive of our State and national governments is given in the Freshman year, and a variety of courses in American political, social, industrial, and constitutional history follows in the Sophomore, Junior, Senior, and Post-Graduate years. American history is thus associated with subjects from which it has too long been separated. If American institutions receive adequate attention in academic life, we shall realize Franklin's wish for courses of study adapted to such a country as ours.

In 1882, by the generosity of J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, the well-known publisher, was established the School of Veterinary Medicine, and in the following year the Veterinary Hospital. At the Veterinary Hospital nearly three thousand animals are treated annually. There is a free clinic for the treatment of animals belonging to the poor. The Veterinary School began with a three years' course, of eight months each. Until recently, except at Harvard, the course in other schools in this country was two years. The faculty consists of experts, who, having completed courses in American schools, pursued special studies abroad. The Hospital for Dogs, a separate building, erected in 1892, is unique in this country, and is more elaborately equipped than either that at Paris, London, or Berlin. Here also are held free clinics. The

hospital is well patronized. It is the first of its kind in America. The School of Biology and the Graduate Department of Philosophy were founded in 1883; the School for Nurses in 1888; the School of Hygiene, the Graduate School for Women, and the School of Architecture in 1891.

The establishment of the Graduate School for Women solved, in a large degree, the question of coeducation at Pennsylvania. The urgent demand has been for admission of women to the facilities for advanced study and to the coveted degree of Doctor of Philosophy. When Colonel Joseph M. Bennett, a well-known philanthropist, began the endowment of this school, it was the initial step in a movement of great importance, which already has been followed in other institutions. All the courses in the Department of Philosophy are offered to women on the same terms as to men. The students in attendance in this department are from various parts of the world. Three fellowships have been endowed permanently (two by Colonel Bennett, one by Dr. Pepper), and several others are supported by annual contributions from generous friends of the University.

In 1892 was founded the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology. This institute and the Department of Archæology and Paleontology illustrate the peculiar relations in which the University stands to some of its integral parts. Dr. Caspar Wistar, the founder of American anatomy, was professor in the University from 1808 to 1818. In 1892 General Isaac J. Wistar founded, endowed, and erected the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology in memory of Dr. Wistar. The institute has its endowment separate from University funds, but a part of its Board of Trustees are chosen by the Trustees of the University. The institute is an anatomical and biological museum. It contains the Wistar and Horner Museum and the collections made by Dr. Joseph Leidy.

Its operating-rooms are constructed for the convenience of specialists making investigations in anatomy and biology, and its fellowships will encourage investigations of a high order. The institute is devoted solely to investigation. It has no classes, no courses of lectures. It is endowed and constructed to maintain a free, public, synthetic museum; one of ideas, not of specimens merely. Unlike

those in most museums, the collections are arranged in series to illustrate physiology, embryology, and development, as well as the mechanics of organisms. It is the only institute of its kind in the United States in which a large endowment is devoted solely to the promotion of advanced researches and studies in

nian and Egyptian antiquities, and include a unique and extensive collection of gems, already widely known as the Sommerville collection. In a great city a university must afford flexible affiliations with educational enterprises and foundations. It must become the educational centre of the municipality. A central



THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

natural history. It contributes to the advancement of science in America, and, working in co-ordination with the Medical School and the hospitals of the city, it is especially helpful in the advancement of the medical and surgical sciences. The institute building was erected on land which had belonged to the University, but was transferred to the Wistar Institute for this special purpose.

By a similar co-ordination of forces the Museum of Archæology and Paleontology was organized, affording favorable opportunities for the study of anthropology. The collections are chiefly in American archæology, showing the development of the native races of America; in Babylo-

administrative authority can thus unify and harmonize educational work which otherwise would be fragmentary and comparatively ineffectual.

Pennsylvania established university extension in America, but the University has no organic relations with the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The Provost of the University is *ex officio* President of the society. But the society utilizes the opportunities afforded by the faculties and the libraries of the University, and it has been enabled to plan and to construct its work because a few earnest professors in the University have been willing to give, in addition to their University work, courses of lectures

in extension. The American society is incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, and the University's relations to it are only as a source of educational supply. Probably one hundred thousand persons have attended university extension courses in and near Philadelphia during the last three years, and one excellent effect of this popular movement has been to cause many to matriculate in regular courses at the University.

Pennsylvania is gathering experience with the certificate system. Graduates

Freshman year is only surpassed by the economic value of the post-graduate over the undergraduate course.

The graduate school in the University, called the Department of Philosophy, was organized in 1883, and is at present attended by 161 persons, representing 38 degree-conferring institutions. In this department are conferred, on examination, the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The University has no non-resident courses, except to the holder of the Hector Tyndall Fellowship,

and confers these degrees only upon persons who have pursued, with approval, for at least two years, a principal subject and two subsidiary subjects. The work of this department is based upon the laboratory, the seminary, and the lecture, and upon the special studies and investigations of the candidate. The result of the undertaking is university as distinguished from college work. It is easier to obtain the degree



IN THE LIBRARY.

of approved high-schools, normal schools, and academies are admitted to regular courses on certificate. If the preparation given at such a school proves insufficient, the school is dropped from the list. This system has the disadvantage of tending to lower the standard of admission. Its advantage is chiefly that at an early age a student may complete his undergraduate course, and in his twentieth or twenty-first year, with some appreciation of a true university course, continue his graduate studies with a purpose. In these competing times a man is compelled to start early in life would he succeed. The college boy is no exception. As the undergraduate years pass, the student the more appreciates his opportunities. The economic value of the Senior over the

of Doctor of Philosophy in a German university than at Pennsylvania. At present the number of courses offered in the Department of Philosophy is 153, in twenty-nine groups—American Archaeology and Linguistics; Assyriology; American Political and Constitutional History; Arabic Language and Literature; Botany; Chemistry; Philosophy; Comparative Philology and Sanskrit; English Philology; English Literature; Ethics; Ethiopic; European History; Experimental Psychology; Geology; Germanic Philology and Literature; Greek Language and Literature; Hebrew Language and Literature; Latin Language and Literature; Mathematics; Mineralogy; Pedagogy; Political Economy; Political Science; Physics; Romance Phi-



VETERINARY DEPARTMENT.

lology and Literature; Syriac and Aramaic Language and Literature; Statistics, and Zoology. The faculty in this department numbers thirty-eight professors and instructors. In such a department, which is the flower of the university idea, the instruction ranks with that in the technical schools; the reputation of the professors and the special opportunities for research will determine the worth of the department. As the men and women who wish to utilize such opportunities are usually poor, such a department must have fellowships. Pennsylvania is deficient in fellowships. It has six endowed and twelve honorary fellowships. The Hector Tyndall Fellowship in Physics, endowed by the late Professor John Tyndall, gives an income of \$600 a year; and the incumbent may pursue his studies at any university in this country or abroad. The honorary fellowships are in the Wharton School, in American History, in Literature, and in Science. They exempt the holders from all charges for tuition, and convey some academic privileges. No want of the University is greater than the want of endowed fellowships. Indeed, it may be doubted whether without such endowments university work is possible. The reputation and influence of a school depend upon its scholars. The greater the

scholar the greater the reputation and influence of the school. The time is at hand when American universities must discriminate between college work and university work. The college cannot do university work. Our universities are still doing college work. Would it not be wise for the strong universities to abolish their undergraduate departments and do university work only? The Department of Philosophy, composed of students possessed of sufficient training to enter upon special studies, would then



BIT OF ANCIENT AMERICAN POTTERY
IN THE MUSEUM.



PROVOST WILLIAM PEPPER.

rank as a technical school. Endowed fellowships in such a department afford opportunity for the best minds in the country to pursue culture and professional studies in a philosophical manner. Perhaps it is no libel to say that the best minds among American youth usually have the lightest purses. The English scholars who are the glory of Oxford and Cambridge were usually poor boys who won fellowships. No American university can serve the country better than to sustain fellowships, adequately endowed, permitting residence, if desirable, for a portion of the time at any European university.

Undergraduate work differs too often but slightly from high-school work. The difference consists often merely in the name, the Freshman year in the university being but a review of the last year at the high-school, with variations and new instructors. Pennsylvania, during the last ten years, has put the Department of Philosophy—the culture courses of the true university type—on a plane with its most advanced courses in the technical schools, and even high-

er, because graduates of these technical schools pursue courses in the Department of Philosophy. Practically it is difficult to distinguish between undergraduate and post-graduate courses, as many who are graduates of a reputable college are deficient in subjects completed in the undergraduate work of the university. Instead of forming a cumulative course, the undergraduate and post-graduate courses often overlap. Inadequate preparation in the fitting schools thus retards the evolution of real university life. The endowment of fellowships, to be conferred on competitive examination or on evidence of peculiar fitness in the candidate, is the only provision that can maintain university as distinct from mere collegiate work.

Pennsylvania is about passing out of the age of brick and mortar—an age in which all universities in America seem destined to linger. The next age, it is hoped, will be the age of fellowships.

The University holds organic relations to the city of Philadelphia. In 1882 fifty prize scholarships were established in perpetuity, to be awarded to male students in the public schools of the city. The City Councils have granted to the University in the aggregate about forty acres of land, so that the campus, now containing fifty-two acres, is sufficiently great to remove one barrier to the complete development of the institution. In consideration of these grants the University also maintains its library as a free public library. Its collections are extensive in law, in American history, in literature, in political economy, and in general science. The experience of the University establishes a fact of vast importance to American civilization—that our great cities afford peculiar advantages for the development of universities of a comprehensive type. A great university may be made a potent influence for wholesome municipal life.

It is a centre of learning, of practical skill, of broadening culture among the people. America is destined to be the land of large cities; with us the problems of municipal government are already paramount. Pennsylvania was the first American university planted in a large city. Its relations to Philadelphia, scientifically, socially, and as a power for culture, constitute perhaps its highest immediate influence; for there its influence is centred; its influence in other cities, States, and countries is only that of individuals, its alumni.

Like Harvard and Yale, Pennsylvania depends for its support upon the generosity of private persons. It receives some State aid for its hospital service. Private generosity is not wholly wanting. During the year closing September 1, 1894, the University of Pennsylvania acquired in lands, buildings, and money not less than one million dollars. The aggregate value of its lands, buildings, and endowment is more than five times this amount; but this equipment falls far short of being sufficient to meet the demands put upon the University at the present time.

The demands upon the institution require larger endowments and ampler funds for teaching purposes. From Towne, Wharton, Lippincott, Bennett,

Wistar, Houston, and others it has received gifts and bequests which have provided buildings, or have made possible the institution of courses of study and the support of a teaching body. The result of the removal of the University in 1875 from its ancient location is the reorganization and extension of its courses, the inauguration of male technical schools, and the erection of costly buildings. Pennsylvania has lost all distinctive features as a college. It is feeling the robust strength of its new university life. In the comparative weakness of their arts courses, Columbia and Pennsylvania have paid the penalty of their advantages of location. Their college departments have been attended principally by students whose homes are in New York or in Philadelphia. A subject of perennial interest at Pennsylvania for years was dormitories. Would they strengthen the University?

After exhaustive discussion of the dormitory question, and after inspection of the dormitory provisions in American and in European universities, the system finally adopted at Pennsylvania consists of a series of contiguous dormitories of moderate size, which, when completed, will enclose a large "quadrangle," each separate building accommodating, with



IN THE STABLES OF THE VETERINARY DEPARTMENT.

sleeping, study, and bath rooms, from twelve to fourteen students, and in the aggregate as many as a thousand. Fortunately the University has available for

are of varied external design, while they form together a harmonious and artistic series. The occasional larger structures, including the university chapel and the



THE DOG HOSPITAL, VETERINARY DEPARTMENT.

this purpose a suitable plot of ground, formerly used as the athletic field. The athletic grounds, henceforth to be known as "Franklin Field," have been located on another part of the campus, and have been adequately fitted up. This plot covers the whole space enclosed between Thirty-sixth Street, Woodland Avenue, and Spruce Street.

The separate buildings, which have no internal communication with each other,

university dining-hall, break what would otherwise be the too nearly uniform heights of the various buildings. The entrances to all the dormitory halls are from the quadrangle, and the windows look on the one side upon the quadrangle and on the other upon the street. A general feature of the plan is to provide a spacious study with two sleeping-rooms attached as a suite for two students; or a student may have a sleeping-room and

study to himself, suitable provision being made for bath-rooms and lavatories on each floor. The student may make his own arrangements for meals, either solitary or in common, the great dining-hall situated within the quadrangle affording every facility for either kind of living.

It is believed that the new dormitories, costing more than a million of dollars, will strengthen the University by providing for its thousands of students a healthful, congenial home during their university life.

In the end, by the resolution of educational forces beyond control of any institution, the university idea will triumph, and the struggle between college and university, which is still going on at Yale and at Pennsylvania, will terminate in an educational definition—that the university includes the college. Pennsylvania is an educational corporation which in the course of a hundred and fifty years has multiplied by division, until at present it consists of fourteen separate departments, of which the oldest, the College, is subdivided into twelve schools.

The college is struggling with the solution of the question of courses: Shall they be prescribed after the ancient scholastic order? Shall they be wholly elective? Shall they be prescribed in elective groups? Shall they be in part prescribed, in part elective? The last system is on trial. The Freshman and Sophomore studies are prescribed; the Junior and Senior studies are in elective groups.

The theory of the Pennsylvania plan is that it is better to guide a student in his choice of courses than to leave him wholly to a free election of them. The experience of the University is wiser than that of a Freshman or a Sophomore. The University is trying the elective-group system lately inaugurated, and experience alone can prove its value. One advantage of the group system is its obliteration of special courses and its wise oblivion of special students. As it is inexpedient to refuse admission to the special student, the University must take better care of him than he would take of himself. Special students not qualified to enter upon university work are a hindrance to it. Mere numbers in a class do not constitute a university. Sometimes increase of numbers is decrease of true university work. In such work

there is no royal road of ease. Law is the traditional, jealous mistress. University studies in special departments are equally exacting. Of the two hundred thousand students in American colleges and universities, probably not more than twenty-five hundred are doing true university work, but this company of men and women will ultimately direct American thought.

Student life at the University is itself an interesting study. Perhaps in no other American university has a strong college spirit been developed out of such diverse elements. Until now, the unifying influence of a common dormitory life has been wanting, the students having resided in their own homes or in boarding-houses. Many organizations exist among the students for social, for religious, for literary, for scientific and athletic purposes. The Philomathean and Zelosophic are the oldest literary societies in the University. Akin to these are the Franklin Debating Union; the three Law clubs; the nine Medical, three Dental, and one Veterinary societies; the Sketch Club; the Camera Club, and the Civil Engineers' Club. The principal Greek-letter fraternities have chapters, and several of them have chapter-houses. The Mask and Wig is the dramatic club. The religious organizations are the Church Club, the Newman Club, and the Young Men's Christian Association. An excellent index of the *esprit de corps* which has been developed here is found in athletics. The policy of the University authorities has been a moderate one, founded on the belief that athletics, properly regulated, have a legitimate and useful place in the student life. A committee representing all the faculties passes upon the eligibility of candidates for university teams, and maintains a careful watch over the college standing of contestants. This committee co-operates with the Athletic Association, a chartered body composed of both alumni and undergraduates, under which all branches of athletic sport are organized. The brilliant football successes of 1894, which sustained the athletic prominence of the University, were made possible only by years of faithful and arduous work on the part of this association. Its value is appreciated also in several other colleges, where its methods have been largely imitated. In the association is vested the control of Franklin Field, the two university boat-houses

on the Schuylkill, and the training-house, in which the members of the teams and crews live together. Franklin Field was opened this year, and is one of the largest and most complete fields in the country.

Pennsylvania has emerged from its recent era of material acquisition with an equipment that needs administrative funds to secure results naturally following the educational plan, the location, and the opportunities of the institution.

All the buildings are heated by steam and lighted by electricity, from a central light and heat station belonging to the University, and the sanitary condition of each building receives constant attention. Equipment and care of this kind, though apparently of local interest only, affect the institution as a whole, and aid in defining its place among American universities. The newness of the buildings—the Medical College, the Dental College, the Veterinary School, the Biological School, the Library, the Wistar Institute, the Institute of Hygiene, the John Harrison Laboratory of Chemistry, the Howard Houston Hall for Students—has enabled the trustees to utilize all modern accessories and conveniences in their construction. At Pennsylvania, as at other American universities, the increasing expense of education has become a serious problem. Though there are 2500 men attending the University, their instruction costs more than is received from tuition fees. The annual deficiency is made up by private generosity of the members of the Board of Trustees, of the alumni, and of other friends of the institution.

The vast work done at Pennsylvania from 1881 to 1894 was the unification of courses; the erection of a score of buildings; the foundation of technical schools; the re-establishing of organic relations with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and with the city of Philadelphia; the collection of funds aggregating about three millions of dollars; the increase in faculties, facilities, and attendance—in a word, the reorganization, the awakening, the readjustment of an ancient university and its administration in conformity with the wants of modern times, all of which together determine the place which Pennsylvania holds in the American system of education. This work, accomplished during the provostship of Dr. William Pepper, whose resignation took effect on Commencement Day, 1894, and

closed an epoch-making administration, was practically the refounding of the University on modern educational ideas. The acquisition of ample acreage in a great city was of itself a stupendous task. For this sufficient territory the University renders an equivalent to the public through its prize scholarships, its hospital service, and its free library. The unification of the technical schools as organic parts of an educational system, and the establishing of organic relations with the State and with the municipality, place the University in sympathy with the living interests of the people. There is no doubt that the typical American university will be one that co-ordinates special schools offering group-elective courses of instruction. Pennsylvania stands first in American education as the university of this type. Other and younger schools in the country have been influenced by this precedent.

With the exception of the schools of Medicine, Law, and Dentistry, all departments of the University may be said to be offshoots from the old college department organized in 1753. Throughout the changes of a century and a half, the culture courses of the Department of Arts have been taught by eminent professors, and those who have pursued them are the men who have been prominent in public affairs in the Nation, in the Commonwealth, and in the City. In private life its alumni have won distinction as physicians, surgeons, engineers, lawyers, dentists, chemists, journalists, teachers, and business men. The early emigration from New England into the Northwest, the institution of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism there, the prosperity of Eastern people in the West, and the consequent return of their sons and grandsons to Harvard and to Yale, explain, in part, the influence of these universities in the educational system of the country. Pennsylvania, after thirteen decades of preparation, unfettered by traditions, renews her youth, and begins her fourth half-century on the modern university basis, with culture courses and technical schools. The emphasis laid on literature, American history, and government, psychology, economics, biology, and the applied sciences, chemistry, electricity, and engineering, is in accord with the wants of our times. No higher service can be rendered by any American school

than to fulfil the scope of Franklin's definition of the original purpose of Pennsylvania: a school "adapted to such a country as ours." It is believed that this is the place of the University of Pennsylvania in the American system of education. Situated in a historic city, between the North and the South, receptive to mod-

ern educational ideas, firm on its ancient foundation, administered by faithful men, the University of Pennsylvania, liberal in its policy, conservative, yet adjusted to the wants of the people, so long as it promotes the general welfare in the democracy of culture, will perform its high function in American education.

THE HOROSCOPE OF TWO PORTRAITS.

BY CANDACE WHEELER.

THE most noticeable thing in the room was a portrait. Perhaps that which made it so was that the painted figure wore the easy grace which seems a natural and inseparable characteristic of a beautiful woman, but not by any means of a portrait of her.

She was looking straight out of the canvas, listening apparently to something or somebody who interested her. One hand, lying lightly over the other on the deep rose-colored velvet of the gown, held a rose of a still deeper tint than the velvet. Above the long full throat the head was poised like a lily, and the dark brown hair grew away from the forehead in two curving arches light as smoke wreaths, leaving a delicately drawn point between, which gave a certain high-bred dignity to the face.

The face itself was an oval of perfect form, with eyebrows answering to the curves of the hair, while the frank eyes and firm but smiling mouth gave an impression of noble character, as well as perfection of physique.

It was indeed a portrait of a queen rose among women; and not only that, but it was in itself a beautiful, almost a priceless work of art. All its general grace and charm was made up of perfect detail. The flesh was soft and full of lovely tints and reflections; the living masses of the hair, the bloom on the velvet of the gown, the filmy texture of the lace which fell away from the white shoulders, all this had been done by a master-hand—a hand used to successful creation of illusions, to accurate mimicry of substances.

For this is the joy of the painter, to create a thing which is in itself real and tangible, a thing of beauty, a possession of value, though it be but an imitation of realities. The things we see and touch

and feel, that are a part of life, are no more real than the painter's mimicry of them, and the mimicry often lives when the reality has mouldered into dust.

Perhaps the man who sat gazing at the portrait felt this, for the woman in the picture had been his wife. He had loved her, and lived in and for her as entirely as it is in the nature of an ambitious and successful man to live in and for a woman, and he had surely loved her.

While she lived and was his, he had hardly been conscious of any other woman on earth. Her beauty was his glory, her goodness his pride; her wit and cleverness made him exultant; and yet, as he sat in the lamp-light and gazed at the picture, feeling that it was a real, almost a living part of his life, he knew with insistent consciousness that he was to be married to another woman to-morrow.

He asked himself how it could be possible. This pictured one was so real and so dear, almost as much a veritable presence in the room as when she sat there in person and answered in words to his thoughts; and yet he knew he was going to bring another woman into this very library where Lilla sat secure in eternal beauty, to bring her as his wife, under the very eyes of the portrait.

It seemed to him almost a dreadful thing to have happened. He felt as if he might be struggling in a dream, from which he longed to awake and find himself bound by no such entanglements.

But why, he reasoned with himself, was this such a dreadful thing which had befallen him? He had loved a woman and lost her—he loved another and had gained her. It was not a strange or unusual thing to do. Even this new love of his had been the wife of another man—a man who had been his friend; and the wife of his friend had loved her husband, he sup-

posed, although within another twenty-four hours he himself should be married to her.

He wondered if *she* had any regrets. Not certainly when he left her an hour ago; at least he could hardly imagine it, for he could still feel her arms around him, and the fragrance of her golden hair against his cheek, and the dewy softness of her lips against his own. Could it be possible that she also found it hard to bury the past?

The calm smiling eyes of the portrait regarded him, undisturbed by the almost passionate regrets which possessed him. He was trying to reconcile himself to himself. One part of his nature rose up and denounced the other. A certain loyalty of affection in him was at war with a longing for daily living love, and he felt that it was a higher part of himself which stood for fidelity instead of satisfaction.

He was a man who instinctively preferred the higher instead of the lower motive, and an intangible shadowy feeling of self-disapproval possessed his mind. He was full of a vague regretful helplessness. He seemed to have lost his grip on himself—the grip which had distinguished him from the mass, and made him unlike the generality of the world. He was conscious of the failure of his own strong hand at the rudder of his life. Something, some kind of an ideal, had hitherto kept him in a fixed course; had made him do certain things whether he liked them or not. It had been a necessity of his nature to live up to his ideal; and yet he had parted from it; it had let go his hand and he had drifted.

All this passed through his mind as he sat late in the firelight and lamp-light of the room which had been for ten happy years the dearest place on earth to him.

His eyes travelled slowly over the long lines of books, which made a wainscoting of russet and gold whose richness and harmony of tone the eye loved to rest upon, and which charmed also the deeper sense which dwelt upon the printed pages hidden within the beauty of the covers.

"It is not only the appearance which makes beauty," he said to himself; "it is the value which lies behind it." And his eyes lingered upon the portrait.

"I wonder," he continued, softly, "if

May has really the depth and richness of nature which *some* women possess?" And then he was smitten with a sudden sense of disloyalty to this new divinity who was henceforth to reign in his house and home. "I am a poor thing," he thought, "if I cannot be loyal to at least *one* woman."

He leaned back in his chair, and his eyes wandered slowly around the room, as he thought how Lilla had planned it for an ideal library, with himself for central figure—an ideal library for her love to dwell in.

It was so dignified, so harmonious a room; it carried with it such a sense of cultivation. The deep dull gold of the modelled frieze, covered with classic ornament—the soft blue-greens of the panels of tapestry which filled the spaces below—the three or four pictures so carefully chosen to shine out here and there like jewels from the contrasting background—and then, last of all, the portrait.

A great niche in the bookcases had been planned for it just opposite his reading and writing table. "For I do not mean," said Lilla, "to be put up on the wall! I am going to sit opposite you as you work, and that is why I have arranged this place for myself, that I may be on a level with your eyes."

Was he answering the eyes of the portrait, or apologizing to that other man within him, the reluctant one, when he said, with a grim smile: "Everybody marries and remarries, and why shouldn't I? I am no better than other people, I suppose—and no *worse*, perhaps."

The thought that was really troubling him all the while, the one which demanded action, was—*what should he do with the portrait?* It seemed absurd, it was surely absurd and incongruous, to take this queenly portrait from its place—the place which had been made for it, and for which it was painted—and hang it in the small room where his little daughter Lilla slept. It would be like shutting it up in a box.

And on account of that small Lilla he could not dispose of it as so many a valuable thing grown worthless or inconvenient to its owner is disposed of, by giving it to the collections of the Museum.

No, he reflected, indignantly, it had *not* lost its value to him, but the disposition

of it was an undeniable perplexity. It was absolutely too real to live in the same house with another woman, if that other woman was also his wife.

"Why," he said, with a sudden heat, "I should feel like a Mormon!" And then he thought, ruefully: "If only it were not a full-length portrait! If it were only a half or a three-quarter length! It would not, somehow, be so unseemly to confront it with May."

He lifted his eyes reluctantly to take in the whole effect of it—of the rose-tinted fingers which held another rose; of the long sweep of the velvet skirt; of the dainty slippered feet, which had been one of the artist's achievements, one of the points he felt to be distinctly successful. Yes, the whole woman was there, a perfect presence, a real, a beautiful, a beloved woman; and her husband sat before her picture and criticised the painter's work from the point of view of his own perplexity.

"I suppose," said he to himself, "this is what they call *realism* in art, and—well, it has its inconveniences. If I were a painter," he continued, "I think I should wish to paint more subtly. I should try to suggest an idea, and not a reality. I should want to paint a soul or a mind, and not the physical form which houses it. If I could have a painting which was just an *idea* of Lilla, a spiritual presence, as it were, it would be a lovely and precious thing to possess, and it might hang anywhere in the house without incongruity." And having fairly stated his difficulties without deciding upon action, or, rather, deciding to leave action to circumstances, he turned out the lamp and went slowly up to his sleeping-room.

As he passed the little Lilla's room he stepped softly in and looked at her as she lay sleeping. It was such a tiny sweet woman! Her flossy hair had been brushed back from her face and twisted in a little knot at the top of her head. It would be like her mother's hair when she was older; and even now it outlined her forehead, just as the elder Lilla's had, in two regular curves, with the little point of hair between, and the arches of the delicate brows followed the same line.

Such a sweet and dainty head, and such a slender and childish figure! The father's heart filled with a sudden rush of tenderness as he stooped and kissed the little forehead, and called her, in his mind,

his motherless baby; and then he remembered that it was a sense of the helplessness and loneliness of this child that had at first seemed a reason to him for bringing May into the house as his wife. But he was not in the mood to flatter himself to-night, and he confessed to that inner inquisition which searches and tries motives and conduct that he had almost forgotten the claims this child of his had upon him.

It was a month later, and April had lengthened into May, when Judge Henry and his wife came home after their honeymoon.

It had been an unexpectedly gay and joyous month to him, a month filled with amusement and interest as well as love, and he entered the house which was his home feeling like a new man—as if all the sorrowful experiences of his life had dropped away from him and left him young again. His new wife was so blithe and gay and tender, and he had forgotten in the last two sorrowful years how sweet and grateful it was to the heart of man to be petted and tended; to have his wants known to some other being, and provided for almost before they were felt. Yes, the marriage was a success, he was convinced. The nature of his wife was essentially kind and spontaneously good, and the little bubble of frolicsomeness in it was like the bead on champagne: it made life very bright.

They sat together in the library this first evening at home, and it was characteristic of the ease and lightness with which the new wife and new inmate of the house managed all the passing events of life that she took up at once and without preliminaries certain arrangements which had troubled the mind of the man.

"We must have Bob here to-morrow," said she, "and he might have a room on the third floor. It will be better for him to be upstairs, for boys *are* so noisy; and Lilla can stay next us as she ought, for girls must be brooded a little. And I must see about having the things I want to keep moved here at once," she continued, "before any disposition is made of the rest of the furniture. And I have been thinking, Will, where I shall hang Robert's portrait."

The Judge held his breath at this easy skating over what had been to him a sea-deep pool of doubts and difficulties.

"You know it is full length," con-

tinued May, "and was painted by Sargent the same winter he painted Lilla's, and it is just a match."

Could it be that there was a spark of mischief in her eyes, and that she was secretly amused at the anxieties she had been sharp enough to detect? Whether it was so or not, she sat beside her husband, holding his hand tenderly in her own, and chatting in the most unconcerned way about things which only needed to be taken seriously and sensitively to become real difficulties.

"I have always *loved* Lilla's portrait," said she. "It was what made me insist upon having Sargent paint Robert. I insisted upon its being a full-length also, quite against Rob's wishes, and painted as if he were standing to address an audience. He was always at his best when he was a little excited by a crowd of listeners," she said, musingly. "I made Sargent go and hear him speak, for I knew he would not give the portrait any kind of character or dignity if he did not get interested in him. To tell the truth, I was awfully scared after I had asked Sargent to paint him, for I saw two or three other of his portraits just then, and they were mere common men in clothes, and nothing else. But I had seen Lilla's, and I knew he *could* do a picture which would be a heritage for generations, and I meant he should do Robert so, and finally he got interested."

Things were decidedly clearing up for Judge Henry. That little phrase, "a heritage for generations," suddenly gave a golden vista for dear Lilla's portrait. If it really were that, it was permissible to value and to enjoy it, even when one had a second wife.

"As they are so near the same style and size," May continued, "I think it would be nice to have a niche made for Rob's portrait in the bookcases on the other side of the room, just opposite this. Do you not think it would be nice? And then," she continued, with a little access of tender handling, and a debatable look in the eye—"then we could all sit here evenings together, just as we used to do when we visited you, and I think it would be *sweet*."

If a man could feel himself awkward in the presence of a picture, or if so dignified and graceful a gentleman as Judge Henry could find himself awkward under any circumstances, these were certainly

the ones. To sit before Lilla's interested eyes fondling another woman's hand, and having all sentiment and all tender regret so lightly disposed of, was beyond conception. And how much of it was genuine? He felt as if he were being pelted with bits of elder pith, so lightly flew these propositions.

Perhaps May thought it was well not to linger upon the subject, for she ran glibly into a discussion of painters and painting, as if that were a subject of interest sufficiently general for the occasion.

"It is a great thing for a man to hit high-water mark in painting," said she. "He may do hundreds of bad things, common things, both in conception and technique, but if he once, just once, paints something which is as good as it can be, his fortune and his reputation are made forever. He need never rise above mediocrity again, but he *has* been a god, and the world will never forget it."

The Judge cared for painting as an art, and his wife's views amused and interested him.

"I suppose," she continued, "that is why painters and writers so often rave over things which are absolutely uninteresting and unintelligible to the rest of the world. Now, for instance, if I had never seen that portrait of Lilla—and Rob's, of course—and the St. Gaudens picture of the mother reading to the boy—although I don't half like the picture of the mother either, because she is not really painted. There is *the mother* in it, of course, and the relation between the two, the boy sure of his mother's attentions—so sure that he can afford to wriggle all through the reading; but the mother is made too little of; she is too what they call 'freely painted'; she hasn't justice done her, even simply as a mother. The boy is all right; *he* is good enough to stand alone."

"But the mother was put in the picture because the boy would not pose without her," interposed the Judge.

"Of course," said May; "any one can see that; but if she were put in at all, I insist that she should not have been a mere shadow. A ghost of a mother could not have interested and occupied the boy; and if she *did* interest him, under the circumstances she deserved to be painted."

"Yes?" said the Judge, and smiled.

"And there is that one exquisite thing

of little Beatrix Goelet," she continued. "*That* is a picture that will never die. It is true that fashions of painting change. I remember two or three distinct fashions in art in my own lifetime. There is as much fashion in painting as there is in religion or medicine or dress, or anything else, and all the rank and file of painters of one generation seem to absolutely pity the rank and file of those who preceded them. But when something gets above fashion, as that picture does, why, then painters simply bow down to it, and worship it, and the man who did it; and I should think they would learn by that that it is not the style, but the inspiration, which makes the picture. Why, if I had not seen those things I should have thought Sargent a very poor painter."

"Yes?" said the Judge again. "It is fortunate for Sargent that you *did* see them, then, is it not?"

"Oh, I know what a fanatic you are about painting," said May, smilingly, "and how high and holy you think all good painters are; but, you see, I am a heretic. I go through a picture-gallery and look at everything, but I only *see* one or two pictures. When I go to the spring and fall Academy exhibitions and the Fine Arts exhibitions, I am always struck with the pleasure I feel the moment I enter the gallery, simply from the decorative richness of color. It is like being in one of the old Roman palaces, with painted ceilings and gilded panellings, or in the Sistine Chapel, where color is everywhere; but I never really see and carry away a remembrance of more than one, or, if it is a very good exhibition, perhaps two pictures; and that is all there is really to see. Perhaps it is natural, since good pictures are so rare, that when a man does even one thing which is really great, and which one cannot forget, he is a great man for all time, for it is just possible he may do that thing again."

"Yes," said the Judge, and this time without the rising inflection.

"Now that little Beatrix Goelet," she resumed—"it is surprising how just a little girl and a parrot should impress one so. If you look at the picture from a certain distance, you see an intent little face, with a thought actually rising to the eyes; you can watch its motion; and the bits of rosy fingers, with the tips of them touching each other, help the progress of the thought. But if you go nearer, the

fingers are just dabs of paint smeared with vermilion. How *could* he make them look like fingers?"

"I suppose that is his art," said the Judge.

"At any rate, it is his mystery," answered the newly wedded wife. "And I am glad we have two things of his, and that they are both good—aren't you?"

This was pleasant babble, and it was pleasant to feel that there was really a presiding spirit again in the house, some one to do and to forbid, a chief engineer to attend to all the complicated machinery of the house; and it was even more pleasant that it should be a good-tempered engineer, with loose fluffy hair and fair pinkish skin, and eyes as deep in color as a purple-blue violet, and lips that always smiled. Home engineers that look like that are apt to be acceptable. Her husband grew more and more at ease, and more and more pleased with her little ways, and more and more grateful for the happiness she gave him.

In spite of so much constant and general satisfaction, and perhaps by reason of it, it was a shock to come home one afternoon and find his former friend and his wife's former husband installed in the library which had always seemed so exclusively personal and private, so almost sacred to himself.

The tall masterful presence stood at ease in the room, a wise sagacious smile upon his lips, and a look which seemed to demand and concentrate attention in the eyes. For so had his friend Robert Strang looked; so had the inner man in him attracted and dominated his fellows.

The soul of Judge Henry rose up in sudden hot rebellion at this invasion. What right had any other man to stand at his ease here, in the presence of his wife, in his and Lilla's very sanctuary? What did he mean by smiling at her in that lordly and commanding fashion? Was this man to stand eternally, night and day, regarding her with those smiling and attractive eyes?

The soul of him rose up in revolt; a fire of anger and indignation possessed him. He turned and left the room, and seizing his hat, rushed into the street to try and dissipate what he felt to be unreasoning and unreasonable anger. He strode along the Avenue block after block, the regular movement of his limbs and the alternate beat of his feet upon the

pavement gradually moderating his excitement, and substituting the warmth and glow of natural exercise for the unnatural heat of anger.

It was pleasant to be taking a stretch of this sort—passing club windows, nodding to men acquaintances, and lifting his hat to the women whom he met and knew. There was almost a procession of them coming in from their afternoon drive in the Park, and carriage after carriage met and passed him. Stately and fair, young or old, attractive or unattractive, they were returning down the Avenue to their separate homes, where perhaps they were veritable blessings, or something very much the reverse.

So thought Judge Henry; and then among the advancing carriages came a low victoria, holding a fair and lovely woman and two well-bred-looking and well-dressed children. It was really an attractive, almost a noticeable group, and a satisfied smile found a place for itself on Judge Henry's somewhat severe lips. The lady leaned quickly forward and spoke to the coachman, and the carriage drew up to the sidewalk.

"Come in with us. How delightful! Lilla, you may sit with Rob." And the Judge found himself seated beside his wife, with the two children in front, himself a part and, as he approvingly felt, the real proprietor of the group he had recognized and admired on the Avenue a moment before.

This was really an improvement upon a solitary walk, and certainly upon the solitary sulk which had accompanied it. The smile of greeting lingered upon his face.

"Why, how came you to be here?" asked his wife.

"I came home rather early, and thought I would take a walk. I started for the Bar Association, but the Avenue was so attractive I kept on," answered the Judge.

His wife read his face with a quick glance, but found nothing in it except a pleased well-being, unless it might be a little trace of self-consciousness.

"Well, I am delighted," said she. "This is what you should do every afternoon." And she leaned back contentedly upon her cushioned seat.

Indeed, she had good reason to be contented; she was piloting her husband safely through the shoals of the rather risky incidents of early married life, and he was a man a little inclined to take things

too seriously, to be almost morbidly self-conscious about the duties and proprieties of life.

"There are some things," reflected she, "that one *must* take lightly or not at all, and he does not know it, poor man!" And all the time they were driving home she was a little tremulous, although so conscious of able and successful generalship. She knew, as well as the Judge knew, what had sent him on his long walk, and she was hoping to turn leaf number two as successfully as leaf number one seemed to have been turned.

Arrived at the house, fortunately the next thing was to dress for dinner; and this astute woman planned to have the children in the library for a part of the evening, and to fill their minds beforehand with a prospect of making a family party to the circus for the next day. And while she brushed her hair the consciousness under the fluffy crop was monologuing in this fashion:

"Of course he does not consider that if I can afford to sit opposite that queenly Lilla every evening, he can stand having my poor dear Rob's presence in the room. Isn't it like men never to shift their point of view, but to level it always from the stand-point of self!" And she brushed the wavy locks vigorously, not forgetting to throw an occasional airy remark at the Judge through the open door of his dressing-room.

All the evening this domestic philosopher and critic and general in one reflected and criticised and manœuvred her forces successfully, and when it was over, went to her well-earned rest tired, but victorious, taking with her a husband so charmed by her beauty and gentleness and sweetness, and by his possession of her, that he accepted the situation even while he apologized to himself for doing it.

It is astonishing how the most unpalatable facts cease to be felt, are, in fact, entirely ignored, by the human mind the moment they have been even hesitatingly accepted. It would have seemed monstrous and impossible to the mind of the Judge, only a month ago, that the room which was in a way sacred to the days and years in which Lilla had made his sole happiness, and which she herself had dedicated and created as a shrine for her love, should be inhabited by the idea of another man, even though that man was his friend.

He had thoroughly liked and admired, had even loved him, but, after all, what was that feeling of confidence and admiration between man and man as compared with the thorough abdication of self which distinguishes the love of man and woman?

Sometimes in the early days of his new life, if he chanced to be sitting in the dusk of the library, the past seemed to reach out and claim him still. He found himself watching the face of his wife's portrait to see if it revealed to him anything which might be like an inner life. It was unbelievable that anything so apparently instinct with consciousness should not feel and think. He was himself conscious of a curious change in his feelings regarding it. Formerly he had felt for it a longing tenderness; he had sometimes, to his own surprise, broken the silence of the room with a despairing call; he had stretched out his arms in moments of forlorn loneliness as if imploring her to come to him, and in such moments he had fancied that the figure seemed to lean toward him and the eyes to grow tender in answer to his longing.

Now he fancied there had come a certain reserve into the face of the picture, a look of proud sadness to have settled in the eyes, which had always met and followed his with soft and confident affection.

Of course he knew that this was fancy, but it had the effect of making him consciously or unconsciously withdraw his observation. He would not think of it. He would detach his life from the past as thoroughly as it was in him to do it, and it seemed that present loyalty exacted this much of him. His social life was widening day by day, for his wife was one of those natures that seem to call to and be answered by all other natures, and the student life of his first manhood, the studious aspect of which had been so thoroughly shared by the wife of those years, was, in his increased and growing success, no longer necessary.

It was only fancy, and yet it was curious how strong the fancy became.

"*Those two in the library.*" That was the way he thought of them. What were they doing and feeling and experiencing all the long winter evenings while May and he were dining out or attending society functions?

He could imagine the brown gloom of

the room, the deep half-glow of the soft-coal fire, the faint silver of the low-turned gas-jets, and looking across all the luxury of the scholarly room, this man and woman standing and sitting opposite each other, each of them so fine, so exceptional, as man and woman.

In the blaze of gas and gayety, where the world was loitering with him, there was no one figure so distinguished for beauty as the woman who was sitting in the firelight of that library, and no man so distinguished for concentration of power and attractiveness of nature as the one who stood forever watching her.

It seemed a wrong to the world, as well as to themselves, that they should be shut in by privacy. Left to their own pictured selves for companionship, what wonder if the companionship should become consolation, and isolation should grow into a veritable bond between them!

How easily that pictured strength of manhood might take upon itself the only thing it lacked, the power of motion, and step down and out of the place assigned it, and assuming its prerogative of will, move into closer and nearer companionship!

And as time went on, and these two pictured selves felt the tie between their former world of love and themselves become more and more attenuated, when Lilla had quite ceased to be the tenderest thought on earth to her husband, and Robert was but a dream of former interest to his wife—when the two little children, who called the portraits "papa and mamma," were their only living ties to the living world—what wonder if these two vital semblances should gladly accept their enforced companionship as a destiny, and live thus, in the very midst of former loves and surroundings, a life of elevated, untroubled, unchanging, and unwearied companionship and affection! They could never change in each other's sight, or to the world. They were delivered from the relentless work of time by the magic of the painter's power. In the full beauty of womanhood and manhood they had been made immortal. The soft oval of Lilla's face set between its curves of shining hair, the poised beauty of the perfect head, the comprehensive dignity of the whole woman enveloped in color and beauty as with a garment, would live forever. Even the rose so lightly held would never fall—any more than the

strength of gaze, the compelling power of the man would cease to attract and to hold those who came within its limits.

All the world around them would change; those who had stood with them in equal youth and beauty and love would suffer from time and pain, and perhaps go sorrowing on to age; but these two were exempt.

And the mysterious drift of the future might still keep them together. The two children, who belonged to them equally with the mortal father and mother, growing up together in one house, irresistibly thrown together in youth, bound together by the invisible threads of happening, might and almost inevitably would marry each other, and there would follow the potent tie of blood; and in course of time these two portraits, belonging individually to the future husband and wife, as the father of the one and the mother of the other, would become the common property of their children.

They would be truly "grandfather's

and grandmother's portraits," and could no longer be separated, even in thought. Even their nearest descendants would suppose they had been man and wife!

And so the perpetual and legalized companionship would go down the vista of years—who can tell how many, or imagine the unbroken peace, the untroubled existence, the companionship to which even language was unnecessary, and where all the gathered philosophy and wisdom of the looker-on at the changing events of life could be enjoyed together without demonstration?

And there was another thought. The *other* selves of these two portraits—the two souls which had passed away into the infinite—if they found in each other a higher and wider development than they had experienced on earth, what should prevent their eternal companionship? Why should they not go on experiencing together, in ever-widening circles, the joy of infinite growth and infinite understanding?

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

WHAT is the perennial charm of Italy? Certainly not the climate, which never would have been praised unduly except by people accustomed to a much worse one. Is it in its antiquity? I confess that, considered externally, however historically I am prepossessed by its age, I am more impressed with its youth. It is in a perpetual renaissance. The nightingales say that very early in the spring mornings. So do the scarlet and purple anemones and the wild-tulips, and the blossoms of the almond, the peach, the cherry, the pear, the nectarines, the apple, a whole gamut of exquisite color—a suffusion of the landscape—among the silver-green olives and the dark ilex and the sentinel cypresses, all this arranged on gentle slopes and along terraces, in lines of grace and beauty, with somewhat of the precision of the notes and variations of a melody on a sheet of music, so that one feels it with something of the sensitiveness to pleasure that the reader has in an orchestral score. Or

rather, let us say, that one sees in this pre-arranged concert of exquisite form and color what one hears from an orchestra. Man has been here a long time, and a long time civilized. Taste and industry have worked together for ages. The massive walls which support the terraces, the walled streams, and the walled highways, the great villas among the heights or hanging on the slopes, the gardens so formal and so full of sentiment, the utilization of every foot of soil and every vantage-ground for verdure, speak of ages of patient, solid labor. It is all so old, so permanent, so intelligently thought out; there is so much of the gray of age, and there are so many monuments of the past—fountains, bold carvings, inscriptions, historical and religious and sentimental, and yet it is all so vigorous with new life, the masses of roses along the walls, the alleys of glistening laurel, the bewildering bloom of parti-colored flowers, and the green of the cultivated rows in the vineyards, which is as vivid as the fields along the Nile in January.

This is art. This is the expression of civilized man, who has long had a predominant sense of beauty, and formerly, if not now, the accumulated wealth to gratify his longing for that expression. And yet nature has much to do with it. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a region so adapted to artistic purposes as Tuscany, and especially the environs of Florence. Nowhere uniformity. There are no parallel lines of hills or of valleys. The landscape has the disorder of a premeditated arrangement for beautiful effects. The spectator and the pedestrian cannot keep the points of compass. The Apennines and their spurs, the heights near the town, are always shifting in new and fascinating perspectives; the ridges running down to the valleys take unexpected turns; and the embowered villas, which show against the sky or nestle along the slopes, are always shifting themselves into new and unforeseen combinations. The towers move away to a new position in the landscape, the belfries send their melody of bells now from one direction and now from another, so that the bewildered walker seems in an enchanted country. The city itself shifts its domes, its towers, its irregularly aligned palaces, at every point of view. Every villa has a different prospect, a new combination of landscape; and no villa in its form, arrangement, gardens, and terraces is a copy of any other. Skilful nature has made this variety of situation and prospect possible, but when wealth came to the Florence of the Renaissance it was the highly individualized Florentines who created this inexhaustible variety of artificial beauty. They created this from their sympathy with nature, their understanding of its adaptability to artistic treatment, and the result is the incomparable beauty of the environs of Florence. Of course we are influenced by historic sentiment, we are not free from literary prepossessions, but I am forced to think that the permanent charm of Italy is in its visible art, not in any one of the arts, but in the sign of that spirit of man which knows how to transform nature so as to express its subtlest pleasure in existence. Perhaps this is civilization. Certain it is that Italy is the mother of all modern civilization, in form, in social charm, in feeling for beauty, as well as in intellectual life, and that she was generations in advance of the rest of Europe.

II.

The charm of Italy is, then, largely a human charm, one produced by the intervention of man in nature. The whole aspect of this Tuscan country is a witness to it. Herr Burckhardt, in his learned and brilliant study of the civilization of the Renaissance of Italy, says that the Italians are the first among modern people by whom the outward world was seen and felt as something beautiful. It is part of our very modern conceit that love of "scenery" is a recent human development, and that our passion in literature and in travel for "landscape" and "views" is a distinction of this age. Though nature is made comparatively little use of in classic literature, there is no doubt that there was among the Romans as well as the Greeks a hearty enjoyment of the external world. Certainly this existed in the Middle Ages, and found expression in songs; and from the time of Dante we have a full recognition of the influence of nature upon the human spirit. It was that prodigy of all manly and artistic accomplishments and of learning, Leo Battista Alberti, in the middle of the fifteenth century, who had a passion for nature that would now make him free of our most advanced cult. He was like our own Dr. Holmes, who used to lift his hat, in token of his reverence, to a stately or graceful tree. Leo Battista entered with even more sympathetic intensity into the world of beauty; it was not weakness, but a refined sensibility, that made him shed tears at the sight of noble trees and waving corn-fields; and it is related that, more than once, when he was ill, the sight of a beautiful landscape cured him—an instance that the mind-curists may turn to good account. The relation of nature to man was as clearly displayed by Petrarch a century before, who made the ascent of a mountain, Mont Ventoux, near Avignon, for its own sake, and in obedience to the truly modern longing for a vast panoramic view. Æneas Sylvius, who became Pope Pius II., fully reflected the culture of the fifteenth century, and was a normal type of the men of the early Renaissance. He not only enjoyed to the full the Italian landscape, but he described enthusiastically its magnificence and its loveliness in the minutest details. He enjoyed nothing so much as country life, and excursions among the hills of Tuscany, which was his birth-

place. When he was old and infirm he was carried in a litter through the mountains and valleys, and his descriptions of the scenery show not only his intense delight—a rapture in the exquisite prospects which are to-day the common property of the world—but the eye of a keen and practised observer. Those were evil days for the Popes, but the stay of Pius II. at Monte Amiata in the summer of 1462, in an old Lombard monastery half-way up the mountain, in the shade of the oaks and chestnuts, with the sight of green meadows and the towers of Siena in the distance, is noted as a period of unclouded happiness to this passionate worshipper of nature. The happiness in nature expressed in his commentaries is genuine modern enjoyment.

It was the appreciation of natural scenery along with the high development of the artistic temperament in the Renaissance that beautified the environs of Florence, and it was the strong individuality of its cultivated inhabitants that saved this movement of adornment from monotony. The villas each and all show individual taste, and even in the formality of the landscape-gardening there is a pleasing variety and character, which seem to differentiate these artificial creations from the like in France or in Germany. To me there is here a finer and more subtle sense of beauty. The picturesqueness of Tuscany and of many other parts of Italy of course greatly aids this effect, but when all allowance is made for that that can be necessary, the chief and permanent and unwearying charm here is that of high civilization, of the ability to interpret nature in the most sympathetic art.

But why should we argue about the matter? The little green lizards running along the wall do not, nor the roses leaning over it. Is it not enough to enjoy without analyzing the sources of our pleasure? I know other places where the sky is as blue and the landscape has as many hues, where from picturesque belfries the bells are calling peace and resignation every hour of the day, but few other places where one has such a sense of leisure in the midst of rural industry and moderate prosperity. Enough to realize in one modern hour the refined graciousness of such a scene, which is at once classic and mediæval and romantic, and human.

III.

Considering our common humanity, and our authority for believing that all the races of men are of one blood, and our pathetic efforts to bring all men within the same circle of influence, the persistent diversity of mankind is a standing problem. Notwithstanding all our efforts and pretences, the races remain isolated and with only an approach to a happy understanding of each other. Taking those most closely connected in the ties of a common civilization, and even religion, their points of view of life are so radically unlike that reposeful confidence in being mutually understood is almost hopeless. If we eliminate the accidents of color or of any physical character produced by climate, or the superficial social habits, there remains in the spirit, in the way of looking at life and at moral and æsthetic questions, a great gulf, which no mere good-will or personal liking can overcome. This isolation, this inability to enter into the thoughts of another race, is vividly realized when we turn to a remote past or discover any primeval survival. Our scholars stand as yet before a blank wall without a door in the presence of the carved writing of Central America; and if by lucky guesses or experiments we are ever able to read it, very likely we shall find the ideas expressed more obscure than the writing now seems. Professor Maspero, in *The Dawn of Civilization*, in his comments on the fragments of literature of the Chaldeans preserved to us on clay tablets, says that the impression produced is complex, in which astonishment rather than admiration contends with a sense of tediousness. There are some exceptions, like the narrative of the adventures of Gilgamesh, but “the bulk of Chaldean literature seems nothing more than a heap of pretentious trash, in which even the best-equipped reader can see no meaning, or, if he can, it is of such a character as to seem unworthy of record. His judgment is natural in the circumstances, for the ancient East is not like Greece and Italy, the dead of yesterday whose soul still hovers around us, and whose legacies constitute more than half of our patrimony; on the contrary, it was buried soul and body, gods and cities, men and circumstances, ages ago, and even its heirs, in the lapse of years, have become extinct. In proportion as we are able to bring its civilization to

light, we become more and more conscious that we have little or nothing in common with it. Its laws and customs, its methods of action and its modes of thought, are so far apart from those of the present day that they seem to us to belong to a humanity utterly different from our own. . . . Its artists did not regard the world from the same point of view as we do, and its writers, drawing their inspiration from an entirely different source, made use of obsolete methods to express their feelings and co-ordinate their ideas. It thus happens that while we understand to a shade the classical language of the Greeks and Romans, and can read their works almost without effort, the great primitive literatures of the world, the Egyptian and Chaldean, have nothing to offer us for the most part but a sequence of problems to solve or of enigmas to unriddle with patience."

This is an extreme illustration of the radical differences in races, which is no doubt an element in discontent and strife, or what is often called progress, but it is what we all experience in a less degree in contact with a people or a literature alien to us. The Italians of the Renaissance, who were the first to recognize themselves and their relations to the world at large, used to discuss this question. A little work by Ortensio Landi (1536) reports pretended conversations held at Forcium, a bath near Lucca, by a large company of men and women, on the question whence it comes that there are such great differences among mankind. No solution was arrived at, but the differences among Italians then living were detailed, in their modes of life, in costumes, in language, in intellect, in loving and hating, in the way of winning affection, in the manner of receiving guests, and in eating. A large part of the work is devoted to women, their differences in general (the sex seems always to have been a puzzle even to itself), the power of their beauty, and especially the question whether women are equal or inferior to men. And the latter part of this discussion is notable, because it was in an age when in Italy the education of women was (except in warlike arts) the same as that of men, when there was no talk of the enfranchisement, or the emancipation rather, of the sex, for it was taken for granted that she could and would do freely whatever she had the ability to do. The

differences in mankind, however, were forced upon the notice of the Italians by their contact with the Germans, the French, the Spaniards, and the Turk. It was to a degree a difference in civilization, in refinement of life, but it was a deeper divergence in the way of looking at life. And this difference among European races, notwithstanding the collisions and the intimacy of centuries, still continues. It needs very little to bring it out. Notably this is true between England and France, and between France and Germany, but the mutual understanding of the French and the Italians is almost as much clouded, though we might expect readier sympathy between the Latin races. The language, the final expression of national life and of thought, is a veil between the races, never quite thin enough, with the utmost familiarity, to be transparent. Translation is impossible. The different races are never quite sure that they comprehend each other in the depths of their natures. Warm individual friendships arise, but the mass of the peoples stand aloof in alienation of thought, if not in distrust or suspicion.

IV.

It is agreeable to believe that the facilitated intercourse of modern life is removing these race differences and sources of misunderstandings. All goes on very well until two peoples happen to covet the same thing, or are crossed in the rivalries for a commercial market, when the national antagonism flashes up. Nothing is dwelt upon with more pleasure, in drawing-rooms as well as at public dinners, than the growing concord and mutual respect of the great branches of the English-speaking races; and yet nothing is clearer even in this case of consanguinity than the existence of an indescribable difference between the English and the cosmopolitan and as yet unasimilated peoples that make up the United States. At critical moments a feeling of antagonism flames up, which is much more serious than the alleged inability to understand each other's humor and jokes. Considering the growth of the United States and of the English colonies, it seems to be admitted that the English is to be the conquering language of the world, and in the great struggle of civilization that England and America will be placed in a position where the strong-

est mutual friendship will be desirable. They are now more in accord as to their views of this world and the next than any other two nations. They have more common grounds of social intercourse. No opportunity is omitted by the orators, except in moments of irritation caused by some rivalry, to emphasize the kinship and the mutual esteem. There was a time when America was more dependent and more anxious to emphasize this kinship than she is now, notwithstanding the long-preserved supercilious political and literary attitudes towards her. Her own growth and sense of power have now made her indifferent to these small annoyances, while a wider knowledge of her relations to the world has drawn her into more sympathy with the moral qualities of her kin beyond sea. Private friendships between Englishmen and Americans are almost numerous enough to guarantee perpetual peace and the discontinuance of petty irritations. But the petty irritations are a fruitful source of bad blood, and create the dislikes that in critical hours become national animosities. It is, in the Spanish ring, the little points of the darts of the banderilleros that goad the bull to madness. The banderilleros are agile, picturesque, and no doubt estimable creatures, who only do this for the amusement of the crowd, and not from native malevolence. It seems a pity, in the honest efforts of these two nations to see the world from the same point of view, that London should keep a little group of literary banderilleros solely to keep up this irritation. There is nothing more needed in these days than honest and frank international criticism in literature. There is nothing more to be deplored than petty criticism and fault-finding based on national prejudice. To the American writer, with his possible field of 65,000,000 of readers at home, English opinion commercially is of comparative indifference, and year by year of less consequence. But just this sort of studied annoyance counts a good deal in the creation of national ill-will. The English critic who has this in mind no doubt sometimes strains a point in hospitality to an American book, but a common and evident attitude of the banderillero in London is predetermined fault-finding when he opens an American book. He is bound to find something to put his delicate foot on if he can. To be sure, we

offer him frequent occasion, but his attitude towards the American novel or story is very different from that towards a like production of Great Britain, towards which he commonly has an insular softness and favor. To look for Americanisms is an innocent pastime, since if he looks far enough he is pretty sure to run into old English, but he likes beyond this to say something that will be offensive to the Americans as a whole, and to tack it on as a rider to his special condemnation. His special condemnation may be perfectly deserved. The critic of the *Athenæum*, for instance, never makes a mistake in judgment, for his knowledge is equal to his sympathies. He is one of the coterie, apparently, who thinks he is pleasing somebody by finding opportunities for gratuitous flings at Americans, and usually he improves his weekly chance. Having occasion recently to express his curt disapproval of a novel by a Southern writer, whose work certainly entitles him to respectful treatment on both sides of the water (which would have been accorded any writer in England of equal mark), this critic puts a little snapper on his lash by the remark that "the American is occasionally terrible." How terrible the American really is the critic will probably never know, for when that uncouth barbarian in letters some day descends on him (as is the custom in his native land), the critic will be safe in his anonymity. This sort of weekly nagging will do no harm to the American generally, nor perhaps to the special author, but it seems in its way to keep alive an alienation which the English generally profess to wish to lessen, and it is doubtful if the amusement it affords compensates for it. It may be said in all seriousness that the American literary class ask nothing but justice at the hands of their English cousins; that the colonial desire for "taffy" has pretty well disappeared; and that their gradual adjustment to the expectation of injustice is not a good omen for the fair and open-hearted friendship of the two peoples.

V.

No one can yet tell the benefit to the country in the cultivation of its historic consciousness by the foundation of the various societies which draw their importance from our past life and achievements. It is not, we dare say, so much

that they give present distinction to their members and increase their pride in Americanism, as that they lead to historic study and to an acquaintance with the sources of our true greatness. That the Sons of the Revolution are all students may be doubted, but they like to hear of the glories which they do not have to share with citizens naturalized since 1784, and the feeling of special proprietorship in the nation makes them more jealous of its present honor and good name. No son of this sort would do a mean thing in politics, unless he found an example of it in Revolutionary days. With the Daughters of the Revolution there is something more than social pride in ancestresses who worked hard and lived plainly in primitive conditions, and who had more virtues than accomplishments. These Daughters ransack the past not simply to give them present social standing and prominence, but to lay to heart the lessons of history in regard to the development of woman in the modern state. They apply themselves to understand the principles of their government, to do justice to the sex whose chief monuments have been their unrecorded virtues, and to carry into the present struggle for "rights" the accumulated momentum of the sex in the past, now organized so as to be effective. Indeed, what may not be expected of their efforts to endow and place beyond peradventure the means for the education of women? And then there is politics. It was doubtless far from the intention of the organizer of Sons or Daughters to use their force in practical politics; but if women are going into politics, or rather, let us say, are to stay in, what better training for the questions of the day than that complete mastery of political and social and economic history which the Daughters are attaining? If there is to be a renaissance of patriotism, it is with the revival and understanding of the old American spirit.

It seems to be a tenable notion that the further back we can get a hold on that spirit, the more effective will it be, and the more important and vital and exclusive will be the society that gets the most remote grip on it. It was speedily seen that the Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution, though they were vast in numbers, and were two great armies with truly democratic banners, drew their inspiration and distinction from a too re-

cent period. The Revolution was such a little while ago that nearly everybody was in it, as a contractor or patriot or soldier; those who were not Washington's nurses were his aids; in half the old farm-houses was an old flintlock that had been "busted" at Concord or in squirrel-shooting. A great many more people were eager to fight in the Revolution now than would enlist and stand by when Washington most needed soldiers. The Revolution was almost as popular as the present pension department.

To get a firmer hold, therefore, upon the glorious historic past, were organized the Society of Colonial Wars and the Society of Colonial Dames. The devotees of these societies carry their researches to the time of the discovery. They derive their distinction from no recent patriotism—though that may, indeed, adorn it—but from the deeds of men and women who were pioneers in America, and waged war on forests, bears, Indians, and French. To have killed a Frenchman in fight before 1750 is as meritorious as to have fraternized with one after 1776. To make colonial history contribute to the national and social pride is the labor of the Colonial Dames, the descendants of the men and women who cleared their country and cultivated the virtues that fitted it for rebellion. They are the descendants of the discoverers and pioneers, and their object is to nurse those primitive virtues and that early spirit of self-sacrifice and simplicity in which we perceive the foundations of our enduring institutions. And here we seem to have gone back to the source of our highest pride and exclusiveness. But is there not another step to be taken, another organization that shall really be distinctive and final? We speak of the discoverers. Does not that imply something beyond, namely, the discovered? We have some hints of this original aristocracy in Pocahontas, and in the invention of the legend about her, for the satisfaction of a deep feeling in human nature, an aspiration for exclusive royal distinction. Her people were here of old; they were the original Americans; they enjoy the proud eminence of being the discovered. Until we embrace them in our historical pride we are mere usurpers and adventurers. The Daughters of the Revolution do well. The Colonial Dames do well. But neither reaches to an original, exclusive, and permanent dis-

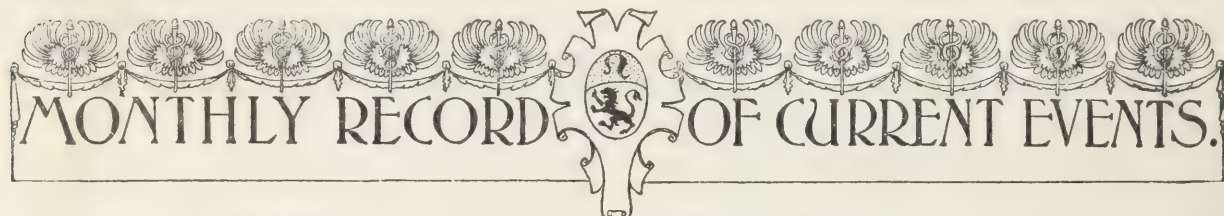
tion. The next step must be taken, and that will be by the organization of the Society of Aboriginal Dames.

VI.

Speaking again of education, have we not something to learn in the experience of that marvellous child Helen Keller, who is deaf, dumb, and blind? Cannot we come back to reality in our methods? We speculate a good deal about innate ideas. We grope in the dark. Up to the age of seven years Helen Keller was in absolute darkness, but probably with consciousness of the darkness. For the mind which lived in her, finding no means of expression, was tormenting her into insanity. The first light she got was in the comprehension that a "word" meant a thing. It took, in fact, the apprehension by her of three words to open the world to her, and, curiously, the third word was "door." She learned that c-u-p meant a cup, that p-u-m-p meant a pump, and when she learned that the signs on her hands of d-o-o-r meant door, the illumination was complete. Sudden-

ly she comprehended everything. The irradiation, the illumination, of her face indicated the freedom, if not the birth, of a soul. It was like a prisoner from infancy immured in a dark dungeon suddenly shown the light and living world. After that the progress was incredibly rapid. Having found the "word," the living word, she found everything.

But there is another suggestion in her process of marvellous comprehension, and her swift advance in knowledge of things and of languages, and in the extraordinary celerity of her present grasp of new ideas. It is in her power of "concentrated attention." She puts her whole faculties on the thing in hand. She is distracted by no outside influence. She hears nothing, sees nothing; her attention is in no way diverted by any sight, sound, or influence from the object her mind is on for the moment. Consequently the impression is vivid, and it is lasting; she not only grasps the idea instantly, but her memory holds it tenaciously. She is a living example of the power of "concentrated attention."



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 13th of May.—As a result of a police census, the population of New York city was given as 1,849,866.

Peace was concluded between Japan and China, China ceding Formosa to Japan, consenting to the independence of Korea, guaranteeing the payment of an indemnity of \$100,000,000, and opening to the world five new commercial ports. Japan's demand for the permanent occupation of the Leao-Tong Peninsula, including Port Arthur, was resisted by Russia, Germany, and France. Japan yielded the point on the guarantee by China of an additional indemnity of \$50,000,000. The Mikado issued a proclamation urging moderation on the part of his people.

Great Britain demanded from Nicaragua the payment of an indemnity of \$77,500 for the expulsion of her proconsul Mr. Hatch from Bluefields. The demand not having been complied with, English marines on April 27th seized the custom-house at Corinto. A settlement of the dispute was reached May 2d through the good offices of Salvador, which guaranteed the payment of the indemnity, and the marines were withdrawn.

The Reichstag in Berlin on May 11th rejected the government bill designed to repress socialism by a unanimous vote.

The Cuban rebellion continued with severe skirmishing. The government was generally successful.

José Maceo, an insurgent leader of great ability, was killed in battle on April 10th.

DISASTERS.

April 14th.—Severe earthquake shocks were felt in southern Austria and northern Italy. At Laybach several lives were lost by falling buildings.

April 28th.—One hundred and thirty lives were lost by the bursting of a dam at Bougy, France.

May 3d.—More than one hundred lives were lost in a tornado in Iowa.

OBITUARY.

April 14th.—At New Haven, James D. Dana, professor of geology at Yale University, aged eighty-two years.

April 21st.—At Albany, Paul Fenimore Cooper, son of the novelist, aged seventy-one years.

April 25th.—At St. Johnsbury, Vermont, ex-Governor Franklin Fairbanks, aged sixty-seven years.

May 1st.—At Houstonia, Missouri, General S. B. Hayman, U.S.A., aged seventy-five years.

May 7th.—At Elizabeth, ex-Governor Robert S. Green, of New Jersey, aged sixty-five years.

May 9th.—At London, Sir Robert Peel, aged seventy-three years.

May 12th.—At Amherst, Massachusetts, Julius H. Seelye, ex-president of Amherst College, aged seventy-one years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE PACHA'S LEVEE.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

ONE morning, after a night's rest broken many times by the howling and barking of the countless snarling yellow curs which infest the streets of Damascus, I was awakened by the sound of a Turkish band marching down the dusty street by the side of the Barada. The weird and monotonous droning of the clarinets grew louder as the procession neared the hotel, but as it was not yet seven o'clock, and the pariah dogs had cheated me out of the best part of my night's sleep, I did not rise, preferring to lie comfortably in bed, where I could look out at the golden fruit which gleamed amongst the dark foliage of the orange-trees in the court-yard, and listen to the cool splash of the water as it fell into the marble basin of the fountain.

The sound of passing feet died away, the music was growing faint in the distance, and I was dozing off comfortably into another little nap, when there was a rap on my door, and a fellow-traveller rushed in, exclaiming, excitedly:

"Well, you have missed it! This is the first day of the great Moslem feast of Beiram, and all the dignitaries of Syria, in splendid robes and silk caftans, have just passed in procession on their way to pay their respects to the Mushir, the Turkish military governor, who is holding a grand levee this morning."

Somewhat nettled at having missed this picturesque parade, I arose, and while my fellow-traveller was breakfasting I made my way down the narrow street toward the citadel.



"I COULD DISCOVER NO SIGN OF COMPREHENSION UPON HIS GRAVE FACE."

I had not gone far when I was joined by the watchful Yosef, a Syrian dragoman, who had guided me through the intricacies of the bazars on the preceding day.

"Yosef," I exclaimed, "what manner of dragoman are you, that you did not inform me yesterday of this spectacle?"

"Ah, Excellency," replied the crafty Yosef, who had evidently known no more of the celebration than myself until he was awakened by the sound of the band, "I wished to make surprise for you. At seex o'clock this morning I wait for you by the hotel, but you not wake. Now you like Turkish band, we go hear him play in the serai."

We made our way through the narrow twisting streets, stepping over the sleeping dogs which lay stretched out in the middle of the roads, exhausted by their night's prowling and yelping, until we came to the military serai or square, on one side of which stretched the barracks of the Fifth Corps of the Turkish army, while opposite was the palace of the Mushîr, the commandant and general of the division.

The square presented a brilliant sight. In a small enclosed garden at the right of the palace the band was playing lustily, and two pyramids of silver bells of various sizes, arranged on staves and surmounted by golden crescents, dazzled the eyes as they were turned rapidly in the bright sunlight, keeping time with the barbaric music.

To the left of the palace carriages were driving up, with dark-faced coachmen in silk robes and red tarbooshes, and gorgeous cavasses in blue jackets richly embroidered with gold, wearing long curved swords with silver handles, and looking very fierce and important. on the box-seat. From the carriages a stream of grave-looking Syrian dignitaries in silks and satins were alighting at the foot of the marble steps. Black-bearded Greek priests and bishops in purple and black vestments, wearing tall black head-coverings bearing a strong resemblance to a modern silk hat worn upside down; hadjis and descendants of the Prophet with green turbans; dervish sheiks in long brown gowns, wearing on their heads great brown cones, like inverted flower-pots, nearly two feet high; Turkish officers in smart uniforms; Bedouins from the desert, with their dark silk kaffiêhs held in place by thick coils of camel's-hair wrapped twice around their heads, were dismounting from their gayly caparisoned Arab horses, whose saddles and bridles were decorated with brilliant designs in beads and shells; sheiks from Palmyra and Baalbec, rulers of the small desert towns—all had come to pay their respects to the Mushîr.

I had stood for some time, elbowed by the crowd and noting each fresh arrival, before my curiosity led me to wonder what was going on inside the palace, and how the Mushîr would receive his guests; but no sooner did the thought occur to me than I determined to go

in and see for myself, so, turning to Yosef, I said:

"Yosef, I will also pay my respects to the governor."

"Oh," said Yosef, with visible signs of alarm in his usually imperturbable face, "it ees not necessary."

I explained that even if it were not necessary I intended to go, but Yosef demurred.

"You do not know heem. You cannot go."

I endeavored to explain to Yosef that possibly if I *did* know the Mushîr I might not wish to go, but not having the pleasure of his acquaintance, I felt bound to give him the benefit of the doubt, and pay him my respects. Yosef was in despair.

"It could not be—it was not necessary." He begged and implored, and threatened to desert me; but I had determined to see the inside of the palace, and his prayers did not move me. So, drawing on my gloves and squaring my shoulders, I mustered up all the dignity at my command, marched over to a conspicuous Turkish official literally smothered in gold lace, who was standing at the foot of the marble steps, pulled out my card-case, and presented him with my card. He held it upside down and looked curiously at it, then turned it over and looked at the back to see if there should be anything there which he could decipher. The blank back afforded him no clew, and so, with an utterly puzzled look, he passed it on to another gold-laced guardian, who stood a few steps above him, accompanying the transfer with a remark in Turkish which, as it appeared to me to be entirely irrelevant, I will not repeat. I stood calmly at the foot of the steps, while my card was passed from hand to hand, and finally disappeared through the doorway.

A moment afterwards two of the commandant's aides appeared at the top of the steps, a question was asked, and I was pointed out to them, and they saluted me gravely, and escorted me to the top of the marble steps, and then through the hall of the palace to the entrance of an immense long salon, at the end of which, seated on a divan, his decorations on his breast and his sword at his side, was the Mushîr.

No one else was in the room; and Yosef, who had followed me quakingly up the steps, had stopped at the door. As I walked up the room I commenced to wonder what I should say. I had been for several months in Arab countries, and had a small working vocabulary of Arabic, consisting of the usual salutations, and such phrases as "It is warm," "It is good" or "It is bad," "Go faster," and "How much is it?" but I did not see how I was to carry on a very extended or intelligible conversation with this small equipment. But mustering up my courage, I advanced towards the end of the room, and after making the grand Oriental salute by bending my body, and touching my hand first to the floor and then to my heart, mouth, and

forehead, I opened the conversation with the customary Oriental salutation, "Salaam alê-kum!" meaning "Peace be with you!"

Now there are two answers to this salutation—you can either reverse it, and say, "Alê-kum salaam," which seems very much like saying, "You're another," or you may place your right hand on your breast, and afterwards raise it to your forehead, and say, "Kahweh dâiman!" which means "May you never want coffee!"

My distinguished host used neither, but bowed gravely, and with a wave of his hand motioned me to a seat on the divan at his side. Believing that a cheerful flow of conversation would relieve any embarrassment that he might feel in receiving a stranger from a distant part of the world, I formulated almost my entire stock in trade of the Arabic language into one long, disconnected sentence, which indicated my anxiety for his welfare, touched upon the state of the weather, and concluded with a variety of shopping phrases and donkey-talk, in the course of which I remember saying "Bikâm deh?" (What does this cost?) and "U'a Riglak" (Take care of your foot).

My host sat calmly through this brilliant and pyrotechnic conversational display, and when I paused I could discover no sign of comprehension upon his grave face. Looking down the room, I saw the shrinking figure of Yosef just without the doors, and after an abortive attempt to involve the Pacha in a French dialogue, I called Yosef's name and signalled him to come to my assistance.

Yosef cringingly and apologetically made his way to where I sat, and commenced a series of elaborate and conciliatory salaams to the Pacha, evidently wishing to convey to that



"I MARCHED DOWN THE STEPS."

august Oriental the fact that he was not personally responsible for my introduction to the palace, and had done his best to restrain me.

"Yosef," I said, "the old gentleman does not seem to fully grasp my Arabic; suppose you try him and find out what the trouble is."

Yosef then addressed himself to the Pacha, who replied in Turkish, and Yosef then explained to me that his Excellency did not understand Arabic, having only lately come here from Turkey.

My knowledge of the Turkish language was limited to the single word *git*, which conveys the same forceful idea in Turkish as in English, and as I was momentarily expecting the Pacha to introduce this expressive monosyllable in his speech, I resolved to throw the burden of the conversation upon my dragoman.

"Yosef," said I, "you shall interpret my English into the most flowery Turkish of which you are capable;" for experience had taught me that a man who has been brought up in the land of the *Arabian Nights* requires that the conversation addressed to him shall be exceedingly ornate before he can detect a complimentary flavor in it.

"Tell his Excellency," I began, "that my eyes have feasted upon the garden of the world, that earthly paradise, the fair city of Damascus, and that I could not take my way back to the New World without paying my respects to the ruler of this most ancient of cities, whose name and military exploits are so well known even in far-away America."

I did not know his name myself at the time, and the sword by his side had suggested the military heroism, but the exigencies of Oriental politeness require the straining of a point or two when a compliment is to be paid.

Yosef evidently rendered my remarks in satisfactory Turkish, and a pleased smile gradually took the place of the puzzled look on the Pacha's face. Then it was his turn, and he gave me back as good as I sent. "Never had he been so honored before. It was true that he had been visited by many Europeans, but never before had he had the happiness of entertaining a traveller from America."

Yosef was kept busy bandying compliments, until I had exhausted every superlative which my ingenuity could apply to Damascus, its people, and its rulers, and then the Pacha excused himself for a moment and left the room. Presently he returned and handed me three of his cards, which read as follows:

فَرَنْجِي شَرِيْفِي يَاسَا
كَسْبَنِي اَرْدُوِي هُمَا يُونُ فَوْمَانْدَانِي
Le Général de Division

Eumer Ruschdi Pacha

Commandant du 5^e Corps d'Armée

Not to be outdone in generosity, I produced my card-case, and added three more of my own to the one which I had seen disappear up the steps, and which the Pacha now held in his hand. He received them with a becoming show of gratefulness, and placing them upon the divan, clapped his hands smartly together.

Two Ethiopians immediately sprang from an adjoining room in answer to this signal,

and advanced bowing to take his orders, which done, they retired to another room, almost immediately reappearing bearing large trays covered with richly embroidered gold cloths, upon which were various sweets, fig paste, Turkish delight, grape jelly, and golden goblets filled with sweetened water flavored with rose.

This was put before me, and with a small spoon I took a mouthful of the grape jelly, the Pacha did likewise, and then from the other tray we took tiny cups of thick coffee and delicious cigarettes. When I had taken my coffee and smoked my cigarette I arose to take my leave; for conversation, even under Yosef's fostering care, had languished, and I did not care for any more grape jelly and rose-water before breakfast; so, expressing my pleasure in having seen the distinguished Pacha, I was about to withdraw. But the Pacha intended a further honor for me. Rising from the divan, he accompanied me to the end of the room, and then to the head of the marble steps.

During my visit many carriages had arrived, and the church and state dignitaries had been side-tracked into another room until my interview with the Pacha should terminate. The conspicuous honor which the Pacha was doing me in accompanying me to the head of the steps evidently made a great impression upon the waiting crowd, and as I reached the top step the Pacha raised his hand, and the Turkish band burst into a furious march. The soldiers presented arms, and the crowd opened a passageway for me towards the carriages.

With a parting salaam I marched down the steps, Yosef behind me, no longer cringing and trembling, but with his head in the air and a triumphant smile upon his face. I had walked over from the hotel, but it would never do for me to take my departure in so humble a manner while the eyes of the Pacha were upon me, so, without turning my head, I spoke in English to my proud retainer:

"Yosef, pick out the best-looking carriage, with a gold-laced cavass on the box, that you can see, and command the coachman to drive up to me at once."

Yosef did as he was bid, a gorgeous equipage appeared, and I stepped into it, and at a word from Yosef we whirled away out of the square. When we were well out of sight I stopped the carriage, bestowed a liberal back-sheesh upon the driver and the cavass, and sent them back to wait for their master, while Yosef and I walked back to the hotel.

As we walked along, Yosef, whose elation was unbounded at having made his first appearance in the Mushir's palace, could scarcely contain himself.

"Excellency," he suggested, "there is 'nother levee, after breakfast; you like, we go to the palace of the civil governor."

"No, Yosef," I replied. "'It ees not necessary.' I have had enough of grape jelly, rose-water, and Turkish delight for one day. After breakfast we will go to the bazars."

A KENTUCKY WIT.

IN Covington, just across the river from Cincinnati, lives the Hon. Theodore F. Hallam, one of the ablest and most brilliant of Kentucky's lawyers, and withal a wit of the highest order. To those of us who have known and loved him for a quarter of a century it has often seemed that if record could have been kept of his bright sayings, the fame of many a more famous wit would stand eclipsed.

During the war Colonel Hallam was an ultra Confederate, for most of the time upon Mr. Jefferson Davis's private staff. "We should have won," said he, gravely, "if we had not had so much money. When you have to take a market-basket in which to carry the currency to buy your breakfast, there is little time left for military pursuits."

Governor Knott appointed Mr. Hallam upon his staff, and as the commission was about to be drawn the latter procured that it should be issued *not* to "Colonel Hallam," but to "Mister Hallam," which was duly done, upon parchment, and under the great seal of the commonwealth, the recipient gleefully declaring that he was the only man in Kentucky who bore that title.

Some years ago there was a prevalence of little house-breakings in Cincinnati, and the chief of police complained that he could not stop them, because the burglars escaped into Kentucky and found refuge there. When this contention was at its height Hallam and myself stepped, one evening, into the St. Nicholas, and found there, with some of his friends, the Hon. Richard Smith, of the *Commercial Gazette*. He called to us, saying, "Theodore, I see that they are harboring thieves in Covington."

"Yes," answered Hallam. "Come over." And Richard forthwith set up a small bottle.

Opposite Hallam's offices was a little wine-house wherein much legal business was transacted. Many clients would talk freely and clearly there when they would be tongue-tied in our rooms. We were issuing from this branch office one day when we met one of Covington's most charming ladies. "I am sorry, Theodore," said she, "to see you coming out of a place like that." "It is too bad, Miss Annie. I'll go back again." And back he went.

All men whose names can in any way be punned or played upon have suffered from every possible variation of such play until it has become wearisome and exasperating. Hallam had borne allusions without end to the "Middle Ages," "Constitutional Law," *et id genus omne*, when, one day, at Washington city, he was introduced to Governor Hogg, of Texas. "Hallam? Hallam?" queried the Governor. "Are you the original?" "No, Governor Hogg," said Hallam. "Are you?"

To his other attainments Mr. Hallam added that of a thorough knowledge of music. When the passion for Wagner first became prominent he took the opposite side. I think he has got over it now, but for the time he was very bitter. "I can forgive those," said he, "who are affronted when music exhibits anything approaching to melody, but when we drive out harmony also, I begin to wonder where we are at." Upon another occasion, when an enthusiast declared that "Wagner combined the music and the poetry of Mendelssohn and Schiller," Hallam seriously replied, "Yes, he is as good a poet as Mendelssohn, and as good a musician as Schiller." G. P.



A MUSCLE STRAINED.

ICE MAN. "Hey, Jack, come an' help. This is too heavy for me."

BOOKISH RHYMES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I.—MY LORD THE BOOK.

A BOOK is an aristocrat;
'Tis pampered—lives in state;
Stands on a shelf, with naught whereat
To worry—lovely fate!

Enjoys the best of company;
And often—ay, 'tis so—
Like much in aristocracy,
Its title makes it go.

II.—THE BIBLIOMISER.

He does not read at all, yet he doth hoard
Rich books. In exile on his shelves they're stored;
And many a volume, sweet and good and true,
Fails in the work that it was made to do.
Why, e'en the dust they've caught since he began
Would quite suffice to make a decent man!

III.—THE "COLLECTOR."

I got a tome to-day, and I was glad to strike it,
Because no other man can ever get one like it.
'Tis poor, and badly print; its meaning's Greek;
But what of that? 'Tis mine, and it's unique.

So Bah! to others,
Men and brothers—
Bah! and likewise Pooh!
I've got the best of you.
Go sicken, die, and eke repine.
That book you wanted—Gad! that's mine!

IV.—A READER.

Daudet to him is e'er Dodett;
Dumas he calls Dumass;
But prithee do not you forget
He's not at all an ass;

Because the books that he doth buy,
That on his shelf do stand,
Hold not one page his eagle eye
Hath not completely scanned.

And while this man's orthoepy
May not be what it should,
He knows what books contain, and he
"Can quote 'em pretty good."

V.—A CYNIC'S VIEW.

"One wife?" quoth Hawkins. "Humph! Why not
Say that one book shall be man's lot?"
"Because," sighed Wilkes, moved by affliction,
"One wife's a library of fiction."

AN UNHAPPY TRIBUTE.

WHEN Patrick Tiernan, the contractor, died, he left quite a snug little fortune to his widow. Patrick had begun his career in America in a very humble way, wielding a pick and shovel on the railroad for some years, until he had saved money enough to buy a horse and cart to haul sand. From this it was but a step to become a contractor; and as Patrick's affairs had become more prosperous he and his wife had moved, first from the single room to a model tenement, then to a flat, and finally to the brownstone mansion in which Patrick had died.

With each change of residence Mrs. Tiernan had grown a little more aristocratic, and inclined to forget that her husband had ever

been a humble wage-earner on the railroad, and by the time they had attained the brownstone house she had grown so sensitive upon the subject that Patrick himself did not dare allude to that period of his thralldom, and even a hint at it from any one else uncorked the vials of Mrs. Tiernan's wrath to such an extent that the offender seldom dared to darken her doors for the second time.

Patrick had made many friends and was a member of several societies, and on the day of his funeral many floral emblems arrived, bearing the cards of his former associates. When the numerous floral emblems had been effectively disposed about the room, the widow was brought in to see the remembrances which bespoke the esteem in which Patrick had been held.

She wandered from one to the other, examining the cards attached to each floral piece, weeping and exclaiming from time to time at the kindness of her friends and the goodness of her late husband.

"Poor Pat!" she crooned. "I'll niver look upon his loike agin. He was always such a gentleman."

Suddenly her eye fell upon a large floral anchor in the corner of the room, and in a moment her tears were brushed away, and striding across the room, with fire in her eyes, she pulled aside her crêpe veil, and turning like an enraged lioness upon the roomful of people, she demanded,

"Who the divil sint that *pick*?"

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

HE was a vain man. He prided himself on his wit, and upon one occasion he was asked to speak at a public dinner. Some time afterwards the subject came up, and a certain person, who was not particularly fond of him, asked, "And what did you speak about?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied pompously, his manner that of one who spoke so often he couldn't remember.

"Humph!" said the other. "I've heard a number of people say you didn't know what you were talking about, but really, my dear fellow, I didn't believe it."

ALL RIGHT.

JONES was absent-minded, and as he was about to sail for the Continent with his wife and family, a friend came down to see him off and make sure all was right. The friend was late; it was within twenty minutes of sailing time, but he found Jones smiling and happy.

"Hello, Jones!" he cried. "All right?"

"Yes," nodded Jones, "trunks, tickets, letter of credit, steamer chair—everything. Flatter myself that all is right this time."

"That's good," was the answer. "Where's Mrs. Jones and the family? Have to tell them adieu and hurry ashore."

"Jove!" cried Jones, sitting down suddenly, "I think they're waiting at home for me."



A REJECTION.

HIS LORDSHIP. "Then, as I understand it, your only objection to me is that I am a foreigner "

MADemoisELLE. "Well—ah—"

HIS LORDSHIP. "The English and Americans are cousins, though, after all "

MADemoisELLE. "Precisely; and I do not believe in cousins marrying."



THE NEW MAN.

"It seems to me, John, that you might take the oars for a little while now."
 "No, my dear. The new man ought not to attempt to perform the arduous duties of a woman. Besides, I don't want to get my nose freckled."

A CLEVER ARRANGEMENT.

THEY were two bores—two awful bores! They drove men from the club by scores, Till Smithers had a happy thought, By which they twain were neatly caught.

One day they came within his reach. He introduced them, and the speech of each So bored the other of those men They left, and ne'er came back again. And that is why that club is bent On making Smithers president.

MR. O'FLAHERTY'S PRECAUTION.

THE judgment held by Mr. Dunnigan against Mr. O'Flaherty had been paid in open court, but the defendant still lingered, with a dissatisfied expression clouding his face. Noticing this, the judge asked, "What are you waiting for, Mr. O'Flaherty?"

"Oi'm waitin' fer me resate."

"But the judgment has been marked satisfied, and that is much better than a receipt," explained the judge.

"Shure ut's a resate oi'm wantin'," affirmed Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Don't you understand?" asked the judge. "You can't have a receipt. Your payment of the judgment is now part of the record in the case, and it will always show that you have paid."

"Oi want a resate," obstinately repeated Mr. O'Flaherty.

"You can't have a receipt, I tell you," impatiently replied the judge. "Your payment has been noted on the records, and that's better than a dozen receipts."

"But oi want a resate."

"See here, O'Flaherty, what do you mean by this infernal obstinacy?" demanded the judge.

"Yer 'anner an' mesilf 'll be dyin' some o' these days," explained Mr. O'Flaherty, "an' whin oi come to the gate Saint Pether 'll be afther axin', 'Did yez pay thot Dunnigan?' An' oi'll say, 'Yis, oi did thot.' An' Saint Pether 'll say, 'Where's the resate?' An' oi'll say, 'Ut's sathisfied an the record, an' oi have no resate.' An' thin Saint Pether 'll say: 'Go an' get a resate. Yez can't get in here widout wan.' An', yer 'anner, ut's all over purgathory oi'll have to be afther trampin' to find yer 'anner an' git a resate."

HIS EXPLANATION.

DURING the war old Rastus was asked by a Federal soldier why he was not out fighting for his rights. After pondering for a moment, he replied, "Did yo' ebber see two dogs a-fightin' over a bone, sah?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

"Did you ebber see de bone fight?"



HERMIA IN THE WOOD.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

XIV.—MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THERE is no play more absolutely Shakespeare's own, in plot and invention, character and color, than the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Here he is untrammelled by an earlier canvas, while the original of the story is not extant elsewhere, as far as the researches of the learned have discovered. Here he dwells free in a fairy world, and only copies men where grace is most courtly,

as in Duke Theseus, or where nature is most frankly humorous, as in Snug and Quince and their goodly company.

The exact date of the piece is uncertain. It is first referred to by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, of 1598, so it cannot be later than that year. The references to evil summer weather, attributed by Titania to the spite of Oberon, are supposed to indicate the dripping and joyless June and July of 1594:

"The green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud.

.
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set."

This description answers to the complaints concerning that ill year, when "the 10 dae of Julii many did syt by the fyer, yt was so cold, and soe yt was in Maye and June, and scant too faire dais together all that tyme."

So writes the necromantic Dr. Forman in his diary for 1594; and Dr. King observes, like Titania, "we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted." Such inversions are but too common in our climate, where 1894 followed hard on the steps of its brother of three centuries back. The poet may have described such a bitter and unseasonable summer at any time from memory, and it is only a conjecture which attributes the play to that particular hour of midsummer misery. Halliwell, placing the drama among the earliest, makes the singular criticism that "it scarcely exhibits the extent of genius displayed in *Love's Labour's Lost*." More genius, or finer in its kind, verse more masterful and tuneful, was never exhibited by any man, not even by Shakespeare himself, than in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Here, if we have no potently human plot, we have absolute artistic accomplishment. References to "the death of learning," in Act V., are taken by some critics for a kindly and forgiving allusion to the miserable end of Shakespeare's literary enemy, Green, in 1592, with his "lamentable begging of a penny pot of malmsey." But

all this is problematical. As to Shakespeare's own learning and scant Latin, he may have taken Pyramus and Thisbe from Golding's translation of Ovid. The dullards who marvel at Shakespeare's erudition, as compared with his education, have probably made scant researches in the wide field of Elizabethan translation, whereof much remains and a good deal has probably perished. The English mind had long been steeped in the classics at second and third hand.

As for historical accuracy, Shakespeare, of course, disregards it wholly, as is his custom. Theseus is a mediæval Duke of Athens, not the mythical founder of the Attic *synœcismus*, or blending of villages in the city. Little did Shakespeare reck of the *synœcismus* or the learning of Plutarch and Aristotle. Hermia talks of

"that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen
When the false Trojan under sail was seen."

Now Helen was a child when Theseus carried her off. The Trojan war was still unfought, and the legend of Dido, of course, belongs to a later generation. Possibly a scholar even in the Elizabethan age would have shrunk from such a mythical anachronism; but then, as Ben Jonson loved to urge, Shakespeare was no scholar. To take him for an exact student of classical antiquity is one of the many ignorances of the Baconian heretics, themselves as free from sound learning as any set of mortals ever was. A scholar like Bacon would have gone to the originals. We know for certain that, like Keats, Shakespeare used translations.

The play is practically a tissue woven of three threads: the Athenian lovers at odds; the humorous rustics; and fairydom. Theseus and Hippolyta are but a kind of spectators on the stage. Of the three sets of characters, the lovers are the least amiable. A woman pursuing a man, as Helena persecutes Demetrius—

"Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me"—

is a spectacle equally unwelcome to men and women—

"Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase."

So much of the lovers' talk is in rhymed verse, as in the author's early pieces, that,



TITANIA.

dulcet as the verse may be, we turn more readily to the wonderful style of Titania and Oberon, and to the fairy lyrics. Helena holds us most in the charming speech on friendship between girls:

"Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition.

And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?"

Hermia, on the other hand,

"Though she be but little, she is fierce,"

as little ladies not unusually are, and we can scarcely hold her in our sympathy. The magic of Puck's flower juice from that "little western flower" works almost too cruelly, and Hermia, unamiable even when unenchanted, when bewitched is but too odious. We fall in love, by contrast, with tall Helena:

"I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away."

Love's tricks are spiteful enough at all times, in all conscience, and do not need Puck to envenom them. We weary for the hour when "every man should take his own," though few can envy him whose own is Hermia.

"These couples shall eternally be knit," with the blessing of the fairies who led them such a dance. Of this they have scarce more memory than a dreamer after his awaking. They have been somnambules, walking and wrangling in a dream, and the dream follows and flits with the darkness.

The fairies "in a wood near Athens" are so magically beautiful that even a hard-

ened folk-lorist reluctantly approaches them with his odious comparative science. These sprites are Shakespeare's own, and never elsewhere walked in wood and wold. The Athenians had their fairies, indeed, "the nymphs that men clepe nereids," haunting wells and caves and poplar groves. Still they beguile, in Greece, the maids to dance with them till they die, and of old Odysseus offered to them sacrifice. These nereids are fairy ladies of a kind, fatal wooers of mortal men, like the Highland *Daoine Shie*, of whose amorous women Kirk writes in his *Secret Commonwealth*. Such also were the Roman *fatuæ* (*fades*, *fées*), spiritual maidens of the forests. *Apsaras* we read of in the Sanskrit, Slavonic *wilis*, the Good Ladies who made their home beneath the boughs of "the fair may," where that Maid of Domremy carried her flowery wreaths when she was a child. Even in her earliest youth, in 1425 or thereabouts, the sceptical children of Domremy had lost faith in fairydom, and only a few old wives had seen the good ladies.

About their origin we have many guesses, but surely they are natural children of fancy. We know not all that children see; in folk-lore records we find living and educated men and women, for example, Mr. Baring-Gould, who saw the little green women and men in their non-age. Let us call them "hallucinations," and so much wiser we are! Hallucinations are facts, like other facts. Our far-off ancestors beheld what children see now, and what they saw they named fairies. I am not very far from the belief of the Rev. Robert Kirk in 1692. I will grant that people have "seemed to see" fairies; and what is "seeming to see" but seeing? Call it a waking dream; from such dreams arose the fairy faith. Dreams, hallucinations, odd noises and appearances, the charm of lonely silence in a wood, where Jeanne d'Arc "could well hear the Voices coming to her"—these experiences are the soil whence fairies spring. But true Athenian *fées* had no king and queen, no Oberon and Titania, perhaps no Puck—but this is not so certain.

In Mr. Leland's curious book on Tuscan superstitions we find many fauns, sportive, lustful forest folk, and, judging by their names, they have come down from Etruscan antiquity. All these are Pucks; and Puck is but a sportive faun, or brownie, that "frights the maidens of



ENTER THESEUS.—Act I., Scene I.



IN QUINCE'S SHOP.

the villagery," "misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm," and upsets "the oldest aunt." Here Shakespeare has a genuine foundation for his elf, in popular belief. Brownies like Puck we read of in Scotland as early as 1520. They pelt people with flights of stones, they make knockings and noises, as they do among the Dyaks and other far-off foreign people.

is amusing to find how little Diabolus changes his ways. Increase Mather, in his *Remarkable Providences in New England*, has many anecdotes of Puck's doings, only he does not call him Puck. From Saint Colette, about 1430, the "agency" would often snatch her chair, upsetting the holy sister among the wondering nuns. "This is how he often uses me," said the saint, by "he" mean-



HELENA PURSUES DEMETRIUS.—Act II., Scene III.

Elsewhere I have compared these tales with all that spiritualism has of scratch and rap and flying chair and errant table. It is all the same story. Our fathers told of Puck and brownie, our weak brethren tell of "spirits," but, whatever it is, it is always the same thing, a mocking, fugitive, impertinent "agency" whom no philosopher can "arrest." It

ing Diabolus--no one less! But it was only Puck; "down topples she,"

"And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,"

whereas the nuns of Saint Colette took the matter seriously. Such is the Puck whom Shakespeare knew; in Devonshire he is the pixy, and he makes chairs and



THE TRANSFORMATION OF BOTTOM.—Act III., Scene I.

silver and tables dance, and "pixy-leads" belated wanderers. "They say it is cider," writes a young lady of Devon, "but the curate has been pixy-led, which proves that cider it cannot be." Not knowing the curate, I cannot speak with her confidence, but that Shakespeare found Puck ready-made in popular tradition is sure and certain. He only added poetry.

Oberon comes from an old French *chanson*, "Huon of Bordeaux." Of Titania I know less; but the idea of a fairy king and queen is derived from the classic realm of the dead, from Hades and Persephone, Pluto and Proserpine. Chaucer tells of "Proserpine and all her fayrie" in "The Merchant's Tale." Campion sings very sweetly of "the fairy queen Proserpina." That queen whom Thomas the Rhymer loved dwelt in a shadowy land beyond the river of slain men's blood—

"For a' the bluid that's shed in earth
Flows through the streams of this countrie."

In the Scottish fairyland Alison Pearson met Maitland of Lethington, who had

"died a Roman death," as men believed, by his own act. Thus mediæval fairies, in Scotland at least, were neighbors and feudatories of the dead, and thus spirits and fairies blend, the latter, as some deem, thus going back to their original. But there is none of this funereal color about Shakespeare's elfin court, and no touch of the tomb in Oberon and Titania; and Puck is their court jester, "a lob of spirits," but not slow, like other "lobs." That Oberon should be jealous of Theseus, Titania of Hippolyta, "the bouncing Amazon," is a very quaint invention, to be squared with no mythology. As quaint, and to us barely intelligible, is the historical introduction of Mary Stuart as "a mermaid on a dolphin's back." The learned argue on it, and it is true that, for Mary's sake, "certain stars shot madly from their spheres," but we can scarcely believe that the poet was thinking of the murdered Queen of Scots. The fair vestal, Queen Elizabeth, was, by 1594, a very mature vestal indeed, and, by Roman law, might have wedded if she pleased. More than thirty years earlier she had

certainly not been "fancy free." Was Elizabeth ever fancy free, or did her loves go deeper than fancy? But a truce to "scandal about Queen Elizabeth," always a tempting theme, and abundantly accessible. If Shakespeare chose to adulate a sour and dubious virginity, at least he "turned all to favor and to prettiness." It is a splendid line,

"And the imperial vot'ress passed on,"

albeit followed by a hackneyed one; and Cupid's fiery shaft, quenched in the cold juice of the western flower, gives the play a fairy *motif* that is all Shakespeare's own. That his fairies are little folk we learn from the snake's

"enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in."

Thus Shakespeare's fairies, to his fancy, are probably no statelier than Herrick's, which may not be represented on the stage. This makes Titania's infatuation for Bottom as comic as the scandal about Gulliver and the Queen of Lilliput. But "reason and love keep little company," as Bottom very wisely says. The juice of love-in-idleness works thus wildly, and it is well to pray that the juice may never be washed from wedded eyes.

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

There is no other word for men and their fond affections.

Bottom brings us to the third thread in the warp and woof of the play—the truly English and human thread. Theseus and his "bouncing Amazon" are of the blood of gods, and godlike is their speech. The fairies are all of air and fire and dew. But for Quince and his company, their bones were made in merry England before the populace found its life not worth living, before we had cheap science and polluted air in place of mirth and a moderate learning.

When one thinks of the difference between popular life in Shakespeare's time, the spirit and temper of it, and popular life to-day, one is inclined to blaspheme science, education, the printing-press, "progress," and all their works. Nobody is a penny the better for them, as far as a happy life is concerned, and what else is worth con-

sidering? However, these things must be as they may. Bottom, being a weaver, has but an incomplete knowledge as to who Pyramus was. Shocking ignorance! But ask your neighbor at any dinner party, delicately find out whether he or she knows. Try the stout British matron, the young man who prattles of Ibsen, the young lady who is interested in the turf. The first will think that Pyramus was a Roman emperor or a Carthaginian general, the second may suggest a pre-Socratic philosopher, and the third will be certain that Pyramus is not in the Cambridgeshire. That is the result of all our bluster about education; nobody (roughly speaking) knows anything worth knowing. Granted that Pyramus is a lover who "kills himself most gallantly for love," Bottom grasps the part: "a lover is more condoling;" and doubtless Bottom burlesqued some actor who then played in Ercles' vein.

Observe in Bottom all the *cabotin*; he will be both lion and lover, and do all the roaring. He is a born manager. No man can rehearse more "obscenely and courageously." His theory of art, the entire absence of mechanical imitation, the frank statement by the lion as to his personal identity, may seem modern, may seem "impressionist," but it springs from goodness of heart. His request for the tongs and the bones, by way of fairy music, is democratic, as is right. Walt Whitman gives us the tongs and the bones, in a quire of poets: we do not lack for tongs and bones, and many make avowal that they love such harmonies of all things.

On Tongs and Bones—what an exquisite name it is for a volume of new poetry, full of the New Spirit, by a new poet! Surely certain critics would make oath that they had never heard

"So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

There is in all of Shakespeare's work, perhaps, no contrast so strange and sweet as the fairy song of Puck, after the mumming of the merry sons of toil. There are no verses anywhere so magical and musical as these:

"And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream."



BOTTOM AND TITANIA.

Mr. Pepys, as we know, thought the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* "the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Indeed, Mr. Pepys lived in another world than Shakespeare's, and perhaps the piece is too ethereal for the stage. But no mortal work, in the read-

like moods of the greatest of human intellects. Thus reflecting, we think of another great intellect, Darwin's, and remembering how this philosopher lived to find Shakespeare intolerable and nauseously dull, we make an easy choice between knowledge and poetry. For wherein is a



THE RE-ENTRANCE OF THE PLAYERS.—Act V., Scene I.

ing of it, brings us so near to our "angel infancy," and so close to the gates of the lost Paradise of innocence. It is charged with no great burden of passion or of wisdom, save in the kind and wise words of Theseus on loyalty; it is all compact of mere beauty and friendly mirth; and, where all is marvellous, as in Shakespeare, contains a new miracle of its own, an imagination glad, gay, and tender, a new mood among the countless, the god-

man advantaged if he discovers that we all grew out of protozoa, or whatever they were, and finds nauseous dulness in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*? To this complexion may money-getting and a loose life bring Mr. Pepys, as the grinding of general laws out of piles of facts brought Mr. Darwin to a similar conclusion. Perhaps civilization should lead, or must lead, to these wonderful results. If so, happy are we who were born to other things.



CRACKER COWBOYS OF FLORIDA.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ONE can thresh the straw of history until he is well worn out, and also is running some risk of wearing others out who may have to listen, so I will waive the telling of who the first cowboy was, even if I knew; but the last one who has come under my observation lives down in Florida, and the way it happened was this: I was sitting in a "sto' do'," as the "Crackers" say, waiting for the clerk to load some "number eights," when my friend said, "Look at the cowboys!" This immediately caught my interest. With me cowboys are what gems and porcelains are to some others. Two very emaciated Texas ponies pattered down the street, bearing wild-looking individuals, whose hanging hair and drooping hats and generally bedraggled appearance would remind you at once of the Spanish-moss which hangs so quietly and helplessly to the limbs of the oaks out in the swamps. There was none of the bilious fierceness and rearing plunge

which I had associated with my friends out West, but as a fox-terrier is to a yellow cur, so were these last. They had on about four dollars' worth of clothes between them, and rode McClellan saddles, with saddle-bags, and guns tied on before. The only things they did which were conventional were to tie their ponies up by the head in brutal disregard, and then get drunk in about fifteen minutes. I could see that in this case, while some of the tail feathers were the same, they would easily classify as new birds.

"And so you have cowboys down here?" I said to the man who ran the meat-market.

He picked a tiny piece of raw liver out of the meshes of his long black beard, tilted his big black hat, shoved his arms into his white apron front, and said,

"Gawd! yes, stranger; I was one myself."

The plot thickened so fast that I was losing much, so I became more deliber-

ate. "Do the boys come into town often?" I inquired further.

"Oh yes, 'mos' every little spell," replied the butcher, as he reached behind his weighing-scales and picked up a double-barrelled shot-gun, sawed off. "We-uns

me of the banker down the street. Bankers are bound to be broad-gauged, intelligent, and conservative, so I would go to him and get at the ancient history of this neck of woods. I introduced myself, and was invited behind the counter. The look



A CRACKER COWBOY.

are expectin' of they-uns to-day." And he broke the barrels and took out the shells to examine them.

"Do they come shooting?" I interposed.

He shut the gun with a snap. "We split even, stranger."

Seeing that the butcher was a fragile piece of bric-à-brac, and that I might need him for future study, I bethought

of things reminded me of one of those great green terraces which conceal fortifications and ugly cannon. It was boards and wire screen in front, but behind it were shot-guns and six-shooters hung in the handiest way, on a sort of disappearing gun-carriage arrangement. Shortly one of the cowboys of the street scene floundered in. He was two-thirds drunk,



IN WAIT FOR AN ENEMY.

with brutal shifty eyes and a flabby lower lip.

"I want twenty dollars on the old man. Ken I have it?"

I rather expected that the bank would go into "action front," but the clerk said, "Certainly," and completed this rather odd financial transaction, whereat the bull-hunter stumbled out.

"Who is the old man in this case?" I ventured.

"Oh, it's his boss, old Colonel Zuigg, of Crow City. I gave some money to some of his boys some weeks ago, and when the colonel was down here I asked him if he wanted the boys to draw against him in that way, and he said, 'Yes—for a small amount; they will steal a cow or two, and pay me that way.'"

Here was something tangible.

"What happens when a man steals another man's brand in this country?"

"He mustn't get caught; that's all. They all do it, but they never bring their troubles into court. They just shoot it

out there in the bresh. The last time old Colonel Zuigg brought Zorn Zuidden in here and had him indicted for stealing cattle, said Zorn: 'Now see here, old man Zuigg, what do you want for to go and git me arrested fer? I have stole thousands of cattle and put your mark and brand on 'em, and jes because I have stole a couple of hundred from you, you go and have me indicted. You jes better go and get that whole deal nol prossed;' and it was done."

The argument was perfect.

"From that I should imagine that the cow-people have no more idea of law than the 'gray apes,'" I commented.


"Yes, that's about it. Old Colonel Zuigg was a judge fer a spell, till some feller filled him with buckshot, and he had to resign; and I remember he decided a case against me once. I was hot about it, and the old colonel he saw I was. Says he, 'Now yer mad, ain't you?' And I allowed I was. 'Well,' says he, 'you hain't got no call to get mad. I have decided the last eight cases in yer favor, and you



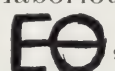
kain't have it go yer way all the time; it wouldn't look right;' and I had to be satisfied."


The courts in that locality were but the faint and sickly flame of a taper offered at the shrine of a justice which was traditional only, it seemed. Moral forces having ceased to operate, the large owners began to brand everything in sight, never realizing that they were sowing the wind. This action naturally demoralized the cowboys, who shortly began to brand a little on their own account—and then the deluge. The rights of property having been destroyed, the large owners put strong outfits in the field, composed of desperate men armed to the teeth, and what happens in the lonely pine woods no one knows but the desperadoes themselves, albeit some of them never come back to the little fringe of settlements. The winter visitor from the North kicks up the jack-snipe along the beach or tarponizes in the estuaries of the Gulf, and when he comes to the hotel for dinner he eats Chicago dressed beef, but out in the wilderness low-browed cow-folks shoot and stab each other for the possession of scrawny creatures not fit for a pointer-dog to mess on. One cannot but feel the force of Buckle's law of "the physical aspects of nature" in this sad country. Flat and sandy, with miles on miles of straight pine timber, each tree an exact duplicate of its neighbor tree, and underneath the scrub palmettoes, the twisted brakes and hammocks, and the gnarled water-oaks festooned with the sad gray Spanish-moss—truly not a country for a high-spirited race or moral giants.


The land gives only a tough wiregrass, and the poor little cattle, no bigger than a donkey, wander half starved and horribly emaciated in search of it. There used to be a trade with Cuba, but now that has gone; and beyond the supplying of Key West and the small fringe of settlements they have no market. How well the cowboys serve their masters I can only guess, since the big owners do not dare go into the woods, or even to their own doors at night, and they do not keep a light burning in the houses. One, indeed, attempted to assert his rights, but some one pumped sixteen buckshot into him as he bent over a spring to drink, and he left the country. They do tell of a late encounter between two rival foremen, who rode on to each other in the woods, and drawing, fired,

and both were found stretched dying under the palmettoes, one calling deliriously the name of his boss. The unknown reaches of the Everglades lie just below, and with a half-hour's start a man who knew the country would be safe from pursuit, even if it were attempted; and, as one man cheerfully confided to me, "A boat don't leave no trail, stranger."

That might makes right, and that they steal by wholesale, any cattle-hunter will admit; and why they brand at all I cannot see, since one boy tried to make it plain to me, as he shifted his body in drunken abandon and grabbed my pencil and a sheet of wrapping-paper: "See yer; ye see that?" And he drew a circle  and then another ring around it, thus:

 "That brand ain't no good. Well, then—" And again his knotted and dirty fingers essayed the brand . He laboriously drew upon it and made , which of course destroyed the former brand.

"Then here," he continued, as he drew 13, "all ye've got ter do is this—313." I gasped in amazement, not at his cleverness as a brand-destroyer, but at his honest abandon. With a horrible operative laugh, such as is painted in "the Cossack's Answer," he again laboriously drew  (the circle cross), and then added some

marks which made it look like this: 

And again breaking into his devil's "ha, ha!" said, "Make the damned thing whirl."

I did not protest. He would have shot me for that. But I did wish he was living in the northwest quarter of New Mexico, where Mr. Cooper and Dan could throw their eyes over the trail of his pony. Of course each man has adjusted himself to this lawless rustling, and only calculates that he can steal as much as his opponent. It is rarely that their affairs are brought to court, but when they are, the men come *en masse* to the room, armed with knives and rifles, so that any decision is bound to be a compromise, or it will bring on a general engagement.

There is also a noticeable absence of negroes among them, as they still retain some *ante bellum* theories, and it is only very lately that they have "reconstructed." Their general ignorance is "mi-



FIGHTING OVER A STOLEN HERD.

raculous," and quite mystifying to an outside man. Some whom I met did not even know where the Texas was which furnishes them their ponies. The railroads of Florida have had their ups and downs with them in a petty way on account of the running over of their cattle by the trains; and then some long-haired old Cracker drops into the nearest station with his gun and pistol, and wants the telegraph operator to settle immediately on the basis of the Cracker's claim for damages, which is always absurdly high. At first the railroads demurred, but the cowboys lined up in the "bresh" on some dark night and pumped Winchesters into the train in a highly picturesque way. The trainmen at once recognized the force of the Crackers' views on cattle-killing, but it took some considerable "potting" at the more conservative superintendents before the latter could bestir themselves and invent a "cow-attorney," as the company adjuster is called, who now settles with the bushmen as best he

can. Certainly no worse people ever lived since the big killing up Muscleshell way, and the romance is taken out of it by the cowardly assassination which is the practice. They are well paid for their desperate work, and always eat fresh beef or "razor-backs," and deer which they kill in the woods. The heat, the poor grass, their brutality, and the pest of the flies kill their ponies, and, as a rule, they lack dash and are indifferent riders, but they are picturesque in their unkempt, almost unearthly wildness. A strange effect is added by their use of large, fierce cur-dogs, one of which accompanies each cattle-hunter, and is taught to pursue cattle, and to even take them by the nose, which is another instance of their brutality. Still, as they only have a couple of horses apiece, it saves them much extra running. These men do not use the rope, unless to noose a pony in a corral, but work their cattle in strong log corrals, which are made at about a day's march apart all through the woods. Indeed,



A BIT OF COW COUNTRY.



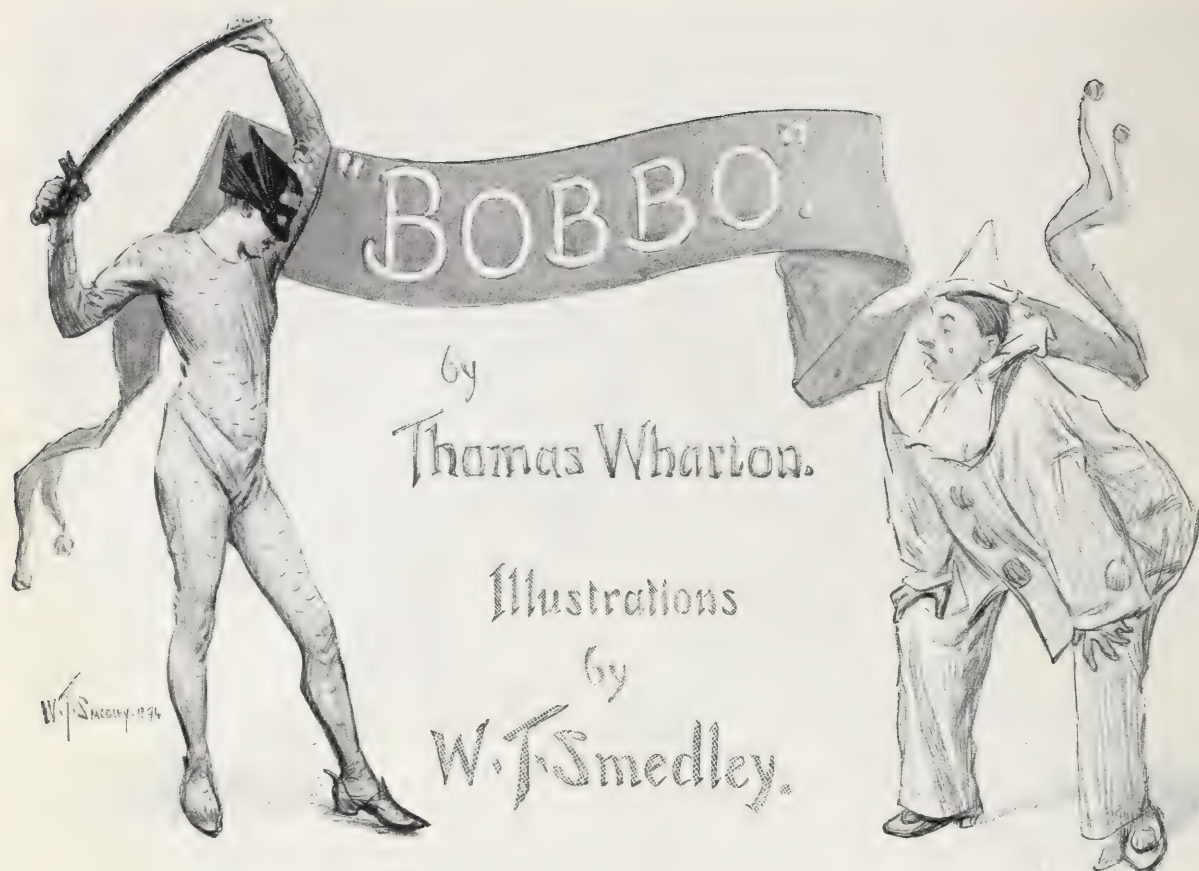
COWBOYS WRESTLING A BULL.

ropes are hardly necessary, since the cattle are so small and thin that two men can successfully "wrestle" a three-year-old. A man goes into the corral, grabs a cow by one horn, and throwing his other arm over her back, waits until some other man takes her hind leg, whereat ensues some very entertaining Græco-Roman style.

When the cow is successful, she finds her audience of Cracker cowboys sitting on the fence awaiting another opening, and gasping for breath. The best bull will not go over three hundred pounds, while I have seen a yearling at a hundred and fifty—if you, O knights of the riata, can imagine it! Still, it is desperate work. Some of the men are so reckless and active that they do not hesitate to encounter a wild bull in the open. The cattle are as wild as deer, they race off at scent; and when "rounded up" many will not drive, whereupon these are promptly shot. It frequently happens that when the herd is being driven quietly along a bull will turn on the drivers, charging at once. Then there is a scamper and great shooting. The bulls often become so mad-

dened in these forays that they drop and die in their tracks, for which strange fact no one can account, but as a rule they are too scrawny and mean to make their handling difficult.

So this is the Cracker cowboy, whose chief interest would be found in the tales of some bushwhacking enterprise, which I very much fear would be a one-sided story, and not worth the telling. At best they must be revolting, having no note of the savage encounters which used to characterize the easy days in West Texas and New Mexico, when every man tossed his life away to the crackle of his own revolver. The moon shows pale through the leafy canopy on their evening fires, and the mists, the miasma, and the mosquitoes settle over their dreary camp talk. In place of the wild stampee, there is only the bellowing in the pens, and instead of the plains shaking under the dusty air as the bedizened vaqueros plough their fiery broncos through the milling herds, the cattle-hunter wends his lonely way through the ooze and rank grass, while the dreary pine trunks line up and shut the view.



IT was Ash-Wednesday morning, and, thanks to the carnival the night before, the labors of Monsieur Anatole Do-blay, most respected of the magistrates of Paris, seemed likely to be severe. True, the prospect did not weigh upon the mind of the worthy magistrate, who customarily busied himself only with his duty, and accepted that duty in whatever form it was arrested and brought before him, so to speak, by the gendarmes. But the thought of a long and harassing session was anything but refreshing to another functionary of the court—the clerk, Paul Patureau. Half asleep and nodding was Monsieur Paul as he sat and waited for the hour of opening court; his head ached, and the riotous melodies of the carnival still rang in his ears. He had been out very late himself—oh, very late!—and this morning his dearly despised official duties seemed, like the vast courtroom, more forbidding and gloomy than ever.

Now when a young man finds his office gloomy in the morning and his clerical duties irksome, that generally means that he has a soul above routine, and dissipation the night before only aggravates his unrest. And as a matter of fact, Paul

Patureau deemed that in being made a clerk he had arrived at the wrong address: like most other young Frenchmen, he thought he had been directed “À la Gloire.” And he wished to be, instead of a clerk in the Correctional Court, a poet, a dramatist, and most particularly a writer of librettos—librettos that should make all Paris laugh and sing and dance; that should go round the world, like the *Grande Duchesse* or the *Fille de Madame Angot*; that should bring him fame and money and the friendship of the Muse—and it need not be said that as yet he had not achieved his *chef-d’œuvre*. Alas, the dramatic ambition, if it is only to write a play around a tank, is the most torturing of all ambitions, for while there are theatres and actors the appetite can never be controlled. As it feeds it grows and grows; it begins in the gallery and descends by degrees to the orchestra stall; sometimes it may even conquer the greenroom and the coulisse; but thus to feed unsatisfied is the bitterest vanity if the ideas will not arrive. And that was the difficulty with Paul Patureau. Ideas cut him dead.

Except when he was asleep. For when he was asleep and dreaming the most striking plots revealed themselves to him,

whole dramas performed themselves before him as author and sole spectator; only, when he awoke he could not remember a single situation. It was a new demonstration of Fate's unfailing and subtle irony that poor Paul Patureau should nightly renew the bitterness of his own conviction that he deserved success, and daily exasperate himself against his own unlucky memory as being to blame for his inability to command it. Yes, when he slept he saw all kinds of plays, with characters and motives, plots and stories, drawn from every age and clime; heroes more romantic than Ruy Blas, more comic than Figaro, theatrical surprises more thrilling than the horn in *Hernani*, more clever than the scented glove in *Diplomacy*; and as for stage pictures, he had but to close his eyes and they crowded on his sight, magnificent in their complex accuracy and perfection. Yet what good did they do to him? None at all. Now, at this very moment, should he yield to his overwhelming desire to doze off, forgetful of the criminals and the gendarmes and the stuffy, evil-smelling crowd of spectators, he would probably witness one of these very productions, to be performed only once, and then to be lost forever—which would leave him no better off. Still, if he remained awake, the criminals and the gendarmes and the spectators would suggest nothing to him, and he would in addition be bored, so that there was some reason for going to sleep.

"Indeed, I wish I could go to sleep," he said to himself, and he folded his arms and closed his eyes. Almost every Frenchman looks as if he had artistic possibilities, and with his pale cheeks, the result of the carnival, and thin, delicate, closed eyelids, the young clerk was by no means a bad type of a poet and a dreamer. "A pretty figure I must be," he said, drowsily, to himself, "to assist at the administration of justice to unfortunate carnival-makers

who have been less cautious than myself!" And he began to wonder how he could best secure the magistrate's clemency for some of those very unfortunates in whom he was particularly interested. Among the prisoners waiting their turn to appear before Monsieur Doblav were certain masqueraders, who, it was said among the ushers, were well-known actors; they had been quarrelling among themselves at a restaurant after the ball, and their quarrel had grown so violent that the whole party had been taken into custody. It may be guessed with what sympathy Monsieur Paul viewed their incarceration. If he could have passed upon their offence, their detention would have been very quickly at an end.



"HE HAD BEEN OUT VERY LATE HIMSELF."

All of a sudden there broke out from the adjoining room, where the prisoners were in custody, a snatch of a chorus:

"And every time the princess sighs,
Her tearful subjects wipe their eyes."

Paul started up, instinctively crying out "Silence!" and he heard the officers calling for order; but a few voices still continued:

"They sorrow most because her griefs
Entail such waste of handkerchiefs."



THE MAGISTRATE.

"Outrageous! What do they mean by such a disturbance?" said a stern voice behind him, and Paul turned with an almost guilty realization of the dignity of the court and of Monsieur Doblay. To tell the truth, he had just lost his own consciousness of official dignity in the perception that the words of the chorus were new to him, and that discovery never fails to set the nerve cells of the amateur tingling.

He explained the situation to Monsieur Doblay.

"Actors, indeed! They take great liberties."

"They are a most picturesque collection," said Paul, longing to find a good word to throw in on their behalf. "There is a Punchinello, a Harlequin, a Pierrot, a Pantaloon, a Domino Noir, a Pierrette—"

"The classics, eh?" growled Monsieur Doblay. "They wish to turn my court-room into a scene from Racine?"

"Monsieur," cried Paul, suddenly illumed, "I have it! They must be singing from the new operetta at the Folles-Farces; it is the one operetta I have not heard; but only because I had not time; and perhaps this is the cast."

"Have them in at once," said Monsieur Doblay, replying, it almost seemed, to Paul's unspoken wish. "Have them in, and we will see how they excuse themselves for their follies."

"Ah, monsieur, wait till you see the Pierrette," said Paul. "She is a nymph—a true nymph! Oh, she is wonderful!"

It is always these old friends of ours who are getting into trouble, thought Paul, as the masqueraders were ushered

into the court-room, dishevelled, haggard, absurdly out of keeping with the daylight in their carnival paint. The Pierrot and the Punchinello led, followed by all the other familiar figures—a Pantaloon, a Harlequin, a Columbine (wrapped in a long fur cloak), a Domino Noir, and two young men in dress-coats and false noses; their costumes gave them all that droll, half-deprecating look of conscious guilt which Punchinello and Pierrot wear before the Law. And Paul, as he prepared to take down their names with a stub-pen on stiff court paper, felt himself a figure in the comedy which the carnival and the stage hand down unchanged, eternal—the comedy which shows man human, weak, but therefore lovable.

And here a singular incident happened. For while this red and white procession was being marshalled toward the seat of justice, to the immense delight of the habitués of the court-room, an altercation was heard to arise next door, in the room devoted to the prisoners. "I will not accompany the rest of the troupe," cried a woman's voice—a young and fresh voice. "I am the prima donna, my good man, and I insist on my entrée!"

"You hear her? That is Adèle," murmured the Pierrot, as he lounged forward, his eyes dropping with sleep. He shrugged his sloping shoulders. It was indeed Mademoiselle Adèle, of the Folles-Farces, as Paul all of a sudden became aware; and a hard time the gendarme had to bring her out into the court-room, flushed, frowning, mutinous, long strands of her straight glossy black hair undone and falling over her creamy cheeks and the white sleeves of her Pierrette dress. The tall rebellious androgyn tossed back her hair and put her hands on her supple slim hips, and looked devastation at the magistrate; but he was not nearly so much affected as was Monsieur Paul Patureau as he took the names down.

He thought it more appropriate to set them out as a cast, as follows:

PUNCHINELLO.....	MM. TAVERNIER.
PIERROT	BRÉBANT.
PANTALON.....	MUELLER.
HARLEQUIN.....	GERVAIS.
COLUMBINE.....	Mmes. JOLIFROY.
DOMINO NOIR.....	GAUDRION.
PIERRETTE.....	ADÈLE.

All of the Théâtre des Folles-Farces. In addition to these, M. Rébus of the *Matinée*, and M. Obus of the *claque*.



"AND LOOKED DEVASTATION AT THE MAGISTRATE."

Monsieur Doblai listened gravely to the report of the gendarme. A case of disorderly conduct, fracas, and defiance of the authorities at the Café des Blafards. Blows had been struck and furniture broken. The women of the party

lamentable dispute. Is it only because Monsieur Tavernier cannot act Bobbo? Pray what is Bobbo?"

"An opera-bouffe, Monsieur le Juge," said the actress, proudly inclining her head, "composed for the Folles-Farces by



"AND EVERY TIME THE PRINCESS SIGHS,
HER TEARFUL SUBJECTS WIPE THEIR EYES."

encouraged the participants. The defendants Brébant and Rébus had taken no part in the fracas, but on the appearance of the authorities had interfered to protect their companions. It had consequently been necessary to arrest the whole party.

"And all," cried Mademoiselle Adèle, "because Tavernier cannot act Bobbo."

"Silence!" cried the ushers. And everybody stood aghast.

Monsieur Doblai pressed his fingers together and looked over his spectacles, not so much severely as reflectively, at the rebellious Pierrette, so full of grace and wild beauty.

"Upon my word," he said at last, "I should be glad to have some explanation why so many people of reputation and intelligence have been engaging in such a

Monsieur Brébant there, and the libretto is by Monsieur Tavernier himself. And I am the Princess Lisa."

"You mean that you take that part in the opera?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge. And Monsieur Tavernier has the title rôle."

"Which he sustains with the utmost art," murmured Brébant.

Adèle gave him a glance which might have withered him.

"Which he does not sustain with art, Monsieur le Juge—oh, not at all. For though it is an adorable little story, but adorable, it does not draw the public; and why? Because Monsieur Tavernier, though a comedian not a little proud of his own prowess, cannot carry out the very part he has imagined for himself." And here her slender limbs began visibly

to chafe under the oppression of keeping still. Her voice rang higher, but always sweet. "And the Folles-Farces is a new theatre, Monsieur le Juge; not a rich theatre. It is most important to us to draw the public; and we do not draw the public, monsieur, because Monsieur Tavernier cannot act Bobbo. And we shall all starve!" And she looked daggers at poor Tavernier, who twisted his hands together—the thick, short-fingered hands of a true bouffe actor—and drew a long sigh.

"And yet," said Monsieur Doblay, gravely, "if there was a quarrel, mademoiselle, there must have been those who disagreed with you. Why did the quarrel arise?"

"Because," cried Mademoiselle Adèle, "I frankly counselled Monsieur Tavernier to leave the cast. As a friend."

"That was the way of it, Monsieur le Juge," said Brébant, who shrugged his shoulders with languid cynicism. "She frankly counselled my colleague, the author of the operetta, part owner of the theatre, stage-manager, and leading actor, to leave the cast. I forgot to add that it was to him she owed her engagement."

"And when Mademoiselle Adèle gave this advice to Monsieur Tavernier there was opposition?" asked Monsieur Doblay.

"Pronounced," said Brébant.

"Vociferous," said Rébus. "Even minatory."

"Upon which"—Mademoiselle Adèle's eyes were blazing indignantly at Brébant, but he persevered relentlessly—"upon which Mademoiselle Adèle treated her colleagues, particularly Mademoiselle Jolifroy, to epithets of an injurious character."

"Pray, if I might ask—"

"I called them pigs of gallery-crushers," said Adèle, impetuously breaking in.

"The words were uttered in heat," said Brébant, dryly.

"I do not withdraw them," said Adèle.

"And it was on this provocation that the fracas arose?" said Monsieur Doblay, patiently.

"As if the words had been dynamite," said Rébus.

There was a moment's silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the magistrate, "I am afraid that I see nothing

for it but to fine you all. I regret that there should be differences among you behind the scenes, if I may so express myself; but the law really cannot concern itself with the origin of these differences."

"I would leave the cast willingly," said Tavernier, whose heavy face looked so sad that his Punchinello's hump seemed to belong to him, "but we cannot afford another actor."

"Monsieur le Juge," said Madame Gaudrion, speaking with dignity from the mysterious folds of her domino, "I desire it should go on record as the opinion of those members of the company whose sentiments are in accord with what has just fallen from the lips of Monsieur Brébant, that the rôle of Bobbo is perfectly sustained by Monsieur Tavernier, and that if any one's acting is at fault it is Mademoiselle Adèle's."

"Mazette! I believe you," murmured the little Jolifroy. (Understudy.)

From Adèle's eyes shot forth a flame of contempt; she spread her small brown hands wide to the poles. "Listen, Monsieur le Juge," she cried—"listen, and you will understand why they all speak evil of me. I am alone against them all, and last night they would have driven me out of the theatre forever, except that Monsieur Gervais, that good young man whom you see there as Harlequin, Monsieur le Juge, and Monsieur Obus, with the false nose, like chivalrous and gallant friends, constituted themselves my champions—and the resistance they encountered was such that the gendarmes were hurled upon us. It is true, Monsieur le Juge—it is true that I act badly—that in my great scene where I should laugh I want to cry—and thus I am so angry that I cannot laugh at all—and the whole scene is spoiled, and the whole play is spoiled, and our happiness, and our business, and my career, all, all are spoiled! But why? Because it is Bobbo who should make me want to laugh, and every night when I play it is Bobbo who makes me want to cry!"

"Fudge!" said Madame Gaudrion, decisively, and quite loud enough to be heard.

"You say that, madame—" began Adèle; but Monsieur Doblay silenced her with a word.

"You are a firebrand, mademoiselle," he said, and he turned to Brébant. "As

I am still in the dark, monsieur, perhaps you will explain a little further."

"Willingly, Monsieur le Juge," said the Pierrot. "The fact is, Mademoiselle Adèle is convicting herself by her own testimony, for Monsieur Tavernier's rôle, admirably conceived, is one of those which blend humor and pathos, and it is the pathos which should make, not Mademoiselle Adèle, you understand, but the Princess Lisa laugh. And if Mademoiselle Adèle forgets that she is the Princess Lisa, and herself feels the pathos of the scene, she is not an actress, that is all."

"Ah!" said Monsieur Doblay, looking benignly wise. "The paradox of acting."

"Exactly, Monsieur le Juge."

"But," cried Adèle, in a transport, "it is Tavernier who is not acting!"

"Not acting!" cried Brébant, Gervais, and Mueller together. In fact, the whole company turned to Adèle with looks of astonishment.

"No, he is not acting! Do you suppose that I, an actress, cannot tell? It is real with him; yes, I affirm it, Monsieur le Juge, it is real with him! and that makes it real with me, and I cry instead of laughing."

At this remarkable statement all eyes were turned on Tavernier. His face was doleful enough, but he only shrugged his hump, as if to say, "I do not understand, but I will not oppose her."

Monsieur Doblay laid down his pen in despair. "The further we go," he said, "the greater is my perplexity. Suppose, mademoiselle, I were to ask you to give me a brief *précis* of the plot, and then perhaps I shall understand. For really it has come to this, that Monsieur Tavernier's acting is on trial, and I feel it my duty to examine into his case and pronounce one way or the other."

It seemed to Paul Patureau as if his ideas mysteriously communicated themselves to his superior, and, what was more remarkable, controlled him.

Adèle stood forward. She made a gesture of such grace and eloquence as thrilled Paul Patureau to the marrow. "Monsieur le Juge," she said, "I am overcome by the honor—oh, but overcome! You ask me for the plot of *Bobbo*, Monsieur le Juge. Monsieur Tavernier's idea was charming, most charming; and I should be the first to make its eulogiums, for he honored me by giving me the chief rôle—after his own. I, do you see, am

the Princess Lisa. The scene is laid in Italy at the time they called the Middle Ages—but how did they know then they were the Middle Ages, Monsieur le Juge?—and I am very melancholy. Oh, I am the most melancholy Princess that ever was known! They give fêtes for me, balls, tournaments, cavalcades, water parties, illuminations—all to no purpose; they might as well have paraded the funerals of the town before me. Then they have plays to amuse me, jugglers, clowns, dancing-dogs, acrobats, the whole Folies Bergères; worse and worse—I weep all day long, and I swear that nothing can cure me. So my father, the King, who is excellently played by Monsieur Mueller, Monsieur le Juge—my father is in agonies; for not only am I his favorite child, but if I do not marry, the kingdom must go to his brother, whom he despises. And when they talk to me of marriage I weep so bitterly that even Madame Gaudrion, my governess—you understand, my most aristocratic governess—gives me up. So the King has an idea. He offers my hand to any one who will make me laugh. Is not that an idea worthy of a father? But, nevertheless, so stupid are men that numbers of poor young princes and counts and barons come and try to win a smile from me, and they all fail, and their heads are taken off by the headsman—Monsieur Gervais. Such things happen, you know, in opera-bouffe—in the Middle Ages. And of course, as these repeated executions happen, I go into convulsions of grief, and grow more and more melancholy."

"Because none of the young men succeeds?" asked Monsieur Doblay, with a smile.

"Possibly," said Mademoiselle Adèle. "But of course," she added, with a sudden and dazzling smile of her own—"of course I do not confess that to myself, so there my poor father is at the end of his resources; and even my sister, the Princess Beatrice (played by Mademoiselle Jolifroy), confesses she does not know what is to be done. And as a last resource my father thinks once more of Bobbo. Bobbo, Monsieur le Juge, is the most celebrated jester in the world—irresistible, enchanting, the very soul of drollery and humor. It is not only that his wit is so quick and keen, but his features are the perfect epitome of comedy. You die of laughing just to look at him; it is im-

possible to remain grave in his presence. My father would have brought him before me long ago but for one unfortunate circumstance—Bobbo is attached to the court of our young and hot-headed neighbor the Prince Eugenius. Now some time ago, before all these experiments that ended so sadly on the headsman's block, the Prince personally asked for my hand, and as I declined to hear of marriage, it was refused him. So he vowed that if my melancholy was not removed by the announcement of his suit, I might remain in my present state of depression till the end of my days before he would lift a finger to prevent it. Accordingly my father goes to war with him, captures both him and Bobbo, and brings the captives back to court. For he is a terrible man, my father, as the Prince, who is Monsieur Brébant, finds out.”

“I begin to see the plot,” said Monsieur Doblai, deeply interested. Court officers and spectators too all hung upon her words.

“Is it not too natural?” cried Adèle, her eyes sparkling. “What stupid beings fathers are, Monsieur le Juge! Why should the King suppose that I, who have succeeded in my obstinacy—yes, I admit that it is obstinacy—the idea of weeping one's eyes out like that for any other reason!—that I, who have persisted in torturing my lachrymal glands while any number of nice young men were trying to entertain me, should all of a sudden face about, dry my eyes, and laugh like a cook at the antics of a professional clown? Much he knows about a woman! Actually, when he brings Bobbo before me, he is smiling, for the first time in years. Poor man, he is doomed to disappointment! Perhaps Bobbo is not over-confident, for he knows what will happen to him if he fails; but no matter how he exerts himself—and in two minutes he has the rest of the court rolling on their sides on the floor—Monsieur le Juge, I pay absolutely no attention to him. He says the wittiest, most excruciating things; I am deaf. He gambols and capers so as to make you ill with laughing; I scarcely lift my eyebrows. He even makes sport of his master, the Prince, for suffering himself to be captured; I turn away indifferent. And then what happens is that he loses his courage, he falters, he stammers, he wrings his

hands, and finally falls on his knees and begs pathetically to be spared. Consequently my father orders him to be beheaded at once.”

“He was wrong,” said Monsieur Doblai, judicially.

“Very wrong, Monsieur le Juge; but, after all, see how fortunately it turned out! For, on hearing his sentence, Bobbo, in despair, turns to me and sings a song begging me to intercede for him; he joins his wrinkled old hands together, and the tears run from his poor old face, and his nose is red, and his eyes are bleared, and his voice cracks and creaks, and altogether he looks so absurd and ridiculous, and he is such a refreshing, delightful, irresistible contrast to the terrified and unnatural gayety which every one about me has been forced to exhibit, that I burst out into a good hearty fit of laughter, the first in years. Bobbo has saved me!”

Brava! There followed general applause, which was at once suppressed, but which did not seem to annoy Monsieur Doblai very greatly. He smiled with satisfaction at the escape of Bobbo, and by the nodding of his head appeared to congratulate the Princess on the breaking of the spell that afflicted her. As for Paul, his heart sank. “There!” he said to himself; “do you wonder that it falls to the lot of others to write libretti, and not to mine? Effectively! They have ideas, while I—”

“And so you marry the Prince,” said Monsieur Doblai, approvingly.

“Oh, not yet!” cried Adèle, radiant with her success. “Of course finally I do; but if it ended now it would be flat indeed.”

Paul's heart sank again; he had supposed this was the *finale*, and behold he did not know the elements of construction!

“What happens next is that I become serious once more, and swear that as my father offered to marry me to whosoever should make me laugh, and as Bobbo has been the one to succeed, I will marry Bobbo. This, of course, is meant to punish the Prince for his pride; yet, after all, I have a—a little feeling for Bobbo. But you may guess,” cried Adèle, with a heightened color, “how this resolve affects my father and the court, and it is only a very little while before they are all in tears at my feet, begging me to reconsider my decision.

And as they are now the melancholy ones, I am well amused, I promise you. 'If you all snivelled till Doomsday,' I say to them, 'you couldn't make me break faith with my dear Bobbo.' Poor Bobbo, you know! ready to put his head in a meal-bag and pull the strings. Well, at last the situation is resolved—but you must ask Madame Gaudrion how."

"How, Madame Gaudrion?"

"Oh, very simply," replied that lady, in her measured tones. "I am the governess—very aristocratic, as Mademoiselle Adèle says—and I have been talking a great deal of my family pretensions, and setting my cap at the King; and it turns out that Bobbo is my husband."

Whereat there was a laugh.

"And everybody is made happy, except, probably, Bobbo," commented Monsieur Doblai. "Let me compliment you, Monsieur Tavernier, on the grace and charm of your little theme. The springs of sorrow and happiness lie very close together in our hearts, and you have perceived this and made excellent use of your penetration of human nature." And he made a polite yet magisterial bow.

"I beg you to believe, Monsieur le Juge, that I know how to value such compliments," said Tavernier, a little flush of pleasure breaking out on his anxious face. "But the story has gained greatly from Mademoiselle Adèle's manner of recital."

"Doubtless she will answer that she has gained her inspiration from the story," said the courteous magistrate. "But come now, Monsieur Tavernier, here we are on the threshold of the mystery; let us examine it to the bottom. You are charged by this young lady with singing your ballad in such a manner as to prevent her from listening properly in the character of the Princess Lisa. Now here I am about to throw out a suggestion which may assist us. Perhaps the difficulty lies in the ballad itself, and I should be very glad if you will repeat it, Monsieur Tavernier. Or, better still, if any one here has a libretto—"

Obus stepped forward, solemn-faced leader of the claue. He drew a marked libretto from the pocket of his paletot.

"You will pardon my critical remarks on the margin, Monsieur le Juge," he observed.

The magistrate found the place, and adjusted his glasses.

LE CHANSON DE BOBBO.

Oh, is it you, all youth and grace,
Who turn an unrelenting face,
And cruel send
Me to my death, so bent and worn,
So pitiable and forlorn,
So old a friend?

Think! in the nursery, long ago,
A form like mine you used to know,
With curving back,
With painted cheeks, and staring eyes.
Look at me! don't you recognize
Your jumping Jack?

You only had to pull a string
And he his arms and legs would fling
A dozen ways;
And then you'd laugh—ah, yes, indeed!
'Twas easy for me to succeed
In those old days.

You clasped me to your baby breast,
And cried, "Dear Jack!" and soothed to rest
My clumsy head;
And when they asked you which of all
Your toys the prettiest you'd call—
"My Jack!" you said.

Yes, let my poor absurd grimace,
My crooked back and wizened face,
My pardon make.
O child, your childhood bring to mind,
And be to Punchinello kind,
For pity's sake!

While Monsieur Doblai read this aloud, slowly, and with the reserve of a man who does not commit himself to the support of his author, there was a deep silence in the court-room. Then Monsieur Doblai raised his head, and it was not difficult to see that he was disappointed. "I confess," he said, "I do not find these verses in themselves so affecting as to justify Mademoiselle Adèle's representations."

There was a little nervous professional stir among the actors, but before any one else could speak in behalf of Tavernier's song, Adèle was boldly making her own special defence. "Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Juge," she cried, "they are not meant to be read like verses in a book, you know—they are written for music and the stage effect. Ah, monsieur, if you will ask Monsieur Tavernier to recite them to you, you will see! Yes, Monsieur Tavernier, if you really desire to clear yourself, repeat them to the magistrate—and let him judge."

"You see, Monsieur le Juge, what she exacts," was all Tavernier could say.

"After all," said Monsieur Doblai, "she is correct. I am misconstruing your verses, Monsieur Tavernier, and I see that my doubt disposes of itself. If the lines are written solely for the actor, there is nothing intrinsically pathetic in them—there can be nothing." And Monsieur Doblai smiled reassuringly. "And now let me hear you repeat them. Permit me to say that I anticipate a great artistic gratification."

Tavernier looked over at Adèle, and murmured something no one could hear. She, her face flushed, seemed ready to spring upon him, take him by the shoulders, and shake him into action, so eager was she to be proved in the right.

As if fascinated, he kept his troubled eyes fixed upon her, and began, in a low voice:

"Oh, is it you, all youth and grace—"

And as he spoke he betrayed all.

There was no mistaking the import of his tone. The man had a voice that should have made his fortune. Resonant, strong, full of feeling, and yet dominated by a strange and overpowering timbre, a curious vibration, which, though hard and masculine, was inexplicably attractive, and even affecting—a perfect stage voice, intended by nature for comedy and bouffe—it aroused not only instant carnal delight, but also the obscure yearning that accompanies the highest artistic sympathy. But now it was quivering with the deepest pathos. To hear him struck to the heart. Tears sprang unbidden to the eyes. It was an appeal, all concealment thrown aside, to the beautiful young girl who stood before him. It told the whole story of their relations, of his dumb despairing love and her girlish obtuseness, perversity, and self-love. The words fell slowly and like sobs. They conveyed the yearning of a life.

The surprise of his emotion deeply disturbed his hearers. Brébant, in particular, was visibly startled out of his languor, and launched uneasy glances at Adèle. She alone appeared to see in this sudden confession merely the confirmation of her charge. Her eyes sparkled with triumph; her foot patted the ground; she could hardly wait until Tavernier had finished. She did not give Monsieur Doblai time to speak.

"You see," she cried—"you see, all of you, that I have told you nothing but the truth—and yet you would not believe me! He sings it himself—and not to the Princess Lisa, but to me. He does not know how to sing it. Hold! I will show you how." And before any one could stop her, she suddenly pushed away Mueller and Obus, clearing a little space for a stage, as it were, and dropped her tall supple form into a hunchback's crouching pose and began to sing.

It was a most amazing feat of mimicry. Her head sank and rolled on her shoulders, her arms hung long and loose by her sides, her back was crooked—yet all these things were shown by the lightest, swiftest indications, like the heart-breaking falsetto in her rich, splendid voice, which, with her frightened eye and trembling lip, showed the poor Punchinello at his wits' end for refuge. Sing it well? Not the greatest comedian that ever lived, it seemed, could have sung it better—with all its whimpering, its ridiculous terrified grimaces, its shaking fingers weakly clawing the air, its tottering knees and cracked comic voice, its absurd senile smiles broken by swift spasms of terror as the singer alternated between hope and despair. Adèle subdued it all to her purpose, with the true bouffe touch so perfectly bestowed that the very pathos of it seemed a thing to laugh at, because it so surely promised that happiness was on the other side of the picture. And, indeed, as verse succeeded verse, smiles were running over all their lips, as they stood breathlessly listening, ready when she ended to break out into laughter and applause. When all at once, just as she was nearing the end, perhaps overcome by some sudden emotion, perhaps tired by the night of confinement and the strain of the police examination, perhaps at the end of her artist's tether, since extreme were the demands the song made upon her thus to counterfeit a buffo at the height of his art—for whatever reason, she faltered, gasped, and tottering against Mueller, who caught her round the waist and supported her, burst into tears.

Then, heartlessly enough, but with full professional enjoyment of her breakdown, the actors raised a peal of laughter, in which all joined—except Tavernier. He stood apart, forgotten, watching her with his burning eyes. But the little Jolifroy was especially merry, and

clapped her hands in an ecstasy of mirth.

Adèle leaped up, furious, angry gleams darting from her eyes. "What do you mean by laughing at me?" she cried. "You are all beggars, wretches, vile travesties of actors, whom the public will cover with shame!" That her tumult of wrath must have physical relief was obvious. It was the little Jolifroy who suffered. Adèle's glance fell instinctively on her understudy's sniggering face, and she smacked it.

A cry of horror rose—gendarmes sprang at the offender. Contempt of court, lèse-majesté—what had not Adèle committed? She herself, at the realization of her offence, paled and stood trembling in the grasp of the military police before the magistrate.

The only reason why Tavernier was not scuffling with those same gendarmes was that Brébant and Rébus, by a common impulse, threw their arms about him and restrained him.

Monsieur Doblay seemed for a moment lost in consternation at the iniquity of the deed which his own lenity had encouraged; then he roused himself, and addressed the prisoner at the bar.

"Mademoiselle," he said, sternly, "insensible of the kindness with which you have been treated here, you have permitted yourself to commit an outrage upon the dignity of this court which merits the severest retribution. And what is more, you have shown yourself intolerant, unreasonable, unjust to a brother artist, who, after all, can only do his best, as his talent permits, and to whom it would appear you are bound in very gratitude to defer. Art is not life, mademoiselle; it is but a representation of life, and all the more, therefore, perfection in it cannot be demanded or hoped for. It rests with all artists to give the public their best; but having done so, they must be satisfied. And since this seems impossible to you, since your ungovernable temper makes you a firebrand among your colleagues, the punishment that I must now impose upon you should be responsive to this fault, that justice may prove remedial. I condemn you to prison, Mademoiselle Adèle, for forty days—and suspend the sentence on condition that you pass the whole of the ensuing Lent in retirement, in good works and meditation, without appearing once at the theatre. And that

will teach you, perhaps, to control yourself."

"What, Monsieur le Juge—leave the stage?"

Then might you have seen Adèle, breaking from the gendarmes, kneel, actually kneel like a guilty sinner before the tribune, imploring mercy. To be condemned for forty days to leave the theatre—to leave a successful play, to see which the house was crowded every evening—she would be forgotten by the public, by her friends—her understudy would supplant her—and the theatre was her life, her very being! She would die without it; to do penance would kill her!

Would not Monsieur le Juge fine her—she could afford to pay a fine—oh, a heavy fine—and let her go?

And it did occur to Monsieur Doblay that his scheme of poetic justice did not consider the management of the Folles-Farces; and he said, "After all, I ought not to visit the penalty of your misbehavior on the theatre, and therefore a fine—"

To every one's surprise, here Tavernier interrupted. "No, Monsieur le Juge," he cried, quite beside himself with suffering, "I would rather let her go!"

"Let me go?" exclaimed Adèle, her face suddenly growing white.

"Yes," he answered, turning on her, his breast heaving; "we cannot go on like this—one of us must leave the Folles-Farces—there is a limit to what a man's heart can bear; and since you mean to break mine, since there is no limit to your contempt, your disdain, and your ill usage, I must protect myself—I must snap the chain in two. God knows I would give you all—the theatre, my heart, my life, if you would but accept them—God knows I have offered you both my heart and my life, again and again, and you would not take them—"

"You have offered me your heart?" said Adèle, with a strange sound in her voice.

"Yes," he cried, in exaltation; "every night, in the song I sing to you, the song I wrote to you, the song I cannot sing because every word, every note, breaks my heart when you will not look at me or care for me. But why should you?—you, so beautiful, so young—"

He could not go on.

Adèle drew a long, shuddering breath; her face was white. She choked as she

tried to speak. Finally she said, "I did not know—I did not know I was so much to you." And after a pause she added, "I have promised to marry Brébant."

Tavernier gave a cry, and then covered his ghastly face with his hands. Brébant looked at them both from under the dark, delicate lines of his eyebrows, pulled at his mustache, and said, "Fichtre!"

Nobody seemed able to speak, and there was a long silence.

All at once Adèle started, and turned and looked at Brébant. He met her look steadily, but without budging a hair's-breadth from his attitude of profound, concentrated attention. Then the blood surged back to her face again, and she cried, in excited but clear and resolute tones, "But as Brébant does not love me—I release him."

When we wake from a dream the eye still sees distinct before it the mental image which was the last impressed on the retina of our imagination, and which somehow seems the one which woke us out of sleep. And as Paul Patureau re-

turned to his senses and found the real court-room again before him, and heard the tread of the real Monsieur Doblav echoing behind him on the tribune, there hung for an instant clearly outlined in his vision the miniature actors of the supposititious theatre created by his drowsy fancy as they disposed themselves before their flight—Tavernier catching Adèle to his breast; Mueller and Gervais and Rébus and Jolifroy and all the rest grouped about in various attitudes of astonishment and delight, or perhaps envy; Brébant slowly vouchsafing the magistrate a glance whose faint suggestion of relief was to Paul Patureau the subtlest touch of it all. How willing Paul would have been to delay them just a moment longer, to hear what Tavernier was saying to Adèle, or himself to have saluted the bride! But he saw them go without a pang, for this once he recollected the plot of his operetta. He had at last dreamed successfully.

And now he had nothing left to do but write his libretto, get it accepted by some popular composer, and produced. Lucky Paul Patureau!



EVERY-DAY SCENES IN CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE farther we travelled in China, the more we were amazed and delighted by the boats and the water-life on the inland canals and ways. Every day I noted new extravagances and eccentricities of form and color in the floating vehicles around me, and every day Mr. Weldon caught up his colors and his brushes and copied some extraordinary boat or sail that we met. I have several times referred to this subject in these papers, but the boats of China have not been described here or elsewhere. The hack-artist of the world at large treats their sails—the most picturesque bits of China—as if they were Venetian blinds, made of big bamboo slats backed by canvas. That is not at all how they look. The bamboo slats are in them, but they are very small, and are only seen when near at hand. Otherwise I do not think it would be easy to say anything of them that is not true—they are so dissimilar and varied and peculiar. One towers like a great white steeple or a cloud above houses, trees, and everything. The next may be made of a woman's apron or a little mat. One is composed of a single blue shirt, and the next is a crazy-quilt of a hundred gorgeous flags. In a day's journey we saw white ones, red ones, black ones, and others that were splotted, patched, tattered, or rent. We saw sails made of matting, made of old coats, made of trousers, and of banners. We saw sails with prayers painted upon them, others with mottoes, others with pictures, and what may be called heraldic devices. Most of them were mere parallelograms of cotton, but some were like schooner sails at home, and some were lateen-shaped.

There is no rule as to the number of sails a boat may carry, and one often sees five spread on the larger junks, upon three regular masts and two smaller ones fastened to the vessel's sides, one forward and one aft.

A great part of the din that beats upon the air of China comes of the raising and lowering of these masts and sails, for on all except the sea-going craft the masts are hinged, and are forever being pulled up or let down. To do this work the Chinese crews are bunched together on each deck, where they shout with each output

of strength. "Hee-tah, hee-tah, hoo-ah, hoo-ah, hee-tah," they chant, or grunt, whenever two or twenty or two hundred Chinamen work together at anything. A common sight in the cities is to see fifty of them pounding the earth for the foundation of a new building. Every man, upon a high scaffold, tugs at a rope, and all the ropes meet at one big rock, that is lifted and dropped incessantly upon the ground to harden it. I say "every man," but there are always boys, and even baby boys, at some of the ropes. All shout together, beginning at daybreak, when all work begins, after which sleep can only be courted with chloroform. Whenever two men work at anything, they chant, whether it is at the work of carrying a coffin in a funeral or a bedstead out of a house. I have known one man to sing in that way while carrying my empty hat-box, and have often run upon coolie children practising the chant as they shouldered burdenless sticks at play in the street.

When the wind fails, the empire depends upon the yoolo. It is so useful an implement that I wonder our boatmen do not adopt it. It is a sculling-oar that works as ours does at the stern of a boat, but it is better and more practical than ours. Instead of being a plain straight oar fitted in a notch in the taffrail, theirs is worked upon a pin that is on the taffrail, and fits in a hole in the oar. Then again the Chinese oar is made with a short handle lashed to it so that the handle is parallel with the boat while the oar is dipped in the water. A string or rope leads from the end of the handle to a ring in the deck, and while one hand or person works the oar, the other hand or another person jerks the rope to alter the sweep of the blade forward and backward. The Japanese have improved upon this. They make a poorer oar—they make few things as well as the Chinese—but in place of the string they have a peg on top of the handle, so that the oar can be swayed and turned with the same hand. The Chinese yoolo is a beautiful product of ingenuity, taste, and skilled workmanship. It may be as small as a canoe-paddle, or it may be thirty feet long, with a blade nearly two feet wide, such as will send a floating



A COUNTRY GIRL IN SUMMER.

house swiftly along; but it is always polished, varnished, lustrous, and beautifully lashed at the bend with pretty bamboo-work. Since little children take their part in all labor, one often sees the tiniest little ones at the yoolo—a girl of ten, perhaps, propelling a twenty-ton boat, while her five-year-old sister or bro-

the mud when there had sprung up a breeze that would have sent the boat on faster with no man's work. "Why not call the coolies in and put up the sail?" I have asked. "Maskee," says the Old Great; "bime-by can do."

It is maskee, maskee all the time in China. If a stone bridge has tumbled down, and a great part of the population is put a couple of miles out of its path during year after year, maskee. If a house falls and blocks a highway, "Maskee," says every one, and there the heap lies. "Maskee" is what you are told if you suggest that some one go to the help of a man or a woman in dire trouble. And even when a foreign power, without warrant or excuse, wages war upon the Northern strongholds of the empire, "Maskee," says all the rest of China.

The press that prints these words may be one of those machines that seem to do all things at once. It may print and fold and number and paste and count the sheets all at the same turn of the wheel. I am different. I cannot do twenty things at once, and that fact must argue for my only excuse for saying never one word about the graves of China. For they are everywhere; not in the streets or in the ladies' chambers, of course, yet practically everywhere. I had not left the boundaries of European Shanghai when I began to notice queer mounds of grass-covered earth rising like hummocks and tiny hills among the rice-fields and in the open lots and way-side enclosures just beyond the thick of the city. Inquiring what they were of the owner of the *Swallow*, I got this reply: "Graves. China is called 'one vast cemetery,' you know."

I did not know. As Frederic Remington once said, "One cannot know everything on an ordinary salary." But I found out,

ther patiently jerks the rope to change the course of the blade. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, captains and sailors, masters and slaves, all take turns at the gleaming blade—where the boatmen are humble—and the sturdy, comely Tanka girls who do the ferrying at the cities live by it altogether. Oft in every stilly night in China the musical, rhythmic sound of the swinging oars is the only sound that comes to lull into sleep the people who are at rest on the water routes of the empire.

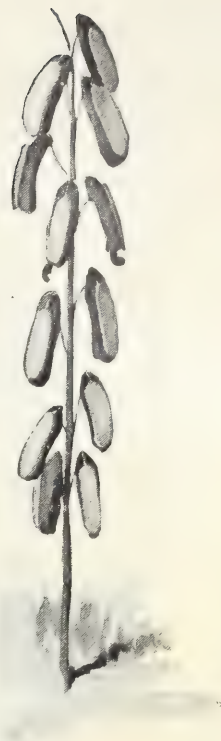
They can be very stupid, these Chinese working-folk, though they are called the brainiest peasantry on earth. Often my Old Great ordered his sail and mast down when he first caught sight of a bridge full half a mile away. "Sail nearer to it and get the good of all the wind you can, then put it down," I used to say, but in jerky pidgin-English. "Maskee, no got hully," he would reply. Again I have seen my hard-worked crew tracking in



FUNERAL PARTY WAITING FOR A BOAT.

for never from that time on, in country, or even on the edges of cities, did I miss the graves again. The face of all nature is pimpled with them. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high (I speak of the Garden provinces of China) that it is not dotted with them to the top. No city lacks them, within and without its walls; only the compactest parts of the compact cities are without them. They vary in shape and form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "in ten miles everything is different," and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt. Farther along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped, and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Cha-pu, on the coast, they were often vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a horseshoe or broken circle of earth-work. Some of these had three doorways, and looked like triple bake-ovens. But down Cha-pu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent up in grand style. There are graveyards in China, family or village graveyards, that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and

there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees. But, as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields or among their mulberry-trees, and the poor buy or lease a resting-place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man. I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept, or let alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her surface for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate almost every foot of it. And the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder. At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones. There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of great earthen jars full of bones, where the original graves and coffins have worn away. There the



DRYING SHOES, A
FREQUENT SIGHT
ALONG THE BANKS
OF RIVERS AFTER
RAIN.



A REACH OF THE GRAND CANAL.

bones have been reinterred in pots, and these in turn have been exposed by the careless hand of time. You see bare coffins set out in the rice-fields because the mourners were too poor to brick them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw. You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of the earth. First there are the granite steps leading

to a splendid triple arch all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors, horses and sages, all hewn out of stone. Finally the tomb itself, on a hill-side if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments. But it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace, with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a water-side tea-house. Maskee. Maskee.

The most shocking grave scene we ran upon was not that beside a little joss-house near Ka-din, where the bones were tumbling out of the tomb. It was merely a plain board coffin tilted upon the edge of a river-bank and left there, because the widow or widower had only sufficient money to pay for its removal to that spot. It was certain very soon to fall into the stream, like the contents of a long row of once costly tombs that we saw where a river had eaten into the land beside it. But what was that sight beside one that we saw in the Hong-kew end of European Shanghai?

It was after seeing many a grand funeral, with the coffin in a huge and gorgeous box that thirty bearers carried, with the true mourners walking in an enclosure of white cloth, with the hired mourners wailing in Sedan chairs, and with music and every sort of display. We were walking along a narrow dirty street that was mainly an open trench with workmen laying a water-pipe in it. Suddenly we met a coolie woman running blindly along. Her dress was open far below her throat, her hair was loose and flying, her eyes were swollen and dry from over-weeping, and as she stumbled onward she moaned, oh, so genuinely and pitifully! We did not



SAWING LOGS—THE USUAL WAY IN CHINA.



FREIGHT-BOATS ON THE GRAND CANAL.

know what the matter was, until presently we came upon four coolies staggering under a heavy plain pauper coffin, singing as they walked; and behind them came the mourners, four young men smoking cigarettes and laughing at some jest. Coffins one sees in coffin-shops in nearly every street of every city. They closely, very closely, resemble the mummy-caskets of ancient Egypt. They are either rude and plain, or are covered with carving, paint, and gilt. They are so well

made that, thick as they lie upon the face of China, they do not suggest their presence to any sense except the sight.

But to forget the dreadfulness of this unavoidable subject let us turn to the pretty girl who will live in the memory of Mr. Weldon and myself so long as we cling to clay. We were being poled down a creek past a pretty water-side town in October, when the favorite yellow flower of the season was in bloom—the to us unknown blossom that the people go wild

over, and that is seen in every coolie's and mandarin's and woman's hand in every shop and house and boat. She was fourteen or fifteen years old, and she wore a black coat trimmed with white, and blue trousers bottomed with black. Her hair was scrupulously neat, and she carried a blossom in its coil. She noticed us, and came to the water's edge, smiling ever so sweetly. She was pretty enough to have upset the equilibrium of the greatest painter—Velasquez, was it not?—who ever lived. She not only smiled sweetly, but she beckoned to us to come ashore—beckoned backwards, as the Chinese do, with her knuckles toward us and her fin-

vagabond"; or my fairer reader says, "It is nothing at all." Ah, but she was alone in her behavior in all China, and she was no vagabond, but a sweet-faced country child. She took part in a pretty mystery. If she had never seen white men before, what did she think us? Or had she known some kindly, gentle missionary, and put her faith in all his white-skinned race? Or was she a Christian convert, truer to the faith than we who are older in it? I wonder, yet I do not want to know. I would not risk marring that memory.

Quinsan, on whose edge this girl lived, lies at the end of a spur of the famed Grand Canal, which is, next to the Great Wall, the noblest work of the Chinese. Pagodas are not common in China. You do not see one in every day of travel, so I remember that one is on the lone mountain that dominates the approach to the city. The outside town, such as lies by every gate to every city, is a place where a painter could spend a year to better advantage than in most painters' resorts in

southern Europe. Rows of white walls, heavily roofed with black tiles, face the water. The corners of all the roofs are turned up, and some have double corners. A few roofs, no less picturesque, are of gray thatch, and a few walls are black or gray or blue, or even dark red. Fancy the gorgeousness of the scene, with the people crowding there in new blues and faded blues! Bamboo balconies push out to the water's edge, and carry idle women and men, in pretty clothes, looking at us. The open shops disclose workmen making shoes or coffins or cooking the wonderful bean curd—foundation of a hundred dishes. As the heart of the place is reached it becomes picturesque beyond description. High stone walls shut in the water, and on these rise houses of white staff, with cumbrous jet roofs, and the most ornate, the most fanciful windows, paned with glossy inside scales of oyster shells. Stone steps lead down to the wa-



A POOR PEASANT'S TOMB.

gers bent inward. Her white teeth gleamed; her eyes laughed with nonsense; her every motion was supremely graceful. She seemed to say by her pantomime: "Come ashore. Why hurry past? I like you."

"Come on our boat," we beckoned. "Here's a vacant chair."

But she only shook her head and ran along, and beckoned farther. "No; come ashore; come in my gate. See! this is it, all entwined with flowers."

And then she came up to an old woman standing by the creek's edge. And she flung a great loose graceful sleeve around the old woman's neck and beckoned again—there in China where every one either frowned or grinned at us. "See!" she seemed to say; "this is my mother. I tell her that I like you. Now will you come and have a cup of tea?"

Perhaps the reader wonders at my telling this. Perhaps he says, "She was a



NATIVES INSPECTING THE HOUSE-BOAT.

ter, and each bears a woman washing clothes or rinsing lacquered wooden pots. Sunflowers and pumpkin vines in bloom peep over the walls of the houses, and beside the walls of the stream are innumerable boats, tied to carved dragons' heads, crabs, grotesque faces, and pretty carvings of many sorts cut in the granite. At all the doorways are tall and often handsome men in long silk coats and silken half-breeches bound tight around their ankles. At the windows are the round-faced, full-lipped women. On and on we float. And presently we discover the long low walls of Quinsan, made ever famous by the valor of General Gordon. Under the interminable low walls of what we call Roman brick are plantations of sunflowers, and then more white and black houses. They face another jumble of boats of

every fashion, from the stately cargo and chop boats to the rows of slender express-boats, waiting, like omnibuses, for passengers for Soo-chow and Shanghai. The dyers' shops hang out long strips of blue cloth; a bridge is draped with colored stuffs hung there to dry; an enormous vermilion banner floats from a boat that, like hundreds beside it, is orange-toned beneath its sheen of Ning-po varnish.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" cries Mr. Weldon, "this country was made for artists, and has been lying here thousands of years waiting for them! I never dreamed of anything like it. Why, it's a mass of blues, orange, white, and grays. And notice how finely all the lines compose! But here I am without oils, and nothing else will bring out its full force of color!"

Zoom—crash—zoom! sounded a mighty



BOAT-LOADS OF FERTILIZING WEED.

gong. Then again, crash—zoom! “What on earth is that?” The boy Ananias made answer: “That belong China mandalin—look-see!” We looked-saw, and lo! there came along an enormous boat, with a piano-polish all over it—long, wide, low, with a great cabin in the middle, and a roof over each end. In front was the gong, that sounded like the crack of doom, and some sailors lounging near it. In the middle, behind plate-glass framed with carved and gilded arabesquerie, was his excellency a governor, mustachioed, with many women. They were his wife, his mother, his number-two wife, and their maids; the ladies in their best—exquisite as to their bejewelled hair, their complexions of thick white powder, and their silks and satins. Next came the kitchen-shed, with a cook and a woman among the pots and pans, while over the stern and far away floated a big red banner hung on a sort of fishing-rod. Crash—zoom—zoom! went the mandarin, curving grandly among the smaller fry, with a dignity and a stateliness we finite folk know not how to produce, except it be where men bowl along on elephants’ backs, or sway in palanquins, or glide in such barges as this.

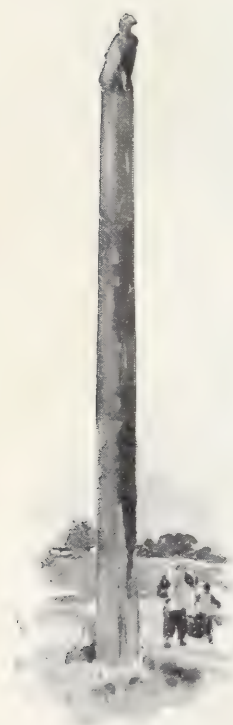
Presently we pushed into the Grand Canal, with its banks of uncared-for stone, its foot-path for pedestrians, and for the rich who ride in Sedan chairs and wheelbarrows, and its marvellous chromatic water-life. We passed innumerable quiet, broad, sheltered streams, and more numerous lesser canals, green-bordered, village-clustered, grove-dotted, liquid lanes. They were decked with monuments and tombs, and the busy Grand Canal also showed its store of them, and of temples, arches, cemeteries,

carved-stone bridges, and bustling towns. We carried no gong or lute, nor even one falsetto-voiced maiden, but the yoolo made music for us—the music that accompanies the movements of more human beings than people some great nations.

The Grand Canal is an artificial river of such length as to join central to northern China, and it is ten centuries of age. It is described in the books as being partially enclosed, as Chinese cities are, by crenellated walls, with stockade forts here and there, and as being higher in places than the surrounding country. Where we saw it these were not its characteristics. It was wide as the Passaic or the Hackensack River where they run through the salt-marsh near New York. It had all been enclosed by a well-made wall of hewn stone, appointed with costly and graceful stone bridges at the numerous water-crossings, and set with handsome stone rest-houses. It was kept in no sort of repair. The bridges were in the best order, though some of these, like many rest-houses, were in ruins. The stone wall was in places perfect, in other places falling down, and in yet other places all covered over by the earth that the farmers kept dragging up with the weeds at the water’s bottom. It was alive with craft, and its course was punctuated with lively towns and some large cities.

On the first night that we tied up at the side of the canal we heard the muffled drum aboard the police-boat of a town near by. Its steady tum-tum, tum-tum-tum seemed not to cease all night. The boat was a ten or fifteen ton sailing-vessel, carrying on its forward deck a little iron cannon, such as a pleasure-yacht at home might carry. The sound of the drum brought to my mind a little Chinese village of my acquaintance, where a flag at the end of the single street of shops announced to the world that the inhabitants had banded themselves to keep order, had hired a watchman, and now requested all persons to assist in keeping the peace.

“The thieves of the locality are not likely to ply their trade there,” said a missionary, “because they will not like to throw the watchman out of work. It would not be considered kindly or neighborly for the local thieves to operate in his bailiwick. According to the fixed Chinese rule, the watchman will be paid as long as there is no robbery, but if a robbery takes place he will have proved himself useless. It will be with him as it was with Li Hung Chang, who, as prime minister, was expected to keep the country out of trouble. He was caught napping when Japan declared war, and



AN ANCIENT
OBELISK.



ON THE TOW-PATH OF THE GRAND CANAL.



RUINS OF A STONE BRIDGE.

for that he lost his yellow jacket. Straight to the top, the rule never varies. The Emperor, in his capacity as the Son of Heaven, is supposed to keep the gods amiable. Therefore when they scourge China with drought or famine the Emperor publicly blames himself, and increases his devotion to the gods whom he has neglected." This missionary said that he employed a watchman at his mission, but as year after year went by without a visit from burglars, he at last discharged the watchman. Immediately thieves broke into one of the buildings. The watchman was not a party to the crime. The thieves had kept away out of neighborly regard for him, but when he was discharged there was no reason for longer staying their hands. The reader may be sure that the watchman was at once restored to his old post.

I carried a couple of pounds of mixed candy, such as comes to China in bottles from England, and with this I set out to capture the hearts of the children. But the men of every stage of life were as glad to get the sweets as were the children.

My happiest stroke was when I fed a crowd with pudding. I mention it because many Europeans found it hard to believe—those hostile white men who hate the Chinese around them and are always expecting insult or assault from them. Our moon-faced cook, Ah Chow, had made a most excellent tapioca pudding, topped by a delicious layer of cream made of sugar, egg, and milk. The *Swallow* was tied to the bank, and on the foot-path squatted a long line of men, women, and children, bent double so as to peer in at our cabin windows while we dined. Everything that we ate and handled was strange to them. Impulsively, and full of friendliness towards them, I begged Mr. Weldon to join with me in abstaining from eating the pudding, and then, with a long plated spoon in one hand and the granite-ware dish in the other, I leaped upon the tow-path and offered the first spoonful to the first man on the line. The mothers who carried or led little boy children in every instance refused the food in favor of the children, and I had difficulty in getting them to taste it at all.

It must have made a funny picture—this spectacle of a solitary European feeding babies, and men old enough to be his grandfather, with mouthfuls of airy sweetened froth out of a long spoon. And it was even funnier to see how quickly we sailed away from there, lest one of those natives should take sick, and we be charged with poisoning by an angry mob of rioters.

The people liked to crowd around



BARE FOOT AND SHOE OF A CHINESE LADY

and watch us. They never tired of staring at us, and the multitudes that looked on while Mr. Weldon drew were so great that at one place I thought a stone bridge on which they congregated, over our heads, would fall down. It was strange how nearly always their faces broke into smiles at sight of us. But the curiosity and the amusement had to be one-sided. If we stared or smiled at them they melted away—first the young girls, then the women, last of all the men, who in the country districts remained until we began to sketch them. I had been told that they credit us with possessing “the evil-eye,” which is such a terror to the Italians. One missionary lady told me of a call she received from a woman of the official class who wanted to see her “foreign house.” This Madame Mandarin wore all the dresses she could put on, and had her servants carry the rest, to show her quality. They made three heaps upon as many chairs. She also brought her baby boy and put him on the floor, and graciously took a chair for herself. But when the foreign woman looked at the child and spoke about it the mother arose in terror, seized the baby, and fled. That was in a more northerly province. Something of this superstition may have moved the people around me, but I heard nothing of it. It seemed to me that we startled rather than frightened the people—as if, as they looked at Mr. Weldon at his work, they would not be more surprised if the moon dropped out of the noonday sky and rolled through the neighborhood like a loose cart-wheel.

But there are exceptions to every rule. At one little town on the Grand Canal the people grew quite bold. Some men of years and dignity came up to me and felt my clothes and measured me across my shoulders and around my waist. They took my walking-stick and showed one another how hard it felt against their skulls, until I imitated the barking of a dog and whacked at an imaginary canine to show them why I carried it. Then they asked Ananias how old I was. If I had worn a beard they would not have believed what he told them. Their beards are so thin and so hard to get that they cannot understand the profusion with which hair grows on our faces. Custom, where I was, does not permit them to grow mustachios until they are married, or beards until they are grandfathers, or

are at least forty-five years old. A heavily bearded English friend of mine was asked by a Chinaman how old he was. He said he was thirty-eight. “Humph!” said the Chinaman. “My no one piece foolo. You must be more than ninety.”



A PRIVATE CANAL.

We expected to see something wonderfully fine when we came to Soo-chow; for does not the ancient proverb read, “Above are the halls of heaven; below are Soo-chow and Hang-chow”? But we only saw what afterward seemed to us a typical Chinese city, and it is not to the cities that I would especially recommend sight-seers to go. The fame and splendor of a Chinese city lie not upon its being any cleaner than others, or upon its having wider streets, but upon the wealth of its merchants, the number of its pagodas, the gorgeousness of its temples, the beauty of its tea-gardens, and the like. Thus Soo chow is great, and its women are

called the belles of the world. There the floating duck farms and the multitudes of river craft interested us most. In a quiet reach of water beside the walls we saw many flocks of ducks, each containing five hundred to a thousand birds. The shores were covered, and the water was alive with them. The herders sat idly in small boats, while the ducks swam freely about, each flock making a great tremulous brown spot upon the water. We watched to see one flock join another, and to discover how the owners would separate them afterward, but they did not join forces, and I doubt whether they ever would. The drakes led their followers away whenever two herds came too near. On another day, near Soo-chow, we saw a duck farm bigger than all these put together.

What would the reader think of seeing a farmer travelling to market with as many ducks as could be crowded into more than the space of the park between the City Hall and the Post-office in New York city—a mass of perhaps two city blocks of duck flesh and feathers? That was what was driven past us on the

Grand Canal one day. Two men in two boats were driving the ducks before them, all as thick upon the water as they could swim. Each man carried a long slender bamboo rod with the heart of a palm leaf on the end of it. With this he kept the red and gray squawking mass in order. He whipped back into its place every duck that sagged out of the mass, or that lagged behind, or showed a disposition to make for the shore. Suddenly several boats came along in the opposite direction—a big chop-boat and two or three smaller vessels. They were sailing swiftly before a fresh breeze directly down upon the acre or two of ducks. There seemed no way of preventing a terrible slaughter of poultry. The big chop-boat, like a house blown before a gale, sped toward the advancing feathered host, and at last the birds that were in the way were almost under her bows. Then a flutter seized many square yards of ducks, the immense flock broke apart, a crack in it opened before the chop-boat, and widened until the boat swept through a canal that divided the flock. Not one duck was run over.

The walls of Soo-chow reach away until they seem to sink into the ground at the horizon. They are tall and ancient, and are toothed on top with places for cannon. They would not be of any use in modern warfare. Where we passed through them the arched portals and bridges and the moat and surroundings

were declared by Mr. Weldon to be the most picturesque bit in China. It was too dangerous a thing to try to sketch them.

Wherever we went in the city crowds of boys tagged after us, ceaselessly crying: "Yan ce-sang! Yan ce-sang!"—which means "foreign mister." We discovered that there is such a thing as baby-talk there, for the little ones cried "Yon the-thang," and the smallest ones



A PI-LO, OR ARCH OF HONOR.



FOREIGNERS BUYING CURIOS.

called "Yon de-dang." The companion phrase, "Yan kwei-zü" (foreign devil), which warns a traveller of hostility and danger, was never once sounded in our ears. But the people called our boy "Yan ce-sang" whenever they had occasion to address him, for something about him betrayed the fact that he was not of that province—and whoever is not of one's province is a foreigner in China. Some women ran from us, some put up a hand

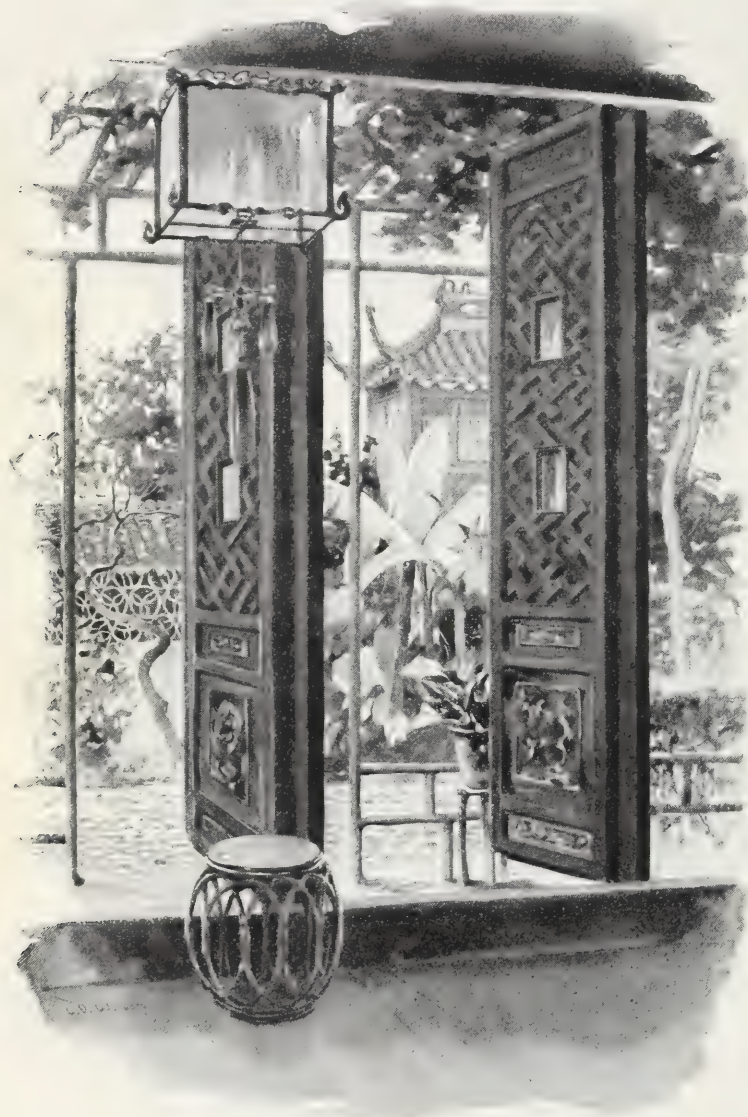
to shield their faces, and one old hag cursed us with a heartiness that left her limp and trembling. The streets were long, and so narrow that in many, including the best street of shops, one could almost stand in the middle and touch both sides. In places they were wet and filthy from surface drainage, but I had read and heard so much of this feature of city life in China that I was pleasurably disappointed. Chinese Shanghai, said to be

the dirtiest of the cities, did not strike me as any dirtier than places I have seen elsewhere in the world.

What is worst in these cities, and what one cannot grow accustomed to, is the sight of the crippled, diseased, and deformed persons who sit at the gates as

where, in Soo-chow, and in all the cities, was solid and penetrating—a musty odor of onions, cooked grease, tobacco smoke, and humanity. Among the street sounds were the plaintive notes of the tiny gongs of the peddlers, the chanting of the burden-bearers, the music of the street minstrels and flute peddlers, and the sharp cries of the bearers of Sedan chairs ordering the people out of the way.

Where there were shops every one had at least one long narrow sign hung before it, straight up and down, and bearing red or black or gold characters. Other signs of cloth spanned the streets. The streets had no sidewalks, but were all paved with small narrow stones set on edge—rocky, eternal streets that may have been older than Julius Cæsar if he were yet alive. The houses were one story high. The dwellings exposed only a wall and a door. The shops were as open as if their front walls had been sold to the first customers. Away from the shops were simply miles of walls, with here and there a “feng-shui” protection—a little wall set up in front of a door to keep out evil spirits; for spirits only move in straight lines, principally along currents of air and water, and cannot turn a corner. They run up against these “feng-shui” walls, and are known to be unable to get any farther; but I never could get a Chinaman to tell me



A MANDARIN'S GARDEN.

beggars. I did not see a dozen such horrors in all, but those few will stay with me. In one place I almost stumbled over a man lying on a bridge across a moat. I supposed the man to be sleeping or tipsy, but Ananias said afterwards that he was dead: “One piecee man makee die,” was the way he put it. Mr. Weldon knew it at the time, and went about all the rest of the day with his entire complexion turned inside out, and his digestion wofully impaired. The smell every-

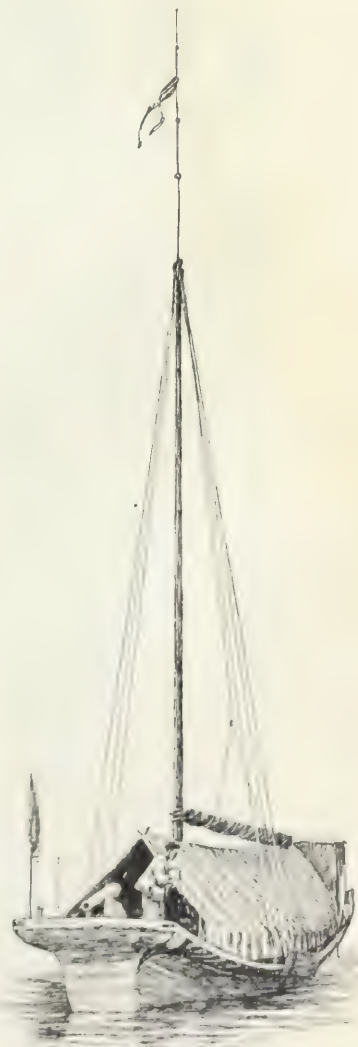
whether they staid there, accumulating and banking up against the wall in masses, or, if not, how they ever got away against the current: “Maskee,” so long as they did not get in the door. Spirits of the evil sorts are uncommonly plentiful in China, and are very much to be dreaded; but it will bring relief to all who love their fellow-men to know that spirits are great fools, as a rule, and that the Chinese understand how to outwit them.



ACRES OF DUCKS.

Canals were frequent within the walls of Soo-chow, and the streets jumped over them upon bridges. Suddenly the compact city ended, and an expanse of fields and trees and open country began. Every city that I saw thus includes its suburbs within its walls. In Soo-chow the middle distance of this country view contained a settlement or little colony of missionaries' houses, hospital, and school. It was a slightly bit of the city that these quarters comprised. The comfortable houses nestled among luxuriant trees that rose in clouds above the solid high walls enclosing each home and building, and within the walls were pretty homelike gardens and the nice household appointments and retinues of servants that give rise to most of the criticism of the missionaries that is so rife in pagan lands. And yet when I come to write the truth about the missionaries, if I ever do, as some of the best of them have asked me to do, it will not be in this spirit—for what is the comfort of a cozy home as compared with the isolation that goes with it, as compared with the hostility of the swarming multitudes that surround it? And who cares how comfortable the missionaries are, if they can convey the higher law to those who do not know it? No; let us criticise those at home who exercise no judgment in the selection of men and women for the work among these ceremonious and cunning millions; and until they study the demands of the work more closely, let us take off our hats to the pluck of the missionaries, even if it is true that most of them do not dream of the pluck that is required of them until they actually reach the Orient and face the situation.

We visited the throne of paganism in Soo-chow—the biggest temple—as we did everywhere, until we learned that all are the same in a general, monotonous, shabby way. Here we found the best temple to be the seat of a busy trade in wall pictures. There was some variety in finding the whole great side of the building given over to the exhibition of paintings and prints, but these were representative of popular modern art, than which nothing in China is more execrable. The temple proper was a bare, dirty place, surfeited with red cloth and gilt-work, and rows of images that were not nearly as cleverly carved as our cigar-store Indians at home. The gods themselves, in their little houses in the centre of the hall, were doubtless interesting to those who knew their history and powers, but they relied on nothing else, for they were cheap and commonplace. If we



A PIRATE-CATCHER.



STREET SCENE IN SOO-CHOW.

had carried a proper religious spirit into the place it would have been dissipated by the curiosity of the people concerning us. From the instant that we were tipped out of our Sedan chairs—as coal is unloaded on a sidewalk—we were so closely followed by the crowd, and so importuned by impudent beggars, that I had no impulse left except to get away again. There was a noble pagoda behind this temple, and we went to look at it, but we had not then learned the fact that a pagoda is always an ornament of a neighborhood, a decoration of a view, and is best appreciated from a distance. If I owned a pagoda I would have to set it up in Central Park, so as to get the good of it myself.

Going about in Sedan chairs was a rare experience. They are chairs with the sides and back carried up and roofed over, and the front closed by a door. They are light as bamboo can make them, and are

covered with dark silk. They rest on top of the middle of two long stout poles that are carried on the shoulders of coolies. If you try to go in one frontwards, two-thirds of you stay outside. You must back in. Then the man at the back lifts the handles, the front man follows suit, and you rise, swaying and toppling above the heads of the public. You see out plainly, and everybody sees in vaguely. If you are as heavy as I am, you will have extra coolies, and every now and then your front bearer will stop his chanting and cry out to his relay. Then he will throw the shafts off his shoulders upon those of the other man, while the same operation is going on behind. Your heart will creak and groan and wrench just as the chair does, and you will be glad when the front bearer puts down his shafts, and you are practically thrown out of the front door.

AN EVANGEL IN CYENE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

THE train drew out of the great Van Buren Street depot at 4.30 of a dark day in late October. A tall young man with a timid look in his eyes was almost the last one to get on, and his pale face wore a worried look as he dropped into an empty seat and peered out at the squalid buildings reeling past in the mist.

The buildings grew smaller, and vacant lots appeared stretching away in flat spaces, broken here and there by ridges of ugly squat little tenement blocks. Over this landscape vast banners of smoke streamed, magnified by the misty rain which was driven in from the lake.

At last there came a swell of land clothed as with trees. It was still light enough to see they were burr-oaks—and the young student's heart thrilled at sight of them. His forehead smoothed out, and his eyes grew tender with boyish memories.

He was seated thus, with head leaning against the pane, when another young man came down the aisle from the smoking-car and took a seat beside him with a pleasant word.

He was a handsome young fellow of twenty three or four. His face was large and beardless, and he had beautiful teeth.

He had a bold and keen look, in spite of the bang of yellow hair which hung over his forehead.

Some commonplaces passed between them, and then silence fell on each. The conductor coming through the car, the smooth-faced young fellow put up a card to be punched, and the student handed up a ticket, simply saying, "Kesota."

After a decent pause the younger man said, "Going to Kesota, are you?"

"Yes."

"So am I. I live there, in fact."

"Do you? Then perhaps you can tell me the name of your County Superintendent. I'm looking for a school." He smiled frankly. "I'm just out of Jackson University, and—"

"That so? I'm an Ann Arbor man myself." They took a moment for mutual warming up. "Yes, I know the Superintendent. Why not come right up to my boarding-place, and to-morrow I'll introduce you. Looking for a school, eh? What kind of a school?"

"Oh, a village school, or even a country school. It's too late to get a good place, but I've been sick, and—"

"Yes, the good positions are all snapped up; still, you might by accident hit on something. I know Mott; he'll do all he

can for you. By-the-way, my name's Allen."

The young student understood this hint and spoke. "Mine is Stacey."

The younger man mused a few minutes, as if he had forgotten his new acquaintance. Suddenly he roused up.

"Say, would you take a country school several miles out?"

"I think I would, if nothing better offered."

"Well, out in my neighborhood they're without a teacher. It's six miles out, and it isn't a lovely neighborhood. However, they will pay fifty dollars a month; that's ten dollars extra for the scrimmages. They wanted me to teach this winter—my sister teaches it in summer—but, great Peter! I can't waste my time teaching school, when I can run up to Chicago and take a shy at the pit and make a whole term's wages in thirty minutes."

"I don't understand," said Stacey.

"Wheat Exchange. I've got a lot of friends in the pit, and I can come in any time on a little deal. I'm no Jim Keene, but I hope to get cash enough to handle \$3000. I wanted the old gent to start me up in it, but he said, 'Nix come arouse.' Fact is, I dropped the money he gave me to go through college with." He smiled at Stacey's disapproving look. "Yes, indeed; there's where the jar came into our tender relations. Oh, I call on the governor—always when I've got a wad. I have fun with him." He smiled brightly. "Ask him if he don't need a little cash to pay for hog-killin', or something like that." He laughed again. "No, I didn't graduate at Ann Arbor. Funny how things go, ain't it? I was on my way back the third year, when I stopped in to see the pit—it's one o' the sights of Chicago, you know—and Billy Krans saw me looking over the rail. I went in, won, and then took a flyer on December. Come a big slump, and I failed to materialize at school."

"What did you do then?" asked Stacey, to whom this did not seem humorous.

"I wrote a contrite letter to the governor, stating case, requesting forgiveness—and money. No go! Couldn't raise neither. I then wrote casting him off, 'You are no longer father of mine.'" He smiled again radiantly. "You should have seen me the next time I went home! Plug hat! Imported suit! Gold watch!

Diamond shirt-stud! Cost me \$200 to paralyze the general, but I did it. My glory absolutely turned him white as a sheet. I knew what he thought, so I said: 'Perfectly legitimate, dad. The walls of Joliet are not gaping for me.' That about half fetched him—calling him *dad*, I mean—but he can't get reconciled to my business. 'Too many ups and downs,' he says. Fact is, he thinks it's gambling, and I don't argue the case with him. I'm on my way home now to stay over Sunday."

The train whistled, and Allen looked out into the darkness. "We're coming to the crossing. Now I can't go up to the boarding-place when you do, but I'll give you directions, and you tell the landlady I sent you, and it'll be all right. Allen, you remember—Herman Allen."

Following directions, Stacey came at length to a two-story frame house situated in the edge of the bank, with its back to the river. It stood alone, with vacant lots all about. A pleasant-faced woman answered his ring.

He explained briefly. "How do you do? I'm a teacher, and I'd like to get board here a few days while passing my examinations. Mr. Herman Allen sent me."

The woman's quick eye and ear were satisfied. "All right. Walk in, sir. I'm pretty full, but I expect I can accommodate you—if you don't mind Mr. Allen for a roommate."

"Oh, not at all," he said, while taking off his coat.

"Come right in this way. Supper will be ready soon."

He went into a comfortable sitting-room, where a huge open fire of soft coal was blazing magnificently. The walls were papered in florid patterns, and several enlarged portraits were on the walls. The fire was the really great adornment; all else was cheap, and some of it was tawdry.

Stacey spread his thin hands to the blaze, while the landlady sat down a moment, out of politeness, to chat, scanning him keenly. She was a handsome woman, strong, well-rounded, about forty years of age, with quick gray eyes and a clean, firm-lipped mouth.

"Did you just get in?"

"Yes. I've been on the road all day," he said, on an impulse of communication. "Indeed, I'm just out of college."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mrs. Mills, stopping her rocking in access of interest. "What college?"

"Jackson University. I've been sick, and only came West—"

There came a look into her face that transformed and transfigured her. "*My* boy was in Ann Arbor. He was killed on the train on his way home one day." She stopped, for fear of breaking into a quaver, and smiled brightly. "That's why I always like college boys. They all stop here with me." She rose hastily. "Well, you'll excuse me, won't you, and I'll go an' 'tend to supper."

There was a great deal that was feminine in Stacey, and he felt at once the pathos of the woman's life. He looked a refined, studious, rather delicate young man, as he sat low in his chair and observed the light and heat of the fire. His large head looked to be full of learning, and his dark eyes were deep with religious fervor.

Several young women entered, and the room was filled with clatter of tongues. Herman came in a few moments later, his face in a girlish glow of color. Everybody rushed at him with loud outcry. He was evidently a great favorite. He threw his arms about Mrs. Mills, giving her a hearty hug. The girls pretended to be shocked when he reached out for them, but they were not afraid of him. They hung on his arms and besieged him with questions till he cried out, in jolly perplexity:

"Girls, girls! This will never do."

Mrs. Mills brushed out his damp yellow curls with her hands. "You're all wet."

"Girls, if you'll let me sit down, I'll take one on each knee," he said, pleadingly, and they released him.

Stacey grew red with sympathetic embarrassment, and shrank away into a corner.

"Go get supper ready," commanded Herman. And it was only after they left that he said to Stacey: "Oh, you found your way all right. I didn't see you—those confounded girls bother me so." He took a seat by the fire and surveyed his wet shoes. "I took a run up to Mott's house—only a half-block out o' the way. He said they'd be tickled to have you at Cyene. By-the-way, you're a theolog, aren't you?" Wallace nodded, and Herman went on: "So I told Mott. He

said you might work up a society out there at Cyene."

"Is there a church there?"

"Used to be, but—say, I tell you what you do: you go out with me to-morrow, and I'll give you the whole history."

The ringing of the bell took them out into the cheerful dining-room in a good-natured scramble. Mrs. Mills put Stacey at one end of the table, near a young woman who looked like a teacher, and he had full sweep of the table, which was surrounded by bright and sunny faces. The station hand was there, and a couple of grocery clerks, and a brakeman sat at Stacey's right hand. The table was very merry. They called each other by their Christian names, and there was very obvious courtship on the part of several young couples.

Stacey escaped from the table as soon as possible, and returned to his seat beside the fire. He was young enough to enjoy the chatter of the rest, but his timidity made him glad they paid so little attention to him. The rain had changed to sleet outside, and hammered at the window viciously, but the blazing fire and the romping young people set it at defiance. The landlady came to the door of the dining-room, dish and cloth in hand, to share in each outburst of laughter, and not infrequently the hired girl peered over her shoulder with a broad smile on her face. A little later, having finished their work, they both came in and took active part in the light-hearted fun.

Herman and one of the girls were having a great struggle over some trifle he had snatched from her hand, and the rest stood about laughing to see her desperate attempts to recover it. This was a familiar form of courtship in Kesota, and an evening filled with such romping was considered a "cracking good time." After the girl, red and dishevelled, had given up, Herman sat down at the organ, and they all sang Moody and Sankey hymns, negro melodies, and college songs till nine o'clock. Then Mrs. Mills called, "Come, now, boys and girls," and they all said good-night, like obedient children.

Herman and Wallace went up to their bedroom together.

"Say, Stacey, have you got a policy?" Wallace shook his head. "And don't want any, I suppose. Well, I just asked you as a matter of form. You see," he went on, winking at Wallace comically,

"nominally I'm an insurance agent, but practically I'm a 'lamb'—but I get a mouthful o' fur myself occasionally. What I'm working for is to get on that Wheat Exchange. That's where you get life! I'd rather be an established broker in that howling mob than go to Congress."

Suddenly a thought struck him. He rose on his elbow in bed and looked at Wallace just as he rose from a silent prayer. Catching his eye, Herman said:

"Say! why didn't you shout? I forgot all about it—I mean your profession."

Wallace crept into bed beside his communicative bedfellow in silence. He didn't know how to deal with such spirits.

"Say!" called Herman, suddenly, as they were about to go to sleep, "you 'ain't got no picnic, old man."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Wait till you see Cyene Church. Oh, it's a daisy snarl!"

"I wish you'd tell me about it."

"Oh, it's quiet now. The calmness of death," said Herman. "Well, you see it came this way. The church is made up of Baptists and Methodists, and the Methodists wanted an organ, because, you understand, father was the head-centre, and Mattie is the only girl among the Methodists who can play. The old man has got a head like a mule. He can't be switched off, once he makes up his mind. Deacon Marsden he don't believe in anything above tuning-forks, and he's tighter'n the bark on a bull-dog. He stood out like a sore thumb, and dad wouldn't give an inch."

"You see, they held meetings every other Sunday. So dad worked up the organ business and got one, and then locked it up when the Baptists held their services. Well, it went from bad to worse. They didn't speak as they passed by—that is, the old folks; we young folks didn't care a continental whether school kept or not. Well, upshot is, the church died out. The wind blew the horse-sheds down, and there they lie—and the church is standing there empty as an—old boot—and—" He grew too sleepy to finish.

Suddenly a comical idea roused Herman again. "Say, Stacey—by Jinks!—are you a Baptist?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Peter! ain't that lovely?" He chuckled shamelessly, and went off to sleep without another word.

II.

Herman was still sleeping when Stacey rose and dressed and went down to breakfast. Mrs. Mills defended Herman against the charge of laziness: "He's probably been out late all the week."

Stacey found Mott in the county courthouse, and a perfunctory examination soon put him in possession of a certificate. There was no question of his attainments.

He didn't see Herman again till dinner-time.

"Well, elder," said the latter, "I'm going down to get a rig to go out home in. It's colder'n a blue whetstone, so put on all the clothes you've got. Gimme your check, and I'll get your traps. Have you seen Mott?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, everything's all fixed."

He turned up about three o'clock, seated on the spring-seat of a lumber-wagon, beside a woman, who drove the powerful team. Whether she was young or old could not be told through her wraps. She wore a cap and a thick faded cloak.

Mrs. Mills hurried to the door. "Why, Mattie Allen! What you doin' out such a day as this? Come in here instanter!"

"Can't stop," called a clear boyish voice. "Too late."

"Well, land o' stars!—you'll freeze."

When Wallace reached the wagon side, Herman said, "My sister, Stacey."

The girl slipped her strong brown hand out of her huge glove and gave him a friendly grip. "Get right in," she said. "Herman, you're going to stand up behind."

Herman appealed to Mrs. Mills for sympathy. "This is what comes of having plebeian connections."

"Oh, dry up," laughed the girl, "or I'll make you drive."

Stacey scrambled in awkwardly beside her. She was not at all embarrassed, apparently.

"Tuck yourself in tight. It's mighty cold on the prairie."

"Why didn't you come down with the baroosh?" grumbled Herman.

"Well, the corn was contracted for and father wasn't able to come—he had another attack of neuralgia last night, after he got the corn loaded—so I had to come."

"Sha'n't I drive for you?" asked Wallace.

"No, thank you. You'll have all you can do to keep from freezing." She looked at his thin coat and worn gloves with keen eyes. He could not see her face—nothing but the pink cheeks, strong nose, and dark smiling eyes.

It was one of those terrible Illinois days when the temperature drops suddenly to zero, and the churned mud of the highways hardens into a sort of scoriac rock, which cripples the horses and sends the heavy wagons booming and thundering along like mad things. The wind was keen and terrible as a saw-bladed sword, and smote incessantly. The desolate sky was one thick impenetrable mass of swiftly flying cloud. When they swung out upon the long pike leading due north, Wallace drew his breath with a gasp, and bent his head to the wind.

"Pretty strong, isn't it?" shouted Mattie.

"Oh, the farmer's life is the life for me, tra-la!" sang Herman, from his shelter behind the seat.

Mattie turned. "What do you think of *Penelope* this month?"

"She's a-gitten there," said Herman, pounding his shoe heels.

"She's too smart for young Corey. She ought to marry a man like Bromfield. My! wouldn't they talk?"

"Did y' get the second bundle of magazines last Saturday?"

"Yes; and dad found something in the *Popular Science* that made him mad, and he burned it."

"Did 'e? Tum-la-la! Oh, the farmer's life for me!"

"Are you cold?" she asked Wallace.

He turned a purple face upon her. "No—not much."

"I guess you better slip right down under the blankets," she advised.

The wind blew gray out of the north—a wild blast which stopped the young student's blood in his veins. He hated to give up, but he could no longer hold the blankets up over his knees, so he slipped down into the corner of the box, with his back to the wind, with the blankets drawn over his head.

The powerful girl slapped the reins down on the backs of the snorting horses, and encouraged them with shouts like a man: "Get out o' this, Dan! Hup there, Nellie!"

The wagon boomed and rattled. The floor of the box seemed beaten with a

maul. The glimpses Wallace had of the land appalled him, it was so flat and gray and bare. The houses seemed poor, and drain-pipe scattered about told how wet it all was.

Herman sang at the top of his voice, and danced, and pounded his feet against the wagon-box. "This ends it! If I can't come home without freezing to death, I don't come. I should have hired a rig, irrespective of you—"

The girl laughed. "Oh, you're getting thin-blooded, Herman. Life in the city has taken the starch all out of you."

"Better grow limp in a great city than freeze stiff in the country," he replied.

An hour's ride brought them into a yard before a large gray-white frame house.

Herman sprang out to meet a tall old man with head muffled up. "Hello, dad! Take the team. We're just naturally froze solid—at least I am. This is Mr. Stacey, the new teacher."

"How de do? Run in; I'll take the horses."

Herman and Wallace stumbled toward the house, stiff and bent.

Herman flung his arms about a tall woman in the kitchen door. "Hello, muz!" he said. "This is Mr. Stacey, the new teacher."

"Draw up to the fire, sir. Herman, take his hat and coat."

Mattie came in soon with a boyish rush. She was gleeful as a happy babe. She unwound the scarf from her head and neck, and hung up her cap and cloak like a man, but she gave her hair a little touch of feminine care, and came forward with both palms pressed to her burning cheeks.

"Did you suffer, child?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"No; I enjoyed it."

Herman looked at Stacey. "I believe on my life she did."

"Oh, it's fun. I don't get a chance to do anything so exciting very often."

Herman clicked his tongue. "Exciting? Well, well!"

"You must remember things are slower here," Mattie explained.

She came to light much younger than Stacey thought her. She was not eighteen, but her supple and splendid figure was fully matured. Her hair hung down her back in a braid, which gave a subtle touch of childishness to her.

"Sis, you're still a-growin'," Herman said, as he put his arm around her waist and looked up at her.

She seemed to realize for the first time that Stacey was a young man, and her eyes fell.

"Well, now, set up the chairs, child," said Mrs. Allen.

When the young teacher returned from his cold spare room off the parlor the family sat waiting for him. They all drew up noisily, and Allen said:

"Ask the blessing, sir?"

Wallace said grace.

As Allen passed the potatoes he continued, "My son tells me you are a minister of the gospel."

"I have studied for it."

"What denomination?"

"Tut, tut!" warned Herman. "Don't start any theological rabbits to-night, dad. With jaw swelled up you won't be able to hold your own."

"I'm a Baptist," Stacey answered.

The old man's face grew grim. It had been ludicrous before with its swollen jaw. "Baptist?" The old man turned to his son, whose smile angered him. "Didn't you know no more'n to bring a Baptist preacher into this house?"

"There, there, father!" began the wife.

"Be quiet. I'm boss of this shanty."

Herman struck in: "Don't make a show of yourself, old man. Don't mind the old gent, Stacey; he's mumpy to-day, anyhow."

Stacey rose. "I guess I—I'd better not stay—I—"

"Oh, no, no! Sit down, Stacey. It's all right. The old man's a little acid at me. He doesn't mean it."

Stacey got his coat and hat. His heart was swollen with grief and indignation. He felt as if something fine were lost to him, and the cold outside was so desolate now.

Mrs. Allen was in tears; but the old man, having taken his stand, was going to keep it.

Herman lost his temper a little. "Well, dad, you're a little the cussedest Christian I ever knew. Stacey, sit down. Don't you be a fool just because he is—"

Stacey was buttoning his coat with trembling hands, when Martha went up to him.

"Don't go," she said. "Father's sick and cross. He'll be sorry for this to-morrow."

Wallace looked into her frank, kindly eyes and hesitated.

Herman said: "Dad, you are a lovely follower of Christ. You'll apologize for this, or I'll never set foot on your threshold again."

Stacey still hesitated. He was hurt and angry, but being naturally a sweet and gentle nature, he grew sad, and, yielding to the pressure of the girl's hand on his arm, he began to unbutton his overcoat.

She helped him off with it, and hung it back on the nail. She did not show tears, but her face was unwontedly grave.

They sat at the table again, and Herman and Mattie tried to restore something of the brightness which had been lost. Allen sat grimly eating, his chin pushed down like a hog's snout.

After supper, as his father was about retiring to his bedroom, Herman fixed his bright eyes on him, and something very hard and masterful came into his boyish face.

"Old man—you and I haven't had a settlement on this thing yet. I'll see you later."

Allen shrank before his son's look, but shuffled sullenly off without uttering a word.

Herman turned to Wallace. "Stacey, I want to beg your pardon for getting you into this scrap. I didn't suppose the old gentleman would act like that. The older he gets, the more his New Hampshire granite shows. I hope you won't lay it up against me."

Wallace was too conscientious to say he didn't mind it, but he took Herman's hand in a quick clasp.

"Let's have a song," proposed Herman. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to charm a rock, and split a cabbage."

They went into the best room, where a fire was blazing, and Mattie and Herman sang hymns and old-fashioned love-songs and college glees wonderfully intermingled. They ended by singing "Lorena," a wailing, supersentimental love-song current in war-times, and when they looked around there was a lofty look on the face of the young preacher—a look of exaltation, of consecration and resolve.

III.

The next morning, at breakfast, Herman said, as he seized a hot biscuit, "We'll dispense with grace this morning,

and till after the war is over." But Wallace blessed his bread in a silent prayer, and Mattie thought it very brave of him to do so.

Herman was full of mockery. "The sun rises just the same, whether it's 'sprinkling' or 'immersion.' It's lucky Nature don't take a hand in these theological contests—she doesn't even referee the scrap. She never seems to care whether you are sparring for points or fighting to a finish. What you theologic middle-weights are really fighting for I can't see—and I don't care, till you fall over the ropes on to my corns."

Stacey listened in a daze to Herman's tirade. He knew it was addressed to Allen, and that it deprecated war, and that it was mocking. The fresh face and smiling lips of the young girl seemed to put Herman's voice very far away. It was such a beautiful thing to sit at table with a lovely girl.

After breakfast he put on his cap and coat and went out into the clear, cold November air. All about him the prairie extended, marked with farm-houses and lined with leafless hedges. Artificial groves surrounded each homestead, relieving the desolateness of the fields.

Down the road he saw the spire of a small white church, and he walked briskly towards it, Herman's description in his mind.

As he came near he saw the ruined sheds, the rotting porch, and the windows boarded up, and his face grew sad. He tried one of the doors, and found it open. Some tramp had broken the lock. The inside was even more desolate than the outside. It was littered with rotting straw and plum stones and melon seeds. Obscene words were scrawled on the walls, and even on the pulpit itself.

Taken altogether it was an appalling picture to the young servant of the Man of Galilee, a blunt reminder of the ferocity and depravity of man.

As he pondered the fire burned, and there rose again the flame of his resolution. He lifted his face and prayed that he might be the one to bring these people into the living union of the Church of Christ.

His blood set toward his heart with tremulous action. His eyes glowed with zeal like that of the Middle Ages. He saw the people united once more in this desecrated hall. He heard the bells ring

ing, the sound of song, the smile of peaceful old faces, and voices of love and fellowship filling the anterooms where hate now scrawled hideous blasphemy against woman and against God.

As he sat there Herman came in, his keen eyes seeking out every stain and evidence of vandalism.

"Cheerful prospect—isn't it?"

Wallace looked up with the blaze of his resolution still in his eyes. His pale face was sweet and solemn.

"Oh, how these people need Christ!"

Herman turned away. "They need killing—about two dozen of 'em. I'd like to have the job of indicating which ones; I wouldn't miss the old man, you bet!" he said, with blasphemous audacity.

Wallace was helpless in the face of such reckless thought, and so sat looking at the handsome young fellow as he walked about.

"Well, now, Stacey, I guess you'll need to move. I had another session with the old man, but he won't give in, so I'm off for Chicago. Mother's brother, George Chapman, who lives about as near the school-house on the other side, will take you in. I guess we'd better go right down now and see about it. I've said good-by to the old man—for good this time; we didn't shake hands either," he said, as they walked down the road together. He was very stern and hard. Something of the father was hidden under his laughing exterior.

Stacey regretted deeply the necessity which drove him out of Allen's house. Mrs. Allen and Mattie had appealed to him very strongly. For years he had lived far from young women, and there was a magical power in the intimate home actions of this young girl. Her bare head, with simple arrangement of hair, somehow seemed the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

He thought of her as he sat at the table with George and his aged mother. They lived alone, and their lives were curiously silent. Once in a while a low-voiced question, and that was all.

George read the *Popular Science*, *Harpur's Monthly Magazine*, and the *Open Court*, and brooded over them with slow intellectual movement. It was wonderful the amount of information he secreted from these periodicals. He was better informed than many college graduates.

He had little curiosity about the young

stranger. He understood he was to teach the school, and he did not go further in inquiry.

He tried Wallace once or twice on the latest discoveries of John Fiske and Edison, and then gave him up and retired to his seat beside the sitting-room stove.

On the following Monday morning school began, and as he took his way down the lane the wrecked church came again to his eyes. He walked past it with slow feet. His was a deeply religious nature, one that sorrowed easily over sin. Suffering of the poor did not trouble him; hunger seemed a little thing beside losing one's everlasting soul. Therefore to come from his studies upon such a monument of human depravity as this church was to receive a shock and to hear a call to action.

Approaching the school-house, his thought took a turn toward his scholars and toward Mattie. He had forgotten to ask her if she intended to be one of his pupils.

There were several children gathered at the school-house door as he came up. It was all very American—the boxlike house of white, the slender teacher approaching, the roughly clad urchins waiting.

He said, "Good-morning, scholars."

They chorussed a queer croak in reply—hesitating, inarticulate, shy. He unlocked the door and entered the cold bare room—familiar, unlovely, with a certain primitive power of associations. In such a room he had studied his primer and his Ray's Arithmetic. In such a room he had made gradual recession from the smallest front seat to the back wall seat; and from one side of such a room to the other he had furtively worshipped a graceful girlish head.

He allowed himself but a moment of such dreaming, and then he assumed command, and with his ready helpers a fire was soon started. Other children came in, timorous as rabbits, slipping by with an eye fixed on him like scared chickens. They pre-empted their seats by putting down books and slates, and there arose sly wars for possession, which he felt in curious amusement—it was so like his own life at that age.

He assumed command as nearly in the manner of the old-time teachers as he could recall, and the work of his teaching was begun. The day passed quickly,

and as he walked homeward again there stood that rotting church, and in his mind there rose a surging emotion larger than he could himself comprehend—a desire to rebuild it by uniting the warring factions, of whose lack of Christianity it was fatal witness.

IV.

Now this mystical thing happened. As this son of a line of preachers brooded on this unlovely strife among men, he lost the equipoise of the scholar and student of modern history. He grew narrower and more intense. The burden of his responsibility as a preacher of Christ grew daily more insupportable.

Toward the end of the week he announced preaching in the school-house on Sunday afternoon, and at the hour set he found the room crowded with people of all ages and sorts.

His heart grew heavy as he looked out over the room on women nursing querulous children, on the grizzled faces of grim-looking men, who eyed him with keen, unsympathetic eyes. He had hard, unfriendly material to work with. There were but few of the opposite camp there, while the Baptist leaders were all there, with more curiosity than sympathy in their faces.

They exulted to think the next preacher to come among them as an evangelist should be a Baptist.

After the singing, which would have dribbled away into failure but for Mattie, Wallace rose, looking very white and weak, and began his prayer. Some of the boys laughed when his voice stuck in his throat, but he went on to the end of an earnest supplication, feeling he had not touched them at all.

While they sang again, he sat looking down at them with dry throat and staring eyes. They seemed so hard, so unchristianlike. What could he say to them? He saw Mattie looking at him, and on the front seat sat three beautiful little girls huddled together with hands clasped; they were inexpressibly dainty by contrast. As he looked at them the thought came to him, what is the goodness of a girl—of a child? It is not partisan—it is not of creeds, of articles—it is goodness of thought, of deeds. His face lighted up with the inward feeling of this idea, and he rose resolutely.

"Friends, with the help of Christ I am

come among you to do you good. I shall hold meetings each night here in the school-house until we can unite and rebuild the church again. Let me say now, friends, that I was educated a Baptist. My father was a faithful worker in the Baptist Church, and so was his father before him. I was educated in a Baptist college, and I came here hoping to build up a Baptist Church." He paused.

"But I see my mistake. I am here to build up a Church of Christ, of good deeds and charity and peace, and so I here say I am no longer a Baptist or Methodist. I am only a preacher, and I will not rest until I rebuild the church which stands rotting away there." His voice rang with intellectual determination as he uttered those words.

The people listened. There was no movement now. Even the babies seemed to feel the need of being silent. When he began again it was to describe that hideous wreck.

Much more he said, carried out of himself by his passion. It was as if the repentant spirit of his denominational fathers were speaking through him; and yet he was not so impassioned that he did not see, or at least feel, the eyes of the strong young girl fixed upon him; his resolution he spoke looking at her, and a swift response seemed to leap from her eyes.

When it was over, some of the Methodists and one of the Baptists came up to shake hands with him, awkwardly wordless, and the pressure of their hands helped him. Many of the Baptist brethren slipped outside to discuss the matter. Some were indignant, others much more moved.

Allen went by him with an audible grunt of derision, and there was a dark scowl on his face, but Mattie smiled at him, with tears still in her eyes. She had been touched by his vibrant voice; she had no sins to repent of.

The sceptics of the neighborhood were quite generally sympathetic. "You've struck the right trail now, parson," said Chapman, as they walked homeward together. "The days of the old-time denominationalism are about played out."

But the young preacher was not so sure of it—now that his inspiration was gone. He remembered his debt to his college, to his father, to the denomination, and it was not easy to set aside the grip of such memories.

He sat late revolving the whole situation in his mind. When he went to bed it was still with him, and involved itself with his dreams; but always the young girl smiled upon him with sympathetic eyes and told him to go on—or so it seemed to him.

He was silent at breakfast. He went to school with a feeling that a return to teaching powerless heads to count and spell was now impossible. He sat in his scarred and dingy desk while they took their places, and his eyes had a passionate intensity of prayer in them which awed the pupils. He had assumed new grandeur and terror in their eyes. When they were seated he bowed his head and uttered a short plea for grace, and then he looked at them again.

On the low front seat, with dangling legs and red round faces, sat the little ones. Someway he could not call them to his knees and teach them to spell; he felt as if he ought to call them to him, as Christ did, to teach them love and reverence. It was impossible that they should not be touched by this neighborhood of hate and strife.

Behind them sat the older children, some of them with rough, hard, sly faces. Some grinned rudely and nudged each other. The older girls sat with bated breath; they felt something strange in the air. Most of them had heard his sermon the night before.

At last he broke silence. "Children, there is something I must say to you this morning. I'm going to have meeting here to-night, and it may be I shall not be your teacher any more—I mean in school. I wish you'd go home to-day and tell your people to come to church here to-night. I wish you'd all come yourselves. I want you to be good. I want you to love God and be good. I want you to go home and tell your people the teacher can't teach you here till he has taught the older people to be kind and generous. You may put your books away, and school will be dismissed."

The wondering children obeyed—some with glad promptness, others with sadness, for they had already come to like their teacher very much.

As he sat by the door and watched them file out, it was as if he were a king abdicating a throne. It was the most momentous hour of his life. He had set his face toward dark waters.

Mrs. Allen came over with Mattie to see him that day. She was a good woman, gentle and prayerful, and she said, with much emotion:

"Oh, Mr. Stacey, I hope you can patch things up here. If you could only touch his heart! He don't mean to do wrong, but he's so set in his ways—if he says a thing he sticks to it."

Stacey looked to Mattie for a word of encouragement, but she only looked away. It was impossible for her to put into words her feeling in the matter, which was more of admiration for his courage than for any part of his religious zeal. He was so different from other men. He had a touch of divinity in him now.

It did him good to have them come, and he repeated his vow:

"By the grace of our Lord, I am going to rebuild the Cyene Church," and his face paled and his eyes grew luminous.

The girl shivered with a sort of awe. He seemed to recede from her as he spoke, and to grow larger, too. Such nobility of purpose was new and splendid to her.

The revival was wondrously dramatic. The little school-house was crowded to the doors night by night. The reek of stable-stained coats and boots, the smell of strong tobacco, the effluvia of many breaths, the heat, the closeness, were forgotten in the fervor of the young evangel's utterances. His voice took on wild emotional cadences without his conscious effort, and these cadences sounded deep places in the heart. To these people, long unused to religious oratory, it was like John and Isaiah. It was poetry and the drama, and processions and apocalyptic visions. He had the histrionic spell, too, and his slender body lifted and dilated, and his head took on majesty and power, and the fling of his white hand was a challenge and an appeal.

A series of dramatic events took place on the third night.

On Wednesday Jacob Turner rose and asked the prayers of his neighbors, and was followed by two Baptist spearmen of the front rank. On Thursday the women all were weeping on each other's bosoms; only one or two of the men held out—old Deacon Allen and his antagonist, Stewart Marsden. Grim-visaged old figures they were, placed among repentant men and weeping women. They sat like

rocks in the rush of the two factions moving toward each other for peaceful union. Granitic, narrow, keen of thrust, they seemed unmoved, while all around them one by one sceptics acknowledged the pathos and dignity of the preacher, vicar of life and death.

Meanwhile the young evangel lived at high-pressure. He grew thinner and whiter each night. He toiled in the daytime to formulate his thoughts for the evening. He could not sleep till far into the night. The food he ate did him little good, while his heart went out constantly to his people in strenuous supplication. It was testimony of his human quality that he never for one moment lost that shining girl face out of his thought. He looked for it there night after night. It was his inspiration in speaking, as at the first.

On the nights when Mattie was not there his speech was labored (as the elders noticed), but on the blessed nights when she came and sang, her voice, amid all the rest, came to him, and uttered poetry and peace like a rill of cool sweet water. And afterward, when he walked home under the stars, his mind went with her, she was so strong and lithe and good to see. He did not realize the worshipping attitude the girl took before divine duties.

At last the great day came—the great night. In some way, perhaps by the growing mass of rushing emotion set in action by some deep-going phrase, or perhaps by some interior slow weakening of stubborn will, Deacon Allen gave way; and when the preacher called for penitents, the old man struggled to his feet, his seamed, weather-beaten face full of grotesque movement. He broke out:

"Brethren, pray for me; I'm a miserable sinner. I want to confess my sins—here—before ye all." He broke into sobbing terrible to hear. "My heart is made—flesh again—by the blessed power of Christ...."

He struggled to get his voice. One or two cried, "Praise God!" but most of them sat silent, awed into immobility.

The old man walked up the aisle. "I've been rebellious—and now I want to shake hands with you all—and I ask your prayers." He bent down and thrust his hand to Marsden, his enemy, while the tears streamed down his face.

Marsden turned white with a sort of

fear, but he rose awkwardly and grasped the outstretched hand, and then every soul rose as if by electric shock. "Amen!" burst forth. The preacher began a fervent prayer, and came down toward the grizzled, weeping old men, and they all embraced, while some old lady with sweet quavering voice raised a hymn, in which all joined, and found grateful relief from their emotional tension.

Allen turned to Mattie and his wife. "My boy—send for him—Herman."

It seemed as if the people could not go away. The dingy little school-house was like unto the shining temple of grace, and the regenerated seemed to fear that to go home might become a return to hate and strife. So they clung around the young preacher and would not let him go.

At last he came out with Allen holding to his arm. "You must come home with us to-night," he pleaded, and the young minister with glad heart consented, for he hoped he might walk beside Mattie; but this was not possible. There were several others in the group, and they moved off two and two up the deep hollows which formed the road in the snow.

The young minister walked with head uplifted to the stars, hearing nothing of the low murmur of talk, conscious only of his great plans, his happy heart, and the strong young girl who walked before him.

In the warm kitchen into which they came he lost something of his spiritual tension, and became more humanly aware of the significance of sitting again with these people. He gave the girl his coat and hat, and then watched her slip off her knitted hood and her cloak. Her eyes shone with returning laughter, and her cheeks were flushed with blood.

Looking upon her, the young evangel lost his look of exaltation, his eyes grew soft, and his limbs relaxed. His silence was no longer rapt—it was the silence of delicious, drowsy reverie.

V.

The next day Wallace did not rise at all. The collapse had come. The bad air, the nervous strain, the lack of sleep, had worn down his slender store of strength, and when the great victory came he fell like a tree whose trunk has been slowly gnawed across by teeth of silent saw. His drowse deepened into torpor.

In the bright winter morning, seated in a gay cutter behind a bay colt strung with clashing bells, Mattie drove to Ketsota for the doctor. She felt the discord between the joyous jangle of the bells, the stream of sunlight, and the sparkle of snow crystals, but it only added to the poignancy of her anxiety.

She had not yet reached self-consciousness in her regard for the young preacher—she thought of him as a noble human being liable to death, and she chirped again and again to the flying colt, whose broad hoofs flung the snow in stinging shower against her face.

A call at the doctor's house sent him jogging out along the lanes, while she sent a telegram to Herman. As she whirled bay Tom into the road to go home, her heart rose in relief that was almost exaltation. She loved horses. She always sang under her breath, chiming to the beat of their bells, when alone, and now she loosened the rein and hummed an old love-song, while the powerful young horse squared away in a trot which was twelve miles an hour—*click, click-click, click-clangle, lang-ling, ling*.

In such air, in such sun, who could die? Her good animal strength rose dominant over fear of death.

She came upon the doctor jogging along in his old blue cutter, dozing in country-doctor style, making up for lost sleep.

"Out o' the way, doctor!" she gleefully called.

The doctor roused up and looked around with a smile. He was not beyond admiring such a girl as that. He snapped his whip-lash lightly on old Sofia's back, who looked up surprised, and seeming to comprehend matters, began to reach out broad, flat, thin legs in a pace which the proud colt respected. She came of illustrious line, did Sofia, scant-haired and ungracious as she now was.

"Don't run over me," called the doctor, ironically, and with Sofia still leading they swung into the yard.

Mattie went in with the doctor, while Allen looked after both horses. They found Chapman attending Wallace—who lay in a dazed quiet—conscious, but not definitely aware of material things.

The doctor looked his patient over carefully. Then he asked, "Who is the young man?"

"He's been teaching here, or rather preaching."

"When did this coom on?"

"Last night. Wound up a big revival last night, I believe. Kind o' caved in, I reckon."

"That's all. Needs rest. He'll be wearin' a wood jacket if he doosna leave off preachin'."

"Regular jamboree. I couldn't stop him. One of these periodical neighborhood 'awakenings,' they call it."

"They have need of it here, na doot."

"Well, they need something—love for God—or man."

"M—well! It's lettles I can do. The wumman can do more, if the mon 'll be eatin' what they cuke for 'im," said the candid old Scotchman. "Mak' 'im eat. Mak' 'im eat."

Once more Tom pounded along the shining road to Kesota to meet the six-o'clock train from Chicago.

Herman, magnificently clothed in fur-lined ulster and cap, alighted with unusually grave face and hurried toward Mattie.

"Well, what is it, sis? Mother sick?"

"No; it's the teacher. He is unconscious. I've been for the doctor. Oh, we were scared!"

He looked relieved, but a little chagrined. "Oh, well, I don't see why I should be yanked out of my boots by a telegram because the teacher is sick! He isn't kin—yet."

For the first time a feeling of shame and confusion swept over Mattie, and her face flushed.

Herman's keen eyes half closed as he looked into her face.

"Mat—what—what! Now look here—how's this? Where's Ben Holly's claim?"

"He never had any." She shifted ground quickly. "Oh, Herman, we had a wonderful time last night! Father and Uncle Marsden shook hands—"

"What?" shouted Herman, as he fell in a limp mass against the cutter. "Bring a physician—I'm stricken."

"Don't act so! Everybody's looking."

"They'd better look. I'm drowning while they wait."

She untied the horse and came back.

"Climb in there and stop your fooling, and I'll tell you all about it."

He crawled in with tearing groans of mock agony, and then leaned his head against her shoulder. "Well, go on, sis; I can bear it now."

She nudged him to make him sit up.

"Well, you know we've had a revival."

"So you wrote. Must have been a screamer to fetch dad and old Marsden. A regular Pentecost of Shinar."

"It was—I mean it was beautiful. I saw father was getting stirred up. He prayed almost all day yesterday and at night. Well, I can't tell you, but Wallace talked, oh, so beautiful and tender!"

"She calls him Wallace?" mused Herman, like a comedian.

"Hush! And then came the hand-shaking, and then the minister came home with us, because father asked him to."

"Well, well! I supposed *you* must have asked him."

The girl was hurt, and she showed it. "If you make fun, I won't tell you another word," she said.

"Away Chicago! enter Cyene! Well, come, I won't fool any more."

"Then after Wallace—I mean—"

"Let it stand. Come to the murder."

"Then father came and asked me to send for you, and mother cried, and so did he. And, oh, Hermie, he's so sweet and kind! Don't make fun of him, will you? It's splendid to have him give in, and everybody feels glad that the district will be all friendly again."

Herman did not gibe again. His voice was gentle. The pathos in the scene appealed to him. "So the old man sent for me himself, did he?"

"Yes; he could hardly wait till morning. But this morning, when we came to call the teacher he didn't answer, and father went in and found him unconscious. Then I went for the doctor."

Bay Tom whirled along in the splendid dusk, his breath flaring like ghostly banners on the cold crisp air. The stars overhead were points of green and blue and crimson light, low-hung, changing each moment.

Their influence entered the soul of the mocking young fellow. He felt very solemn, almost melancholy, for a moment.

"Well, sis, I've got something to tell you all. I'm going to tell it to you by degrees. I'm going to be married."

"Oh!" she gasped, with quick, indrawn breath. "Who?"

"Don't be ungrammatical, whatever you do. She's a cashier in a restaurant, and she's a fine girl," he added, steadily,

as if combating a prejudice. He forgot for the moment that such prejudices did not exist in Cyene.

Sis was instantly tender, and very, very serious.

"Of course she is, or you wouldn't care for her. Oh, I'd like to see her!"

"I'll take you up some day and show her to you."

"Oh, will you? Oh, when can I go?" She was smit into gravity again. "Not till the teacher is well."

Herman pretended to be angry. "Dog take the teacher, the old spindle-legs! If I'd known he was going to raise such a ruction in our quiet and peaceable neighborhood, I never would have brought him here."

Mattie did not laugh; she pondered. She never quite understood her brother when he went off on those queer tirades, which might be a joke or an insult. He had grown away from her in his city life.

They rode on in silence the rest of the way, except now and then an additional question from Mattie concerning his sweet-heart.

As they neared the farm-house she lost interest in all else but the condition of the young minister. They could see the light burning dimly in his room, and in the parlor and kitchen as well, and this unusual lighting stirred the careless young man deeply. It was associated in his mind with death and birth, and also with great joy.

The house was lighted so the night his elder brother died, and it looked so to him when he whirled into the yard with the doctor when Mattie was born.

"Oh, I hope he isn't worse!" said the girl, with deep feeling.

Herman put his arm about her, and she knew he knew.

"So do I, sis."

Allen came to the door as they drove in, and the careless boy realized suddenly the emotional tension his father was in. As the old man came to the sleigh-side he could not speak. His fingers trembled as he took the outstretched hand of his boy.

Herman's voice shook a little:

"Well, dad, Mattie says the war is over."

The old man tried to speak, but only coughed, and then he blew his nose. At last he said, brokenly,

"Go right in; your mother's waitin'."

It was singularly dramatic to the youth. To come from the careless, superficial life of his city companions into contact with such primeval passions as these made him feel like a spectator at some new and powerful and tragic play.

His mother fell upon his neck and cried, while Mattie stood by pale and anxious. Inside the parlor could be heard the mumble of men's voices.

In such wise do death and the fear of death fall upon country homes. All day the house had swarmed with people. All day this mother had looked forward to the reconciliation of her husband with her son. All day had the pale and silent minister of God kept his corpselike calm, while all about the white snow gleamed, and radiant shadows filled every hollow, and the cattle bawled and frisked in the barn-yard, and the fowls cackled joyously, while the mild soft wind breathed warmly over the land.

Mattie cried out to her mother in quick, low voice, "Oh, mother, how is he?"

"He ain't no worse. The doctor says there ain't no immediate danger."

The girl brought her hands together girlishly, and said: "Oh, I'm so glad. Is he awake?"

"No; he's asleep."

"Is the doctor still here?"

"Yes."

"I guess I'll step in," said Herman.

The doctor and George Chapman sat beside the hard-coal heater, talking in low voices. The old doctor was permitting himself the luxury of a story of pioneer life. He rose with automatic courtesy, and shook hands with Herman.

"How's the sick man getting on?"

"Vera well—vera well—consederin' the mon is a complete worn-out—that's all—naething more. Thes floom-a-didale bezniss of rantin' away on the fear o' the Laird for sax weeks wull have worn out the frame of a bool-dawg."

Herman and Chapman smiled. "I hope you'll tell her that."

"Na fear, yoong mon," said the grim old Scotchman. "Weel, now ai'll juist go tak' anither look at him."

Herman went in with the doctor, and stood looking on while the old man peered and felt about. He came out soon, and leaving a few directions with Herman and Chapman, took his departure. Everything seemed favorable, he said.

There was no longer poignancy of anxiety in Mattie's mind. She was too much of a child to imagine the horror of loss. She was grave and gay by turns. Her healthy and wholesome nature continually reasserted itself over the power of her newly attained woman's interest in the young preacher. She went to bed and slept dreamlessly, while Herman yawned and inwardly raged at the fix in which circumstances had placed him.

Like many another lover, days away from his sweetheart were lost days. He wondered how she would take all the life down here. It would be good fun to bring her down, anyway, and hear her talk. He planned such a trip, and grew so interested in the thought he forgot his patient.

In the early dawn Wallace rallied and woke. Herman heard the rustle of the pillow, and turned to find the sick man's eyes looking at him fixedly, calm but puzzled. Herman's lips slowly changed into a beautiful boyish smile, and Wallace replied by a faint parting of the lips, when Herman said:

"Hello, old man! How do you find yourself?" His hearty humorous greeting seemed to do the sick man good. Herman approached the bed. "Know where you are?" Wallace slowly put out a hand, and Herman took it. "You're coming on all right. Want some breakfast? Make it bucks?" he said, in Chicago restaurant slang. "White wings—sunny—one up coff."

All this was good tonic for Wallace, and an hour later he sipped broth, while Mrs. Allen and the Deacon and Herman stood watching the process with apparently consuming interest. Mattie was still soundly sleeping.

There began delicious days of convalescence, during which he looked peacefully out at the coming and going of the two women, each possessing powerful appeal to him—one the motherly presence which had been denied him for many years, the other something he had never permitted himself—a sweetheart's daily companionship.

He lay there planning his church, and also his home. Into the thought of a new church came shyly but persistently the thought of a fireside of his own, with this young girl sitting in the glow of it waiting for him. His life had held little

romance in its whole length. He had earned his own way through school and to college. His slender physical energies had been taxed to their utmost at every stage of his climb, but now it seemed as though some blessed rest and peace were at hand.

Meanwhile, the bitter partisans met each other coming and going out of the gate of the Allen estate, and the goodness of God shone in their softened faces. Herman was sceptical of its lasting quality, but was forced to acknowledge that it was a lovely gift. He it was who made the electrical suggestion to rebuild the church as an evidence of good faith.

The enthusiasm of the neighborhood took flame. It should be done. A meeting was called. Everybody subscribed money or work. It was a generous outpouring of love and faith.

It was Herman also who counselled secrecy. "It would be a nice thing to surprise him," he said. "We'll agree to keep the scheme from him at home, if you don't give it away."

They set to work like bees. The women came down one day and took possession with brooms and mops and soap, and while the carpenters repaired the windows they fell savagely upon the grime of the seats and floors. The walls of the church echoed with girlish laughter. Everything was scoured, from the door-hinges to the altar rails. New doors were hung and a new stove secured, and then came the painters to put a new coat of paint on the inside. The cold weather forbade repainting the outside.

The sheds were rebuilt by men whose hearts glowed with old-time fire. It was like pioneer times, when "barn-raising" and "bees" made life worth while in a wild stern land. It was a beautiful time. The old men were moved to tears, and the younger rough men shouted cheery cries to hide their own deep emotion. Hand met hand in heartiness never shown before. Neighbors frequented each other's homes, and the old times of visiting and brotherly love came back upon them. Nothing marred the perfect beauty of their revival—save the fear of its evanescence. It seemed too good to last.

Meanwhile love of another and merrier sort went on. The young men and maidens turned prayer-meeting into trysts, and scrubbing-bees into festivals. They rode from house to house under

glittering stars, over sparkling snows, singing:

"Hallelujah! 'tis done:
I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood
Of the Crucified One."

And their rejoicing chorus was timed to the clash of bells on swift young horses. Who shall say they did not right? Did the Galilean forbid love and joy?

No matter. God's stars, the mysterious night, the bells, the watchful bay of dogs, the sting of snow, the croon of loving voices, the clasp of tender arms, the touch of parting lips—these things, these things outweigh death and hell, and all that makes the criminal tremble. Being saved, they must of surety rejoice.

And through it all Wallace crawled slowly back to life and strength. He ate of Mother Allen's chicken broth and of toast of Mattie's care-taking hand, and gradually assumed color and heart. His solemn eyes looked at the powerful young girl with an intensity which seemed to take her strength from her. She would gladly have given her blood for him, if it had occurred to her, or if it had been suggested as a good thing; instead she gave him potatoes baked to a nicety, and buttered toast that would melt on the tongue, and, on the whole, they served the purpose better.

One day a smartly dressed man called to see Wallace. Mattie recognized him as the Baptist clergyman from Kesota. He came in, and introducing himself, said he had heard of the excellent work of Mr. Stacey, and that he would like to speak with him.

Wallace was sitting in his chair in the parlor. Herman was in Chicago, and there was no one but Mrs. Allen and Mattie in the house.

The Kesota minister introduced himself to Wallace, and then entered upon a long eulogium upon his work in Cyene. He asked after his credentials, his plans, his connections, and then he said:

"You've done a *fine* work in softening the hearts of these people. We had almost *despaired* of doing anything with them. Yes, you have done a *won-der-ful* work, and now we must reorganize a regular society here. I will be out again when you get stronger, and we'll see about it."

Wallace was too weak to take any stand in the talk, and so allowed him to get up

and go away without protest or explanation of his own plans.

When Herman came down on Saturday, he told him of the Baptist minister's visit and the proposition. Herman stretched his legs out toward the fire and put his hands in his pockets. Then he rose and took a strange attitude, such as Wallace had seen in comic pictures—it was, in fact, the attitude of a Bowery boy.

"Say—look here! If you want 'o set dis community by de ears agin, you do dat ting—see? You play dat confidence game and dey'll rat ye—see? You invite us to come into a non-partisan deal—see?—and den you springs your own platform on us in de joint caucus—and we won't stand it! Dis goes troo de way it began, or we don't play—see?"

Out of all this Wallace deduced his own feeling—that continued peace and good-will lay in keeping clear of all doctrinal debates and disputes—the love of Christ, the desire to do good and to be clean. These emotions had been roused far more deeply than he realized, and he lifted his face to God in the hope that no lesser thing should come in to mar the beauty of his Church.

There came a day when he walked out in the sunshine, and heard the hens caw-cawing about the yard, and saw the young colts playing about the barn. And the splendor of the winter day dazzled him as if he were looking upon the broad-flung robe of the Most High. Everywhere the snow lay ridged with purple and brown hedges. Smoke rose peacefully from chimneys, and the sound of boys skating on a near-by pond added the human element.

The trouble of concealing the work of the community upon the church increased daily, and Mattie feared that some hint of it had come to him. She had her plan. She wanted to drive him down herself, and let him see the reburnished temple alone. But this was impossible. On the day when he seemed able to go, her father drove them all down. Marsden was there also, and several of his women-folks, putting down a new carpet on the platform. As they drew near the church, Wallace said,

"Why, they've fixed up the sheds!"

Mattie nodded. She was trembling with the delicious excitement of it—she wanted him hurried into the church at

once. He had hardly time to think before he was whirled up to the new porch, and Marsden came out, followed by several women. He was bewildered by it all. Marsden helped him out, with hearty voice sounding:

"Careful now. Don't hurry!"

Mattie took one arm, and so he entered the church. Everything repainted. Everything warm and bright and cozy.

The significance of it came to him like a wave of light, and he took his seat in the pulpit-chair and stared at them all with a look on his pale face which moved them more than words. He was like a man transfigured by an inward light. His eyes for an instant glowed with this marvellous fire, then moistened with tears, and his voice came in a sob of joy, and he could only say,

"Friends—brethren."

Marsden, after much coughing, said:

"We all united on this. We wanted to have you come to the church then. Well, we couldn't bear to have you see it again the way it was."

He understood it now. It was the sign of a united community. It set the seal of Christ's victory over evil passions, and the young preacher's head bowed in prayer, and they all knelt, while his weak voice returned thanks to the Lord for his gifts.

Then they all rose and shook off the oppressive solemnity, and he had time to look around at all the changes. At last he turned to Mattie and reached out his hand—he had the boldness of a man in the shadow of some mighty event which makes false modesty and conventions shadowy things of little importance. His sharpened interior sense read her clear soul, and he knew she was his, therefore he reached her his hand, and she came to him with a flush on her face, which died out as she stood proudly by his side, while he said,

"And Martha shall help me."

Therefore this good thing happened—that in the midst of his fervor and his consecration to God's work, the love of woman found a place.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

VI.

A PRUSSIAN CHRONICLE OF NOBLE CRIMINALS.

"NOBLES only," once said Frederick the Great, "possess in general the sense of honor, and on that account it is important that we draw our officers as much as possible from that class."

How savagely and how soon this dictum of the great King was to be tested, few in Germany imagined; least of all that the blame of Jena should be traced directly to the cowardice, self-conceit, indolence, and ignorance of officers trained in this school.

On October 14, 1806, the Prussian King left his army, when, if ever, his presence might have been of use. He hurried away without having done anything to provide for the future; his commander-in-chief was no more, and no one appeared to know which way to turn. Napoleon lost no time in recognizing the situation, and set off in such hot pursuit that within ten days from leaving Jena he was comfortably installed in the favor-

ite summer residence of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, about fourteen miles out of Berlin, having traversed about two hundred miles of the best part of Germany as agreeably as if he had come by special invitation of the King. While enjoying the luxuries of Sans Souci, the name which Frederick the Great had given to this charming palace, he utilized the opportunity of visiting the church where the great Prussian King lies buried. Strange thoughts must have passed through the Corsican's mind as he contemplated the tomb of that man. What if Frederick the Great had been leading Prussia in 1806? Could this be the same Prussia? And so easily conquered? For when Frederick died, Napoleon was already sixteen years old. Whatever the philosophic reasoning may have been at this time, we know that he marked his admiration for Frederick by stealing a sword belonging to that monarch and sending it to the "Invalides" in Paris. It was popularly supposed that Napoleon sent to Paris Frederick's battle-sword, but this is a mistake. That sword was saved

in time. Napoleon secured only a sword that had been presented to Frederick by the Emperor Paul of Russia.

On the way from Jena, Napoleon passed the battle-field of Rossbach, where in 1757 Frederick the Great and his Prussians, numbering only 22,000, had put to flight an army of Frenchmen and their allies numbering 60,000. The stone commemorating this battle he ordered removed to Paris—as though he could alter the historical fact by shifting the historical record!

In parenthesis we may say that Napoleon, in his German campaigns, stole everything that took his fancy—pictures, statues, money, curios, private papers—in short, was held back by no conventional notions of honesty or social decency.

From Jena onward through Prussia the French army had a march almost as pleasant as that of their great commander. While Napoleon journeyed on a straight line towards Potsdam and Berlin, a strong force went in pursuit of the King's remnants. The Prussians from Jena attempted to reach Stettin, at the mouth of the Oder. But the French had the shortest road, straight through Halle, Wittenberg, and Berlin. The poor worn-out Prussians had to describe an arc running through Magdeburg, Tangermünde, Prenzlau, passing Berlin fifty miles to the westward, and wearing themselves out uselessly in a desperate race destined to end only in further disgrace.

The evening of Jena, October 14th, the French occupied Weimar—Goethe's house amongst others. Next day they went on to Erfurt, about fourteen miles westward, which town was a strong fortress, with a garrison of 10,000 Prussian soldiers. A prince was in command here, though not Prince Hohenlohe. The French appeared before the gates with a small detachment of cavalry and demanded surrender. The prince promptly acceded, and on October 16th the 10,000 soldiers were handed over as prisoners of war, along with an immense amount of military stores—for Erfurt had been originally designated as the chief base of supplies for the Prussian army.

This was the first fortress to fall, and it fell without a single blow. The 10,000 Prussians were rounded up like cattle, and marched off into captivity by an escort of only 500 Frenchmen. In fact, the

French had so few men at Erfurt that they could not even furnish the necessary guard-mounting.

The fact that 10,000 Prussians could be tamely marched out of Erfurt by this small number of conquerors argues of itself a very scant desire for liberty on the part of the 10,000. But a plucky young hussar lieutenant named Hellwig, a German, who fancied that all Germans dreaded shame more than death, determined to free his fellow-soldiers. He ambushed himself near Eisenach, where little Martin Luther had been at school, and there, under the shadow of the Wartburg, awaited the drove of prisoners marching by way of Gotha. His enterprise was successful, and he managed to convey them in safety to the university town of Göttingen, about fifty miles to the north, on the road to Hanover. Honor to Hellwig for showing pluck in a war where cowardice ruled in many high places!

But the story has a painfully comic end. These liberated Prussians had no stomach for more fighting. Instead of joining their regiments, they promptly deserted, each according to his fancy; for Göttingen was a point beyond the reach of Prussian drill-sergeants.

Spandau is the fortress of Berlin. It is on an island at the confluence of the Havel and Spree, a position most difficult to approach, and so strong that within its walls was deposited not merely an enormous mass of war material, but the great money fund that was to pay for the first stages of war. The Prussian commander of this fortress wrote to Frederick William III., on October 23d, that he would hold out until there remained nothing but ruins. But in two days from making this boast he surrendered without having fired a shot. He preserved enough presence of mind, however, to stipulate that his chicken-coops should be respected. It seems incredible to-day, but at that time, when the army marched to Jena, wagons with grating at the sides and filled with chickens were a feature of the baggage trains. At the close of the war the cowardly commander was court-martialled and ordered to be shot. But the King commuted this sentence into imprisonment for life.

On October 28th the same Prince Hohenlohe who had distinguished himself by abandoning his troops after Jena found himself again in command of 10,000 in-

fantry and nearly 2000 cavalry, near Prenzlau, about thirty miles westward of Stettin. Here he became frightened by a handful of Frenchmen, and surrendered the town and his whole command without even attempting to make a fight. This sent into French captivity the famous Foot-guards of Potsdam and Berlin—the King's pet troops. The act of surrender lost to Prussia a valuable army corps; but that was not all. Other generals argued to themselves, "Why should I fight, when Prince Hohenlohe surrenders?" It was a cowardly bit of soldier-work which placed a stain upon his country. Yet this princely poltroon was never called before a court martial. His soldiers he surrendered into captivity, but himself sought ease at his country-seat in Silesia.

Stettin in 1806 was commanded by a rickety old granny of a general eighty-one years of age. He had under him a strong fortress, well supplied with stores of all kinds and 5000 men, who were rapidly being added to by fugitives from the south. This town is a most important strategic point, as commanding the entrance of the Oder and the line of communication between the capital and eastern Prussia. As we have seen, the remnants of the Jena army had expected to make this their common place of refuge.

On October 29th a French hussar youngster rode into the town, and without wasting words demanded its surrender. The old governor was so much taken aback that he refused. The Frenchman rode away.

But no sooner had he disappeared than the old governor called a council and hurriedly drew up papers of capitulation. While they were still at this work the French lieutenant returned with a flag of truce, and was immediately given a paper in German, which he was begged to translate into French. This paper surrendered Stettin, with all it contained, and sent over 5000 Prussian soldiers into captivity.

On October 30th the shameful act was concluded, in the presence of a few squadrons of French cavalry and two pieces of cannon.

It is hard to say whether the surrender of Stettin was more or less shameful than any of the others. In 1809 the governor, who by that time had reached his eighty-fourth year, was tried by court martial, and sentenced to death. But the King, no doubt concluding that he was too old

to do much more mischief, pardoned him also.

Stettin had no sooner thrown itself away than, on the day following, a single French regiment of infantry presented itself before Küstrin, another great fortress on the Oder, about sixty miles east of the capital. The Frenchman coolly demanded the surrender of this fortress, with its garrison of 13,000 men and ninety guns. The demand was ridiculous on the face of it, but reasonable to such creatures as commanded Prussian fortresses at that time. In fact, this very same commander, strange as it may seem, had already been once dismissed from the service for cowardice, but, stranger still, had been reinstated through family influence. We seem to be moving through a wicked dreamland when forced to note such military events as these in a country which a few years before was the envy of all soldiers.

Within a short distance to the north-east of this town is the little village of Zorndorf, where the great Frederick, with only 30,000 men, gained a splendid victory over 50,000 Russians; and now in 1806 the town itself, well walled, well manned, well armed, surrendered to a handful of Frenchmen, and all because the King of Prussia had chosen to make commander of this place one who had already been convicted of gross unfitness for a post of any kind.

The Prussian King and Queen had been here shortly before, had inspected the place in person, and enjoined upon the commander his duty to hold it to the very last extreme; for the longer the French could be delayed in their eastward march, the more time was gained for the Russian allies to arrive, and new regiments to be raised in those parts of the kingdom that had not yet suffered by the war.

The commandant, however, no sooner heard the French summons to surrender than he quickly called the inevitable council, and urged upon them the necessity of immediate surrender. The indignant garrison threw down their arms in the market-place—2400 Prussian soldiers surrendered themselves prisoners of war to three companies of French infantry within the walls of their own fortress, on November 1, 1806. Not a shot had been fired, not a gun pointed.

This commandant, a count, was also tried by court martial after the war. He

was condemned to death, but the King commuted his sentence also.

Five fortresses surrendered within two weeks of Jena, and so rapidly as to look as though their commanders were in French pay. This is surely enough for one season. But no; all these together are trifling compared to what followed. The day that saw the handing over of Küstrin was the one on which the commander of Magdeburg swaggered about saying that he, at least, would never surrender until the firing got so hot as to burn the handkerchief in his pocket. This man, like his colleague at Küstrin, had been once cashiered for cowardice, and like him reinstated to a command that represented one of the strongest places in the kingdom, seventy-five miles south-westerly of the capital, and situated on the line of the invading armies. The King had passed through here in his flight from Jena. Magdeburg had at that time, as now, great strength—a garrison of 24,000 men, 600 guns, and enormous supplies. Even if the King had decided that Prussians should no longer fight, but should allow themselves to be stuck like pigs, was there any good reason for allowing valuable military stores to go to the enemy? Magdeburg lies on the Elbe, in the centre of water communication with Berlin, as well as the rest of North Germany, and much of the suffering which Prussia subsequently endured for want of provisions and accoutrements and guns might have been spared had the King appointed to Magdeburg an honest man of affairs, to say nothing of a competent officer.

It took seven months of most desperate siege to conquer Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War, and then it was by storm, and when its citizens had endured to the very extremity. In 1806, not the citizens, but the King's representative handed the place over, on the 11th of November, as though it were a pinch of snuff. This Prussian commandant was a most noble count, seventy-three years old, and described as rather senile. The French had no forces at hand capable of besieging the place; had not even brought up any guns. But the venerable aristocrat nevertheless called a council of war, and informed its members that he proposed to surrender the place.

A German chronicler (Pertz) says that the nineteen members of this military

council aggregated 1400 years of life, which gives a pretty high average for the individual. One of these generals, however, who was only seventy-two years old, ventured to remonstrate against the surrender by dwelling on the fact that they had plenty of war material, and could make a long fight of it.

The commandant promptly called him to order in these words: "You are the youngest one here. You will give your opinion when it is asked!" And then they proceeded to sign the contract of shame and filed away in silence.

Napoleon had a splendid bulletin to publish on the 12th of November: "We have made prisoner 20 generals, 800 officers, 22,000 soldiers, of whom 2000 are artillerists. Besides, 54 flags, 5 standards, 802 cannon, one million pounds of powder, a great pontoon train, and an enormous amount of artillery material."

Kulmbach, about eight miles from Bai-reuth, is no longer a fortified place, and is remembered only from being seen on the label of beer-bottles. In 1806, however, it surrendered to the French without firing a shot, on November 25th.

Hamelin, the same that behaved so badly to the Piper, did worse things still on November 21, 1806; for on that day it surrendered a fortress, her garrison of 10,000 men, and a splendid supply of war material to a Frenchman who had under him but 6000 all told. Only a few days before, the commandant had proclaimed that whoever talked of capitulation should be shot. Amongst the younger officers, who felt most keenly the dastardly character of his commander's act, was one of the few Frenchmen who have succeeded in becoming good Germans—the brilliant poet Chamisso. He wrote to a friend: "Another stain rests upon the name of Germany this day; it is consummated; the cowardly deed is done; the town has surrendered!" This was the poet whose tale of the man without a shadow was to make him famous. It is needless to say that the commandant of Hamelin was of noble name, a weak-headed old man seventy-five years old. His crime was partially atoned for by the fact that nearly all the garrison deserted before the French entered the place.

Breslau, the capital of Silesia, one of the richest towns in the country, and soon to become the centre of a new German patriotism, was surrendered under dis-

graceful circumstances on the 5th of January, 1807. Near here, in 1757, the great Frederick, with 33,000 men, engaged and completely routed an army of 92,000 Austrians, captured over 20,000 prisoners, 134 cannon, 4000 field wagons, and 59 standards—by this blow once more bringing all of Silesia within his power. And men were still in the army who had fought under this commander.

Not far from Breslau, thirty miles in a southwesterly direction, lies the fortress of Schweidnitz, that sustained four sieges in the Seven Years' War, and was eager to stand another when Napoleon's men demanded its surrender. Its commandant, another rotten branch of the King's tree, was, by his officers, suspected of treachery, and to quiet their suspicions he bombastically proclaimed that "so long as I am in command a capitulation is not to be thought of!" On the next day he surrendered the fortress. There were other disgraceful surrenders during these weeks—let us skip the rest. It is a dirty chronicle of treachery, cowardice, and incapacity. The American war of independence developed one Benedict Arnold in seven years, but this short campaign developed a dozen in as many weeks. If I have dwelt to monotonous length upon these shameful surrenders, it is that they deserve to be remembered at a time when some of the great military powers of Europe are drifting towards a revival of aristocratic pretensions based upon the profession of arms alone. It is well to recall that in 1806 the disgrace of Prussia was brought about by an army officered almost exclusively by nobles. The most flagrant cases of incapacity and cowardice were those of highly placed aristocrats leading the life of the professional soldier. This does not prove that men of noble blood may not be worthy soldiers, but it does warn us that pedigree and title are not of themselves sufficient to save men from the consequences of vanity, idleness, self-indulgence, ignorance, or any other of the many failings that undermine character.

VII.

A FUGITIVE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

AN honest man with a warm heart was the great German physician Hufeland. He was in Berlin when the battles of Jena and Auerstädt were being fought,

and waited with his friends for news of victory. Had his King been as well provided with telegraphic heliographs as his antagonist, the news of that battle would have reached Unter den Linden on the evening of October 14th. But the capital of Prussia had worse than no news.

Hufeland wrote in his diary that "on October 16th Berlin celebrated a victory for the Prussian army, and that he spent the evening with the philosopher Fichte." This was two days after the battle, and when the Prussian army had already ceased to exist.

The honest physician has another entry in his valuable diary: "On the 18th [of October, 1806], at six o'clock in the morning, I was called by the Queen to the palace. She had arrived during the night. I found her with eyes inflamed from tears, hair down her back—a picture of despair. She came towards me, saying, 'Everything is lost; I must fly with my children, and you must go with us.'" That was at six o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock he was off with the Queen, having had just time to leave final directions of the greatest importance.

But Luise had been allowed no time either to pack up or even to collect her most private papers. She had been stopped when driving from Weimar to Auerstädt on the eve of the battle, and ordered to get out of the way to a safe place. So back she drove to Berlin.

On October 14th, an hour before Napoleon's artillery commenced to play upon her husband's sleepy tents, Luise started again from Weimar, escorted by sixty cavalymen. The roads were bad; the Queen's carriage broke down, and she abandoned it for an open trap. On the 15th she heard that her husband had gained a glorious victory, and on October 17th she reached Berlin to learn that her crown was in danger, that she must not stop, but fly on to the Baltic—to Stettin.

So off hurried this hunted Queen on the 18th, not being allowed even one night's rest after being thumped and bumped over very bad roads for the last four days. She left her lady-in-waiting, the prim old Countess Voss, to hurry up the packing and follow on the 19th; but the old lady was evidently too much flustered by the general panic to do much, for when Napoleon took possession, five days later, he amused himself by reading

the private correspondence of the Queen, and rummaging like a sneak amidst her most private possessions.

During this flight from Jena, Luise had no news whatever of her husband until she reached Stettin, two hundred and fifty miles away. She had absolutely no idea of the general state of the country, and no one to whom she could turn for advice.

The Governor of Berlin, when he heard that his King had lost a battle, took no steps towards placing the capital in a state of defence. He discouraged the people who attempted to organize; he did not even seek to remove the military stores to a place of safety. The patriots who felt that citizens should fight for their home and country were met by this placard upon all the walls: "The citizen's first duty is to be quiet."

This was the Governor who met Queen Luise in Berlin on the night of October 17th and ordered her to move away early next morning to Stettin. He too, like the cowardly commanders of the fortresses, bore a high-sounding name of patrician origin. Had a plain honest soldier commanded Berlin then, he might have saved his country. He would have greeted his Queen with words somewhat in this sense:

"The King has lost a battle. What of that? The great Frederick also lost battles now and then. Napoleon has only 150,000 men. Let us make a stand here, and hold our ground until the King can

gather a new army. Berlin is splendidly situated for defence. The Berliners are plucky and patriotic. They love their Queen, and will die rather than hand her a prisoner to the French. The King has more than 100,000 men who were not engaged at Jena; Napoleon is far from his base; the Russians are marching to our assistance; the winter is coming on; the advantage will be all on our side."

Had the Governor of Berlin spoken in this spirit to the hunted Queen, she would have responded with enthusiasm. The citizens would have thrown up earth-



NAPOLEON AT THE DESK OF FREDERICK THE GREAT AT SANS SOUCI.

works as they did in 1813, and the French would have received a check.

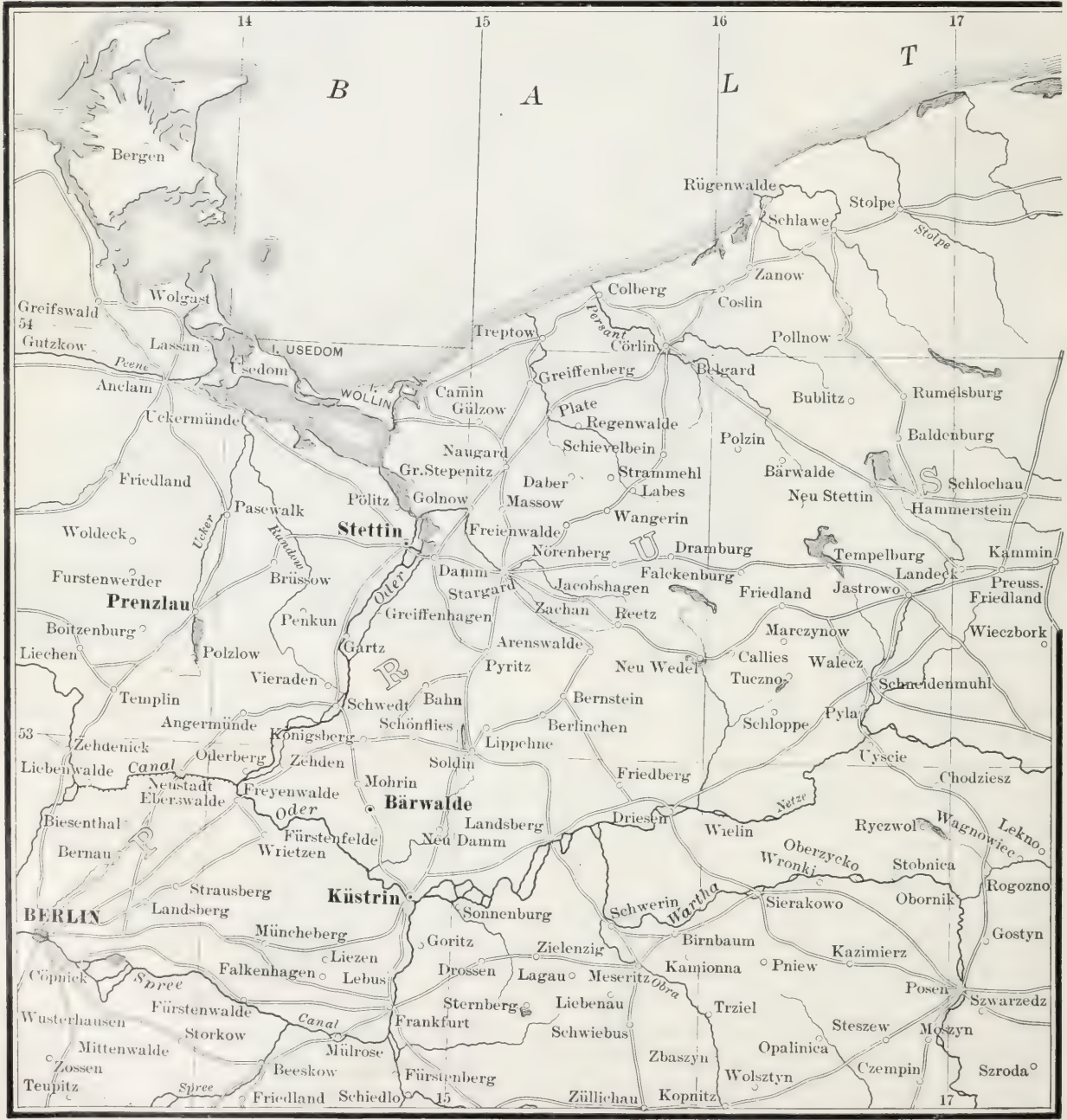
But all over Prussia it was "like master, like man"—the King was weak, his generals cowards. Luise reached Stettin on the 20th, and there first learned that the King was at Küstrin. So off she hurried to that fortress, almost back over the same road towards Berlin. Thence the news of pursuit drove the pair together to Danzig, and thence to Königsberg—that grand old Prussian city, where they had spent days of proud happiness so very recently.

What the King did in these days, when energy was most needed, we cannot dis-

cover, beyond that he brooded over his fate, and let everything drift. At Küstrin he might have talked with Hardenberg, who also passed through the place, but no meeting took place.

For many days Luise was separated from her children, but at last they were united, on December 9th, at Königsberg. Two of them had fallen ill, and the mother nursed them until she too fell ill.

"At last," wrote Doctor Hufeland, "the savage Typhoid Fever seized our noble Queen. She lay in a critical condition, and never shall I forget the night of December 22, 1806, when she lay with her life in danger. I was watching at her



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF QUEEN LUISE'S FLIGHT AND THE TERRITORY OVERRUN BY NAPOLEON IN THE WINTER OF 1806.



bedside, and so terrible a storm was raging that one of the gables of the old castle she inhabited blew down, and the ship which contained all there was left of the royal treasure had not yet come to port. . . .

"Suddenly came the news that the French were approaching. She immediately declared, positively, 'I would rather fall by the hand of God than into the hands of these men.'

"And so on the 5th of January (1807), in the coldest weather, in the midst of storm and snow, was she borne 100 miles along the strip of sand (Curische Nehrung) to Memel. We spent three nights and three days on this journey, driving at times through the surf of the Baltic, sometimes over ice.

"Our nights were spent in the most miserable quarters. The first night Queen Luise lay in a room with broken win-

dows. The snow was blown in over her bed. She had no nourishing food.

"Never did a queen know such want."

This journey under the most favorable conditions of summer weather is bad; for the narrow sand strip is as bleak and inhospitable as the desert—no road, no village, only a fisherman's cabin now and then.

Arrived in Memel, they found that the King had made no suitable arrangements for her reception, and she was carried up stairs on the arms of a servant. She was very weak, but rather better than otherwise for the fresh air.

Memel is the northernmost town of Germany, a short walk from the Russian border. Here in 1802 she had first met the handsome young Czar Alexander, and here had that gallant young Russian vowed eternal fidelity to Prussia and Frederick William III. That was a tri-

umphal journey indeed, full of every incident calculated to inspire a monarch with confidence in himself and his future.

Poor Luise felt now what misfortune meant. In the town of Graudenz, on the Vistula, for instance, Luise and her husband had only one room in a badly built frame house. The Queen could not cross the threshold without being over her ankles in mud. When the room was being tidied up for breakfast, the King had to go and kick his heels outside somewhere to make room. The ministers of the King were packed five in a room, with two beds amongst them. Some slept on the floor, each in his turn. Food was bad and scarce.

Here was the Prussian court a few weeks after Jena, while Napoleon was making himself quite comfortable in the palaces of Berlin. But no one dared grumble at Graudenz, for Luise set them an example of cheerful devotion to duty which no soldier could resist. Her child was ill in Königsberg, but she staid with her husband, believing that her presence was necessary at this crisis.

While she was travelling the lonely road between Stettin and Küstrin, while rumors of French skirmishes were heard on all sides, and at a moment when the innkeepers knew that the Prussian army had ceased to exist, and that Napoleon reigned in Berlin, she arrived at a small relay station called Bärwalde. Fresh horses for her carriage were demanded and promised. She waited, but no horses came. Ten minutes became half an hour, and still no sign of horses. She must have recalled a similar episode that befell Louis XVI. shortly before he was handed over to mob justice. Her attendant went to make inquiries, and discovered, to their alarm, that the innkeeper had not only himself mysteriously disappeared, but had taken the horses with him.

To the honor of Germans be it recorded that in all these dark days this is the only treachery chargeable to a man of the people. The traitors of those times were almost exclusively cavaliers, courtiers, professional soldiers—the pick of Prussian aristocracy. As we shall see later, Germany found her strength and safety in appealing to the plain people of the country, who did not brag about their blood, but spilled it freely on the battlefield.

The King, too, had an opportunity of

pondering on the condition of crownless monarchs just before leaving Königsberg. That old palace was grand to look at from the outside, but had not been properly furnished within. In order to make Queen Luise comfortable, therefore, the richest citizens of the town had contributed their furniture. But when they heard that the royal family were leaving, flying from the French advance, and presumably hurrying away into a Russian exile, these good citizens hastily backed their carts up to the palace doors, and commenced each to carry away his chairs and pillows. The King was still in the palace, and was unwillingly a witness to this moving of furniture from under him. It seemed a presage of helplessness. He never forgot that scene in Königsberg.

While Queen Luise lay between life and death in the old Königsberg Castle, on the 1st of January, 1807, the late Emperor William entered upon the year in which he was to celebrate his tenth birthday. According to Prussian custom, he was at that age entered as an officer in the crack regiment of Foot-guards, the most magnificent troops of the Prussian army. That custom is vigorously observed to-day, and many is the time that I have seen William II. in his childhood vainly trying to keep step on the parade-ground with the giants whom he was commanding. And now the children of this William II. are also enrolled, and these also may be seen on the Potsdam parade-ground vainly stretching their little legs to keep in time with the long strides beside them.

It was the grandfather of William II. who, on January 1, 1807, was given the uniform of the First Prussian Guards. The uniform was duly forth-coming, but not so the guards. These glorious four battalions had been at Auerstädt; had been carried away in the general rout; some had been surrendered by Prince Hohenlohe; some had been killed; the bulk had deserted. At Graudenz on the 2d of November, 1806, all that remained of the famous guards reported twenty-nine men. They had done much forced marching, and were in a sorry plight as regards uniforms; many were as badly off as Washington's men at Valley Forge.

When the King and Queen moved to Memel the Royal Foot-guards also moved to what was called by courtesy the seat



QUEEN LUISE.*

of government, the little frontier town, whose total population was then 8000, and even now less than 20,000. It is indicative of Frederick William's character that at such a time even he felt the need of reviewing his guards, who arrived in Memel on the 14th of January, having increased their number to 210 men, 40 non-commissioned and 5 officers. Little

* The original of this portrait hangs in the Queen of Hanover's study at Gmünden, in the Austrian Tyrol. It is the only portrait in existence which represents Luise at this time of life in a manner corresponding to the descriptions we have of her. There are two miniatures similar to this one in the Hohenzollern Museum of Berlin, but both are feeble copies. This portrait is considered by the

William wore the old-fashioned pigtail with his uniform, as did the men, though orders had been issued that this absurd custom should cease in the army. But it died hard. The Prussian guards clung to their pigtails with the spirit of Chinamen. They stuck them inside of their collars on parade, and evaded cutting them where possible.

Queen of Hanover as the best one of her aunt, and she vouches for its authenticity. Subsequently her Majesty presented the author with a replica of this miniature, and it is from this that the above picture is made. It is probable that this miniature was painted in 1793, the year of Luise's engagement to the Prussian King, when she was only seventeen years of age.—P. B.



EAST SIDE OF THE OLD CASTLE OF KÖNIGSBERG.

Queen Luise occupied the wing on the right.

Alexander I. of Russia also brought his guards from St. Petersburg, and held reviews for his ally near the Memel River, above Tilsit. Here, in the presence of his army, he warmly embraced the Prussian King, and cried out with solemn force, "We shall not fall singly—either we fall together or not at all."

Luise felt so much encouragement from the generous speech of the Russian in the spring days of 1807 that she moved back to Königsberg, to be nearer the scene of war. Her husband went with Alexander to the army headquarters at Bartenstein, about thirty miles southerly from Königsberg. Luise devoted herself to organizing relief for the wounded and encouraging the spirit of patriotism, that was sadly on the wane. The fiery Blücher arrived, and had many earnest talks with her. He had capitulated honorably at Lübeck, because he had neither powder nor bread left. He had been subsequently exchanged with a French general, and had made his way through the French lines back to his King. He had been presented to Napoleon, who had given him a full hour's talking, and treated him with marked distinction. But Blücher had kept his bright eyes open while amongst the French. He knew that, badly off as were the Prussians, the French were in no better plight.

He begged for a command of 30,000 men, so that he might harass the Frenchmen in the rear and on the flanks. He would lie in ambush for their trains of provisions, cut off their re-enforcements, worry them night and day, and never allow them to fight a big battle.

But this most practical plan of the gallant old soldier was brushed aside by the Russian commander, who wished all the glory for himself, and expected to conquer Napoleon by fighting a great fight with overpowering force on his side.

So Blücher was once more relegated to inactivity, as he had been at Auerstädt.

At Friedland, about thirty miles south-east of Königsberg, on the 14th of June, just eight months after Jena, Napoleon gave the finishing blow to what there was left of Prussia. He knew that Russians and Prussians were daily increasing their armies; that every moment was precious; that his long line of communication, which was about four hundred miles to Dresden, invited operations in his rear; that his troops were beginning to grumble. He therefore determined to collect all the men he could, to abandon his line of retreat, to march straight upon Königsberg, and to force a battle at any cost.

The Russian commander, Benigsen, blundered into Napoleon's trap, and be-

fore the day was over Napoleon had come to believe that his star led to success, no matter how great risk he incurred.

Again Luise had to pack up hastily, and fly for her life back to Memel. On June 16th Königsberg surrendered, and the small remnants of the Prussian army retired to the other side of the Memel River, wondering where they should retire to next in case of another battle; for they had arrived at the last piece of Prussian ground capable of holding them—a strip only about fifteen miles wide, from the river to the Russian border.

The King and Czar were like brothers in those days, but their subjects did not fraternize well. On the retreat from Friedland to Tilsit Prussian soldiers deserted wherever they could, because they feared that they might be incorporated into the Russian army. The Russian Cossacks had not left a pleasant impression in Prussia. They plundered the peasants, insulted the women, drove away

cattle and horses, but did very little fighting. It got to be proverbial that the French enemy was preferable to the Russian friend.

On June 19th the French tricolor waved on the banks of the Memel, and Napoleon could see beyond the united camps of Russia and Prussia. At Jena he had defeated Prussia; at Friedland, Russia. Frederick William would have made peace after Jena had he not given his word to Alexander that he would stand or fall with his Russian ally. This alone explains why throughout that dreary winter the Prussian army kept up a semblance of hope—fighting and marching, starving and shivering—believing that the Russians would soon arrive in strong force and drive Napoleon away.

The net result of Russian assistance was the battle of Friedland, which left Prussia in a worse plight than after Jena.

Queen Luise thus writes to her father three days after this battle:



THE FLIGHT OF QUEEN LUISE.

"Another terrible blow has struck us; we are on the point of leaving the country—perhaps forever. Just think what I am feeling at this moment! . . . The children and I must fly as soon as we get news of approaching danger. . . . When the moment of danger comes I shall go to Riga" (a Russian town on the Baltic). "God will give me strength when the black moment arrives for me to cross the frontier of my country. It will take strength, but I look up to Heaven, whence come all good and ill; and I firmly believe that God places upon us burdens no greater than we can bear.

"Once more, my best of fathers, be assured we are going down without dishonor, esteemed by all the world; and we shall always have friends, because we have deserved them. I cannot tell you how much comfort this thought gives me. I bear everything with perfect tranquillity of mind, which can only come from a quiet conscience and pure hopes. You may be sure, then, dearest father, that we can never, never be altogether unhappy, and that many a one weighed down with crowns and good fortune is not so light-hearted, so really happy, as we ourselves." (No doubt a hit at Napoleon's many crowns.)

A postscript to this letter, dated June 24th, after the Russians had signed a truce with Napoleon, contains these prophetic words: "My faith is not shaken—but I can no longer hope. My letter to you explains it—there is my very heart and soul. When you read that, you have me entirely, dearest father. To do my duty in life, to die, to live on dry bread and salt—none of these things can make me unhappy. But do not ask me to be hopeful. One who has been thrown down from a heaven as I have been—cannot again feel hope. If anything good again happens to me, ah, how eagerly shall I seize it, feel it, enjoy it! but I can never hope again. Let misfortune come; for a moment it may cause me surprise, but it can no longer break me down, so long as I have not deserved it. Nothing can drag me into my grave but injustice and dishonesty amongst my own people—that I could not stand. . . ."

Poor Luise! She poured out her bleeding heart in those sad days as queens seldom do. She had suffered much—had been chased from one end of her country to the other; had endured a terrible ill-

ness; had been separated from her beloved children while illness was amongst them; had been the cheering help to her low-spirited husband; had united the patriotic men of Germany about her—and all because she believed that Alexander with his Russians would take the field in the spring, and would not make peace until Prussia was free.

Luise had suffered much between Jena and Friedland, but there was more suffering in store for her at Tilsit.

VIII.

PEACE WITH DISHONOR.

ONE date of peculiarly American significance is July 4, 1776. Queen Luise was born in the same year as the United States, and it was on the day of "independence" that she drove from Memel to Tilsit for the purpose of pleading with Napoleon on behalf of her wretched country.

Luise hated the Corsican conqueror with the instinctive impulse of a high-bred, pure, and truthful nature. She knew him to be both false and brutish. He had shown no generosity in the moment of victory, but had stooped to the publishing of lies about her private character. He pictured her in his bulletins as not merely an Amazon firebrand, but as unfaithful to her marriage vows—a woman of unchaste character. He suggested improper relations between the Czar Alexander and herself—he stopped at nothing in his attempt to blacken her character and weaken if possible her influence. But Napoleon was no match for a pure woman. He overshot the mark. His slanders failed in their effect on the Germans, who did not forgive this unchivalrous behavior towards a queen whom they loved for the very virtues which he could not comprehend.

When Queen Luise heard that she must come to this man, beg of him, touch his hand—it was more than she could bear. She burst out crying, and said she could not so dishonor herself. But, after all, it was the King, her husband, who should have felt thus, and spared her this crowning mortification. Up to this moment he might have said that all was lost save honor; but when the moment came for dragging a beautiful young wife upon the scene, in the hope of accomplishing by her physical charms what gunpowder



FREDERICK WILLIAM III. WAITING FOR THE END OF THE CONFERENCE ON THE RAFT.

and diplomacy had failed of attaining, then should the hand of every decent man have been raised in protest.

To the credit of human nature be it said that in each of the three camps were men who did find this episode disgraceful. And so on this beautiful 4th of July Luise and old Countess Voss took their seats in a state carriage, and were driven the fifty-odd miles to a little village about six miles northeast of Tilsit, called Piktupoenen, where a room had

and a new one erected in its place. A great windmill dominated the cluster of houses, from the roofs of which one could look over into Russian territory.

Luise travelled through a pretty country, but over roads of primitive construction, for she required all day for these few fifty miles. She had time to think over the part she was called upon to play, and to recall the part played by the professedly dear friend and ally Alexander. Luise had been kept well informed of the doings of this showy and sentimental young Russian, and she grew to distrust him as much as she disliked Napoleon.

She recalled the night of the 4th of November, 1805. The chimes in the old Garrison Church of Potsdam were singing their beautiful midnight tune when Alexander stood with her husband and herself by the tomb of Frederick the Great. They remained some moments in silence, while Alexander bowed and kissed the marble on which reposed the battle-sword of the great King. Then he rose, embraced the Prussian monarch, and there vowed that the Prussian cause was his cause while life lasted. Then he drove away to Austerlitz!

She recalled next the dreadful winter months—the chasing from town to town, finding nowhere rest for her feet. In these days she sustained her husband's hopes by referring him to Alexander's noble promises, which were repeated by every messenger from St. Petersburg.

Then she recalled the little town of Bartenstein, about thirty miles southeast of Königsberg. How happy she had been when, at one time, the King had been on the point of concluding a separate peace with Napoleon, but had received a note from the Czar saying that he would risk his crown rather than that Prussia should lose one grain of her national sand!

In the presence of such noble sentiments every Prussian sacrifice seemed justified.

Then she recalled the touching meeting of Alexander and her husband, and a certain noble contract signed at Bartenstein on April 26, 1807, in which each bound himself to do nothing without the other; to make no terms with Napoleon without the other's knowledge—in other



ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA.

been made ready for her in the parsonage. Her carriage had been drawn by relays of black horses from the famous stud farm of Trakehnen, where even today all the horses for the German Emperor are raised. That any Trakehnen horses escaped the raids of the enemy during this campaign is in itself remarkable, for the estate is only about forty miles southeast of Tilsit.

When I visited the village of Piktupoenen I could find no trace of the historical events that had happened there. The parsonage had been burned down,



NAPOLÉON'S HEADQUARTERS AT TILSIT.*

words, to make the war one of brotherly interest.

In this famous Bartenstein Contract, made at a time when the Prussian King had scarcely a kingdom, let alone an army, the patriot minister Hardenberg introduced a clause that gave Luise great satisfaction. Here was first formally stated that Prussia was fighting the common enemy of all Germany; that the victory of Prussia meant the independence of Germany, the foundation of a great German "Constitutional Federation."

That all seemed very shadowy to Luise as she drove by the flower-studded fields of East Prussia. There was no thought of such possibilities in her weary spirit. She knew that Napoleon had taken the half of Prussia for his share of the war spoils. She did not expect that he would give back much of it; but, as she said, pathetically, "If he will give me

back a village or two, my errand will not have been in vain."

But then she reviewed what had happened at Tilsit since the truce. Her husband had not been consulted. On June 25th Napoleon entered a skiff on the south side of the Memel River, and Alexander at the same moment pushed off from the north shore. They met on a raft that had been anchored in the stream at a point close above the present bridge. On this raft two huts had been erected, decked out with boughs and flowers. I made a sketch of the river at this point one beautiful summer's afternoon, and have seen many pictures purporting to represent the meeting of these two emperors. But not only do no two pictures agree one with the other, but none gives the local scenery as it is to-day.

The Prussian King was not asked to this meeting on the raft. He was treated as quite an outsider to the interests at stake. The two emperors were on his land; they had made a truce and apparently set about making a peace wholly at Prussian expense.

It was raining while this interesting raft meeting took place. During the rain Frederick William rode up and down the north shore of the river, impatiently

* The house in which Napoleon had his headquarters at Tilsit in 1807 is now Number 24, Deutsche Strasse. On the occasion of my visit in June, 1892, there was no plate to mark its historical interest. The lower story was occupied by two shops, the one saddlery, the other millinery. It fronts upon a broad, well-paved, and gas-lighted street, and appears to be to-day of the same relative importance that it was in 1807.—P. B.

waiting for its conclusion. But the minutes dragged, and full three hours passed before the King saw his noble ally again.

Two days before this raft meeting news had come from London that England had already shipped troops to Prussia's assistance; that plenty of arms, ammunition, and money was also on the way. From Austria came also good news, that thence too help would soon arrive. Naturally Luise looked to Alexander as in a position to make good some of the promises he had so sentimentally expressed over and over again in the past few weeks.

His first words on seeing the French Emperor were, "I hate the English as heartily as you do, and am ready to help you in everything you undertake against them." This is strange language to use in regard to one's allies. However, for the moment it seemed to serve the Russian's purpose.

Napoleon and Alexander from this moment became bosom friends. They dined and supped together. They were inseparable. They talked about the past war as a blunder, and for the future made plans which knew no limit save that enforced by limited imagination. Russia was to conquer all the East; Napoleon was to remain content with all the rest of the world. Exactly where the East was to commence and the rest of the world to cease was not quite definitely stated, and this caused much trouble in the years that followed, because Russia then as now regarded Turkey as her legitimate prey. At any rate, one point was very satisfactorily arranged—that Russia should take possession of British India as soon as she found it convenient.

Three hours is a long time for two men to talk under ordinary circumstances, but when the whole world is being mapped out anew it is very short indeed. And so Alexander thought, for he quite forgot all about Prussia while arranging for the incorporation of India as a southern province of Siberia.

At last, and as a species of after-thought, he begged as a favor that he might present to Napoleon his dear friend Frederick William. This interview took place on the day following, and on the same raft. Napoleon treated the humiliated King with most conspicuous rudeness; acted towards him as to one asking charity; gave him less than an hour of his time, during which he addressed his remarks

almost wholly to Alexander. Poor Frederick William was permitted to be present at some of the imperial interviews, but always in the character of an interloper. Alexander was never at his ease until his Prussian ally had left them.

The Russian so far forgot his relations to both parties that he listened contentedly while Napoleon joked about the "Brandenburg Don Quixote." The King reminded Alexander now and then of the famous Bartenstein Contract, but the Muscovite answered always with plausible evasions. He was just as false as Napoleon, but masked his Oriental qualities by a pretension to sentimental chivalry which deceived many for a short time.

Luise was met on the road to Tilsit by Hardenberg, of whom we shall hear more in coming years. Napoleon knew nothing of this statesman save that he was incorruptible and a patriot. Consequently he ordered Hardenberg to be dismissed from the King's service, and exiled to a distance of two hundred miles from the capital, whatever place that might be. That Napoleon should give such an order is strange enough, but that a monarch should fail to resent it is stranger still. The chivalrous Alexander did not protest, and Hardenberg sought refuge in Russia. But before he went he had a good long talk with Luise, and gave her such a picture of the true state of things that she was able to meet Napoleon on less unequal terms than might otherwise have been the case.

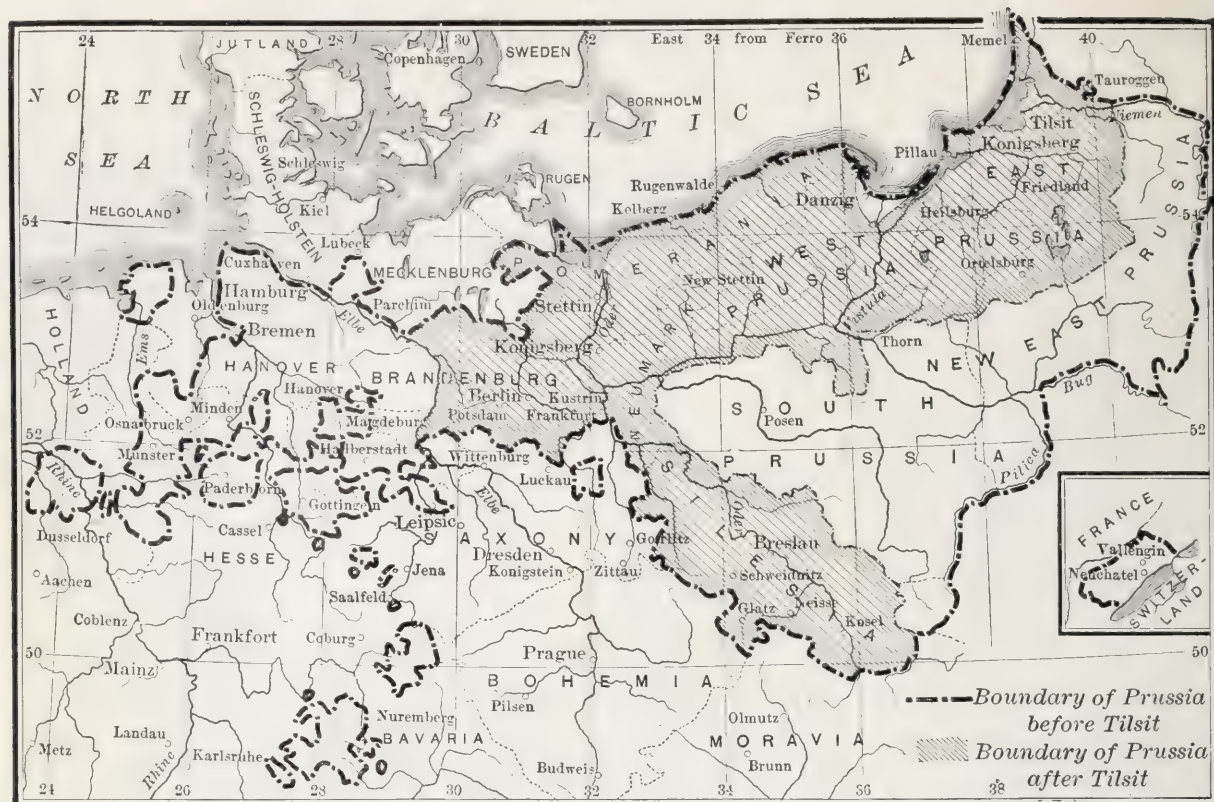
It was at this time that Luise wrote of Napoleon: "His talents I can admire, but I do not like his character, which is obviously false and tricky. It will be hard for me to behave well in his presence. And yet that is what they ask of me—and I have grown used to making a sacrifice of myself."

Napoleon did not pay Luise the compliment of taking the short half-hour's drive to Piktupoenen, but waited until she came into Tilsit. Then, after she had been an hour in her rooms, he rode up in state, surrounded by a staff of high officers, and climbed the narrow stairs leading to her room.

The house in which she received Napoleon still stands, fronting a small open space paved with cobble-stones. I had some difficulty in finding it in 1892, and not being able to get a good photograph of it, I sat down in front of it and made



LUISE AND NAPOLEON AT TILSIT.



PRUSSIA BEFORE AND AFTER THE TREATY OF TILSIT.

a rough sketch. There is nothing remotely suggestive of a palace; and the house occupied then by Napoleon is little better. I could not help wondering that nothing was done by the German government of to-day to distinguish these two houses from the others; not even the guide-books call the traveller's attention to the historic interest their walls awaken.

Napoleon was not indifferent to the beauty of Queen Luise, as he admitted afterwards, but he was not successful in his efforts to extract amusement from her at such a time. Her heart heavy with grief at the state of her country, she had sacrificed even her self-respect to come and beg at his feet, and was it fair to expect that in this hour she could play the coquette?

Napoleon, with a tact bordering on brutality, opened the conversation by asking her if her dress was made of crape or Indian gauze. Luise begged that he would not bring such trifles up for discussion at such a time. Then there was a dull pause, broken at last by Luise inquiring how he found the climate.

To this Napoleon made the rather ominous answer, "The French soldier is seasoned to every climate."

Then, quick as a flash, falling back into the rôle of soldier-diplomat, he said

to her, "How could you conceive the idea of making war against me?" But Luise pretended not to note the insult intended, and answered without hesitation, "We may be pardoned for having built too much upon the fame of Frederick the Great." Even Napoleon could not fail to feel the superiority of her repartee—for Rossbach happened not many years before Jena, and there Frederick the Great thrashed the French more gloriously than Napoleon ever thrashed a Prussian army. So the Emperor tried to change the conversation—to pay her compliments. But she always came back to the subject near her heart; she had come to beg him for an honorable peace. She begged for her husband and her prostrate kingdom; she admitted his power in war; he had secured all the glory that war could give him—now let him put the culminating crown to his head by showing the world that he was generous to the fallen; she spoke of justice, of mercy, of God, of conscience. Her voice choked; tears came to her eyes. She forgot all that Hardenberg had told her; she was no longer the Queen; she was a mother pleading for her children. It seemed as though he felt for a moment touched by the sight of this pure and beautiful woman pouring out to him such noble thoughts

as no woman had ever before ventured to present to his sensual and calculating mind. She pleaded hard for Magdeburg—the proudest fortress on the Elbe—a town as dear to Prussia as Dover to an Englishman, as West Point to an American, as Quebec to a Canadian. Magdeburg was to Luise the key to Prussia, and she begged for it with a fervor that would have gained a kingdom from any other man. Napoleon, whether honestly or not, seemed moved, and said, with some show of amiability, “You are asking a great deal—but we shall see.”

The words “we shall see” made Luise very happy. She thought that Napoleon had human feelings, after all, and she forgave all those who had induced her to make the degrading journey to Tilsit.

She did not know that on the way home that evening Napoleon laughed the matter over with Talleyrand, saying “that Magdeburg was worth to him a dozen Queens of Prussia.”

That night, after dinner, Napoleon sought to play the gallant, and offered her a rose. She looked at it, and was about to decline it. But, recalling the object of her mission, she forced a smile to her lips, and said, “Let it be at least with Magdeburg.” To this Napoleon answered by a stare, and words which showed that his politeness lay only on the surface

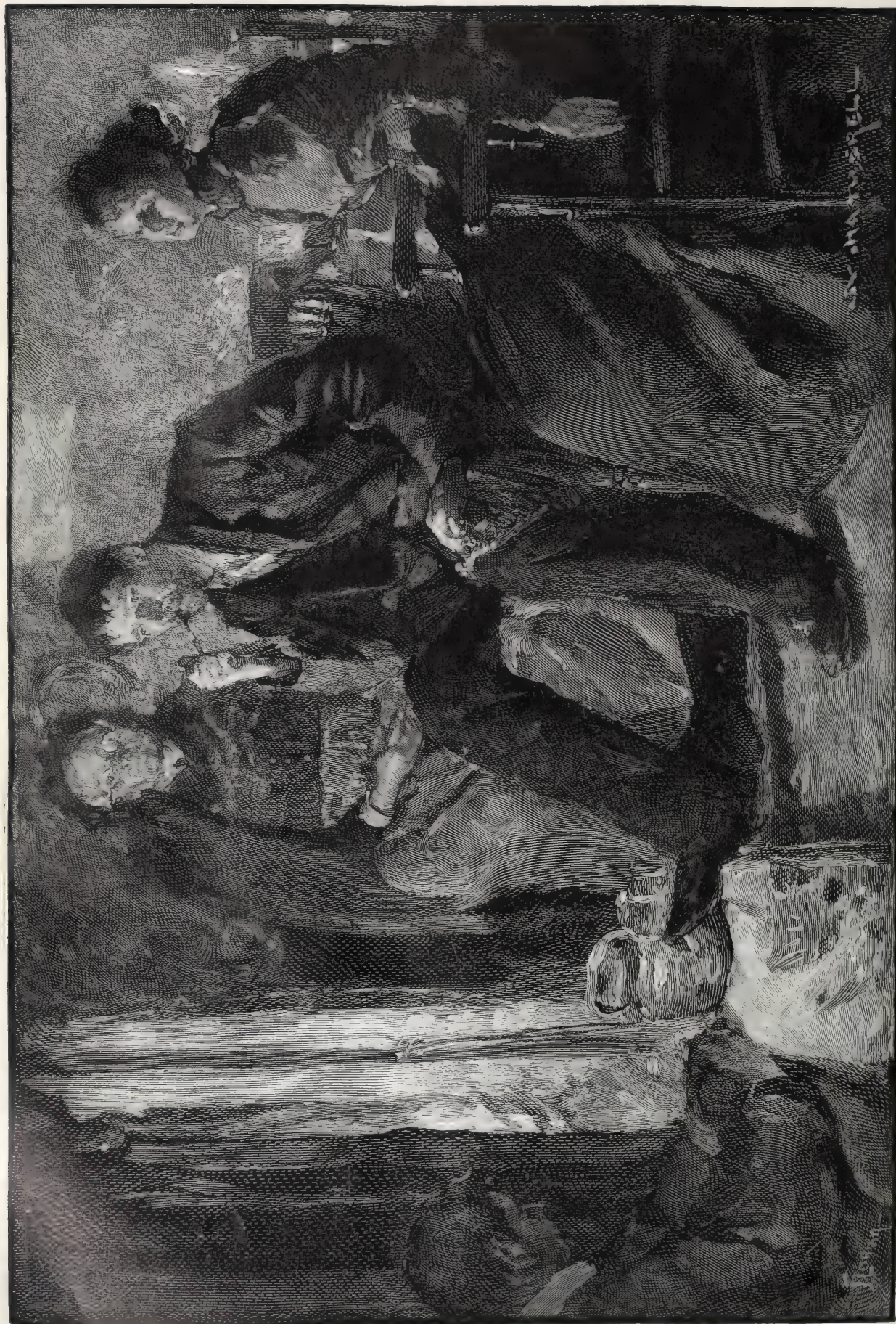
—“Permit me to remind you, madame, that it is my place to offer, and yours to accept.”

The Tilsit dinners, balls, and so-called festivities were melancholy functions to poor Luise, who learned in the following days that Napoleon had insisted upon every item of his demands exactly as he had originally dictated them, and that he treated his talks with the Prussian Queen as idle chaff. Furthermore, he sent word to the Prussian King that he was tired of Tilsit, and wished the matter closed. And so on July 9, 1807, Prussia signed away to Napoleon half her territory, and every sovereign right that might assist her to become strong in the future. She bound herself to pay an indemnity enormously beyond her means, and to maintain French garrisons in the country until this impossible sum was paid off. No such terms had ever before been accepted by a great nation. That was the famous Treaty of Tilsit. The Czar Alexander paid his dear ally Frederick William some compliments, acquiesced in all that Napoleon did, and assisted in the work of spoliation by stealing from Prussia a large slice of her eastern provinces, including the city of Warsaw.

On July 10, 1807, Luise went back to Memel. She was incapable of more sacrifice—her heart was broken.



HOUSE AT TILSIT IN WHICH QUEEN LUISE RECEIVED NAPOLEON.



"A SMALL SLOW VOICE ROSE FROM THE SHADE OF THE FIRESIDE."

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THEIR next and third attempt at wedding lock was more deliberately made, though it was begun on the morning following the singular child's arrival at their home.

Him they found to be in the habit of sitting silent, his quaint and weird face set, and his eyes resting on things they did not see in this substantial world.

"His face is like the tragic mask of Melpomene," said Sue. "What is your name, dear? Did you tell us?"

"Father Time is what they always called me. It is a nickname; because I look so aged, they say."

"And you talk so, too," said Sue, tenderly. "It is strange that these preternaturally old boys almost always come from new countries. But what were you christened?"

"I never was."

"Why was that?"

"Because, if I died in damnation, 'twould save the expense of a Christian funeral."

"Oh—your name is not Jude, then?" said his father, with some disappointment.

The boy shook his head. "Never heard on it."

"Of course not," said Sue, quickly, "since she was hating you all the time!"

"We'll have him christened," said Jude; and privately to Sue, "The day we are married." Yet the advent of the child disturbed him.

Their position lent them shyness, and having an impression that a marriage at a Superintendent Registrar's office was more private than an ecclesiastical one, they decided to avoid a church this time. Both Sue and Jude together went to the office of the district to give notice: they had become such companions that they could hardly do anything of importance except in each other's company.

Jude Fawley signed the form of notice, Sue looking over his shoulder and watching his hand as it traced the words. As she read the foursquare undertaking, never before seen by her, into which her own

and Jude's names were inserted, and by which that very volatile essence, their love for each other, was supposed to be engaged and made permanent, her face seemed to grow painfully apprehensive. "Names and Surnames of the Parties" (they were parties, not lovers). "Condition" (a horrid idea). "Rank or Occupation." "Age." "Dwelling at." "Length of Residence." "Church or building in which the marriage is to be solemnized." "District and County in which the Parties respectively dwell."

"It spoils the sentiment, doesn't it?" she said, on their way home. "It seems making a more sordid business of it even than signing the contract in a vestry. But we'll try to get through with it, dearest, now."

"We will. 'For what man is he that hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man take her.' So said the Jewish law-giver."

"How you know the Scriptures, Jude! You really ought to have been a parson. I can only quote profane writers."

During the interval before the issuing of the certificate, Sue, in her housekeeping errands, sometimes walked past the office, and furtively glancing in, saw affixed to the wall the notice of their intended union. She could not bear its aspect. Coming after her previous experience of matrimony, all the romance of their attachment seemed to be starved away by placing her present case in the same category. She was usually leading the little Father Time by the hand, and fancied that people thought him hers, and regarded the intended ceremony as the patching up of an old error.

Meanwhile Jude decided to link his present with his past in some slight degree by inviting to the wedding the only person remaining on earth who was associated with his early life at Marygreen—the aged widow, Mrs. Edlin, who had been his grandaunt's friend and nurse in her last illness. He hardly expected that she would come; but she did, bringing singular presents, in the form of apples,

* Begun in December number, 1894, under the title "The Simpletons."

jam, brass snuffers, an ancient pewter dish, a warming-pan, and goose feathers towards a bed. She was allotted the spare room in Sue's—that is to say Jude's—house, whither she retired early, and where they could hear her through the ceiling below saying the Lord's prayer in a loud voice.

As, however, she could not sleep, and discovered that Sue and Jude were still sitting up—it being, in fact, only ten o'clock—she dressed herself again, and came down; and they all sat by the fire till a late hour—Father Time included; though, as he never spoke, they were hardly conscious of him.

“Well, I bain't set against marrying, as your great-aunt was,” said the widow. “And I hope 'twill be a jocund wedding for ye in all respects this time. Nobody can hope it more, knowing what I do of your families, which is more, I suppose, than anybody else now living. For they have been unlucky that way, God knows.”

Sue breathed uneasily.

“They was always good-hearted people, too—wouldn't kill a fly, if they knowed it,” continued the wedding-guest. “But things happened to thwart 'em, and if everything wasn't vitty they were upset. No doubt that's how he that the tale is told of came to do what 'a did—if he *were* one of your family.”

“What was that?” said Jude.

“Well—that tale, ye know: he that was gibbeted just on the brow of the hill by the Brown House, not far from the mile-stone between Marygreen and Alfredston, where the other road branches off. But, Lord, 'twas in my grandfather's time, and it meddn' have been one of your folk at all!”

“I know where the gibbet is said to have stood, very well,” murmured Jude. “But I never heard of this. What—did this man—my ancestor and Sue's—kill his wife?”

“'Twer' not that exactly. She ran away from him, with their child, to her friends; and while she was there the child died. He wanted the body, to bury it where his people lay, but she wouldn't give it up. Her husband then came in the night with a cart, and broke into the house to steal the coffin away; but he was caught, and being obstinate, wouldn't tell what he broke in for. They brought it in burglary, and that's why he was hanged and gibbeted on Brown House Hill. His

wife went mad after he was dead. But it meddn' be true that he belonged to ye, more than to me.”

A small slow voice rose from the shade of the fireside, as if out of the earth: “If I was you, mother, I wouldn't marry father.” It came from little Time, and they started, for they had forgotten him.

“Oh, it is only a tale,” said Sue, cheeringly.

After this exhilarating tradition from the widow on the eve of their wedding, they rose, and wishing each other good-night, retired, Jude crossing the street to his room—“for the last time,” as he said tenderly to Sue.

The next morning the latter, whose nervousness intensified with the hours, took Jude privately into the sitting-room before starting. “Jude, I want you to kiss me, as a lover, incorporeally,” she said, tremulously nestling up to him. “It won't be ever like this any more, will it? I wish we hadn't begun the business. But I suppose we must go on. How horrid that story was last night! It spoilt my thoughts of to-day. It makes me feel as if a tragic doom overhung our family, as it did the house of Atreus.”

“Or the house of Jeroboam,” said the theologian.

“Yes; and it seems awful temerity in us two to go marrying! I am going to vow to you in the same words I vowed in to my other husband, and you to me in the same as you used to your other wife, regardless of the stultifying lesson we were taught by those experiments.”

“If you are uneasy, I am unhappy,” said he. “I had hoped you would feel quite joyful. But if you don't, you don't. It is no use pretending. It is a dismal business to you, and that makes it so to me.”

“It is unpleasantly like that other morning—that's all,” she murmured. “Let us go on now.”

They started, arm in arm, for the office aforesaid, no witness accompanying them except the widow Edlin. The day was chilly and dull, and a clammy fog blew through the town from “Royal-tower'd Thame.” On the steps of the office there were the muddy foot-marks of people who had entered, and in the entry were damp umbrellas. Within the office several persons were gathered, and our couple perceived that a marriage between a soldier and a young woman was just in progress.

Sue, Jude, and the widow stood in the background while this was going on, Sue reading the notices of marriage on the wall. The room was a dreary place to two of their temperament, though to its usual frequenters it doubtless seemed ordinary enough. Law-books in musty calf covered one wall, and elsewhere were post-office directories and other books of reference. Papers in packets tied with red tape were pigeon-holed around, and some iron safes filled a recess, while the bare wood floor was, like the door-step, stained by previous visitors.

The soldier was sullen and reluctant, the bride sad and timid, and she had a black eye. Their little business was soon done, and the twain and their friends straggled out, one of the witnesses saying casually to Jude and Sue in passing, as if he had known them before: "See the couple just come in? Ha, ha! That fellow is just out of jail this morning. She met him at the jail gates, and brought him straight here. She's paying for everything."

Sue turned her head, and saw an ill-favored man, closely cropped, with a broad-faced, pock-marked woman on his arm, ruddy with drink, and the satisfaction of being on the brink of an accomplished desire. They jocosely saluted the outgoing couple, and went forward in front of Jude and Sue, whose diffidence was increasing. The latter drew back and turned to her lover, her mouth shaping itself like that of a child about to give way to grief:

"Jude—I don't like it here! I wish we hadn't come! The place gives me the horrors; it seems so unnatural as the climax of our love. I wish it had been at church, if it had to be at all. It is not so vulgar there."

"Dear one," said Jude, "how troubled and pale you look!"

"It must be performed here now, I suppose?"

"No; perhaps not necessarily."

He spoke to the clerk, and came back. "No—we need not marry here, or anywhere, unless we like, even now," he said. "We can be married in a church, if not with the same certificate, with another he'll give us, I think. Anyhow, let us go out till you are calmer, dear, and I too, and talk it over."

They went out stealthily and guiltily, as if they had committed a misdemeanor,

closing the door without noise, and telling the widow, who had remained in the entry, to go home and await them; that they would call in any casual passers as witnesses, if necessary. When in the street they turned into an unfrequented side alley, where they walked up and down, as they had done long ago in the market-house at Melchester.

"Now, darling, what shall we do? *Anything* that pleases you will please me."

"But, Jude dearest, I am worrying you! You wanted it to be there, didn't you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, when I got inside I felt as if I didn't care much about it. The place depressed me almost as much as it did you—it was ugly. And then I thought of what you had said this morning as to whether we ought."

They walked on vaguely, till she paused. "It seems so weak, too, to vacillate like this! And yet how much better than to act rashly a second time! . . . How terrible that scene was to me! The expression in that flabby woman's face, as she was going to deliver herself up to that jail-bird, not for one day, as she would, but for a lifetime, as she must. And the other poor soul, to escape a possible shame which was owing to the intrinsic weakness of her character, degrading herself to the real shame of voluntary bondage to a tyrant who scorned her—a man whom to avoid forever was her only chance of salvation. . . . This is our parish church, isn't it? This is where it would have to be, if we did it in the usual way? A service or something seems to be going on."

Jude went up and looked in at the door. "Why—it is a wedding here too," he said. "Everybody seems to be on our tack to-day."

Sue said she supposed it was because Lent was just over, when there was always a crowd of marriages. "Let us listen," she said, "and find how it feels to us when performed in a church."

They stepped in, and entered a back seat, and watched the proceedings at the altar. The contracting couple appeared to belong to the well-to-do middle class, and the wedding altogether was one of ordinary prettiness and interest. They could see the flowers tremble in the bride's hand, even at that distance, and could hear her mechanical murmur of words,

whose meaning her brain gathered not at all under the pressure of her self-consciousness. Sue and Jude listened, and severally saw themselves in time past going through the same form of self-committal.

"It is not the same to her, poor thing, as it would be to me doing it over again with my present knowledge," Sue whispered. "You see, they are fresh to it, and take the proceedings as a matter of course. But having been awakened as we have, or at least as I have, by experience, to my own culpably fastidious feelings in the matter, it really does seem immoral in me to go and undertake the same thing again with open eyes. Coming in here and seeing this has frightened me from a church wedding as much as the other did from a registry one. We are a weak, tremulous pair, Jude, and what others may feel confident in I feel doubts of—that is, my being proof against vulgarizing conditions."

"We are too thin-skinned. We ought never to have been born, much less come together for the most preposterous of all joint ventures for *us*—matrimony."

She shuddered. "Then you feel too, dear Jude, that we ought not to go in cold blood and sign this life-undertaking again? You think we have not found ourselves strong enough for it, and, knowing this, are proposing to perjure ourselves?"

"Yes—since you ask me. Remember I'll do it if you wish, own darling; but I must say that though I think we ought to be able to do it, I feel checked by the dread of incompetency, just as you do—from our peculiarities, perhaps, because we are unlike other people. We are horribly sensitive, that's really what's the matter with us, Sue."

"I fancy more are like us than we think."

"Well, I don't know. I hold that the intention of the contract is commendable, and good for many, no doubt, but that in our case it may defeat its own ends because we are the queer sort of people we are—those in whom domestic relations of a forced kind are destructive to ardor and spontaneity."

Sue still held that there was nothing queer or exceptional in it—that all were so. "Everybody is getting to feel as we do," she said. "We are a little beforehand, that's all. In fifty—ay, twenty—years the descendants of these two will

act and feel exactly as we do. What we see to some extent now when we walk in a crowd, they will see still more vividly then,

'Shapes like our own selves hideously multiplied,' and will be afraid to reproduce them."

"What a terrible line of poetry! I have felt it myself, too, about my fellow-creatures, at morbid times."

"At any rate, however different our reasons," she said, "we come to the same conclusion—that for us particular two marriage is bad. Then, Jude, let us go home without killing our dream. How good you are, my comrade: you give way to all my whims!"

"They accord very much with my own."

He gave her a little kiss behind a pillar while the attention of everybody present was taken up in observing the bridal procession entering the vestry, and then they came outside the building. By the door they waited till two or three carriages, which had gone away for a while, returned, and the new husband and wife came into the open daylight.

"The flowers in the bride's hand are sadly like the garland which decked the heifers of sacrifice in old times."

"Still, Sue, it is no worse for the woman than for the man. That's what some women fail to see, and instead of protesting against the conditions, they protest against the man, the other victim, just as a woman in a crowd will abuse the man who crushes against her, when he is only the helpless transmitter of the pressure exercised upon him."

"Yes—some are like that, instead of uniting with the man against the common enemy, coercion." The bride and bridegroom had by this time driven off, and the two moved away with the rest of the idlers. "No—we won't do it," she continued. "At least just now."

They reached home, and passing the window arm in arm, saw the widow looking out at them. "Well," cried their guest, when they entered, "I said to myself when I zeed ye coming so loving up to the door, 'They've made up their minds at last, then!'"

They briefly hinted that they had not.

"What—and ha'n't ye really done it? Chok' it all, that I should have lived to see a good old saying like 'marry in haste and repent at leisure' spoiled like this by

you two! 'Tis time I got back again to Marygreen — sakes if tidden — if this is what the new notions be leading us to! Nobody thought o' being afeard o' matrimony in my time, nor of much else but a cannon-ball or an empty cupboard. Why, when I and my poor man were married, we thought no more o't than of a game of dibs."

"Don't tell the child when he comes in," whispered Sue, nervously. "He'll think it has all gone on right, and it will be better that he should not be surprised and puzzled. Of course it is only put off for reconsideration. If we are happy as we are, what does it matter to anybody?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE purpose of a chronicler of moods and deeds does not require him to express his personal views upon the delicate controversy above given. It was possibly true that the twain were happy—between their times of sadness. And when the unexpected apparition of Jude's child in the house had shown itself to be no such disturbing event as it had looked, but one that brought into their lives a new and tender interest of an ennobling and unselfish kind, it rather helped than injured their happiness.

To be sure, with such anxious beings as they were, the boy's coming brought with it much thought for the future, particularly as he seemed at present to be singularly deficient in all the usual hopes of childhood. But the pair tried to dismiss, for a while at least, a too strenuously forward view.

There is in Upper Wessex an old town of nine or ten thousand souls; the town may be called Stoke-Barehills. It stands, with its gaunt, unattractive, ancient church and its new red brick suburb, amid the open chalk-soiled corn-lands, near the middle of an imaginary triangle which has for its three corners the towns of Aldbrickham and Wintoncester and the great military station of Quartershot. The great western highway from London passes through it, near a point where the road branches into two, merely to unite again some twenty miles further westward. Out of this bifurcation and reunion there used to arise among wheeled travellers, before railway days, endless questions of choice between the respective ways. But the question is now as dead as the scot-and-lot freeholder, the road-

wagoner, and the mail-coachman who disputed it; and probably not a single inhabitant of Stoke-Barehills is now even aware that the two roads which part in his town ever meet again, for nobody now drives up and down the great western highway daily.

The most familiar object in Stoke Barehills nowadays is its cemetery, standing among some picturesque mediæval ruins beside the railway, the modern chapels, modern tombs, and modern shrubs having a look of intrusiveness amid the crumbling and ivy-covered decay of the ancient walls.

On a certain day, however, in the early June of the year now reached, the features of the town excite little interest, though many visitors arrive by the trains—some down trains, in particular, nearly emptying themselves here. It is the week of the Great Wessex Agricultural Show, whose vast encampment spreads over the open outskirts of the town like the tents of an investing army. Rows of marquees, huts, booths, pavilions, arcades, porticos—every kind of structure short of a permanent one—cover the green field for the space of a square half-mile, and the crowds of arrivals walk through the town in a mass, and make straight for the exhibition-ground. The way thereto is lined with shows, stalls, and hawkers on foot, who make a marketplace of the whole roadway to the show proper, and lead some of the improvident to lighten their pockets appreciably before they reach the gates of the exhibition they came expressly to see.

It is the popular day—the shilling day—and of the fast-arriving excursion trains two from different directions enter the two contiguous railway stations at almost the same minute. One, like several which have preceded it, comes from London, the other by a cross-line from Aldbrickham; and from the former train alight a couple—a short, rather bloated man, with a globular stomach and small legs, resembling a top on two pegs, accompanied by a woman of rather fine figure and rather red face, dressed in black material, and covered with beads from bonnet to skirt, that made her glisten as if clad in chain-mail.

They cast their eyes around. The man was about to hire a fly, as some others had done, when the woman said: "Don't be in such a hurry, Cartlett. It isn't so very

far to the show-yard. Let us walk down the street into the place. Perhaps I can pick up a cheap bit of furniture or old china. It is years since I was here—never since I lived as a girl at Aldbrickham, and used to come across for a trip sometimes with my young man."

"You can't carry home furniture by excursion train," said, in a thick voice, her husband, the landlord of The Three Horns, Lambeth; for they had both come down from the tavern in that "excellent, densely populated, gin-drinking neighborhood," which they had occupied ever since the advertisement in those words had attracted them thither; and the configuration of the landlord showed that he, too, like his customers, was becoming affected by the liquors he retailed.

"Then I'll get it sent, if I see any worth having," said his wife.

They sauntered on, but had barely entered the town when her attention was attracted by a young couple leading a child, who had come out from the second platform, into which the train from Aldbrickham had steamed. They were walking just in front of the innkeepers.

"Sakes alive!" said Arabella.

"What's that?" said Cartlett.

"Who do you think that couple is? Don't you recognize the man?"

"No."

"Not from the photos I have showed you?"

"Is it Fawley?"

"Yes—of course."

"Oh, well! I suppose he was inclined for a little sight-seeing, like the rest of us." Cartlett's interest in Jude, whatever it might have been when Arabella was new to him, had plainly flagged since her charms and her idiosyncrasies, her supernumerary hair-coils and her optional dimples, were becoming as a tale that is told.

Arabella so regulated her pace and her husband's as to keep just in the rear of the other three, which it was easy to do without notice in such a stream of pedestrians. Her answers to Cartlett's remarks were vague and slight, for those in front interested her more than all the rest of the spectacle.

"They are rather fond of one another and of their child, seemingly," continued the publican.

"*Their* child! 'Tisn't their child," said Arabella, with a curious, sudden

fierceness. "They haven't been married long enough for it to be theirs!"

But although the smouldering maternal instinct was strong enough in her to lead her to quash her husband's conjecture, she was not disposed, on second thoughts, to be more candid than necessary. Mr. Cartlett had no other idea than that his wife's child by her first husband was with his grandparents at the antipodes.

"Oh, I suppose not. She looks quite a girl."

"They are only lovers, or lately married, and have the child in charge, as anybody can see."

All continued to move ahead. The unwitting Sue and Jude, the couple in question, had determined to make this agricultural exhibition, within twenty miles of their own town, the occasion of a day's excursion which should combine exercise and amusement with instruction at small expense. Not regardful of themselves alone, they had taken care to bring Father Time, to try every means of making him kindle and laugh like other boys, though he was to some extent a hinderance to the delightfully unreserved intercourse in their pilgrimages which they so much enjoyed. But they soon ceased to consider him an observer, and went along with that tender attention to each other which the shyest can scarcely disguise, and which these, among entire strangers, as they imagined, took less trouble to disguise than they might have done at home. Sue, in her new summer clothes, flexible and light as a bird, her little thumb stuck up by the stem of her white cotton sunshade, went along as if she hardly touched ground, and as if a moderately strong puff of wind would float her over the hedge into the next field. Jude, in his light gray holiday suit, was really proud of her companionship, not more for her external attractiveness than for her sympathetic words and ways. That complete mutual understanding, in which every glance and movement was as effectual as speech for conveying intelligence between them, made them almost the two parts of a single whole.

The pair, with their charge, passed through the turnstiles, Arabella and her husband not far behind them. When inside the enclosure the publican's wife could see that the two ahead began to take trouble with the youngster, pointing

out and explaining the many objects of interest, alive and dead, and a passing sadness would touch their faces at their every failure to disturb his indifference.

"How she sticks to him!" said Arabella. "Oh no—they are not married, or they wouldn't be so much to one another as that."

"But I thought you said he did marry her?"

"I heard he was going to—that's all As far as they themselves are concerned, they are the only two in the show. I should be ashamed of making myself so silly if I were he!"

"I don't see as how there's anything remarkable in their behavior. I should never have noticed their being in love if you hadn't said so."

"You never see anything," she rejoined. Nevertheless, Cartlett's view of the lovers' conduct was undoubtedly that of the general crowd, whose attention seemed to be in no way attracted by what Arabella's sharpened vision discerned.

"He's charmed by her as if she were some fairy!" continued Arabella. "See how he looks round at her, and lets his eyes rest on her! I am inclined to think that she don't care for him quite so much as he does for her. She's not a particular warm-hearted creature, to my thinking, though she cares for him pretty middling much—as much as she's able to; and he could make her heart ache a bit if he liked to try—which he's too simple to do. There—now they are going across to the cart-horse sheds. Come along."

"I don't want to see the cart-horses. It is no business of ours to follow these two. If we have come to see the show, let us see it in our own way, as they do in theirs."

"Well—suppose we agree to meet somewhere in an hour's time, say at that refreshment-tent over there, and go about independent? Then you can look at what you choose to, and so can I."

Cartlett was not loath to agree to this, and they parted, he proceeding to the shed where malting processes were being exhibited, and Arabella in the direction taken by Jude and Sue. Before, however, she had regained their wake a laughing face met her own, and she was confronted by Anny, the friend of her girlhood.

Anny had burst out in hearty laughter at the mere fact of the chance encounter. "I be still living down there,"

she said, as soon as she was composed. "I am soon going to be married, but my intended couldn't come up here to-day. But there's lots of us come by excursion, though I've lost the rest of 'em for the present."

"Have you met Jude and his young woman, or wife, or whatever she is? I saw 'em by now."

"No. Not a glimpse of un for years."

"Well, they are close by here somewhere. Yes—there they are—by that gray horse!"

"Oh, that's his present young woman—wife, did you say? Has he married again?"

"I don't know."

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yes—nothing to complain of, or jump at. Not much to depend on, though; a slim, fidgety little thing like that."

"He's a nice-looking chap, too. You ought to ha' stuck to un, Arabella."

"I don't know but I ought," murmured she.

Anny laughed. "That's you, Arabella. Always wanting another man than your own."

"Well, and what woman don't, I should like to know? As for that body with him—she don't know what love is—at least what I call love! I can see in her face she don't."

"And perhaps, Arabella, you don't know what she calls love."

"I'm sure I don't wish to! . . . Ah—they are making for the Art Department. I should like to see some pictures myself. Suppose we go that way? Why, if all Wessex isn't here, I verily believe! There's Dr. Vilbert. Haven't seen him for years, and he's not looking a day older than when I used to know him. How do you do, Physician? I was just saying that you don't look a day older than when you knew me as a girl."

"Simply the result of taking my own pills regular, ma'am. Only two and three-pence a box—warranted efficacious by the government stamp. Now let me advise you to purchase the same immunity from the ravages of Time by following my example. Only two and three."

The physician had produced a box from his waistcoat pocket, and Arabella was induced to make the purchase.

"At the same time," continued he, when the pills were paid for, "you have the advantage of me, Mrs.— Surely not

Mrs. Fawley, once Miss Donn, of the vicinity of Marygreen?"

"Yes. But Mrs. Cartlett now."

"Ah—you lost him, then? Promising young fellow! A pupil of mine, you know. I taught him the dead languages. And, believe me, he soon knew nearly as much as I."

"I lost him; but not as you think," said Arabella, dryly. "The lawyers untied us. There he is, look, alive and lusty, along with that young woman, entering the art exhibition."

"Ah—dear me! Fond of her, apparently."

"They are cousins."

"Cousinship is a great convenience to their feelings, I should say?"

"Yes. So her husband thought, no doubt, when he divorced her. . . . Shall we look at the pictures too?"

The trio followed across the green and entered. Jude and Sue, with the child, unaware of the interest they were exciting, had gone up to a model at one end of the building, which they regarded with considerable attention for a long while before they went on. Arabella and her friends came to it in due course, and the inscription it bore was, "Model of Cardinal College, Christminster; by J. Fawley and S. F. M. Bridehead."

"Admiring their own work," said Arabella. "How like Jude—always thinking of colleges and Christminster, instead of attending to his business!"

They glanced cursorily at the pictures, and proceeded to the band-stand. When they had stood a little while listening to the music of the military performers, Jude, Sue, and the child came up on the other side. Arabella did not care if they should recognize her; but they were too deeply absorbed in their own lives, as translated into emotion by the military band, to perceive her under her beaded veil. She walked round the outside of the listening throng, passing behind the lovers, whose movements had an unexpected fascination for her to-day. Scrutinizing them narrowly from the rear, she noticed that Jude's hand sought Sue's as they stood, the two standing close together, so as to conceal, as they supposed, this tacit expression of their mutual responsiveness.

"Silly fools—like two children!" Arabella whispered to herself, morosely, as she rejoined her companions, with whom she preserved a preoccupied silence.

Anny, meanwhile, had jokingly remarked to Vilbert on Arabella's hankering interest in her first husband.

"Now," said the physician to Arabella, apart, "do you want anything such as this, Mrs. Cartlett? It is not compounded out of my regular pharmacopœia, but I am sometimes asked for such a thing." He produced a small phial of clear liquid. "A love-philter, such as was used by the ancients with great effect. I found it out by study of their writings, and have never known it to fail."

"What is it made of?" asked Arabella, curiously.

"Well—a distillation of the juices of doves' hearts—otherwise pigeons—is one of the ingredients. It took nearly a hundred hearts to produce that small bottleful."

"How do you get pigeons enough?"

"To tell a secret, I get a piece of rock-salt, of which pigeons are inordinately fond, and place it in a dove-cote on my roof. In a few hours the birds come to it from all points of the compass—east, west, north, and south—and thus I secure as many as I require. You use the liquid by contriving that the desired man shall take about ten drops of it in his drink. But remember, all this is told you because I gather from your questions that you mean to be a purchaser. You must keep faith with me."

"Very well—I don't mind a bottle—to give some friend or other to try it on her young man." She produced five shillings, the price asked, and slipped the phial in her capacious bosom. Saying presently that she was due at an appointment with her husband, she sauntered away towards the refreshment-bar, Jude, his cousin, and the child having gone on to the horticultural tent, where Arabella caught a glimpse of them standing before a group of roses in bloom.

She waited a few minutes, observing them, and then proceeded to join her spouse with no very amiable sentiments. She found him seated on a stool by the bar, talking to one of the gayly dressed maids who had served him with spirits.

"I should think you had enough of this business at home!" Arabella remarked, gloomily. "Surely you didn't come fifty miles from your own bar to go into another! Come, take me around the show, as other men do their wives! Dammy, one would think you were a young bach-

elor, with nobody to look after but yourself!"

"But we agreed to meet here, and what could I do but wait?"

"Well, now we have met, come along," she returned, ready to quarrel with the sun for shining on her. And they left the tent together, this pot-bellied man and florid woman, in the mutually bored, recriminatory mood of the typical husband and wife of Christendom.

In the mean time Sue, Fawley, and the boy still lingered in the pavilion of flowers—an enchanted palace to their appreciative taste—Sue's usually pale cheeks reflecting the pink of the tinted roses at which she gazed; for the gay sights, the air, the music, and the excitement of a day's outing with Jude had quickened her blood and made her eyes sparkle with vivacity. She adored roses, and what Arabella had witnessed was Sue detaining Jude almost against his will while she learnt the names of this variety and that, and put her face within an inch of their blooms to smell them.

"I should like to push my face quite into them—the dears!" she had said. "But I suppose it is against the rules to touch them—isn't it, Jude?"

"Yes, you baby," said he; and then playfully gave her a little push, so that her nose went among the petals.

"The policeman will be down on us, and I shall say it was your fault!"

Then she looked up archly at him, and smiled in a way that told so much to Arabella.

"Happy?" he murmured.

She nodded.

"Why? Because you have come to the great Wessex Agricultural Show—or because *we* have come?"

"You are always trying to make me confess to all sorts of absurdities. Because I am improving my mind, of course, by seeing all these steam-ploughs and threshing-machines and chaff-cutters and cows and pigs and sheep."

Jude was quite content with a baffle from his ever-evasive cousin. But when he had forgotten that he had put the question, and because he no longer wished for an answer, she went on: "I feel that we have returned to Greek joyousness, and have blinded ourselves to sickness and sorrow, and have forgotten what twenty-five centuries have taught the race since their time, as one of your

Christminster luminaries says.... There is one immediate shadow, however—only one." And she looked at the aged child, whom, though they had taken him to everything likely to attract a young intelligence, they had utterly failed to interest.

He knew what they were saying and thinking. "I am very, very sorry, father and mother," he said. "But please don't mind—I can't help it. I should like these flowers very much, if I didn't keep on thinking they'd be all withered in a few days!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE unnoticed lives that the cousins had hitherto led began, from the day of the suspended wedding onwards, to be observed and discussed by other persons than Arabella. The society of Spring Street and the neighborhood generally did not understand, and probably could not have been made to understand, Sue and Jude's private minds, emotions, positions, and fears. The curious facts of a child coming to them unexpectedly, who called Jude father and Sue mother, and a hitch in a marriage ceremony intended for quietness to be performed at a registrar's office, together with rumors of the undefended cases in the law courts, had only the sound of scandal to plain ears, and led to inferences that something was wrong about them somewhere. Nobody dreamt of a woman so quixotic as not to defend her own innocence.

Little Father Time—for though he was formally turned into "Jude," the apt nickname stuck to him—would come home from school in the evening and repeat inquiries and remarks that had been made to him by the other boys, and cause Sue and Jude, when he visited them, a great deal of pain and sadness. The baker's lad and the grocer's boy, who had used to lift their hats gallantly to Mrs. Bridehead (as she was now called) when they came to execute their errands, no longer took the trouble to render her that homage, and the neighboring artisans' wives looked straight along the pavement when they encountered her.

Nobody molested them, it is true, but an oppressive atmosphere began to encircle their souls almost from the day of their excursion to the show, as if that visit had brought some evil influence to bear on them; and their temperaments were precisely of a kind to suffer from

this atmosphere, and to be indisposed to brighten it by vigorous and open statements.

Urge her again to marriage he would not. She should lead her life as she chose. If she cared for him as a cousin only, so it should be.

The head-stone and epitaph orders fell off, and in two or three months Jude perceived that he would have to return to journey-work again—a course all the more unfortunate just now in that he had not as yet cleared off the debt he had unavoidably incurred in the payment of the law costs of the previous year.

One evening he came in to share the common meal with Sue and the child, as usual. "I am thinking," he said to her, "that I'll hold on here no longer. The life suits us, certainly; but if we could get away to a place where we are unknown, or rather unfalsified, we should be lighter hearted and have a better chance. I think we must break it up. So no more chirping across the street from my window to yours in the morning, no more waving of hands back to me, poor dear!"

Sue was always much affected at a picture of herself as an object of pity, and a tear came at this.

"Well—I am not sorry," said she. "I am much depressed by the way they look at me here. And you have been keeping on this house and furniture entirely for me and the boy. You don't want it yourself, and the expense is unnecessary. But whatever we do, wherever we go, you won't take him away from me, dear? I could not let him go now. The cloud upon his young mind makes him so pathetic to me; I do hope to lift it some day. And he loves me so. You won't take him away from me?"

"Certainly I won't, dear Sue. I'll get you two a nice lodging, and come and see you often. I shall be moving about, probably—getting a job here and a job there."

"And can't we move about too?"

"Well—I'm afraid not. I shall not go far off: I'll keep within hail."

"I shall do something, of course. Now I can't be useful in the lettering, it behooves me to turn my hand to something else."

"Don't hurry about getting employment," he said, regretfully. "I don't want you to do that. I wish you wouldn't,

Sue. The boy is enough for you to attend to."

There was a knock at the door, and Jude answered it. Sue could hear the conversation.

"Is Mr. Fawley at home? . . . Biles and Willis, the building contractors, sent me to know if you'll undertake the relettering of the Ten Commandments in a little church they've been restoring lately in the country near here."

Jude reflected, and said he could undertake it.

"It is not a very artistic job," continued the messenger. "The clergyman is a very old-fashioned chap, and he has refused to let anything more be done to the church than cleaning and repairing."

"Excellent old man!" said Sue to herself, who was sentimentally opposed to the horrors of over-restoration.

"The Ten Commandments are fixed to the east end," the messenger went on, "and they want doing up with the rest of the wall there, since he won't have them smashed up as old materials belonging to the contractor, in the usual way of the trade."

A bargain as to terms was struck, and Jude came in-doors. "There, you see," he said, cheerfully. "One more job yet, at any rate, and you can help in it—at least you can try. We shall have all the church to ourselves, as the rest of the work is finished."

Next day Jude went out to the church, which was only two miles off. He found that what the contractor's clerk had said was true. The tables of the Jewish law towered sternly over the utensils of Christian grace, as the chief ornament of the chancel end, in the fine dry style of the last century. And as their framework was constructed of ornamental plaster, they could not be taken down for repair. A portion, crumbled by damp, required renewal; and when this had been done and the whole cleansed, he began to renew the lettering. On the second morning Sue came to see what assistance she could render.

The silence and emptiness of the building gave her confidence, and, standing on a low platform erected by Jude, which she was rather timid at mounting, she began painting in the letters of the first table, while he set about mending a portion of the second. She was quite pleased at her powers, which she had acquired in

the days she painted illuminated texts for the church-fitting shop at Christminster. Nobody seemed likely to disturb them, and the pleasant twitter of birds and rustle of leafage came in through an open window and mingled with their talk.

They were not, however, to be left thus snug and peaceful for long. About half past twelve there came footsteps on the gravel without. The old vicar and his church-warden entered, and, coming up to see what was being done, seemed surprised to discover that a young woman was assisting. They passed on into an aisle, at which time the door again opened, and another figure entered—a small one, that of little Time, who was crying. Sue had told him where he might find her between school hours, if he wished. She came down from her perch, and said, "What's the matter, my dear?"

"I couldn't stay to eat my dinner in school, because they said—" He described how some boys had taunted him, and Sue, grieved, expressed her indignation to Jude aloft. Meanwhile the door had opened again, and there shuffled in, with a businesslike air, the white-aproned woman who cleaned the church. Sue recognized her as one who had friends in Spring Street whom she visited. The church-cleaner looked at Sue, gaped, and lifted her hands; she had evidently recognized the young woman, as the latter had recognized her. Next came two ladies, one of them the parson's wife, and after talking to the char-woman, they also moved forward, and watched Sue's hand tracing the letters, till she grew so nervous that it trembled.

They went back to where the others were standing, talking in undertones, and one said—Sue could not hear which—"She's his wife, I suppose?"

"No," was the reply from the char-woman.

"Not? Then what does she do here? A strange pair to be painting the Commandments! I wonder Biles and Willis could think of such a thing as hiring those!"

The church-warden supposed that Biles and Willis knew of nothing wrong; and then the other, who had been talking to the old woman, explained what she meant by calling them strange people.

The probable drift of the subdued conversation which followed was made plain by the church-warden breaking into an

anecdote, in a voice that everybody in the church could hear, though obviously suggested by the present situation.

"Well, now, it is a curious thing, but my grandfather told me a strange tale of what happened at the painting of the Commandments in a church out by Gaymead—which is quite within a walk of this one. In those days Commandments were mostly done in gilt letters on a black ground, and that's how they were out where I say, before the old church was rebuilt. It must have been somewhere about a hundred years ago that those Commandments wanted doing up, just as ours here, and they had to get men from Aldbrickham to do 'em. Now they wished to get the job finished by a particular Sunday, so the men had to work late Saturday night, against their will, for overtime was not paid then, as 'tis now. There was no true religion in the country at that date, neither among pa'sons, clerks, nor people, and to keep the men up to their work the vicar had let 'em have plenty of drink during the afternoon. As evening wore on they sent for some more themselves—rum, by all account. It got later and later, and they got more and more fuddled, till at last they happened to put their rum-bottle upon the communion table, where they presently went and poured out again. No sooner had they swallowed off a few mouthfuls than, so the story goes, they fell down senseless, one and all. How long they remained so they didn't know, but when they came to themselves there was a terrible thunderstorm raging, and they seemed to see in the gloom a dark figure with very thin legs and a curious foot standing on the ladder and finishing their work. When it got daylight they could see that the work was really finished, and couldn't at all remember finishing it themselves. They went home, and the next thing they heard was that a great scandal had been caused in the church that Sunday morning, for when the people came and service began all saw that the Commandments were painted with the 'nots' left out. Decent people wouldn't attend service there for a long time, and the Bishop had to be sent for to reconsecrate the church. That's the tradition as I used to hear it as a child. You must take it for what it is worth, but this to-day has reminded me of it, as I say."

The visitors one by one left the church, even the old woman at last. Sue and Jude, who had not stopped working, sent back the child to school, and remained without speaking, till, looking at her narrowly, he found she had been crying silently.

"Never mind, comrade!" he said. "I know what it is."

"I can't *bear* that they, and everybody, should think horrid things about us—I don't know what! It is really these opinions that make the best-intentioned people reckless, and actually become immoral!"

"Never be cast down! It was only a funny story."

"Ah, but we suggested it! I am afraid I have done you mischief, Jude, instead of helping you by coming."

To have suggested such a story was certainly not very exhilarating in a serious view of their position. However, they sat down to lunch, which they had brought with them, not to hinder time, and having eaten it, were about to set to work anew, when a man entered the church, and Jude recognized in him the contractor Willis. He beckoned to Jude, and spoke to him apart.

"Here—I've just had a complaint about this," he said, with rather breathless awkwardness. "I don't wish to go into the matter—as of course I didn't know what was going on—but I am afraid I must ask you and her to leave off, and let somebody else finish this. It is best, to avoid all unpleasantness. I'll pay you for the day, all the same."

Jude was too independent to make any fuss; and the contractor paid him and left. Jude picked up his tools and Sue cleansed her brush. Then their eyes met.

"How could we—be so simple—as to suppose we might do this?" said she, with a choking sob. "Of course we ought not—I ought not—to have come!"

"I had no idea that anybody was going to intrude into such a lonely place and see us there," Jude returned, affected by her grief. "Well, it can't be helped; and of course I wouldn't wish to injure Willis's trade connection by staying." They sat down passively for a few minutes, proceeded out of the church, and pursued their thoughtful way to Aldbrickham.

Fawley had still a pretty zeal in the cause of education, and, as was natural

with his experiences, he was active to further "equality of opportunity" by any humble means open to him. He had joined an Artisans' Mutual Improvement Society, established in the town about the time of his arrival there, its members being young men of all creeds and denominations, including Churchmen, Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Positivists, and others—Agnostics had scarcely been heard of at this time—their one common wish to enlarge their minds forming a sufficiently close bond of union. The subscription was small and the room homely; and Jude's activity, uncustomary acquirements, and, above all, singular intuition on what to read and how to set about it, begotten of his years of struggle against malignant stars, had led to his being placed on the committee.

A few evenings after his dismissal from the church repairs, and before he had obtained any more work to do, he went to attend a meeting of the aforesaid committee. It was late when he arrived; all the others had come, and as he entered they looked dubiously at him, and hardly uttered a word of greeting. He guessed that something bearing on himself had been either discussed or mooted. Some ordinary business was transacted, and it was disclosed that the number of subscriptions had shown a sudden falling off for that quarter. One member, a really well-meaning and upright man, began speaking in enigmas about certain possible causes; that it behooved them to look well into their constitution; for if the committee were not respected, and had not at least in their differences a common standard of *conduct*, they would bring the institution to the ground. Nothing further was said in Jude's presence, but he knew what this meant, and turning to the table, wrote a note resigning his office there and then.

Thus the headstrong if supersensitive cousins were more and more impelled to go away. And then bills were sent in, and the question arose what could Jude do with his great-aunt's heavy old furniture if he left the town to travel he knew not whither? This, and the necessity of ready money, compelled him to decide on an auction, much as he would have preferred to keep the venerable goods.

The day of the sale came on; and Sue for the last time cooked her own, the child's, and Jude's breakfast in the little

house he had furnished. It chanced to be a wet day; moreover, Sue was unwell with a cold, and not wishing to desert her poor Jude in such gloomy circumstances, for he was compelled to stay awhile, she acted on the suggestion of the auctioneer's man to ensconce herself in an upper room, which could be emptied of its effects, and so kept closed to the bidders. Here Jude discovered her; and with the child, and their few trunks, baskets, and bundles, and two chairs and a table that were not in the sale, the two sat in meditative talk.

Footsteps began stamping up and down the bare stairs, the comers inspecting the goods, some of which were of so quaint and ancient a make as to acquire an adventitious value as art. Their door was tried once or twice, and to guard themselves against intrusion Jude wrote "Private" on a scrap of paper and stuck it upon the panel.

They soon found that, instead of the furniture, their own personal histories and conduct began to be discussed to an unexpected and intolerable extent by the intending bidders. It was not till now that they really discovered what a fools' paradise of supposed unrecognition they had been living in of late. Sue silently took her companion's hand, and with eyes on each other they heard these passing remarks, the quaint and mysterious personality of Father Time being a subject which formed a large ingredient in the hints and innuendoes. At length the auction began in the room below, whence they could hear each familiar article knocked down, the highly prized ones cheaply, the unconsidered at an unexpected price.

"People don't understand us," he sighed, heavily. "I am glad we have decided to go."

"The question is, where to?"

"It ought to be to London. There one can live as one chooses."

"No—not London, dear! I know it well. We should be unhappy there."

"Why?"

"Can't you think?"

"Because Arabella is there?"

"That's the chief reason."

"But in the country I shall always be uneasy lest there should be a repetition of our late experience, which I don't care to escape by explaining all about the boy's history. To cut him off from his past I

have determined to keep silence. I am sickened of ecclesiastical work now, and I wouldn't like to accept it if offered me."

"You ought to have learned classic. Gothic is barbaric art, after all. Pugin was wrong, and Wren was right. Remember the interior of Christminster Cathedral—almost the first place in which we looked in each other's faces. Under the picturesqueness of those Norman details one can see the grotesque childishness of uncouth people trying to imitate the vanished Roman forms, remembered by dim tradition only."

"You have half converted me to that view by what you have said before. But one can work and despise what one does. I must do something, if not church Gothic."

"I wish we could both follow an occupation in which personal conditions don't count," she said, smiling wistfully. "I am as disqualified for teaching as you are for ecclesiastical art. You must fall back upon railway stations, bridges, theatres, music-halls, hotels—everything that has no connection with conduct."

"I am not skilled in those branches. . . . I ought to take to bread-baking. I grew up in the baking business with aunt, you know. But even a baker must be conventional, to get customers."

"Unless he keeps a cake and gingerbread stall at markets and fairs, where people are gloriously indifferent to everything except quality."

Their thoughts were diverted by the voice of the auctioneer: "Now this antique oak settle—a unique example of old English furniture, worthy the attention of all collectors."

"That was my great-grandfather's," said Jude. "I wish we could have kept the poor old thing!"

One by one the articles went, and the afternoon passed away. Jude and the other two were getting tired and hungry, but after the conversations they had heard they were shy of going out while the purchasers were in their line of retreat. However, the later lots came on, and it became necessary to emerge into the rain soon—to take on Sue's things to her temporary lodging.

"Now the next lot: two pairs of pigeons, all alive and plump—a nice pie for somebody for next Sunday's dinner."

The impending sale of these birds had been the most trying suspense of the

whole afternoon. They were Sue's pets, and when it was found that they could not possibly be kept, more sadness was caused than by parting from all the furniture. She tried to blink away her tears as she heard the trifling sum that her dears were deemed to be worth advancing by small stages to the price at which they were finally knocked down. The purchaser was a neighboring poulterer, and they were unquestionably doomed to die before the next market-day.

Seeing her dissembled distress, Jude kissed her, and said it was time to go and see if her lodgings were ready. He would go on with the boy, and fetch her soon.

When she was left alone she waited patiently, but Jude did not come back. At last she started, the coast being clear; and on passing the poulterer's shop, not far off, she saw her pigeons in a hamper by the door. An emotion at sight of them, assisted by the growing dusk of evening, caused her to act on impulse, and first looking around her quickly, she pulled out the peg which fastened down the cover, and went on. The cover was lifted from within, and the pigeons flew away with a clatter that brought the chagrined poulterer cursing and swearing to the door.

Sue reached the lodging trembling, and found Jude and the boy making it comfortable for her.

"Do the buyers pay before they bring away the things?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, I think. Why?"

"Because, then, I've done such a wicked thing." And she explained in bitter contrition.

"I shall have to pay the poulterer for them if he doesn't catch them," said Jude. "But never mind. Don't fret about it, dear."

"It was so foolish of me! Oh, why should Nature's law be mutual butchery!"

"Is it so, mother?" said the boy, intently.

"Yes," said Sue, vehemently.

"Well, they must take their chance now, poor things," said Jude. "As soon as the sale account is wound up and our bills paid, we go."

"Where do we go to?" asked little Time, plaintively.

"We must sail under sealed orders, that nobody may trace us. . . . We mustn't go to Alfredston, or to Melchester, or to

Shaston, or to Christminster. Apart from those we may go anywhere."

"Why mustn't we go there, father?"

"Because of a sort of cloud that has gathered over us somehow; though 'we have wronged no man, corrupted no man, defrauded no man.' Though perhaps we have 'done that which was right in our own eyes.'"

CHAPTER XL.

FROM that week Jude Fawley and Sue walked no more in the town of Aldbrickham.

Whither they had gone nobody knew, chiefly because nobody cared to know. Any one sufficiently curious to trace the steps of such an obscure pair of friends might have discovered without great trouble that they had taken advantage of the summer season to enter on a shifting, almost nomadic, life, which was not without its pleasantness for a time. Wherever Jude heard of freestone-work to be done, thither he went, choosing by preference places remote from his old haunts and Sue's. He labored at a job, long or briefly, till it was finished, and then moved on.

Two whole years and a half passed thus. Sometimes he might have been found shaping the mullions of a country mansion, sometimes setting the parapet of a town-hall, sometimes ashlar-ing a hotel at Sandbourne, sometimes a museum at Casterbridge, sometimes as far down as Exonbury, sometimes at Stoke-Barehills. Later still he was at Kennet-bridge, a thriving town not more than a dozen miles south of Marygreen, this being his nearest approach to the village where he was known; for he had a sensitive dread of being questioned as to his life and fortunes by those who had been acquainted with him during his ardent young-manhood of study and promise and his brief and unhappy married life.

At some of these places he would be detained for months, at others only a few weeks. His curious and sudden antipathy against ecclesiastical work, both episcopal and non-conformist, which had risen in him when suffering under a smarting sense of misconception, remained with him in cold blood, less from any fear of renewed censure than from an ultra-conscientiousness, which would not allow him to seek a living out of those who would perhaps erroneously view his

ways; also, too, from a sense of inconsistency between his former dogmas and his present practice.

On a Saturday evening in May, nearly three years after Arabella's recognition of Sue and himself at the agricultural show, some of those who there encountered each other met again.

It was the spring fair at Kennetbridge; and though this ancient trade meeting had much dwindled from its dimensions of former times, the long straight street of the borough presented a lively scene about mid-day. At this hour a light trap, among other vehicles, was driven into the town by the north road, and up to the door of a temperance inn, where there alighted two women, one the driver, an ordinary country person, the other a finely built figure in the deep mourning of a widow. Her sombre suit of pronounced cut caused her to appear a little out of place in the medley and bustle of a provincial fair.

"I will just find out where it is, Anny," said the widow lady to her companion, when the horse and cart had been taken by a man who came forward, "and then I'll come back and meet you here, and we'll go in and have something to eat and drink. I begin to feel quite a sinking."

"With all my heart," said the other. "Though I would sooner have put up at the Chequers or White Hart. You can't get much at these temperance houses."

"Now don't you give way to gluttonous desires, my child," said the woman in weeds, reprovingly. "This is the proper place. Very well; we'll meet in half an hour, unless you come with me to find out where the site of the new chapel is."

"I don't care to. You can tell me."

The companions then went their several ways, the one in crape walking firmly along, with a mien of disconnection from her miscellaneous surroundings. Making inquiries, she came to a hoarding, within which were excavations denoting the foundations of a building; and on the boards without one or two large posters announcing that the foundation-stone of the chapel about to be erected would be laid that afternoon at three o'clock by a London preacher of great popularity among his body.

Having ascertained thus much, the immensely weeded widow retraced her steps, and gave herself leisure to observe the movements of the fair. By-and-by her

attention was arrested by a little stall of cakes and gingerbreads, standing between the more pretentious erections of trestles and canvas. It was covered with an immaculate cloth, and tended by a young woman apparently unused to the business, she being accompanied by a boy with an octogenarian face, who assisted her.

"Upon my—senses!" murmured the widow to herself. "His cousin Sue!" She drew nearer to the stall. "How do you do, ma'am?" she said, blandly.

Sue changed color, and recognized Arabella through the crape veil.

"How are you, Mrs. Cartlett?" she said, stiffly. And then perceiving Arabella's garb, her voice grew sympathetic in spite of herself. "What?—you have lost—"

"My poor husband. Yes. He died suddenly, six weeks ago, leaving me none too well off, though he was a kind husband to me. But whatever profit there is in public-house keeping goes to them that brew the liquors, and not to them that retail 'em. . . . And you, my little old man. You don't know me, I expect?"

"Yes, I do. You are the woman I thought wer' my mother for a bit, till I found you wasn't," replied Father Time, who had learned to use the Wessex tongue quite naturally by now.

"All right. Never mind. I am a friend."

"Juey," said Sue, suddenly, "go down to the station platform with this tray—there's another train coming in, I think."

When he was gone, Arabella continued: "He'll never be a beauty, will he, poor chap! Does he know I am his mother really?"

"No. He thinks there is some mystery about his parentage, that's all. Jude is going to tell him when he is a little older."

"But how do you come to be doing this? I am surprised."

"It is only a temporary occupation—a fancy of ours while we are in a difficulty."

"Then you did marry?"

"No—I live near him—it is absolutely necessary now." Sue writhed under the hard and direct questioning, and her tender little mouth began to quiver.

"Lord—I mean, goodness—what is there to cry about? Some folks would take it easy enough."

"It is not that I am ashamed of keeping the stall—not as you think!"

"But you don't tell me why you do such a thing as this. Jude used to be a proud sort of chap—above any business almost, leave alone keeping a standing."

"Perhaps he has altered a little. I am sure he is not proud now." And Sue's lips quivered again. "I am doing this because he caught a chill, early in the year, while putting up some stone-work of a music-hall at Quartershot, which he had to do in the rain, the work having to be executed by a fixed day. He is better than he was, but it has been a long, weary time! He has an old widow friend from Marygreen to nurse him, for I have enough to do with teaching his boy, and another little child I have adopted, whose parents died, and left him at the mercy of the world."

"Well, well—to think you didn't marry, after all!"

"Fortunately for us, we didn't. Jude might have felt hampered now if he had married me; while I can act for him now of my own free will."

"Well, I am respectable too, thank God, and of a serious way of thinking since my loss. Why did you choose to sell gingerbreads?"

"That's a pure accident. He was brought up to the baking business, and it occurred to him to try his hand at these, which he can make without coming out of doors. We call them Christminster cakes. They are a great success."

"I never saw any like 'em. Why, they are windows and towers and pinacles! And, upon my word, they are very nice!" She had helped herself, and was unceremoniously munching one of the cakes.

"Yes. They are reminiscences of the Christminster colleges. Traceried windows and cloisters, you see. It was a whim of his to do them in pastry."

"Still harping on Christminster—even in his cakes," laughed Arabella. "Just like Jude. A ruling passion. What a queer fellow he is, and always will be!"

Sue sighed, and she looked her distress at hearing him criticised.

"Don't you think he is? Come, now; you do, though you are so fond of him."

"Of course Christminster is a sort of fixed vision with him, which, I suppose, he'll never be cured of believing in. He still thinks it a great centre of high and fearless thought, instead of what it is, a

nest of commonplace schoolmasters whose characteristic is timid obsequiousness to tradition."

Arabella was quizzing Sue with more regard of how she was speaking than of what she was saying. "How odd to hear a woman selling cakes talk like that!" she said. "Why don't you go back to school-keeping?"

Sue shook her head. "They wouldn't have me."

"Because of the divorce, I suppose?"

"That and other things. And there is no reason to wish it. We gave up all ambition, and were never so happy in our lives till his illness came."

"Where are you living?"

"I don't care to say."

"Here in Kennetbridge?"

Sue's manner showed Arabella that her random guess was right.

"Here comes the boy," continued Arabella. "My boy and Jude's!"

Sue's eyes sparkled wetly. "You needn't throw that in my face!" she cried.

"Very well—though I half feel as if I should like to have him with me.... But, Lor', I don't want to take him from 'ee—ever I should sin to speak so profane! He's in very good hands, that I know; and I am not the woman to find fault with what the Lord has ordained. I've reached a more resigned frame of mind."

"Indeed! I wish I had been able to do so."

"You should try," replied the widow, from the serene heights of a mind conscious not only of spiritual but of social superiority. "I make no boast of my awakening, but I'm not what I was. After Cartlett's death I was passing the chapel in the street next ours, and went into it for shelter from a shower of rain. I felt a need of some sort of support under my loss, and I took to going there regular, and found it a great comfort. But I've left London now, you know, and at present I am living at Alfredston, with my friend Anny, to be near my own old country. I'm not come here to the fair to-day. There's to be the foundation-stone of a new chapel laid this afternoon by a popular London preacher, and I drove over with Anny. Now I must go back to meet her."

Then Arabella wished Sue good-by and went on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CASA FALIER, IN VENICE, WHERE MR. HOWELLS LIVED.

ROUNDABOUT TO BOSTON.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

DURING the four years of my life in Venice the literary intention was present with me at all times and in all places. I wrote many things in verse, which I sent to the magazines in every part of the English-speaking world, but they came unerringly back to me, except in three instances only, when they were kept by the editors who finally printed them. One of these pieces was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*; another in *Harper's Magazine*; the third was got into the *New York Ledger* through the kindness of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who used I know not what mighty magic to that end. I had not yet met him; but he interested himself in my ballad as if it had been his own. His brother, Charles Hale, later Consul-General for Egypt, whom I saw almost every moment of the two visits he paid Venice in my time, had sent it to him, after copying it in his own large, fair

hand, so that it could be read. He was not quite of that literary Boston which I so fondly remembered my glimpses of; he was rather of a journalistic and literary Boston which I had never known; but he was of Boston, after all. He had been in Lowell's classes at Harvard; he had often met Longfellow in Cambridge; he knew Doctor Holmes, of course; and he let me talk of my idols to my heart's content. I think he must have been amused by my raptures; most people would have been; but he was kind and patient, and he listened to me with a sweet intelligence which I shall always gratefully remember. He died too young, with his life's possibilities mainly unfulfilled; but none who knew him could fail to imagine them, or to love him for what he was.

II.

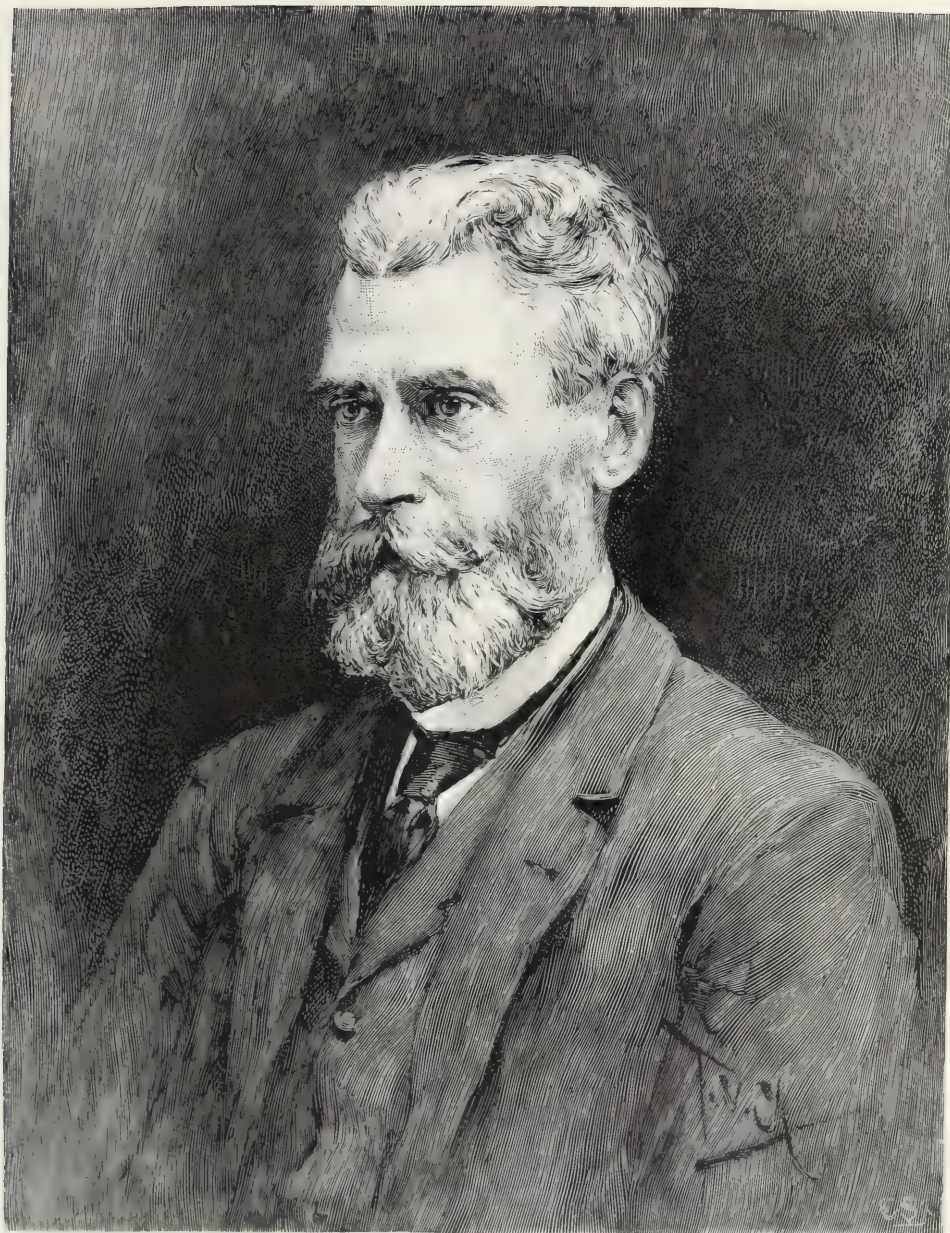
Besides those few pitiful successes, I had nothing but defeats in the sort of litera-

ture which I supposed was to be my calling, and the defeats threw me upon prose; for some sort of literary thing, if not one, then another, I must do if I lived; and I began to write those studies of Venetian life which afterwards became a book, and which I contributed as letters to the Boston Advertiser, after vainly offering them to more æsthetic periodicals. However, I do not imagine that it was a very smiling time for any literary endeavorer at home in the life-and-death civil war then waging. Some few young men arose who made themselves heard amid the din of arms even as far as Venice, but most of these were hushed long ago. I fancy Theodore Winthrop, who began to speak, as it were, from his soldier's grave, so soon did his death follow the earliest recognition by the public, and so many were his posthumous works, was chief of these; but there were others whom the present readers must make greater effort to remember. Forceythe Willson, who wrote *The Old Sergeant*, became known for the rare quality of his poetry; and now and then there came a poem from Aldrich, or Stedman, or Stoddard. The great new series of the *Biglow Papers* gathered volume with the force they had from the beginning. The *Autocrat* was often in the pages of the *Atlantic*, where one often found Whittier and Emerson, with many a fresh name now faded. In Washington the Piatts were writing some of the most beautiful verse of the war, and Brownell was sounding his battle lyrics like so many trumpet blasts. The fiction which followed the war, with an increasing tendency to the realism that now prevails, was yet all to come. Whatever was done in any kind had some hint of the war in it, inevitably; though in the very heart of it Longfellow was setting about his great version of Dante, peacefully, prayerfully, as he has told in the noble sonnets which register the mood of his undertaking.

At Venice, if I was beyond the range of literary recognition I was in direct relations with one of our greatest literary men, who was again of that literary Boston which mainly represented American literature to me. The official chief of the consul at Venice was the United States Minister at Vienna, and in my time this minister was John Lothrop Motley, the historian. He was removed, later, by that Johnson administration which followed

Lincoln's so forgottenly that I name it with a sense of something almost prehistoric. Among its worst errors was the attempted discredit of a man who had given lustre to our name by his work, and who was a devoted patriot as well as accomplished scholar. He visited Venice during my first year, which was the darkest period of the civil war, and I remember with what instant security, not to say severity, he rebuked my scarcely whispered misgivings of the end, when I ventured to ask him what he thought it would be. Austria had never recognized the Secessionists as belligerents, and in the complications with France and England there was little for our minister but to share the home indignation at the sympathy of those powers with the South. In Motley this was heightened by that feeling of astonishment, of wounded faith, which all Americans with English friendships experienced in those days, and which he, whose English friendships were many, experienced in peculiar degree.

I drifted about with him in his gondola, and refreshed myself, long a-hungered for such talk, with his talk of literary life in London. Through some acquaintance I had made in Venice I was able to be of use to him in getting documents copied for him in the Venetian Archives, especially the Relations of the Venetian Ambassadors at different courts during the period and events he was studying. All such papers passed through my hands in transmission to the historian, though now I do not quite know why they need have done so; but perhaps he was willing to give me the pleasure of being a partner, however humble, in the enterprise. My recollection of him is of courtesy to a far younger man unqualified by patronage, and of a presence of singular dignity and grace. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, with beautiful eyes, a fine blond beard of modish cut, and a sensitive nose, straight and fine. He was altogether a figure of worldly splendor; and I had reason to know that he did not let the credit of our nation suffer at the most aristocratic court in Europe for want of a fit diplomatic costume, when some of our ministers were trying to make their office do its full effect upon all occasions in "the dress of an American gentleman." The morning after his arrival Mr. Motley came to me with a



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

handful of newspapers which, according to the Austrian custom at that day, had been opened in the Venetian post-office. He wished me to protest against this on his behalf as an infringement of his diplomatic extra-territoriality, and I proposed to go at once to the director of the post: I had myself suffered in the same way, and though I knew that a mere consul was helpless, I was willing to see the double-headed eagle trodden under foot by a Minister Plenipotentiary. Mr. Motley said that he would go with me, and we put off in his gondola to the post-office. The director received us with the utmost deference. He admitted the irregularity which the minister complained of, and declared that he had no choice but to open every foreign newspaper, to

whomsoever addressed. He suggested, however, that if the minister made his appeal to the Lieutenant-Governor of Venice, Count Toggenburg would no doubt instantly order the exemption of his newspapers from the general rule.

Mr. Motley said he would give himself the pleasure of calling upon the Lieutenant-Governor, and "How fortunate," he added, when we were got back into the gondola, "that I should have happened to bring my court dress with me!" I did not see the encounter of the high contending powers, but I know that it ended in a complete victory for our minister.

I had no farther active relations of an official kind with him, except in the case of a naturalized American citizen, whose



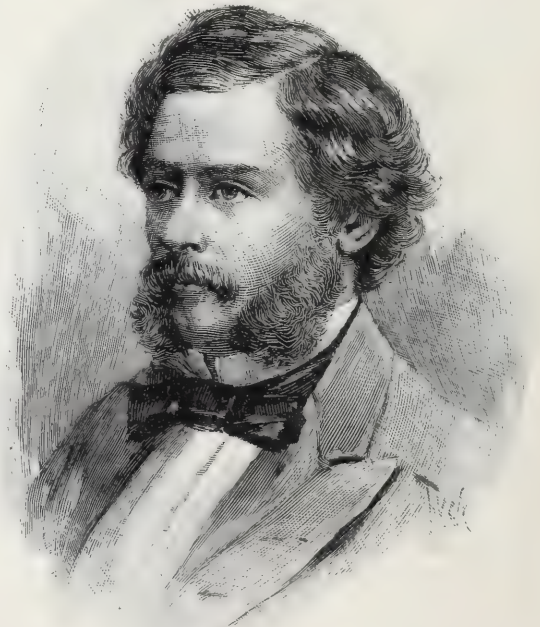
CHARLES HALE.

property was slowly but surely wasting away in the keeping of the Venetian courts. An order had at last been given for the surrender of the remnant to the owner; but the Lombardo-Venetian authorities insisted that this should be done through the United States Minister at Vienna, and Mr. Motley held as firmly that it must be done through the United States Consul at Venice. I could only report to him from time to time the unyielding attitude of the Civil Tribunal, and at last he consented, as he wrote, "to act officiously, not officially, in the matter," and the hapless claimant got what was left of his estate.

I had a glimpse of the historian afterwards in Boston, but it was only for a moment, just before his appointment to England, where he was made to suffer for Sumner in his quarrel with Grant. That injustice crowned the injuries his country had done a most faithful patriot and high-spirited gentleman, whose fame as a historian once filled the ear of the English-speaking world. His books seemed to have been written in a spirit already no longer modern; and I did not find the greatest of them so moving as I expected when I came to it with all the ardor of my admiration for the historian. William the Silent seemed to me, by his

worshipper's own showing, scarcely level with the popular movement which he did not so much direct as follow; but it is a good deal for a prince to be able even to follow his people; and it cannot be said that Motley does not fully recognize the greatness of the Dutch people, though he may see the Prince of Orange too large. The study of their character made at least a theoretical democrat of a scholar whose instincts were not perhaps democratic, and his sympathy with that brave little republic between the dikes strengthened him in his fealty to the great commonwealth between the oceans. I believe that so far as he was of any political tradition, he was of the old Boston Whig tradition; but when I met him at Venice he was in the glow of a generous pride in our war as a war against slavery. He spoke of the negroes and their simple-hearted, single-minded devotion to the Union cause in terms that an original abolitionist might have used, at a time when original abolitionists were not so many as they have since become.

For the rest, I fancy it was very well for us to be represented at Vienna in those days by an ideal democrat who was also a real swell, and who was not likely to discredit us socially when we so much needed to be well thought of in every



THEODORE WINTHROP.

way. At a court where the family of Count Schmerling, the Prime Minister, could not be received for want of the requisite descents, it was well to have a minister who would not commit the mistake of inviting the First Society to meet the Second Society, as a former Envoy Extraordinary had done, with the effect of finding himself left entirely to the Second Society during the rest of his stay in Vienna.

III.

One of my consular colleagues under Motley was another historian, of no such popularity, indeed, nor even of such success, but perhaps not of inferior powers. This was Richard Hildreth, at Trieste, the author of one of the sincerest if not the truest histories of the United States, according to the testimony both of his liking and his misliking critics. I have never read his history, and I speak of it only at second hand; but I had read, before I met him, his novel of Archie More, or The White Slave, which left an indelible impression of his imaginative verity upon me. The impression is still so deep that after the lapse of nearly forty years since I saw the book, I have no misgiving in speaking of it as a most powerful piece of realism. It treated passionately, intensely, though with a superficial coldness, of wrongs now so remote from us in the abolition of slavery that it is useless to hope it will ever be generally read hereafter, but it can safely be praised to any one who wishes to study that bygone condition, and the literature which grew out of it. I fancy it did not lack recognition in its time, altogether, for I used to see it in Italian and French translations on the bookstalls. I believe neither his history nor his novel brought the author more gain than fame. He had worn himself out on a newspaper when he got his appointment at Trieste, and I saw him in the shadow of the cloud that was wholly to darken him before he died. He was a tall thin man, absent, silent: already a phantom of himself, but with a scholarly serenity and dignity amidst the ruin, when the worst came.

I first saw him at the pretty villa where he lived in the suburbs of Trieste, and where I passed several days, and I remember him always reading, reading, reading. He could with difficulty be

roused from his book by some strenuous appeal from his family to his conscience as a host. The last night he sat with *Paradise Lost* in his hand, and nothing could win him from it till he had finished it. Then he rose to go to bed. Would not he bid his parting guest good-by? The idea of farewell perhaps dimly penetrated to him. He responded, without looking round,

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way," and so left the room.



RICHARD HILDRETH.

By permission of William Rutter & Co.

I had earlier had some dealings with him as a fellow-consul concerning a deserter from an American ship whom I inherited from my predecessor at Venice. The man had already been four or five months in prison, and he was in a fair way to end his life there; for it is our law that a deserting sailor must be kept in the consul's custody till some vessel of our flag arrives, when the consul can oblige the master to take the deserter and let him work his passage home. Such a vessel rarely came to Venice even in times of peace, and in times of war there



BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

was no hope of any. So I got leave of the consul at Trieste to transfer my captive to that port, where now and then an American ship did trade. The flag determines the nationality of the sailor, and this unhappy wretch was theoretically our fellow-citizen; but when he got to Trieste he made a clean breast of it to the consul. He confessed that when he shipped under our flag he was a deserter from a British regiment at Malta; and he begged piteously not to be sent home to America, where he had never been in his life, nor ever wished to be. He wished to be sent back to his regiment at Malta, and to whatever fate awaited him there. The case certainly had its embarrassments; but the American consul contrived to let our presumptive compatriot slip into the keeping of the British consul, who promptly shipped him to Malta. In view of the strained relations between England and America at that time this was a piece of masterly diplomacy.

Besides my old Ohio-time friend Moncure D. Conway, who paid us a visit, and in his immediate relations with literary Boston seemed to bring the mountain to Mahomet, I saw no one else more literary than Henry Ward Beecher. He was passing through Venice on his way to those efforts in England in behalf of the Union which had a certain great effect at

the time; and in the tiny parlor of our apartment on the Grand Canal, I can still see him sitting athletic, almost pugilistic, of presence, with his strong face, but kind, framed in long hair that swept above his massed forehead, and fell to the level of his humorously smiling mouth. His eyes quaintly gleamed at the things we told him of our life in the strange place; but he only partly relaxed from his strenuous pose, and the hands that lay upon his knees were clinched. Afterwards, as he passed our balcony in a gondola, he lifted the brave red fez he was wearing (people wore the fez for one caprice or another) and saluted our eagle and us: we were often on the balcony behind the shield to attest the authenticity of the American eagle.

IV.

Before I left Venice, however, there came a turn in my literary luck, and from the hand I could most have wished to reverse the adverse wheel of fortune. I had labored out with great pains a paper on recent Italian comedy, which I sent to Lowell, then with his friend Professor Norton jointly editor of the North American Review; and he took it and wrote me one of his loveliest letters about it, consoling me in an instant for all the defeat I had undergone, and making it sweet and worthy to have lived through

that misery. It is one of the hard conditions of this state that while we can mostly make out to let people taste the last drop of bitterness and ill-will that is in us, our love and gratitude are only semi-articulate at the best, or altogether tongue-tied. As often as I tried afterwards to tell Lowell of the benediction, the salvation, his letter was to me, I failed. But perhaps he would not have understood, if I had spoken out all that was

cle, in his letter, and asked me where he should send it, and I answered, to my father-in-law, who put it in his savings-bank, where he lived, in Brattleboro. There it remained, and I forgot all about it, so that when his affairs were settled some years later and I was notified that there was a sum to my credit in the bank, I said, with the confidence I have nearly always felt when 'wrong, that I had no money there. The proof of my error was



ENGLISH ELMS AT LOWELL'S GATE.

in me with the fulness I could have given a resentment. His message came after years of thwarted endeavor, and reinstated me in the belief that I could still do something in literature. To be sure, the letters in the Advertiser had begun to make their impression; among the first great pleasures they brought me was a recognition from my diplomatic chief at Vienna; but I valued my admission to the North American peculiarly because it was Lowell let me in, and because I felt that in his charge it must be the place of highest honor. He spoke of the pay for my arti-

sent me in a check, and then I bethought me of the pay for Recent Italian Comedy.

It was not a day when I could really afford to forget money due me, but then it was not a great deal of money. The Review was as poor as it was proud, and I had two dollars a printed page for my paper. But this was more than I got from the Advertiser, which gave me five dollars a column for my letters, printed in a type so fine that the money, when translated from greenbacks into gold at a discount of 2.80, must have been about a dollar a thousand words. However, I

was richly content with that, and would gladly have let them have the letters for nothing.

Before I left Venice I had made my sketches into a book, which I sent on to Messrs. Trübner & Co., in London. They had consented to look at it to oblige my friend Conway, who during his sojourn with us in Venice, before his settlement in London, had been forced to listen to some of it. They answered me in due time that they would publish an edition of a thousand, at half profits, if I could get some American house to take five hundred copies. When I stopped in London I had so little hope of being able to do this that I asked the Trübners if I might, without losing their offer, try to get some other London house to publish my book. They said Yes, almost joyously; and I began to take my manuscript about. At most places they would not look at me or it, and they nowhere consented to read it. The house promptest in refusing to consider it afterwards pirated one of my novels, and with some expressions of good intention in that direction, never

paid me anything for it; though I believe the English still think that this sort of behavior was peculiar to the American publisher in the old buccaneering times. I was glad to go back to the Trübners with my book, and on my way across the Atlantic I met a publisher who finally agreed to take those five hundred copies. This was Mr. M. M. Hurd, of Hurd & Houghton, a house then newly established in New York and Cambridge. We played ring-toss and shuffleboard together, and became of a friendship which lasts to this day. But it was not till some months later, when I saw him in New York, that he consented to publish my book. I remember how he said, with an air of vague misgiving, and an effect of trying to justify himself in an imprudence, that it was not a great matter anyway. I perceived that he had no faith in it, and to tell the truth I had not much myself. But the book had an instant success, and it has gone on from edition to edition ever since. There was just then the interest of a not wholly generous surprise at American things



SYRINGA THICKET, LOWELL'S GARDEN.



LOWELL'S WILLOWS.

among the English. Our success in putting down the great Confederate rebellion had caught the fancy of our cousins, and I think it was to this mood of theirs that I owed largely the kindness they showed my book. There were long and cordial reviews in all the great London journals, which I used to carry about with me like love-letters; and when I tried to show them to other people, I could not understand their coldness concerning them.

At Boston, where we landed on our return home, there was a moment when it seemed as if my small destiny might be linked at once with that of the city which later became my home. I ran into the office of the Advertiser to ask what had become of some sketches of Italian travel I had sent the paper, and the managing editor made me promise not to take a place anywhere before I had heard from him. I gladly promised; but I did not hear from him, and when I returned to Boston a fortnight later, I found that a fatal partner had refused to agree with him in engaging me upon the paper. They even gave me back half a dozen unprinted letters of mine, and I published them in the Nation, of New York, and afterwards in the book called Italian Journeys.

But after I had encountered fortune in this frowning disguise, I had a most joyful little visit with Lowell, which made me forget there was anything in the world but the delight and glory of sitting with him in his study at Elmwood and hearing him talk. It must have been my freshness from Italy which made him talk chiefly of his own happy days in the land which so sympathetically brevets all her lovers fellow-citizens. At any rate he would talk of hardly anything else, and he talked late into the night, and early into the morning. About two o'clock, when all the house was still, he lighted a candle, and went down into the cellar, and came back with certain bottles under his arms. I had not a very learned palate in those days (or in these, for that matter), but I knew enough of wine to understand that these bottles had been chosen upon that principle which Longfellow put in verse, and used to repeat with a humorous lifting of the eyebrows and hollowing of the voice:

"If you have a friend to dine,
Give him your best wine;
If you have two,
The second-best will do."

As we sat in their mellow after-glow, Lowell spoke to me of my own life and pros-

pects, wisely and truly, as he always spoke. He said that it was enough for a man who had stuff in him to be known to two or three people, for they would not suffer him to be forgotten, and it would rest with himself to get on. I told him that though I had not given up my place at Venice, I was not going back, if I could find anything to do at home, and I was now on my way to Ohio, where I should try my best to find something; at the worst, I could turn to my trade of printer. He did not think it need ever come to that; and he said that he believed I should have an advantage with readers, if not with editors, in hailing from the West; I should be more of a novelty. I knew very well that even in my own West I should not have this advantage unless I appeared there with an Eastern imprint, but I could not wish to urge my misgiving against his faith. Was I not already richly successful? What better thing personally could befall me, if I lived forever after on milk and honey, than to be sitting there with my hero, my master, and having him talk to me as if we were equal in deed and in fame?

The cat-bird called in the syringa thicket at his door, before we said the good-night which was good-morning, using the sweet Italian words, and bidding each other the *Dorma bene* which has the quality of a benediction. He held my hand, and looked into my eyes with the sunny kindness which never failed me, worthy or unworthy; and I went away to bed. But not to sleep; only to dream such dreams as fill the heart of youth when the recognition of its endeavor has come from the achievement it holds highest and best.

V.

I found nothing to do in Ohio; some places that I heard of proved impossible one way or another, in Columbus and Cleveland, and Cincinnati; there was always the fatal partner; and after three weeks I was again in the East. I came to New York, resolved to fight my way in, somewhere, and I did not rest a moment before I began the fight.

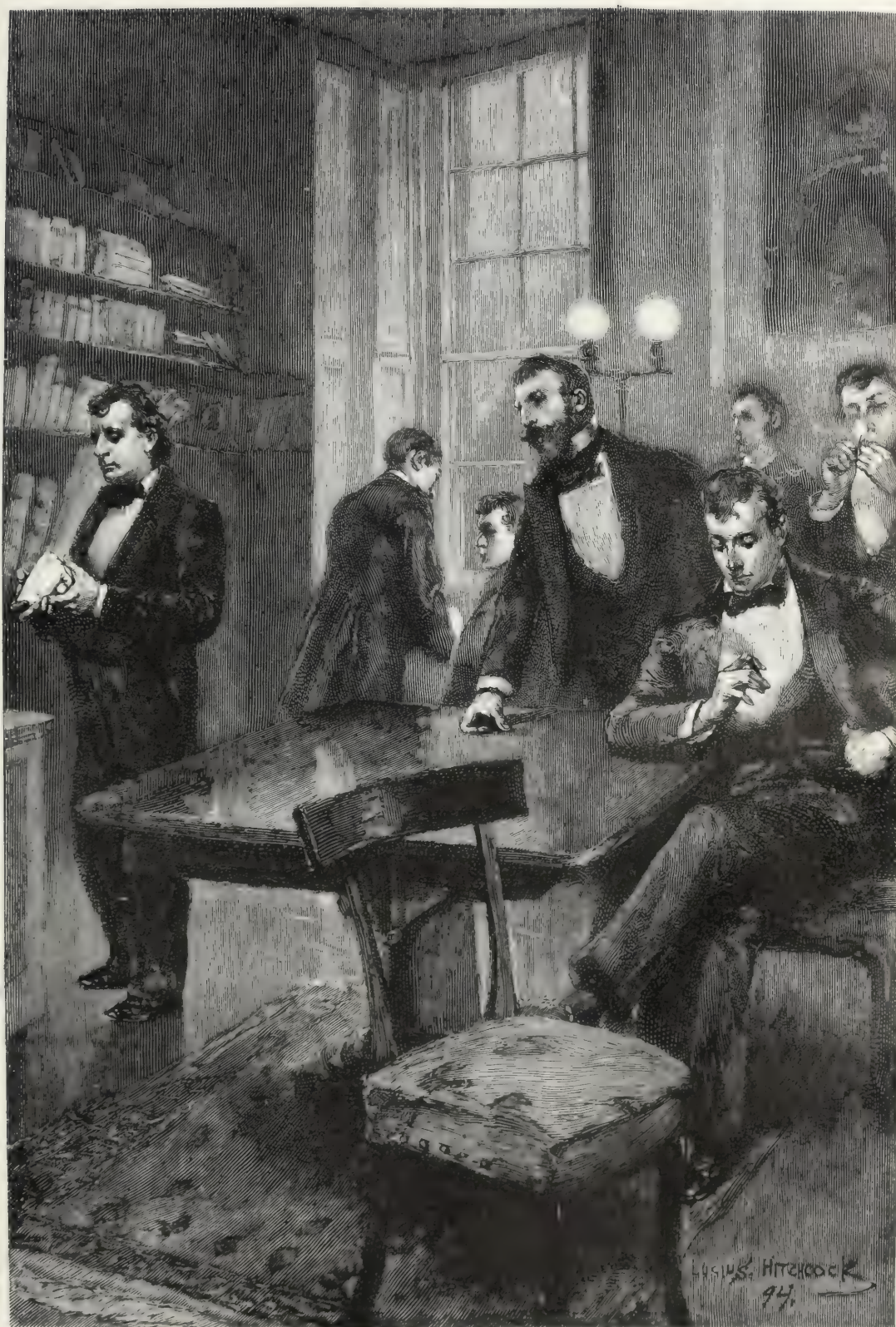
My notion was that which afterwards became Bartley Hubbard's. "Get a basis," said the softening cynic of the Saturday Press, when I advised with him, among other acquaintances. "Get a salaried place, something regular on

some paper, and then you can easily make up the rest." But it was a month before I achieved this vantage, and then I got it in a quarter where I had not looked for it. I wrote editorials on European and literary topics for different papers, but mostly for the Times, and they paid me well and more than well; but I was nowhere offered a basis, though once I got so far towards it as to secure a personal interview with the editor-in-chief, who made me feel that I had seldom met so busy a man. He praised some work of mine that he had read in his paper, but I was never recalled to his presence; and now I think he judged rightly that I should not be a lastingly good journalist. My point of view was artistic; I wanted time to prepare my effects.

There was another and clearer prospect opened to me on a literary paper, then newly come to the light, but long since gone out in the dark. Here again my work was taken, and liked so much that I was offered the basis (at twenty dollars a week) that I desired; I was even assigned to a desk where I should write in the office; and the next morning I came gleefully down to Spruce Street to occupy it. But I was met at the door by one of the editors, who said lightly, as if it were a trifling affair, "Well, we've concluded to *waive* the idea of an engagement," and once more my bright hopes of a basis dispersed themselves. I said, with what calm I could put on, that they must do what they thought best, and I went on skirmishing baselessly about for this and the other papers which had been buying my material.

I had begun printing in the Nation those letters about my Italian journeys left over from the Boston Advertiser; they had been liked in the office, and one day the editor astonished and delighted me by asking how I would fancy giving up outside work to come there and write only for the Nation. We averaged my gains from all sources at forty dollars a week, and I had my basis as unexpectedly as if I had dropped upon it from the skies.

This must have been some time in November, and the next three or four months were as happy a time for me as I have ever known. I kept on printing my Italian material in the Nation; I wrote criticisms for it (not very good criticisms, I think now), and I amused myself very



"IT'S LINCOLN'S HAND."

much with the treatment of social phases and events in a department which grew up under my hand. My associations personally were of the most agreeable kind. I worked with joy, with ardor, and I liked so much to be there, in that place and in that company, that I hated to have each day come to an end.

I believed that my lines were cast in New York for good and all; and I renewed my relations with the literary friends I had made before going abroad. I often stopped, on my way up town, at an apartment the Stoddards had in Lafayette Place, or near it; I saw Stedman, and reasoned high, to my heart's content, of literary things with them and him.

With the winter Bayard Taylor came on from his home in Kennett and took an apartment in East Twelfth Street, and once a week Mrs. Taylor and he received all their friends there, with a simple and charming hospitality. There was another house which we much resorted to—the house of James Lorimer Graham, afterwards Consul-General at Florence, where he died. I had made his acquaintance at Venice three years before, and I came in for my share of that love for literary men which all their perversities could not extinguish in him. It was a veritable passion, which I used to think he could not have felt so deeply if he had been a literary man himself. There were delightful dinners at his house, where the wit of the Stoddards shone, and Taylor beamed with joyous good-fellowship and overflowed with invention; and Huntington, long Paris correspondent of the Tribune, humorously tried to talk himself into the resolution of spending the rest of his life in his own country. There was one evening when C. P. Cranch, always of a most pensive presence and aspect, sang the most killingly comic songs; and there was another evening when, after we all went into the library, something tragical happened. Edwin Booth was of our number, a gentle, rather silent person in company, or with at least little social initiative, who, as his fate would, went up to the cast of a huge hand that lay upon one of the shelves. "Whose hand is this, Lorry?" he asked our host, as he took it up and turned it over in both his own hands. Graham feigned not to hear, and Booth asked again, "Whose hand is this?" Then there was nothing for Graham but to say, "It's Lincoln's hand," and the man for

whom it meant such unspeakable things put it softly down without a word.

VI.

Of the evenings at the Taylors' I can recall best the one which was most significant for me, and even fatefully significant. Mr. and Mrs. Fields were there, from Boston, and I renewed all the pleasure of my earlier meetings with them. At the end Fields said, mockingly, "Don't despise Boston!" and I answered, as we shook hands, "Few are worthy to live in Boston." It was New-Year's, and that night it came on to snow so heavily that my horse-car could hardly plough its way up to Forty-seventh Street through the drifts. The next day and the next, I wrote at home, because it was so hard to get down town. The third day I reached the office and found a letter on my desk from Fields, asking how I should like to come to Boston and be his assistant on the Atlantic Monthly. I submitted the matter at once to my chief on the Nation, and with his frank good-will I talked it over with Mr. Osgood, of Ticknor & Fields, who was to see me further about it if I wished, when he came to New York; and then I went to Boston to see Mr. Fields concerning details. I was to sift all the manuscripts and correspond with contributors; I was to do the literary proof-reading of the magazine; and I was to write the four or five pages of book-notices, which were then printed at the end of the periodical in finer type; and I was to have forty dollars a week. I said that I was getting that already for less work, and then Mr. Fields offered me ten dollars more. Upon these terms we closed, and on the first of March, which was my twenty-ninth birthday, I went to Boston and began my work. I had not decided to accept the place without advising with Lowell; he counselled the step, and gave me some shrewd and useful suggestions. The whole affair was conducted by Fields with his unfailing tact and kindness, but it could not be kept from me that the qualification I had as practical printer for the work was most valued, if not the most valued, and that as proof-reader I was expected to make it avail on the side of economy. Somewhere in life's feast the course of humble-pie must always come in; and if I did not wholly relish this bit of it, I dare say it was good for me, and I digested it perfectly.



JIMTY.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"BUT, Major," I whispered, "why is the bridegroom wearing an old coat? That cut is out of date."

The Major's eyes twinkled. "I wondered if you would notice it," he replied. "It's what I brought you here to see. If you will go to luncheon with me whenever I choose to take you directly the wedding is over, I'll tell you the story of that coat."

Half an hour later the Major and I were sitting together at a little table in a small café within the borders of that quarter of our city known as Bohemia. The café was Parisian, unmistakably, from the door-sill, on which a thin layer of white sand was spread in lieu of a mat, to the back of the room, where, perched on a dais fenced off like a proscenium-

box, madame the proprietress presided—behind her, a set of narrow shelves holding tier after tier of multihued bottles; before her, a row of neat glass cases exhibiting different brands of cigars, various cheeses, or tasteful plates of arranged fruits, comfits, and moulded jellies. Monsieur le mari was absorbed in tending the foliage plants of his show-window as we entered his establishment. He was turning the mould with a hair-pin, evidently borrowed from madame, and looked up to gravely bow to the Major, not removing his little black silk skull-cap. Later, his hands clasped behind his broad back, he wandered with apparent indifference about the room, chirping occasionally to the caged canaries that hung high among the green vines trained to grow upon the

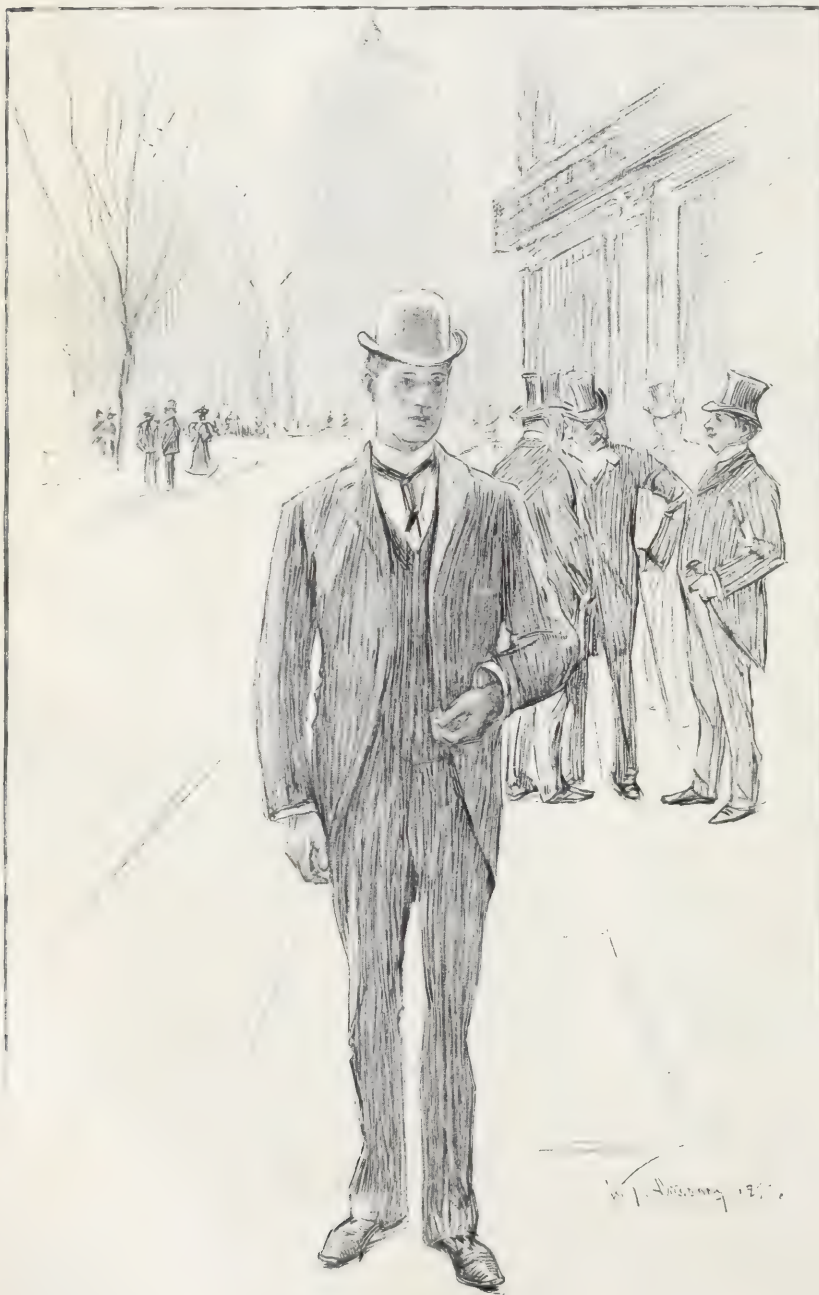
walls. Madame bowed to the Major also, with the same grave respect, and the Major called the waiter by his Christian name as he hurried forward to meet us and take our order. Evidently he was at home.

"Just glance about you," said the Major, with a certain proprietary pride. "It is easy enough to understand how in a great cosmopolis like this we have only to walk a block and turn a corner to travel from Jerusalem to Bagdad, but I have never known the very aroma of an important country so perfectly preserved as in this little café. Those art students over there, for instance—aren't they hav-

ing a good, innocent, Parisian kind of a time?"

I looked across the room through the thin blue mist of cigarette and cigar smoke. The ventilation was good, so the air was only clouded, not heavy. From her box madame was smiling her reserved smile upon a party of young men who had just entered and were rather noisily improvising a banquet board in the centre of the floor by setting a number of the little wooden tables which the café afforded side by side in a row. As loudly greeted additions to the party came dropping in, more tables were drawn up, until the board waxed long and the mirth high.

"Now you and I," said the Major, "old stagers as we are, know just how much or how little all this means. We know those perhaps too loudly called for, dissipated-looking little pint bottles contain pink water and sugar chiefly; and we know, too, that the young fellow over yonder smoking three cigarettes at once, one in each ear and one in his mouth, is but an innocent party buffoon, and not in the least tipsy. Indeed, I never saw but one tipsy fellow here in all my experiences, and madame pounced down upon him from her perch like a ruffled dove. 'Qu'est ce que c'est? Qu'est ce que c'est?' I had thought her a fixture up there, somehow, until that moment. You and I know all this. We even understand this grim little fine for the water-drinker. See it?" And the Major passed me the carte, set in a wooden frame with a handle like a looking-glass, his fin-



JIMTY.



"THUS IT WAS THAT I HEARD THE MAJOR'S STORY."

ger on these words at the head of the menu: "*5 c. en plus pour tout diner sans vin ou bière.*" "Cheaper to drink than to abstain, you comprehend. Of course we comprehend it all; but fancy a green country boy, born since the days when his father's cellarette adorned the dining-room, looking in on such a scene for the first time, and you have an idea of what Jimty's expression must have been when one day, about eighteen months ago, sitting at this very table, I looked up to see him standing rooted in that doorway."

The Major cast a reminiscent eye at the café entrance, and paused for a moment to openly overhear and as openly laugh over a story which was being told at the banquet table by the triple smoker: some nonsense about a farm belonging to the narrator's uncle, where there were three hundred cows at pasture—"all girls."

The Major indicated the noisy banqueters with a wave of his hand. "There was much the same order of party in the centre of the room the day Jimty arrived," he said, "only more noisy if anything; and, as it happened, one of the

number had just told a stale story, so the rest were stoning him to death—with bread crusts—as the door opened. I think the boy believed he had stumbled into a den of iniquity, until he saw me sitting here laughing."

The Major laughed again at the recollection.

"Are Jimty—if that is the name—and the bridegroom one and the same man?" I asked.

"Oh yes; didn't I tell you so? Jimty! I suppose the name strikes you as odd. It did me when I first heard it. Later I understood that it was but a natural evolution. James Tarleton Stone was the family name, so when it descended to my young friend, every distinguishing abbreviation had been previously engaged. He was therefore given the whole title, James Tarleton, which speedily degenerated into James T., then Jimmy T., lastly boiling down to Jimty. I learned all that over this same table, partly from Jimty, partly from his father; and over this board, too, old Mr. Stone first told his now historic anecdote of the Glass Snakes and Trans-



MADAME THE PROPRIETRESS.

parent Mocking-Birds. I don't believe I could properly sing you the song of Jimmy and his coat outside of this room, for everything here recalls to me some incident connected with him. And yet here comes our luncheon before I have so much as begun. Well, you must let me digress my own way, and I'll sandwich the coat and Jimmy in somehow between the courses."

Thus it was that while eating a luncheon, which included snails, and drinking a bottle of the red wine so affectionately jeered at by my host, I heard the Major's story.

"I can't very well even now," said the Major, "touch at once on the coat; for the first time I ever saw the boy he was not only minus that garment, but every other as well, naked as the day he came into the world, which statement

requires as immediate an explanation as possible.

"One spring season about two years ago it happened that I was on a business trip in Virginia, and found that I had to make a stage of my journey by a steamer already overcrowded with a large country excursion party. Luckily for me, as it chanced, I hate a crush above all things, so I stood a little aloof from the press of passengers crowding out on the pier. Suddenly, with no warning whatever, I saw that mass of human beings irresistibly shelved to one side, and I found myself borne back and down in a wild rush for the shore. I suppose my senses were crushed out of me, for I saw and heard nothing more after that until I realized that I was leaning against a pile of lumber on the land, unhurt. Some one—I never knew who—had dragged me out of

the *mêlée*. My first conscious thought was that I had surely died, and waked among the sounds of Hades. As I opened my eyes I saw only too clearly what had happened, but—well, I won't dwell on the appearance of the broken pier and disturbed water. The sight matched the hearing enough to unman me. I closed my lids again involuntarily, still faint and sick with the horror. At that moment the confusion of noises seemed to focus into a boyish voice near me. Even then I noted the peculiar freshness of its quality.

"'Father,' it cried, 'shall I strip before the women and children?'"

"An older voice answered like bugle to bugle:

"'Strip, man, strip, and go in as God made you.'

"I looked up to see standing quite near me the most magnificent specimen of young-manhood I ever beheld. I believe you thought Jimty as bridegroom handsome as a man need be, but to-day he was a circumstance to the Jimty I first saw as God made him—body and soul; for if ever a man's soul was in his face, it was in that boy's as he leaped by me, stark naked, into the water. It brought me to my feet, and out into the water after him I went—only to my neck, for I can't swim a stroke.

"The boy's father and I worked side by side. We two old fellows had all we could do to drag ashore the bodies, alive and dead—we could not stop to distinguish—that Jimty brought us.

"I thought we were laboring there for hours. It seemed so, though it must have been minutes only. Each time the boy dragged to us a new burden and swam undauntingly back into the horrible confusion of struggling forms I never expected to see him return.

"They say misery makes strange bedfellows, but peril surely makes bed-brothers of strangers. I don't believe the father suffered much more anxiety than I in those moments of waiting. Over and over I heard him murmuring in my ear: 'The boy sha'n't go out again.' 'He has done enough.' 'This is the last.' And I would answer, 'Yes, this time we will stop him.' But whenever Jimty neared us nothing of the kind was ever said. There was something sacred in the remote purpose of his face that no man—even a father—could venture to question. We stood

shoulder to shoulder, straining our old eyes to distinguish the one white body weaving its dangerous way among the dark ones. To many of them he must have come as a white-robed angel of deliverance.

"The boy's strength lay in his nakedness. With strong men, as there were, drowning all about him, clutching at straws in the fear of death, the fact that he had his body alone to protect from their grasp was everything.

"At last, after a long space of waiting, in which I fairly gave up hope, we distinguished Jimty, far off on the water's surface, springing high like a tired water-dog, and with each stroke shaking the drops from his eyes. He was panting heavily, with evident difficulty dragging in his load. It was the body of a woman. We waded out to meet him as far as we dared; but as the boy's feet touched the shallower bottom he shifted his burden into his arms, wading ashore past us as if he had never seen us. We hurried ashore also, to find him already working hard over the body, which he had laid on a tablelike board of the lumber-pile. I touched his bare arm, and he turned sharply, asserting—as a man asserts what he only half believes—that the woman must still be alive, for she had spoken to him twice on the way in.

"'No,' said his father, after a brief examination; 'she is quite dead now, poor child.'

"As I looked at the face of the young girl laid out there as if for her last rest, I also believed that she had found it. So many all about us were in need of immediate attention that it seemed a waste of precious moments to spend them on this hopeless case; but Jimty insisting in his belief, we worked over the senseless body, pressing air into the passive lungs—in fact, doing all that our inexperience knew to call back life—until an almost imperceptible quivering of the muscles, proving the boy right, made us redouble our efforts. At last the girl's eyelids began to flutter, and Jimty, in great excitement, caught up his coat from among his little heap of clothing still lying by the lumber-pile. He was wrapping the girl carefully in the coat's folds, when his father grasped his arm.

"'Stand back, boy,' he said; 'she's coming to, and you'll frighten her to death. This isn't the Garden of Eden. You'd

better put a coat on yourself, or hide in the bushes, as your betters did before you.'"

"Jimty started back with an exclamation, which proved that he had as wholly forgotten his body's nakedness as he had its peril a short while before. He snatched up his clothing, and, just as the girl opened her eyes, vanished so swiftly around the end of the lumber-pile that his father and I burst out laughing—a jangled kind of laughter. Did you ever hear men laughing after a heavy strain? It's not a pretty sound. It seems to jar loosely from the lips somehow, because it has no root in the heart, I suppose."

The Major's story waited while he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out the coppers necessary for the purchase of a newspaper presented by a tattered, bareheaded, black-eyed little fellow, who had entered the café noiselessly, slipping from table to table. He, too, was evidently an *habitué*; for all those whom he drew near, with his half-sly, half-frightened smile, had a humorous or teasing word to throw him, whether they bought or not.

I, the Major's guest, began to feel myself the only unknown quantity in those four walls. The Major was evidently a regular customer, for without question the boy stood waiting, a paper ready in his grimy hand.

"Italian, isn't he?" I asked.

"I don't know," the Major answered.

"Ask him."

"Who—I? No, no. My mova she Americaine. My faver? Ho! I don't know."

A shrug, a quick impish glance of intelligence, conveyed but one meaning, which was to his weird precocity as a neat little jest of life upon himself, and perhaps upon his mother also.

"Here," said the Major, "take your money, gamin, and go. Good Lord, what a travesty on childhood! And yet, do you know, even precocity like that has its uses, as Jimty and I learned. That little fellow's shrewdness once saved us a world of trouble. I don't mean it was worth the price, though. Poor little imp!"

He looked thoughtfully after the child of the pavements.

"Major," I said, recalling him, "is that all? Of course, as an old novel-reader, I know the coat and the rescued girl are the same coat and the same girl

I saw with Jimty to-day, but am I also to fill in the time from then to now from my own imagination?"

The Major shook his head and laughed.

"You couldn't do that, for old Mr. Stone occupies a large part of the space, and I defy any imagination less fertile than Madame Nature's to produce him. He was one of her unique masterpieces. I haven't sketched him in for you yet, because I was not particularly interested in him myself, until a little incident occurred which drew my attention to the father almost as warmly as it had been engaged by the son. No, I must begin again where I left off—at the back of the lumber-pile, Jimty's dressing-room, where Mr. Stone and I followed him with the news that our patient had been borne away, board and all, by a physician, who had arrived with his staff of assistants. The girl, though not yet wholly conscious, had been pronounced safe enough. Hers was but an obstinate faint, after all, which we had lacked experience to recognize. Indeed, Mr. Stone and I began to fear that we had devoted attention to the girl at Jimty's direct expense. He had dressed himself, and was sitting limply on the lumber-pile, shaking with the throes of a heavy chill brought on by reaction and exposure. It was rather early in the season for river bathing. Despite his chattering protests, Mr. Stone grasped Jimty by one arm, I by the other, and between us we walked him into a little tavern of the town close by, where we summarily got him into his own bed. It was there, it appeared, that the father and son were temporarily lodging."

"While I poured whiskey down our new patient's throat, Mr. Stone dragged out from a corner what he called his travelling-bag—a curious affair covered with rusty brown woollen laid in stiff plaits that drew in or out at will. Until he opened the clasp and took out a large bottle of powdered quinine and a toothbrush, I thought he had there his grandfather's old accordion, and wondered what on earth he meant to do with it. After we knew each other better he often urged me to buy such a bag for my own use, but I always told him I never anywhere saw one like it, which was the exact truth."

"To my treatment with whiskey Mr. Stone added a more carefully apportion-

ed dose of quinine from the bottle. At least it was careful from his stand-point, and the measure was evidently his accustomed one—a neat little heap of the powder on the end of his flat-handled tooth-brush twice administered. The amount would have killed me; but Jimty at once fell into a natural sleep, and though the accident had occurred but a short time before sunset, and it was then but a little after, old Mr. Stone and I, quite worn out, followed his example, retiring to our respective beds.

“It was not until deep in the next morning that we all three awoke, but little the worse for our experiences. Jimty, indeed, who had most excuse for consequences, showed no traces of his exertions beyond a few bruises. That’s what it means to be young. I might as well mention here that Mr. Stone was plain *Mr. Stone*. He had no title, military or otherwise, which rather surprised me in an old Virginian. He seemed conscious himself that the fact required explanation, and before we parted—which was almost immediately, for I had to hurry on my belated way—he took pains to mention casually his sorrow that he had never been strong enough to give his country active service of any kind. The thinness of his hooked nose, his nervous gestures, and the delicacy of his skin, especially where it was stretched tightly over his temples, verified his statement, even if I had been inclined to question his courage, which I was not. His frail appearance was what made me think of him as an old man, I suppose. In reality he was about my age. Jimty was as unlike his father as two men could well be, except that both had the same pleasant freshness of voice, and that both had blue eyes. The boy was deliberate in all his movements, even to the slow turning of his eyes. His hair had a queer childish way of standing straight up from his brow, which added to his proper six feet two. Altogether he struck me as a wholesome boy—a beautiful boy. He was then about twenty-one. Before parting with my twelve-hour acquaintances I breakfasted at the same table with them, and we lingered a few moments afterwards in the tavern smoking-room, which faced the street. It was there the little incident occurred which, as I told you, first drew my attention to Mr. Stone. We were all three standing at the large front door,

struggling into our light top-coats and fitting on our hats, when Jimty, who was nearest the pavement, paused, and uttered an exclamation which made our eyes follow his out into the street. There a common sand-cart jolted along, driven by a countryman, who was stoutly belaboring his old work-horse in an evident effort to hurry away the unseemly burden. Unseemly was a mild word to apply to his load. The landlord had told us that all the suitable covered vehicles of the village had been called in to carry away the dead and wounded from the broken wharf to their homes, and still there were not enough. It had been a carnage too terrible to meet with the ordinary decencies which life pays to death. The bodies of two women lay in the sand-cart, with distorted faces and twisted limbs uncovered to the street. As I turned away involuntarily from the spectacle I saw that both of my companions were still facing the street, standing with their hats held at their breasts, and their bared heads bowed over them, as if assisting at the funeral of a dignitary. I uncovered my head quickly, with a sense of shame. Mr. Stone looked up again at the cart.

“‘God forgive me—they are women!’ he cried.

“In a moment he was out in the street, a white cloth caught from the dining-room table in his hand. By this the bodies were at least hidden during the rest of their last journey.

“Though it was six months or more before I was to meet Jimty or Mr. Stone again, whenever they recalled themselves to me it was as I turned from the smoking-room door that morning to see them standing behind me, father and son, their heads reverently bowed over their hats held high on their breasts. And in after-times, when I felt, as I too often had just cause to feel, that old Mr. Stone was the most exasperating of human beings, I had only to remember this little incident in the smoking-room to soften to him. In some way, too, he had managed to transmit and teach to his boy all that was best in himself of chivalry and reverence. For this alone much had to be forgiven him.”

The Major here interrupted his own tale with determination. While not over-garrulous, he loved to talk, and though no gourmand, he duly enjoyed the flesh-

pots. I had for some minutes been watching with amusement the struggle between his two appetites. The flesh-pots finally conquered.

"My next meeting with the Stones," said the Major, "brings me back to this café again; but before I go on any further I mean to take a little recess and eat some luncheon. I never could understand why our physical economy has not provided us with one mouth for eating and another for talking. Here am I starving over a full plate, you politely playing with your bread to keep me company. What kind of an arrangement is that?"

While the Major, still grumbling at Providence, made reparation to himself for his physical limitations, I spent the time in taking an inventory of the café's guests, and saw with some surprise that there were a number of refined-looking women at the little tables, with and without escorts. When, after a considerate delay, I pointed out their presence to the Major, he laughed, and explained:

"Oh, that's all right. Art students chiefly; but Una could lunch here and leave her lion outside the door-sill awaiting her in the sand. Madame chaperons the occasion sufficiently. She is quite a dragon, is madame. I could tell you—but no, this is the story of Jimty, and I won't be led astray. Do you know, it was the innocent presence of these very women you speak of that on his first appearance here held Jimty in check at the door, where I recognized him, and rose from my table to meet him, reassure him, and lead him in. I found afterwards that he and his father were in search of a restaurant where 'only men were admitted.' Old Mr. Stone was just behind Jimty. I have often wondered how those two ever lived through their first six months in this great unwashed city. It was Colonel Newcome and Clive over again. Anything that so much as implied the degradation of women was horrible to them both. This was the father's teaching. If he had not upheld his standard stoutly, Jimty was young enough to have learned in six months to ignore a great deal, as most of us do sojourning in our dear Sodom.

"Asking advice of no one, and moving as they had from cheap cafés to others yet cheaper in search of the minimum of living, they must have stumbled on some odd and to them most painful experi-

ences. They had grown suspicious of everything, even of such a scene as this, yet here was just where they belonged. Cheap, clean, easy-going, eminently respectable, and, above all, really fine French cooking served in steaming hot dishes. When Jimty settled himself in the seat opposite me, which you now have, and his father sank into a chair at the side of the table, I knew they had joined madame's constant following from that moment. I saw Mr. Stone looking at these white table-cloths and the bright wooden-handled knives with a smile of perplexity at their quality, but great satisfaction in their cleanliness. I could see that the naïve habit our waiters have formed when not too busy—they never neglect any one—of joining, with broken English, in our political discussions rather startled him, but he soon came to like it. We all do. Occasionally, very occasionally, when we talk French, even monsieur himself wanders up to the table, and, his hands behind him, joins in. But he remains a remote individuality.

"As regards Jimty, after the door-sill of the café was once crossed, he had no scruples of any kind to overcome. He settled into his place, almost purring like a lost cat by an adopted hearth, and we met here almost daily. That is, Jimty and I did. Mr. Stone, as a more restless spirit, sometimes wandered.

"It was not at once that I found out all I have told you, or knew how long my two friends had been in the city. This was because I questioned Mr. Stone first, and it was some time before I realized that he always refused me a direct reply. It takes more tact than courage to say no, I think. Mr. Stone had a fine tact that let him deliver the point-blank negative so disguised that the recipient could not possibly recognize it. I have never encountered such command of language as was his, nor a more adroit power of choosing a word which would *not* express his real meaning. While he seemed to be baring his very heart to you, you might be sure—after you grew to know his ways—that the information you were seeking and he meant to keep was wrapped away somewhere in the flow of speech. So soon as I made this discovery I waited for my chance, and one night when Jimty was dining here alone with me I put the direct question to him, 'How long have you been in this city?' 'We've been here

over six months,' said Jimty. Though a man, and so large a one at that, Jimty had still a country lad's habit of standing as it were 'at gaze' when a question was suddenly asked him. He would not only turn his eyes, but his whole body, to his questioner. Bucolic as this was, it always attracted me. As he answered my abrupt and evidently embarrassing question he faced me fully, as usual, flushing, as he had reason to; for, when we parted after the wharf accident, I had given my card with my address to Mr. Stone, urging him to seek me out if ever in my city. I had noticed at the time that he only answered by telling me that he had just the week before sold his old home in Virginia, but that he would be glad to have me accept the hospitality of his relations' homes if ever in his county, where the taverns were poor. I must mention that later on, in a second business visit to Virginia, I did use the card of introduction Mr. Stone then gave me, and was passed from house to house, from hand to hand, as a precious parcel. I came back having covered miles of my journey without a hotel bill in my pocket; and then, and not until then, did I reach an adequate understanding of the loneliness my two Virginia friends must have suffered when first lost in the toils of my home city, which is not a city of homes.

"'Why haven't you looked me up?' I asked Jimty. 'Did you know any one here?' Jimty had not his father's squirrel-like gift of secretion. The nuts he would fain have hidden in his jaws were easy to draw out. I discovered that they had purposely staid behind at the tavern where I left them after the wharf accident, and followed on my very track by the next train. To a mind not drilled by old Mr. Stone this avoidance of me was inexplicable and fairly offensive. I implied as much to Jimty.

"'But we had been through something together,' he explained, 'and father felt it would have been presuming on that to have told you we were going to your city. You see we had not a single friend here. You might have felt us on your mind. We meant to hunt you up as soon as we were on our feet.'

"'Only then did I know that they were not 'on their feet,' though I had before suspected it. By degrees I won the whole story from Jimty, told with no sense of humor: he was as deficient in that as are

most country-bred boys. The returns from the sale of their home had been nominal, owing to old mortgages; and the father, or rather the son, had been trying every plan to husband this small stock of money which they had brought with them to the city, where both hoped to find employment.

"'We took one room at first; and while I was out looking for work, father cooked our meals over our open fire,' said Jimty. 'We found that much less expensive, but we only had one frying-pan, and father would throw the grease from it into the fire. Once he burnt his hand badly, and once he set fire to the mantel-piece. I was always afraid I'd find him seriously hurt when I came home.'

"'Why did he keep on doing it?' I asked.

"'Oh, I don't know,' said Jimty. 'Father's very apt to keep on doing anything he does once. Finally our landlady stopped our "light housekeeping," as she called it, and I was glad of it.'

"'Jimty,' I said, 'you asked her to stop it. You know you did.' You see, I had not been studying the boy's methods of dealing with his father for nothing.

"'Yes,' he answered, quietly; 'I had to. It was the best way. Then we went from place to place for our meals, each worse than the last. Then'—his eyes lit up—'then we came here.'

"'By his honest, good-looking face, apparently, for he had no other introductions, Jimty had won for himself a fairly good business position, with better prospects ahead, but he was now worrying over his father. The money they had brought with them was dwindling rapidly. Mr. Stone was living upon it exclusively; he would not touch a penny of Jimty's earnings.

"'When that little is gone and he has to call on me, I don't know how he will stand it,' said Jimty, in distress. 'If only father were a little less proud!'

"'Is he too proud to work?' I asked.

"'Jimty eagerly assured me he was not; that he would do anything but live on charity, even his son's—which seemed to me laudable enough, and not just what I had expected.

"'Mr. Stone was a man of curious contradictions.

"'What work has your father done before this?' I inquired, and the query seemed to render Jimty desperate.

"That's the first question every one asks," he said. "Of course father has never done any work at all. He had no reason to before the war, and since—" He paused, with an embarrassed look at me, which I did not then understand.

"Since then," I said, "I suppose you have been living on your land alone."

"You can't eat land," said Jimty, gloomily. "Nobody can eat land. We had to eat. No; the truth is, father made a terrible mistake a few years after the war. He married again, a rich New England woman. They lived together wretchedly for about fifteen years, but now they are separated entirely. Father only married her for my sake. He didn't know how I should hate it as I grew older."

"Was she a step-dame to you?" I asked, cautiously. Jimty was blurting out his facts with a freedom I did not wish to disturb.

"Oh no," he replied, quickly. "She was very good to me—too good. Her money smothered me. She would give me anything before I knew I wanted it, and seemed to grudge everything to father. They were so different. She kept account of every penny, while father never kept a book in his life. I know it was hard on her sometimes, but if father had owned anything it would have been entirely hers, and he never could understand her feeling differently."

"This was one of the cases where Jimty's sense of humor failed him. I managed to reply sympathetically, but my heart was on the side of the second Mrs. Stone, married for the boy's sake alone. I had already learned something of Mr. Stone's business methods, and a strain of thrifty blood in me responded to her trials in dealing with a husband whose keeping of personal accounts was (as he had already jovially confessed to me) confined to 'knowing to a cent how much he spent, as he always spent every cent he had.'

"What finally separated them?" I asked.

"I did," said Jimty, shortly. "Just as soon as I was old enough I remonstrated with her. She told me then to my face that it was for my sake alone she had stood my father so long as she had, and 'an old Virginia gentleman was a luxury she could not afford.'"

The Major set down his lifted wine-glass and laughed aloud at his own narrative. "Poor lady!" he said, shaking

his head—"poor lady! I never met her, and probably never shall, but if ever woman had my respectful sympathy, she did. Think how she must have loved that boy to have endured for his sake the kind of life I know she led for fifteen years or more! Her New England soul must have died daily, and yet at her one and only recorded outburst to Jimty the boy whirled away insulted, with his father on his back, to seek their fortunes. Their fortunes, forsooth! I failed to see how Jimty was to afford the luxury Mrs. Stone had groaned under.

"Is there no possibility of reconciling them?" I asked Jimty, but he crushed the hope.

"None. Of course not. They parted three years ago. Mrs. Stone went back to her own people, and father and I tried to keep up the old place with what we had left. She did offer to leave us an allowance; indeed, she begged us to take it—and it was a liberal sum too. We parted kindly enough, but of course father refused her money. When we found the old home could not be kept up we sold it out and came up here."

"So far as I could discover from all this, Mr. Stone had, in the term of life granted him, made but two serious attempts to earn his bread—first by matrimony, next by cooking—both efforts ending with the fat deliberately thrown in the fire by his own obstinate hand. Neither experiment exactly yielded a record with which to approach a business man; yet, when it became evident that without influence Mr. Stone could never gain a position, I ventured—with some misgivings, I confess—to use a little present power which I happened to possess with a business acquaintance by persuading him to try Mr. Stone in a vacant clerical position in his office. The salary was a very small one, but it was something, and the duties were light. They did not include accounts.

"Now I don't know that you have noticed it," went on the Major, glancing about the room, "but it is our custom in this café to openly overhear any good story that is being told at one of the other tables. As it is the custom, there is nothing rude in it. So soon as he had settled into his business position, Mr. Stone, to my surprise, shot at once into the place of *raconteur* of the café. We had never possessed before, and never shall again, any one else who is capable of improvis-

ing such irresistibly comic stories with so little point, or such rippling fancy interlarded with as inimitable negro dialect. Mr. Stone had only to lift his far-reaching voice, wonderfully clear and youthful for a man of his age, with 'Now I'll tell you a true story; you mayn't believe it, but'—and the whole room was attentive.

"There was one delightfully idiotic tale of Glass Snakes and Transparent Mocking-Birds for which he became quietly famous. Some day I will tell it to you, or Mr. Stone shall. This was the first story he ever gave us, and it immediately assured his position. His talents in this line had been so unsuspected by me, and their expression was so evidently the outcome of the man's happiness, that I felt reproached in not having realized before how his failure to gain work had preyed on his spirits.

"Ah!" he said to me, 'I tell you, Major, it's not the dinner he eats that fattens a man, it's knowing where to-morrow's dinner is to come from.'

"But through Jimty I learned that his father's satisfaction had yet deeper roots. He had confessed to his boy a passionate pride in the fact that he—an old and ruined Southern gentleman—was yet proved capable of taking up his life where it had broken off and beginning over again in the world. This was another of the odd, half-veiled nobilities of the man's character disclosing itself. To me, watching these two grown men made blissfully happy with a bare living income between them was painful. It gave too significant a hint of their past.

"Contented as they were, it was not entirely plain sailing for my two friends. Jimty could not always control his father's eccentric economies, as expensive in the end as his occasional bursts of extravagance, but he met such emergencies with a dogged kind of courage, taking them apparently as but a part of his day's work. He reminded me in those times of a sturdy little horse uncomplainingly digging its way up a steep hill. Mr. Stone must have been a heavy burden to carry, and close as was the relation between the two, as father and son, it was also anomalous. As for Mr. Stone himself, he seemed to harbor no further misgivings regarding anything in life. His oyster was opened wide. When he was not telling his stories, which he seemed able to draw in limitless stores from a

bosom as eternal as Abraham's, he would relieve his feelings by leaning back in his chair and humming to himself over and over two lines of an old-fashioned hymn tune which ran,

'But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.'

This was all, and the air never varied.

"I am afraid 'him' meant Jimty, for he always looked at the boy as he sang. Under these circumstances you may imagine my feelings when, one morning, among the letters on my desk I found a rather curt note from Mr. Herrick—my acquaintance and Mr. Stone's employer—informing me, that much as he had desired to serve me, it was impossible for him to continue with Mr. Stone's services. It was not difficult to read between these lines that Herrick, along with the second Mrs. Stone—poor lady—had found an old Virginia gentleman a luxury too expensive. I confess I was a coward. I could not face Jimty with the news. I sealed up the letter, with a line from myself, and sent it to him by a messenger. I thought I should see him and his father at the café that night, but at the last moment I was called away from town for several days, and when I returned I was still reluctant enough to be a little late for dinner. When I did arrive here I lingered at the door, rubbing my feet in the sand on the threshold and peering over at our table. There was Mr. Stone leaning back in his chair, looking at Jimty, as usual, and the first thing I heard as I drew nearer was his contented bumblebeelike droning:

'But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.'

Jimty was sitting at his side of the table with a couple of little books laid by his plate.

"Mr. Stone hailed me jovially at once. Unlike his boy, he rarely moved his head except to throw it back in talking, but his roving blue eyes saw everything.

"Welcome, stranger; you've come back just in time. Jimty is about to draw the first check he ever made out in his life, in the first check-book he ever owned. It's a great moment, I assure you—isn't it, James T.?"

"I looked from Mr. Stone to Jimty's smiling face, and sat down, wondering, while Mr. Stone went on to tell me how he had always hated check-books himself,

as he liked 'to feel the money slip through his fingers.'

" 'Jimty here,' he went on, 'hates so to see good money go out he means to charge everything and pay in checks, only to spare his feelings.'

"I suggested gently that check-books had some value also as a kind of record, but Mr. Stone gave vent to his usual contempt for anything like the keeping of accounts.

" 'I never felt any need of records,' he said. 'When I went travelling, for instance, I used to take the sum I had to spend and put half in my right-hand pocket and half in my left. When I had used up all my right-hand pocket, I turned around and came home on my left-hand pocket. I call that sensible and careful enough.'

"Far from the depression I had feared to find, it seemed that Mr. Stone was in highest spirits. When, late in the evening, a café acquaintance joined us at our table, and Jimty made his father tell that idiotic story of the Transparent Mocking-Birds and Glass Snakes for the hundredth time, I listened, and, in spite of myself, laughed out of all proportion to the story's point. I had never heard Mr. Stone handle the tale better. Nor could I detect any underlying anxiety in Jimty's manner.

"Indeed, the new bank-book lying by his plate lent such an air of prosperity, I began to think my letter of ill tidings must have miscarried. But, as we were leaving the café, Jimty managed to fall behind for a moment with me.

" 'It's all right, Major, thank you,' he whispered; 'don't let father suspect anything. I was lucky enough to have a rise of salary the day I got your letter. I saw Mr. Herrick about it, and was able to arrange to pay him very nearly what he pays father. It was the best way. I think it would have killed father to lose his position.' "

The Major sat silent, as if recalling something he liked to dwell on.

"Did you ever hear anything to equal that?" he asked. "*Paid* Herrick to retain his father's useless services, and you would have thought he was telling me of the simplest business arrangement! Ah, my dear friend, I won my spurs fighting against the South in the sixties, but it was brother against brother, if ever war was. I am, in fact, Southern on one side of the

house, but I never—no, not when I recognized my own first cousin across the battle-line—felt the tug of my Southern blood and sinew claiming me as when I stood by that café door and heard Jimty explain why he stinted himself to feed his father's childlike pride. Do you know, the South and its people have always seemed to me somehow as a deep river that, in contradiction to every law, still persists in murmuring and flinging up spray and foam like a shallow brook. The best stuff of the South flows deep down in a common undercurrent. Their Lees and their Stonewall Jacksons and, yes, their Jimtys, rise only as occasion calls. Meantime those who are nothing but the foam on the top of the waves pass for the general type of the South. They are, of course, one type, but only one—the most conspicuous, the least valuable. Oh yes, delightful enough, except to live with. I could not have lived a week with old Mr. Stone."

I ventured to draw the Major from generalization back to narrative. The café was beginning to empty slowly. I wished to have the thread of the tale I was hearing unreel to the shuttle on the spot where it had been wound.

"But old Mr. Stone," I asked, "was he so easily deceived?"

"Of course. But not for long, though Jimty took every precaution. He had opened his private bank account chiefly in order to pay Herrick by a monthly check, which he sent through the mail. You know it is impossible to keep a secret like that. One night Jimty came into the café, looking white and scared, to tell me that his father had disappeared. He walked up to my side and stood there in his usual direct way, as a child comes in trouble. There was nothing childish about him but his surface ways. He brought a short note from his father to show me. He had found it a few moments before, awaiting him in their room. As I remember, it ran, in substance—

" 'You should have known me better, dear boy. I must earn my own bread. If I am in sickness or need I will send for you. I forbid you to look for me. God bless you!

Your devoted FATHER.'

"Mr. Stone had taken away with him just half—to a penny—of their small re-

maining capital, the accordion-bag, and his own clothing; nothing more. At first Jimty, and I too, believed that Mr. Herrick must in a moment of impatience have betrayed the secret. Yet it was unlike him. I had reason to believe that his word, once given, became a law unto himself. On the other hand, knowing him as a practical business man to the backbone, his retaining Mr. Stone so long in his office, even at no expense to himself, had all along been rather a matter of surprise to me, though I recalled how Mrs. Stone, at considerable expense, had borne with the father during fifteen weary years for the sake of the same advocate. Under all the circumstances I thought our first and wisest move was for me to see Herrick alone, and gain from him what further information I could; so I left Jimty at his desolated room, and went on up town to Herrick's house.

"Herrick received me in his private library. He is a large, heavily built, strong-featured man, with a hard voice and a good-natured laugh. He was laughing when I came in, and seemed to know at once what I was there for.

"'Old Stone, I suppose?' he said. 'Major, I don't think I deserved that Old Man of the Sea of you. Socially, I don't doubt, he's delightful, but he certainly has the business equipment of a jackass. That's a fine boy of his, though; nothing of the jackass there. I was glad to accommodate you, of course, by keeping the old man (on the boy's terms), yet, I tell you now frankly, I wouldn't have kept him on any terms for you or anybody else if I hadn't been really touched by his son's extraordinary offer. It's not often you run on anything like that in business life. You know how he came to leave me, of course? No? Well, my book-keeper carelessly left young Stone's check open on his desk, and old Mr. Stone's magpie-like eyes saw it in passing. His mind is every bit as quick as his eyes. It works like a back stitch in a matter like that. He went on his way past the desk straight to my private room, and taxed me with deductions I could not deny. He resigned his position on the spot.'

"'And has since disappeared,' I added. Then I told Herrick of the letter and its contents.

"'No!' he said, easily; 'you don't say so! Well, so much the better for the boy; that is, if the old man doesn't bring his

debts back with him when he comes. Mark my words, as soon as his money runs out he will run in. Oh, you needn't bother to look for him. Sometimes I think vice is easier to deal with than worthlessness. At least it can be depended on to take care of itself.'

"Herrick's manner vexed me, but as I wanted his help in the matter, I answered moderately that I thought he missed seeing certain qualities in Mr. Stone which made me fear he would starve before bending his pride and returning unsought. 'In the mean time,' I urged, 'the man was wholly unfitted to care for himself.'

"I had never before met Herrick on anything but business terms. I knew of him only as a self-made man, but of his family and home life nothing whatever. I was entirely unprepared for it when he flung out towards me an arm as strong as a horse's leg, with—

"'Major, any man who has his two arms *free* can put bread in his mouth and a roof over his head if he chooses to. If not, let him go. Suppose he does have to sleep in a field once in a while—why not? He has all fate promises him. If you were to come to me telling the story of a man with a child clinging to his hand and the wife he loves hampering his arms, then I should know what you meant. It's when he has given hostages to Fortune—hostages to Fortune—there were never stronger words—that he learns how to suffer. You can starve your own tough flesh and let your own bones go cold, but when the flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone are suffering for what you would kill yourself to give them—God knows, sometimes I hate the sight of the luxuries about me! If I could have commanded them earlier, my wife would be with me.'

"He got up and walked across the room, leaving me overwhelmed. This was the man behind the hard voice.

"I had nothing to say. What could I say? Bodies were not made to talk with naked souls. At least mine was not.

"Herrick came back to his chair frowning.

"'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I don't know what has upset me this evening. My wife has been gone only a year, and left us about this time. She lived to enjoy some years of luxury, so I ought not to resent things as I do, I suppose; but I have always been confident that

her early hardships were what really caused her death. One little plunge in cold water would not have killed a strong woman—it did her.’

“‘Herrick,’ I said, ‘do you mean she was drowned?’

“‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘I suppose you might say so. *Shock*, the doctors called it. She was only in the water a moment before I dragged her out. A wharf we were standing on settled and sank. There was terrible loss of life. My only child was saved as by a miracle, poor little girl!’

“While he was speaking I was as sure as you are at this moment that the accident had taken place in Virginia, that I had been a witness of it, and that Herrick’s daughter was the girl Jimty had saved. In his expansive mood it was not difficult to lead Herrick on. When I left him that night it was too late to see Jimty again, but the first question I asked the boy as he entered the café for breakfast was not concerning his father, but, ‘Jimty, what kind of coat did you wrap about the girl you pulled out of the water at the Virginia wharf?’

“‘A new corded black,’ he answered, looking at his rubbed coat sleeves; ‘and I wish I had it now. She can’t want it, and I do, badly.’

“‘There were plenty of corded black coats there, and plenty of women wrapped in them, I suppose,’ I said. ‘What had you in the pockets?’

“‘I don’t remember anything but a green housewife and a little old corn-cob pipe. I have missed that pipe more than the coat. Why do you ask?’

“‘Because,’ I answered, ‘if your coat was a new corded black, and had a housewife and a corn-cob pipe in the pockets, the girl you saved was Herrick’s only child. He has advertised for you and been looking for you ever since. He showed me your coat last night. He keeps it carefully folded away among his own, and says he means to until he finds the man to whom it belongs. You have only to walk up town to slip into it and your fortune.’

“‘Well, I certainly sha’n’t,’ said Jimty. And from this position I was not able to move him an inch. In vain I argued that I had not intended he himself should claim the laurels Herrick had plaited and waiting. As soon as he understood me Jimty sternly exacted a promise of silence,

and, indeed, I had now no right to speak to Herrick without his permission, though I devoutly wished I had been less reticent when the coat was first shown me. Unfortunately I had waited to verify my suspicions. For days I wrestled with Jimty on this question. It was our sauce with each meal. He knew as well as I what Herrick’s mere interest would mean for him in the business world, but he was, as it seemed to me, unreasonably, foolishly obstinate. Finally I had a chance to bring the girl herself forward as argument.

“‘Jimty,’ I said, ‘I do think you are a fool. You don’t know a woman in this city excepting madame, and there’s as sweet a child as any man could ask for’—she was quite Jimty’s age, but they were both children to me—‘simply waiting to receive you. Her father called me across the street to-day to meet her. He has a right to be proud of her. She’s as pretty and pink as a bonnet rose. You would never have known her for the dead-looking girl we laid out on the board by the water.’

“Then my young man blushed—blushed until I saw I had somehow hit near the real cause of his obstinacy.

“‘I did recognize her,’ he said. ‘Mr. Herrick sent for me the other day to explain to me himself how father came to leave him. She stopped in at the office for a moment while I was there. But if you think I am ever going to be led up to any woman as the man who saved her life stark naked you are mistaken. I have been mortally ashamed of that ever since it happened. The amount of it was, I lost my head; but why in the world father didn’t make me keep on *something* I can’t see yet. It was perfectly ridiculous—unnecessary—theatrical.’

“He tramped out of the café, hot and angry, leaving his dinner half eaten. After that I let Master Jimty alone. While I reserved to myself the right to believe that Miss Herrick would have indubitably followed her mother but for the thorough measures which Jimty now characterized as unnecessary and ridiculous, I am quite old enough to avoid argument with a young man whose self-consciousness is wounded, and also to hold my laughter in check until the door closes between him and me.

“During this time a search for Mr. Stone was being quietly made in every direction

by Jimty and myself. To my satisfaction, it also developed that Herrick seemed to feel a certain responsibility in the matter. He sent for Jimty at his office several times to ask what news he had, and finally, as the days went by with no news whatever, went so far as to offer to engage a private detective at his own expense. This Jimty refused decidedly.

"'Father would never forgive it,' he said.

"'You needn't tell him,' Herrick suggested.

"But Jimty shook his head, remarking, in his serious way, that he had 'tried not telling father once too often.'

"Herrick laid his big hands down on the table and laughed. He had followed 'us here to the café to make this offer, and was dining with us. Jimty's seriousness always seemed to amuse him.

"'Your father's general habits of life ought to give us a hint to begin with,' he said, looking at the son with a question in his eye.

"'Father never spreeds,' said Jimty, in his own vernacular, and Herrick laughed again.

"'Well,' he said, 'if that's the case, and it's to be a still-hunt, you can count me in. I'll find him for you. I never made up my mind to get anything on this earth that I didn't gain it sooner or later—sometimes too late.'

"I knew he was thinking of his dead wife. Herrick was in his way as curious a mixture of feeling and harshness as Mr. Stone of worthlessness and nobility.

"From that time on Herrick's spirit of combativeness seemed roused, and it was his indomitable will and plotting mind that converted the search for Mr. Stone into an organized effort, such as Jimty and I could never have made it. I saw then how the man had forced his way up through the world. His powers were only strengthened by failures, and we kept failing all along the line. Every trail we followed ended in a lost scent. Finally, after all our labors, it was left to that miserable little newsboy to give us the clew. He knows his city as a rat its holes. One night, when the three of us were dining here together (Herrick had formed the habit of dropping in occasionally on his way home), I saw madame glance over at us from her perch. Now madame, as a fixed rule, keeps her expressive eyes to herself. They are gener-

ally behind her lowered white lids. She was talking to the newsboy—had drawn him into her proscenium box, in fact—and was standing with her hand on his shoulder, evidently questioning him, for he was squirming uneasily. The gamin hates questions, as does any other man of the world. Madame raised her lids again, and with her eyes beckoned monsieur, who came to her at once. They whispered together, still holding the child. Then monsieur's hand replaced madame's on the boy's shoulder, and he was steered unwillingly towards our table. They are the most discreet couple I ever met, monsieur and madame. I had not known that madame realized Mr. Stone's disappearance. She had never shown any consciousness of his presence as an established guest, barring the grave bow she gives to all regular comers. Monsieur, I knew, was more or less interested in our search, for he had singled out Jimty as the one being on whom to bestow more than an impersonal and businesslike attention. The boy had a wonderfully unconscious power of attracting his fellow-beings of all classes and kinds, witness Mrs. Stone, Herrick, monsieur, and myself. Every day, as monsieur passed our table, he would pause an instant at Jimty's side, and with his hand behind his back, ask, in a low voice, if he had any news; then, at Jimty's answer, he would cluck sympathetically in his throat and pass on. I don't know how he divined our anxiety over Mr. Stone, for we had cooked up a fable concerning his absence with which to meet inquirers at the café. I think now that madame was monsieur's informant. I have gained faith in her sphinxlike omniscience since the night she sent the little newsboy travelling down the room to us under monsieur's hand.

"'This child has seen him,' whispered monsieur, and with Gallic breeding instantly retired. The boy stood blinking at us, and Herrick fell on him at once with brusque questions, to which he got sulky, half-scared replies. Yet the child insisted, with funny little noddings of his head, that he had seen Mr. Stone the night before.

"'Ze gentleman like zis,' he said, and set his crooked little forefinger over his stubby nose, which immediately became Mr. Stone's beak. Herrick roared with laughter. Jimty reached past him, and drawing the boy to himself, whispered to

him, and gave him some coins, at which the child looked full in his face with his black eyes and said:

"'Yes, I seen him at ze zeatre-house when I sells ze papers. He was'—he darted a glance across at Herrick and went on glibly—'he was selling ze tickets at ze door.'

"While Jimty was trying to arrive at the location of 'ze zeatre,' I leaned towards Herrick.

"'That child is lying,' I whispered.

"'Of course,' he answered; 'but we may as well look there as anywhere. I know the place he means, or know of it. It's a kind of beer-garden.'

"To the kind of beer-garden we went, Jimty walking between Herrick and me, an impatient half-step ahead. The strain of his father's disappearance had changed him in some ways for the better. His face was thinner, and had in a measure lost its boyish look, but he was more alert in body and mind. As we neared the building he left us and ran forward, pushing open the big double door of the beer-garden entrance, and walking up to the ticket-window, where I think he was as confident of looking through the opening into his father's face as if he had already seen him. When we came near, it was to discover an individual as wholly unlike Mr. Stone as was Jimty himself, raking in the admissions with soiled fat hands. He rapped on the window-ledge crossly at the boy, who stood gaping. Herrick laid a note on the ledge, and held up three fingers over Jimty's back.

"'The little boy lied,' he said, gathering in his change. 'I thought so. But we might as well go in.'

"Inside we found a large, gaudily tricked-out room, with small round tables scattered about holding beer-glasses and lounging elbows. Men, women, and children were present, but the greater number of the last two were crowded on rows of benches set before a green-curtained platform. Some performance was evidently about to begin. We chose a remote table, gave an order for beer, and waited, Herrick and I looking about us carefully. Jimty dully followed our lead. His disappointment at the ticket-window seemed to have deeply depressed him.

"'I still think that child was telling half the truth,' said Herrick. 'I frightened the other half away from him. We'll get some clew here, if nothing else.'

"But Jimty glanced about the room, shaking his head; and while I agreed with Herrick in thinking the newsboy was concealing something he was afraid to tell, I also agreed with Jimty in thinking that Mr. Stone could have no part or lot in such an assemblage, composed chiefly of German-Americans, respectable, bourgeois, and just escaping vulgarity. The entertainment provided, while harmless in its way, was in touch with the audience. There was a great deal of cheap music and shifting colored lights and general buffoonery. The first rising of the curtain revealed a skirt-dancer, a Mademoiselle La Rée, 'creatress of all she does,' as the programme assured us. The girl danced well and gracefully, changing herself at will from a misty butterfly to a writhing serpent or a kaleidoscopic figure by a twirl of her voluminous skirts. I knew Jimty had never seen a skirt-dancer before, but it failed to rouse him. Herrick, it appeared, had never seen one either. His daily life of business excitement, he said, made domesticity his chosen relaxation. He watched Mademoiselle La Rée with contemptuous interest. She was followed by the dullest and dreariest kind of songs and dances, of varying nationalities; but we sat through it all, and were rewarded at last by what brought a smile even to Jimty's gloom. Six negro minstrels stepped out on the stage. The deception of the blacking and general make-up was so clever I thought them all Africans, until Jimty, more experienced in the race look, pointed out to me that the two end men were white. After the usual passing of songs and jokes, one of the end men told a foolish story, challenging the other to cap it, so the second man stepped forward and began to speak in a droning, irresistibly comic singsong. Herrick and I looked across the table at each other. Jimty rose to his feet. It was the story of the Transparent Mocking-Birds and Glass Snakes.

"'That's my father's story,' said Jimty. 'He is here somewhere.'

"On either side we caught Jimty's arms and forced him back in his chair.

"'Where are you going?' said Herrick.

"'To ask where my father is, of course. There's the back door; let me go.'

"I could not find words or heart to tell him. Herrick blurted it out.

"'Be still, boy,' he whispered; 'that is your father.'

"I felt Jimty start and quiver under my hands.

"It is not!" he exclaimed: but he sat quiet, staring at the platform.

"The story was rising from absurdity to absurdity, the audience applauding with wild catcalls and shrieking with laughter. There was but one being in the world who could tell that particular story in that particular way. Disguised as he was by paint and wig and blackened face, this delight of a third-rate audience, the evident drawing-card of the management, the end man of a negro-minstrel troupe, was old Mr. Stone.

"Jimty's head bent lower and lower. An expression of pitiful humiliation was creeping like a blush over his face.

"Well," said Herrick, finally, 'the old man is doing the only thing on earth he knows how to, and, by George! I respect him for it.'

"Jimty turned away, dropping his arms on the table and hiding his face in them. For a while we sat silent. I signed to Herrick to let him be, but he would not, and bent forward.

"This is all nonsense," he said; 'don't take it so hard. There is no shame in it, my boy; and if there were'—for the first time I heard his hard voice soften; he laid his great arm across Jimty's shoulders—'if there were, I have a cloak waiting for you at home that would cover everything.'

"That's all," said the Major. "You have heard the whole story now, and you saw the finale at the church this morning. *Addition!*" This last to his waiter, who hurried off, calling "*Addition!*" in his turn to madame, who made out the account at her stand.

But I objected. "Major," I said, "you have not told me all. How did Mr. Herrick know the coat was Jimty's unless you betrayed him?"

"I? Oh no. The girl recognized him at a glance as she passed him in the office, and told her father. I believe women see more with their eyes half shut than we with ours wide open. Jimty was such an innocent it was easy for a man like Herrick to get enough corroborating testimony from him without his realizing it. That was the cause of Herrick's sudden interest in the search for old Mr. Stone. He waited for his own time to speak. That was like Herrick. What of the old man?" The Major laughed. "Well, do you know,



"MR. STONE IS NOW A SEMI-PROFESSIONAL RACONTEUR."

it was a month before we could persuade him to leave his minstrel company. He insisted that from never having a dime in his pocket he now had dollars, and that he liked his new-found independence. The truth is, backbone was a heritage in that family. Mr. Stone had only mislaid his for threescore years or so. I couldn't help respecting his resolution from his point of view. Herrick would only laugh and cheer the old man on, but Jimty was so distressed we finally hit on a compromise. Jimty persuaded his father to meet us half-way, while Herrick and I arranged the sordid details. Mr. Stone is now a semi-professional raconteur, rather the fashion for select half-literary entertainments. You may stumble on him some night. If you do, make him tell the tale of the Glass Snakes

and Transparent Mocking-Birds. It was that story, by-the-way, which gained him the place in the minstrel troupe. The manager overheard him telling it at the café, and made overtures. Do you know, my friend, that we are the only guests left in this room, and that madame is growing restless?"

It was true. I saw madame's eyes. They were expressive. We rose and

wound our way among the little tables towards the door.

"My hat, Jean," said the Major. "Good-day, madame, monsieur."

Our feet grated on the sand at the door-sill. I looked back from the pavement to see madame following monsieur to the open vestibule. Together they set in place the little wire grating that proclaimed the luncheon hour over.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Joan told the King what that deep secret was that was torturing his heart, his doubts were cleared away; he believed she was sent of God, and if he had been let alone he would have set her upon her great mission at once. But he was not let alone. Tremouille and the holy fox of Rheims knew their man. All they needed to say was this—and they said it:

"Your Highness says her Voices have revealed to you, by her mouth, a secret known only to yourself and God. How can you know that her Voices are not of Satan, and she his mouth-piece?—for does not Satan know the secrets of men and use his knowledge for the destruction of their souls? It is a dangerous business, and your Highness will do well not to proceed in it without probing the matter to the bottom."

That was enough. It shrivelled up the King's little soul like a raisin, with terrors and apprehensions, and straightway he privately appointed a commission of bishops to visit and question Joan daily until they should find out whether her supernatural helps hailed from heaven or hell.

The King's relative, the Duke of Alençon, three years prisoner of war to the English, was in these days released from captivity through promise of a great ransom; and the name and fame of the Maid having reached him—for the same filled all mouths now, and penetrated to all parts—he came to Chinon to see with his

own eyes what manner of creature she might be. The King sent for Joan and introduced her to the Duke. She said, in her simple fashion:

"You are welcome; the more of the blood of France that is joined to this cause, the better for the cause and it."

Then the two talked together, and there was just the usual result: when they parted, the Duke was her friend and advocate.

Joan attended the King's mass the next day, and afterward dined with the King and the Duke. The King was learning to prize her company and value her conversation; and that might well be—for, like other Kings, he was used to getting nothing out of people's talk but guarded phrases, colorless and non-committal, or carefully tinted to tally with the color of what he said himself; and so this kind of conversation only vexes and bores, and is wearisome; but Joan's talk was fresh and free, sincere and honest, and unmarred by timorous self-watching and constraint. She said the very thing that was in her mind, and said it in a plain, straightforward way. One can believe that to the King this must have been like fresh cold water from the mountains to parched lips used to the water of the sun-baked puddles of the plain.

After dinner Joan so charmed the Duke with her horsemanship and lance-practice in the meadows by the Castle of Chinon, whither the King also had come to look on, that he made her a present of a great black war-steed.

Every day the commission of bishops

* Begun in April number, 1895.

came and questioned Joan about her Voices and her mission, and then went to the King with their report. These prying accomplished but little. She told as much as she considered advisable, and kept the rest to herself. Both threats and trickeries were wasted upon her. She did not care for the threats, and the traps caught nothing.

She was perfectly frank and childlike about these things. She knew the bishops were sent by the King, that their questions were the King's questions, and that by all law and custom a King's questions *must* be answered; yet she told the King in her naïve way at his own table one day that she answered only such of those questions as suited her.

The bishops finally concluded that they couldn't tell whether Joan was sent by God or not. They were cautious, you see. There were two powerful parties at Court; therefore to make a decision either way would infallibly embroil them with one of those parties; so it seemed to them wisest to roost on the fence and shift the burden to other shoulders. And that is what they did. They made final report that Joan's case was beyond their powers, and recommended that it be put into the hands of the learned and illustrious doctors of the University of Poitiers. Then they retired from the field, leaving behind them this little item of testimony, wrung from them by Joan's wise reticence: they said she was a "gentle and simple little shepherdess, very candid, *but not given to talking.*"

It was quite true—in their case. But if they could have looked back and seen her with us in the happy pastures of Domremy, they would have perceived that she had a tongue that could go fast enough when no harm could come of her words.

So we travelled to Poitiers, to endure there three weeks of tedious delay while this poor child was being daily questioned and badgered before a great bench of—what? Military experts?—since what she had come to apply for was an army and the privilege of leading it to battle against the enemies of France. Oh no; it was a great bench of priests and monks—profoundly learned and astute casuists—renowned professors of theology! Instead of setting a military commission to find out if this valorous little soldier could win victories, they set a company of holy

hair-splitters and phrase-mongers to work to find out if the soldier was sound in her piety and had no doctrinal leaks. The rats were devouring the house, but instead of examining the cat's teeth and claws, they only concerned themselves to find out if it was a holy cat. If it was a pious cat, a moral cat, all right, never mind about the other capacities, they were of no consequence.

Joan was as sweetly self-possessed and tranquil before this grim tribunal, with its robed celebrities, its solemn state and imposing ceremonials, as if she were but a spectator and not herself on trial. She sat there, solitary on her bench, untroubled, and disconcerted the science of the sages with her sublime ignorance—an ignorance which was a fortress; arts, wiles, the learning drawn from books, and all like missiles rebounded from its unconscious masonry and fell to the ground harmless; they could not dislodge the garrison which was within—Joan's serene great heart and spirit, the guards and keepers of her mission.

She answered all questions frankly, and she told all the story of her visions and of her experiences with the angels and what they said to her; and the manner of the telling was so unaffected, and so earnest and sincere, and made it all seem so lifelike and real, that even that hard practical court forgot itself and sat motionless and mute, listening with a charmed and wondering interest to the end. And if you would have other testimony than mine, look in the histories and you will find where an eye-witness, giving sworn testimony in the Rehabilitation-process, says that she told that tale "with a noble dignity and simplicity," and as to its effect, says in substance what I have said. Seventeen, she was—seventeen, and all alone on her bench by herself; yet was not afraid, but faced that great company of erudite doctors of law and theology, and by the help of no art learned in the schools, but using only the enchantments which were hers by nature, of youth, sincerity, a voice soft and musical, and an eloquence whose source was the heart, not the head, she laid that spell upon them. Now was not that a beautiful thing to see? If I could, I would put it before you just as I saw it, then I know what you would say.

As I have told you, she could not read. One day they harried and pestered her

with arguments, reasonings, objections, and other windy and wordy trivialities, gathered out of the works of this and that and the other great theological authority, until at last her patience vanished, and she turned upon them sharply and said—

"I don't know A from B; but I know this: that I am come by command of the Lord of Heaven to deliver Orleans from the English power and crown the King at Rheims, and the matters ye are puttering over are of no consequence!"

Necessarily those were trying days for her, and wearing for everybody that took part, but her share was the hardest, for she had no holidays, but must be always on hand and stay the long hours through, whereas this, that, and the other inquisitor could absent himself and rest up from his fatigues when he got worn out. And yet she showed no wear, no weariness, and but seldom let fly her temper. As a rule she put her day through calm, alert, patient, fencing with those veteran masters of scholarly sword-play and coming out always without a scratch.

One day a Dominican sprung upon her a question which made everybody cock up his ears with interest; as for me, I trembled, and said to myself she is caught this time, poor Joan, for there is no way of answering this. The sly Dominican began in this way—in a sort of indolent fashion, as if the thing he was about was a matter of no moment:

"You assert that God has willed to deliver France from this English bondage?"

"Yes, He has willed it."

"You wish for men-at-arms, so that you may go to the relief of Orleans, I believe?"

"Yes—and the sooner the better."

"God is all-powerful, and able to do whatsoever thing He wills to do, is it not so?"

"Most surely. None doubts it."

The Dominican lifted his head suddenly, and sprung that question I have spoken of, with exultation:

"Then answer me this. If He has willed to deliver France, and is able to do whatsoever He wills, where is the need for men-at-arms?"

There was a fine stir and commotion when he said that, and a sudden thrusting forward of heads and putting up of hands to ears to catch the answer; and the Dominican wagged his head with satisfaction, and looked about him collecting

his applause, for it shone in every face. But Joan was not disturbed. There was no note of disquiet in her voice when she answered:

"He helps who help themselves. The sons of France will fight the battles, but *He* will give the victory!"

You could see a light of admiration sweep the house from face to face like a ray from the sun. Even the Dominican himself looked pleased, to see his master-stroke so neatly parried, and I heard a venerable bishop mutter, in the phrasing common to priest and people in that robust time, "By God, the child has said true. He willed that Goliath should be slain, and He sent a child like this to do it!"

Another day, when the inquisition had dragged along until everybody looked drowsy and tired but Joan, Brother Séguin, professor of theology in the University of Poitiers, who was a sour and sarcastic man, fell to plying Joan with all sorts of nagging questions in his bastard Limousin French—for he was from Limoges. Finally he said—

"How is it that you could understand those angels? What language did they speak?"

"French."

"In-deed! How pleasant to know that our language is so honored! Good French?"

"Yes—perfect."

"Perfect, eh? Well, certainly *you* ought to know. It was even better than your own, eh?"

"As to that, I—I believe I cannot say," said she, and was going on, but stopped. Then she added, almost as if she was saying it to herself, "Still, it was an improvement on yours!"

I knew there was a chuckle back of her eyes, for all their innocence. Everybody shouted. Brother Séguin was nettled, and asked brusquely—

"Do you believe in God?"

Joan answered with an irritating nonchalance—

"Oh, well, yes—better than you, it is likely."

Brother Séguin lost his patience, and heaped sarcasm after sarcasm upon her, and finally burst out in angry earnest, exclaiming—

"Very well, I can tell you this, you whose belief in God is so great: God has not willed that any shall believe in you



THE EXAMINATION OF JOAN.

without a sign. Where is your sign?—show it!”

This roused Joan, and she was on her feet in a moment, and flung out her retort with spirit:

“I have not come to Poitiers to show signs and do miracles. Send me to Orleans and you shall have signs enough. Give me men-at-arms—few or many—and let me go!”

The fire was leaping from her eyes—ah, the heroic little figure! can't you see her? There was a great burst of acclamations, and she sat down blushing, for it was not in her delicate nature to like being conspicuous.

This speech and that episode about the French language scored two points against Brother Séguin, while he scored nothing against Joan; yet, sour man as he was, he was a manly man, and honest, as you can see by the histories; for at the Rehabilitation he could have hidden those unlucky incidents if he had chosen, but he didn't do it, but spoke them right out in his evidence.

On one of the later days of that three weeks' session the gowned scholars and professors made one grand assault all along the line, fairly overwhelming Joan with objections and arguments culled from the writings of every ancient and illustrious authority of the Roman Church. She was wellnigh smothered; but at last she shook herself free and struck back, crying out:

“Listen! The Book of God is worth more than all these ye cite, and I stand upon *it*. And I tell ye there are things in that Book that not one among ye can read, with all your learning!”

From the first she was the guest, by invitation, of the dame De Rabateau, wife of a councillor of the Parliament of Poitiers; and to that house the great ladies of the city came nightly to see Joan and talk with her; and not these only, but the old lawyers, councillors, and scholars of the Parliament and the University. And these grave men, accustomed to weigh every strange and questionable thing, and cautiously consider it, and turn it about this way and that and still doubt it, came night after night, and night after night, falling ever deeper and deeper under the influence of that mysterious something, that spell, that elusive and unwordable fascination, which was the supremest endowment of Joan of Arc,

that winning and persuasive and convincing something which high and low alike recognized and felt, but which neither high nor low could explain or describe; and one by one they all surrendered, saying, “This child is sent of God.”

All day long Joan, in the great court and subject to its rigid rules of procedure, was at a disadvantage; her judges had things their own way; but at night she held court herself, and matters were reversed, she presiding, with her tongue free and her same judges there before her. There could be but one result: all the objections and hinderances they could build around her with their hard labors of the day she would charm away at night. In the end, she carried her judges with her in a mass, and got her great verdict without a dissenting voice.

The court was a sight to see when the president of it read it from his throne, for all the great people of the town were there who could get admission and find room. First there were some solemn ceremonies, proper and usual at such times; then, when there was silence again, the reading followed, penetrating the deep hush so that every word was heard in even the remotest parts of the house:

“It is found, and is hereby declared, that Joan of Arc, called the Maid, is a good Christian and good Catholic; that there is nothing in her person or her words contrary to the faith; and that the King may and ought to accept the succor she offers; for to repel it would be to offend the Holy Spirit, and render him unworthy of the aid of God.”

The court rose, and then the storm of plaudits burst forth unrebuked, dying down and bursting forth again and again, and I lost sight of Joan, for she was swallowed up in a great tide of people who rushed to congratulate her and pour out benedictions upon her and upon the cause of France, now solemnly and irrevocably delivered into her little hands.

CHAPTER IX.

It was indeed a great day, and a stirring thing to see.

She had won! It was a mistake of Tremouille and her other ill-wishers to let her hold court those nights.

The commission of priests sent to Lorraine ostensibly to inquire into Joan's character—in fact to weary her with de-

lays and wear out her purpose and make her give it up—arrived back and reported her character perfect. Our affairs were in full career now, you see.

The verdict made a prodigious stir. Dead France woke suddenly to life, wherever the great news travelled. Whereas before, the spiritless and cowed people hung their heads and slunk away if one mentioned war to them, now they came clamoring to be enlisted under the banner of the Maid of Vaucouleurs, and the roaring of war-songs and the thundering of the drums filled all the air. I remembered now what she had said, that time there in our village when I proved by facts and statistics that France's case was hopeless, and nothing could ever rouse the people from their lethargy:

"They will hear the drums, and they will answer, they will march!"

It has been said that misfortunes never come one at a time, but in a body. In our case it was the same with good luck. Having got a start, it came flooding in, tide after tide. Our next wave of it was of this sort. There had been grave doubts among the priests as to whether the Church ought to permit a female soldier to dress like a man. But now came a verdict on that head. Two of the greatest scholars and theologians of the time—one of whom had been Chancellor of the University of Paris—rendered it. They decided that since Joan "must do the work of a man and a soldier, it was just and legitimate that her apparel should conform to the situation."

It was a great point gained, the Church's authority to dress as a man. Oh yes, wave on wave the good luck came sweeping in. Never mind about the smaller waves, let us come to the largest one of all, the wave that swept us small fry quite off our feet and almost drowned us with joy. The day of the great verdict, couriers had been despatched to the King with it, and the next morning bright and early the clear notes of a bugle came floating to us on the crisp air, and we pricked up our ears and began to count them. One—two—three; pause; one—two; pause; one—two—three, again—and out we skipped and went flying; for that formula was used only when the King's herald-at-arms would deliver a proclamation to the people. As we hurried along, people came racing out of every street and house and alley, men,

women, and children, all flushed, excited, and throwing lacking articles of clothing on as they ran; still those clear notes pealed out, and still the rush of people increased till the whole town was abroad and streaming along the principal street. At last we reached the square, which was now packed with citizens, and there, high on the pedestal of the great cross, we saw the herald in his brilliant costume, with his servitors about him. The next moment he began his delivery in the powerful voice proper to his office:

"Know all men, and take heed therefore, that the most high, the most illustrious Charles, by the grace of God King of France, hath been pleased to confer upon his well-beloved servant Joan of Arc, called the Maid, the title, emoluments, authorities, and dignity of General-in-Chief of the Armies of France—"

Here a thousand caps flew into the air, and the multitude burst into a hurricane of cheers that raged and raged till it seemed as if it would never come to an end; but at last it did; then the herald went on and finished:

"—and hath appointed to be her lieutenant and chief of staff a prince of his royal house, his grace the Duke of Alençon!"

That was the end, and the hurricane began again, and was split up into innumerable strips by the blowers of it and wafted through all the lanes and streets of the town.

General of the Armies of France, with a prince of the blood for subordinate! Yesterday she was nothing—to-day she was this. Yesterday she was not even a sergeant, not even a corporal, not even a private—to-day, with one step, she was at the top. Yesterday she was less than nobody to the newest recruit—to-day her command was law to La Hire, Saintrailles, the Bastard of Orleans, and all those others, veterans of old renown, illustrious masters of the trade of war. These were the thoughts I was thinking; I was trying to realize this strange and wonderful thing that had happened, you see.

My mind went travelling back, and presently lighted upon a picture—a picture which was still so new and fresh in my memory that it seemed a matter of only yesterday—and indeed its date was no further back than the first days of January. This is what it was. A peasant girl in a far-off village, her seven-

teenth year not yet quite completed, and herself and her village as unknown as if they had been on the other side of the globe. She had picked up a friendless wanderer somewhere and brought it home—a small gray kitten in a forlorn and starving condition—and had fed it and comforted it and got its confidence and made it believe in her, and now it was curled up in her lap asleep, and she was knitting a coarse stocking and thinking—dreaming—about what, one may never know. And now—the kitten had hardly had time to become a cat, and yet already the girl is General of the armies of France, with a prince of the blood to give orders to, and out of her village obscurity her name has climbed up like the sun and is visible from all corners of the land! It made me dizzy to think of these things, they were so out of the common order, and seemed so impossible.

CHAPTER X.

JOAN'S first official act was to dictate a letter to the English commanders at Orleans, summoning them to deliver up all strongholds in their possession and depart out of France. She must have been thinking it all out before and arranging it in her mind, it flowed from her lips so smoothly, and framed itself into such vivacious and forcible language. Still, it might not have been so; she always had a quick mind and a capable tongue, and her faculties were constantly developing in these latter weeks. This letter was to be forwarded presently from Blois. Men, provisions, and money were offering in plenty now, and Joan appointed Blois as a recruiting station and depot of supplies, and ordered up La Hire from the front to take charge.

The Great Bastard—him of the ducal house, and governor of Orleans—had been clamoring for weeks for Joan to be sent to him, and now came another messenger, old D'Aulon, a veteran officer, a trusty man and fine and honest. The King kept him, and gave him to Joan to be chief of her household, and commanded her to appoint the rest of her people herself, making their number and dignity accord with the greatness of her office; and at the same time he gave order that they should be properly equipped with arms, clothing, and horses.

Meantime the King was having a complete suit of armor made for her at Tours.

It was of the finest steel, heavily plated with silver, richly ornamented with engraved designs, and polished like a mirror.

Joan's Voices had told her that there was an ancient sword hidden somewhere behind the altar of St. Catherine's at Fierbois, and she sent De Metz to get it. The priests knew of no such sword, but a search was made, and sure enough it was found in that place, buried a little way under the ground. It had no sheath and was very rusty, but the priests polished it up and sent it to Tours, whither we were now to come. They also had a sheath of crimson velvet made for it, and the people of Tours equipped it with another one, made of cloth of gold. But Joan meant to carry this sword always in battle; so she laid the showy sheaths away and got one made of leather. It was generally believed that this sword had belonged to Charlemagne, but that was only matter of opinion. I wanted to sharpen that old blade, but she said it was not necessary, as she should never kill anybody, and should carry it only as a symbol of authority.

At Tours she designed her standard, and a Scotch painter named James Power made it. It was of the most delicate white *boucassin*, with fringes of silk. For device it bore the image of God the Father throned in the clouds and holding the world in His hand; two angels knelt at His feet, presenting lilies; inscription, JESUS, MARIE; on the reverse the crown of France supported by two angels.

She also caused a smaller standard or pennon to be made, whereon was represented an angel offering a lily to the Holy Virgin.

Everything was humming, there at Tours. Every now and then one heard the bray and crash of military music, every little while one heard the measured tramp of marching men—squad of recruits leaving for Blois; songs and shoutings and huzzas filled the air night and day, the town was full of strangers, the streets and inns were thronged, the bustle of preparation was everywhere, and everybody carried a glad and cheerful face. Around Joan's headquarters a crowd of people was always massed, hoping for a glimpse of the new General, and when they got it, they went wild; but they seldom got it, for she was busy planning

her campaign, receiving reports, giving orders, despatching couriers, and giving what odd moments she could spare to the companies of great folk waiting in the drawing-rooms. As for us boys, we hardly saw her at all, she was so occupied.

We were in a mixed state of mind—sometimes hopeful, sometimes not; mostly not. She had not appointed her household yet—that was our trouble. We knew she was being overrun with applications for places in it, and that these applications were backed by great names and weighty influence, whereas we had nothing of the sort to recommend us. She could fill her humblest places with titled folk—folk whose relationships would be a bulwark for her and a valuable support at all times. In these circumstances would policy allow her to consider us? We were not as cheerful as the rest of the town, but were inclined to be depressed and worried. Sometimes we discussed our slim chances and gave them as good an appearance as we could. But the very mention of the subject was anguish to the Paladin; for whereas we had some little hope, he had none at all. As a rule, Noël Rainguesson was quite willing to let the dismal matter alone; but not when the Paladin was present. Once we were talking the thing over, when Noël said—

“Cheer up, Paladin; I had a dream last night, and you were the only one among us that got an appointment. It wasn’t a high one, but it was an appoint-



JOAN PUZZLES THE SCHOLARS.

ment, anyway—some kind of a lackey or body-servant, or something of that kind.”

The Paladin roused up and looked almost cheerful, for he was a believer in dreams, and in anything and everything of a superstitious sort, in fact. He said, with a rising hopefulness—

"I wish it might come true. Do you think it will come true?"

"Certainly; I might almost say I know it will, for my dreams hardly ever fail."

"Noël, I could hug you if that dream could come true, I could indeed! To be servant to the first General of France and have all the world hear of it, and the news go back to the village and make those gawks stare that always said I wouldn't ever amount to anything—wouldn't it be great! Do you think it *will* come true, Noël? Don't you believe it will?"

"I do. There's my hand on it."

"Noël, if it comes true I'll never forget you—shake again! I should be dressed in a noble livery, and the news would go to the village, and those animals would say, '*Him*, lackey to the General-in-Chief, with the eyes of the whole world on him, admiring—well, he has shot up into the sky, now, hasn't he!'"

He began to walk the floor and pile castles in the air so fast and so high that we could hardly keep up with him. Then all of a sudden all the joy went out of his face and misery took its place, and he said:

"Oh dear, it is all a mistake, it will never come true. I forgot about that foolish business at Toul. I have kept out of her sight as much as I could, all these weeks, hoping she would forget that and forgive it—but I know she never will. She can't, of course. And after all, I wasn't to blame. I did say she promised to marry me, but they put me up to it and persuaded me, I swear they did!" The vast creature was almost crying. Then he pulled himself together and said, remorsefully, "It was the only lie I've ever told, and—"

He was drowned out with a chorus of groans and outraged exclamations; and before he could begin again, one of D'Aulon's liveried servants appeared and said we were required at headquarters. We rose, and Noël said—

"There—what did I tell you? I have a presentiment—the spirit of prophecy is upon me. She is going to appoint him, and we are to go there and do him homage. Come along!"

But the Paladin was afraid to go, so we left him.

When we presently stood in the presence, in front of a crowd of glittering

officers of the army, Joan greeted us with a winning smile, and said she appointed all of us to places in her household, for she wanted her old friends by her. It was a beautiful surprise to have ourselves honored like this when she could have had people of birth and consequence instead, but we couldn't find our tongues to say so, she was become so great and so high above us now. One at a time we stepped forward and each received his warrant from the hand of our chief, D'Aulon. All of us had honorable places: the two knights stood highest; then Joan's two brothers; I was first page and secretary, a young gentleman named Raimond was second page; Noël was her messenger; she had two heralds, and also a chaplain and almoner, whose name was Jean Pasquerel. She had previously appointed a maître d'hôtel and a number of domestics. Now she looked around and said—

"But where is the Paladin?"

The Sieur Bertrand said—

"He thought he was not sent for, your Excellency."

"Now that is not well. Let him be called."

The Paladin entered humbly enough. He ventured no further than just within the door. He stopped there, looking embarrassed and afraid. Then Joan spoke pleasantly, and said—

"I watched you on the road. You began badly, but improved. Of old you were a fantastic talker, but there is a man in you, and I will bring it out." It was fine to see the Paladin's face light up when she said that. "Will you follow where I lead?"

"Into the fire!" he said; and I said to myself, "By the ring of that, I think she has turned this braggart into a hero. It is another of her miracles, I make no doubt of it."

"I believe you," said Joan. "Here—take my banner. You will ride with me in every field, and when France is saved, you will give it me back."

He took the banner, which is now the most precious of the memorials that remain of Joan of Arc, and his voice was unsteady with emotion when he said—

"If I ever disgrace this trust, my comrades here will know how to do a friend's office upon my body, and this charge I lay upon them, as knowing they will not fail me."

CHAPTER XI.

NOËL and I went back together—silent at first, and impressed. Finally Noël came up out of his thinkings and said—

“The first shall be last and the last first—there’s authority for this surprise. But at the same time *wasn’t* it a lofty hoist for our big bull!”

“It truly was; I am not over being stunned yet. It was the greatest place in her gift.”

“Yes, it was. There are many generals, and she can create more; but there is only one Standard-Bearer.”

“True. It is the most conspicuous place in the army, after her own.”

“And the most coveted and honorable. Sons of two dukes tried to get it, as we know. And of all people in the world, this majestic windmill carries it off. Well, isn’t it a gigantic promotion, when you come to look at it!”

“There’s no doubt about it. It’s a kind of copy of Joan’s own in miniature.”

“I don’t know how to account for it—do you?”

“Yes—without any trouble at all—that is, I think I do.”

Noël was surprised at that, and glanced up quickly, as if to see if I was in earnest. He said—

“I thought you couldn’t be in earnest, but I see you are. If you can make me understand this puzzle, do it. Tell me what the explanation is.”

“I believe I can. You have noticed that our chief knight says a good many wise things and has a thoughtful head on his shoulders. One day, riding along, we were talking about Joan’s great talents, and he said, ‘But, greatest of all her gifts, she has the seeing eye.’ I said, like an unthinking fool, ‘The seeing eye?—I shouldn’t count that for much—I suppose we all have it.’ ‘No,’ he said; ‘very few have it.’ Then he explained, and made his meaning clear. He said the common eye sees only the outside of things, and judges by that, but the seeing eye pierces through and reads the heart and the soul, finding there capacities which the outside didn’t indicate or promise, and which the other kind of eye couldn’t detect. He said the mightiest military genius must fail and come to nothing if it have not the seeing eye—that is to say, if it cannot read men and select its subordinates with an infallible judgment. It sees as by in-

tuition that this man is good for strategy, that one for dash and dare-devil assault, the other for patient bull-dog persistence, and it appoints each to his right place and wins, while the commander without the seeing eye would give to each the other’s place and lose. He was right about Joan, and I saw it. When she was a child and the tramp came one night, her father and all of us took him for a rascal, but she saw the honest man through the rags. When I dined with the governor of Vaucouleurs so long ago, I saw nothing in our two knights, though I sat with them and talked with them two hours; Joan was there five minutes, and neither spoke with them nor heard them speak, yet she marked them for men of worth and fidelity, and they have confirmed her judgment. Whom has she sent for to take charge of this thundering rabble of new recruits at Blois, made up of old disbanded Armagnac raiders, unspeakable hellions, every one? Why, she has sent for Satan himself—that is to say, La Hire—that military hurricane, that godless swashbuckler, that lurid conflagration of blasphemy, that Vesuvius of profanity, forever in irruption. Does he know how to deal with that mob of roaring devils? Better than any man that lives; for he is the head devil of this world his own self, he is the match of the whole of them combined, and probably the father of most of them. She places him in temporary command until she can get to Blois herself—and then! Why, then she will certainly take them in hand personally, or I don’t know her as well as I ought to, after all these years of intimacy. That will be a sight to see—that fair spirit in her white armor, delivering her will to that muck-heap, that rag-pile, that abandoned refuse of perdition.”

“La Hire!” cried Noël, “our hero of all these years—I do want to see that man!”

“I too. His name stirs me just as it did when I was a little boy.”

“I want to hear him swear.”

“Of course. I would rather hear him swear than another man pray. He is the frankest man there is, and the naïvest. Once when he was rebuked for pillaging on his raids, he said it was nothing. Said he, ‘If God the Father were a soldier, He would rob!’ I judge he is the right man to take temporary charge there at Blois. Joan has cast the seeing eye upon him, you see.”



JOAN CHOOSES HER STANDARD-BEARER.

"Which brings us back to where we started. I have an honest affection for the Paladin, and not merely because he is a good fellow, but because he is my child—I made him what he is, the windiest blusterer and most catholic liar in the kingdom. I'm glad of his luck, but I hadn't the seeing eye. I shouldn't have chosen him for the most dangerous post in the army, I should have placed him in the rear to kill the wounded and violate the dead."

"Well, we shall see. Joan probably knows what is in him better than we do. And I'll give you another idea. When a person in Joan of Arc's position tells a man he is brave, he *believes* it; and believing it is enough; in fact to believe yourself brave is to *be* brave; it is the one only essential thing."

"Now you've hit it!" cried Noël. "She's got the creating mouth as well as the seeing eye! Ah yes, that is the thing. France was cowed and a coward; Joan of Arc has spoken, and France is marching, with her head up!"

I was summoned now, to write a letter from Joan's dictation. During the next day and night our several uniforms were made by the tailors, and our new armor provided. We were beautiful to look upon now, whether clothed for peace or war. Clothed for peace, in costly stuffs and rich colors, the Paladin was a tower dyed with the glories of the sunset; plumed and sashed and iron-clad for war, he was a still statelier thing to look at.

Orders had been issued for the march toward Blois. It was a clear, sharp, beau-

tiful morning. As our showy great company trotted out in column, riding two and two, Joan and the Duke of Alençon in the lead, D'Aulon and the big standard-bearer next, and so on, we made a handsome spectacle, as you may well imagine; and as we ploughed through the cheering crowds, with Joan bowing her plumed head to left and right and the sun glinting from her silver mail, the spectators realized that the curtain was rolling up before their eyes upon the first act of a prodigious drama, and their rising hopes were expressed in an enthusiasm that increased with each moment, until at last

one seemed to even physically feel the concussion of the huzzas as well as hear them. Far down the street we heard the softened strains of wind-blown music, and saw a cloud of lancers moving, the sun glowing with a subdued light upon the massed armor but striking bright upon the soaring lance-heads—a vaguely luminous nebula, so to speak, with a constellation twinkling above it—and that was our guard of honor. It joined us, the procession was complete, the first war-march of Joan of Arc was begun, the curtain was up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE ROOM.

BY MADELENE YALE WYNNE.

“HOW would it do for a smoking-room?”

“Just the very place; only, you know, Roger, you must not think of smoking in the house. I am almost afraid having just a plain common man around; let alone a smoking-man, will upset Aunt Hannah. She is New England—Vermont New England boiled down.”

“You leave Aunt Hannah to me; I shall find her tender side. I am going to ask her about the old sea-captain and the yellow calico.”

“Not yellow calico—blue chintz.”

“Well, yellow *shell*, then.”

“No, no! don’t mix it up so; you won’t know yourself what to expect, and that’s half the fun.”

“Now you tell me again exactly what to expect; to tell the truth, I didn’t half hear about it the other day; I was wool-gathering. It was something queer that happened when you were a child, wasn’t it?”

“Something that began to happen long before that, and kept happening, and may happen again; but I hope not.”

“What was it?”

“I wonder if the other people in the car can hear us?”

“I fancy not; we don’t hear them—not consecutively, at least.”

“Well, mother was born in Vermont, you know; she was the only child by a second marriage. Aunt Hannah and Aunt Maria are only half-aunts to me, you know.”

“I hope they are half as nice as you are.”

“Roger, be still; they certainly will hear us.”

“Well, don’t you want them to know we are married?”

“Yes, but not just married. There’s all the difference in the world.”

“You are afraid we look too happy!”

“No; only I want my happiness all to myself.”

“Well, the little room?”

“My aunts brought mother up; they were nearly twenty years older than she. I might say Hiram and they brought her up. You see, Hiram was bound out to my grandfather when he was a boy, and when grandfather died Hiram said he ‘s’posed he went with the farm, ‘long o’ the critters,’ and he has been there ever since. He was my mother’s only refuge from the decorum of my aunts. They are simply workers. They make me think of the Maine woman who wanted her epitaph to be, ‘She was a *hard* working woman.’”

“They must be almost beyond their working-days. How old are they?”

“Seventy, or thereabouts; but they will die standing; or, at least, on a Saturday night, after all the house-work is done up. They were rather strict with mother, and I think she had a lonely childhood. The house is almost a mile away from any neighbors, and off on top of what they call Stony Hill. It is bleak enough up there even in summer.

"When mamma was about ten years old they sent her to cousins in Brooklyn, who had children of their own, and knew more about bringing them up. She staid there till she was married; she didn't go to Vermont in all that time, and of course hadn't seen her sisters, for they never would leave home for a day. They couldn't even be induced to go to Brooklyn to her wedding, so she and father took their wedding trip up there."

"And that's why we are going up there on our own?"

"Don't, Roger; you have no idea how loud you speak."

"You never say so except when I am going to say that one little word."

"Well, don't say it, then, or say it very, very quietly."

"Well, what was the queer thing?"

"When they got to the house, mother wanted to take father right off into the little room; she had been telling him about it, just as I am going to tell you, and she had said that of all the rooms, that one was the only one that seemed pleasant to her. She described the furniture and the books and paper and everything, and said it was on the north side, between the front and back room. Well, when they went to look for it, there was no little room there; there was only a shallow china-closet. She asked her sisters when the house had been altered and a closet made of the room that used to be there. They both said the house was exactly as it had been built—that they had never made any changes, except to tear down the old wood-shed and build a smaller one."

"Father and mother laughed a good deal over it, and when anything was lost they would always say it must be in the little room, and any exaggerated statement was called 'little-roomy.' When I was a child I thought that was a regular English phrase, I heard it so often."

"Well, they talked it over, and finally they concluded that my mother had been a very imaginative sort of a child, and had read in some book about such a little room, or perhaps even dreamed it, and then had 'made believe,' as children do, till she herself had really thought the room was there."

"Why, of course, that might easily happen."

"Yes, but you haven't heard the queer

part yet; you wait and see if you can explain the rest as easily."

"They staid at the farm two weeks, and then went to New York to live. When I was eight years old my father was killed in the war, and mother was broken-hearted. She never was quite strong afterwards, and that summer we decided to go up to the farm for three months."

"I was a restless sort of a child, and the journey seemed very long to me; and finally, to pass the time, mamma told me the story of the little room, and how it was all in her own imagination, and how there really was only a china-closet there."

"She told it with all the particulars; and even to me, who knew beforehand that the room wasn't there, it seemed just as real as could be. She said it was on the north side, between the front and back rooms; that it was very small, and they sometimes called it an entry. There was a door also that opened out-of-doors, and that one was painted green, and was cut in the middle like the old Dutch doors, so that it could be used for a window by opening the top part only. Directly opposite the door was a lounge or couch; it was covered with blue chintz—India chintz—some that had been brought over by an old Salem sea-captain as a 'venture.' He had given it to Maria when she was a young girl. She was sent to Salem for two years to school. Grandfather originally came from Salem."

"I thought there wasn't any room or chintz."

"*That is just it.* They had decided that mother had imagined it all, and yet you see how exactly everything was painted in her mind, for she had even remembered that Hiram had told her that Maria could have married the sea-captain if she had wanted to!"

"The India cotton was the regular blue stamped chintz, with the peacock figure on it. The head and body of the bird were in profile, while the tail was full front view behind it. It had seemed to take mamma's fancy, and she drew it for me on a piece of paper as she talked. Doesn't it seem strange to you that she could have made all that up, or even dreamed it?"

"At the foot of the lounge were some hanging shelves with some old books on them. All the books were leather-colored

except one; that was bright red, and was called the *Ladies' Album*. It made a bright break between the other thicker books.

"On the lower shelf was a beautiful pink sea-shell, lying on a mat made of balls of red shaded worsted. This shell was greatly coveted by mother, but she was only allowed to play with it when she had been particularly good. Hiram had showed her how to hold it close to her ear and hear the roar of the sea in it.

"I know you will like Hiram, Roger, he is quite a character in his way.

"Mamma said she remembered, or *thought* she remembered, having been sick once, and she had to lie quietly for some days on the lounge; then was the time she had become so familiar with everything in the room, and she had been allowed to have the shell to play with all the time. She had had her toast brought to her in there, with make-believe tea. It was one of her pleasant memories of her childhood; it was the first time she had been of any importance to anybody, even herself.

"Right at the head of the lounge was a light-stand, as they called it, and on it was a very brightly polished brass candlestick and a brass tray, with snuffers. That is all I remember of her describing, except that there was a braided rag rug on the floor, and on the wall was a beautiful flowered paper—roses and morning-glories in a wreath on a light blue ground. The same paper was in the front room."

"And all this never existed except in her imagination?"

"She said that when she and father went up there, there wasn't any little room at all like it anywhere in the house; there was a china-closet where she had believed the room to be."

"And your aunts said there had never been any such room."

"That is what they said."

"Wasn't there any blue chintz in the house with a peacock figure?"

"Not a scrap, and Aunt Hannah said there had never been any that she could remember; and Maria just echoed her—she always does that. You see, Aunt Hannah is an up-and-down New England woman. She looks just like herself; I mean, just like her character. Her joints move up and down or backward and forward in a plain square fashion. I don't believe she ever leaned on anything in

her life, or sat in an easy-chair. But Maria is different; she is rounder and softer; she hasn't any ideas of her own; she never had any. I don't believe she would think it right or becoming to have one that differed from Aunt Hannah's, so what would be the use of having any? She is an echo, that's all.

"When mamma and I got there, of course I was all excitement to see the china-closet, and I had a sort of feeling that it would be the little room after all. So I ran ahead and threw open the door, crying, 'Come and see the little room.'

"And, Roger," said Mrs. Grant, laying her hand in his, "there really was a little room there, exactly as mother had remembered it. There was the lounge, the peacock chintz, the green door, the shell, the morning-glory and rose paper, *everything exactly as she had described it to me.*"

"What in the world did the sisters say about it?"

"Wait a minute and I will tell you. My mother was in the front hall still talking with Aunt Hannah. She didn't hear me at first, but I ran out there and dragged her through the front room, saying, 'The room is here—it is all right.'

"It seemed for a minute as if my mother would faint. She clung to me in terror. I can remember now how strained her eyes looked and how pale she was.

"I called out to Aunt Hannah and asked her when they had had the closet taken away and the little room built; for in my excitement I thought that that was what had been done.

"That little room has always been there,' said Aunt Hannah, 'ever since the house was built.'

"But mamma said there wasn't any little room here, only a china-closet, when she was here with papa,' said I.

"No, there has never been any china-closet there; it has always been just as it is now,' said Aunt Hannah.

"Then mother spoke; her voice sounded weak and far off. She said, slowly, and with an effort, 'Maria, don't you remember that you told me that there had *never been any little room here?* and Hannah said so too, and then I said I must have dreamed it?'

"No, I don't remember anything of the kind,' said Maria, without the slightest emotion. 'I don't remember you ever said anything about any china-clos

et. The house has never been altered; you used to play in this room when you were a child, don't you remember?"

" 'I know it,' said mother, in that queer slow voice that made me feel frightened. 'Hannah, don't you remember my finding the china-closet here, with the gilt-edged china on the shelves, and then *you* said that the *china-closet* had always been here?'

" 'No,' said Hannah, pleasantly but unemotionally—'no, I don't think you ever asked me about any china-closet, and we haven't any gilt-edged china that I know of.'

"And that was the strangest thing about it. We never could make them remember that there had ever been any question about it. You would think they could remember how surprised mother had been before, unless she had imagined the whole thing. Oh, it was so queer! They were always pleasant about it, but they didn't seem to feel any interest or curiosity. It was always this answer: 'The house is just as it was built; there have never been any changes, so far as we know.'

"And my mother was in an agony of perplexity. How cold their gray eyes looked to me! There was no reading anything in them. It just seemed to break my mother down, this queer thing. Many times that summer, in the middle of the night, I have seen her get up and take a candle and creep softly down stairs. I could hear the steps creak under her weight. Then she would go through the front room and peer into the darkness, holding her thin hand between the candle and her eyes. She seemed to think the little room might vanish. Then she would come back to bed and toss about all night, or lie still and shiver; it used to frighten me.

"She grew pale and thin, and she had a little cough; then she did not like to be left alone. Sometimes she would make errands in order to send me to the little room for something—a book, or her fan, or her handkerchief; but she would never sit there or let me stay in there long, and sometimes she wouldn't let me go in there for days together. Oh, it was pitiful!"

"Well, don't talk any more about it, Margaret, if it makes you feel so," said Mr. Grant.

"Oh yes, I want you to know all

about it, and there isn't much more—no more about the room.

"Mother never got well, and she died that autumn. She used often to sigh, and say, with a wan little laugh, 'There is one thing I am glad of, Margaret: your father knows now all about the little room.' I think she was afraid I distrusted her. Of course, in a child's way, I thought there was something queer about it, but I did not brood over it. I was too young then, and took it as a part of her illness. But, Roger, do you know, it really did affect me. I almost hate to go there after talking about it; I somehow feel as if it might, you know, be a china-closet again."

"That's an absurd idea."

"I know it; of course it can't be. I saw the room, and there isn't any china-closet there, and no gilt-edged china in the house, either."

And then she whispered, "But, Roger, you may hold my hand as you do now, if you will, when we go to look for the little room."

"And you won't mind Aunt Hannah's gray eyes?"

"I won't mind *anything*."

It was dusk when Mr. and Mrs. Grant went into the gate under the two old Lombardy poplars and walked up the narrow path to the door, where they were met by the two aunts.

Hannah gave Mrs. Grant a frigid but not unfriendly kiss; and Maria seemed for a moment to tremble on the verge of an emotion, but she glanced at Hannah, and then gave her greeting in exactly the same repressed and non-committal way.

Supper was waiting for them. On the table was the *gilt-edged china*. Mrs. Grant didn't notice it immediately, till she saw her husband smiling at her over his teacup; then she felt fidgety, and couldn't eat. She was nervous, and kept wondering what was behind her, whether it would be a little room or a closet.

After supper she offered to help about the dishes, but, mercy! she might as well have offered to help bring the seasons round; Maria and Hannah couldn't be helped.

So she and her husband went to find the little room, or closet, or whatever was to be there.

Aunt Maria followed them, carrying

the lamp, which she set down, and then went back to the dish-washing.

Margaret looked at her husband. He kissed her, for she seemed troubled; and then, hand in hand, they opened the door. It opened into a *china-closet*. The shelves were neatly draped with scalloped paper; on them was the gilt-edged china, with the dishes missing that had been used at the supper, and which at that moment were being carefully washed and wiped by the two aunts.

Margaret's husband dropped her hand and looked at her. She was trembling a little, and turned to him for help, for some explanation, but in an instant she knew that something was wrong. A cloud had come between them; he was hurt; he was antagonized.

He paused for an appreciable instant, and then said, kindly enough, but in a voice that cut her deeply,

"I am glad this ridiculous thing is ended; don't let us speak of it again."

"Ended!" said she. "How ended?" And somehow her voice sounded to her as her mother's voice had when she stood there and questioned her sisters about the little room. She seemed to have to drag her words out. She spoke slowly: "It seems to me to have only just begun in my case. It was just so with mother when she—"

"I really wish, Margaret, you would let it drop. I don't like to hear you speak of your mother in connection with it. It—" He hesitated, for was not this their wedding-day? "It doesn't seem quite the thing, quite delicate, you know, to use her name in the matter."

She saw it all now: *he didn't believe her*. She felt a chill sense of withering under his glance.

"Come," he added, "let us go out, or into the dining-room, somewhere, anywhere, only drop this nonsense."

He went out; he did not take her hand now—he was vexed, baffled, hurt. Had he not given her his sympathy, his attention, his belief—and his hand?—and she was fooling him. What did it mean?—she so truthful, so free from morbidness—a thing he hated. He walked up and down under the poplars, trying to get into the mood to go and join her in the house.

Margaret heard him go out; then she turned and shook the shelves; she reached her hand behind them and tried to

push the boards away; she ran out of the house on to the north side and tried to find in the darkness, with her hands, a door, or some steps leading to one. She tore her dress on the old rose-trees, she fell and rose and stumbled, then she sat down on the ground and tried to think. What could she think—was she dreaming?

She went into the house and out into the kitchen, and begged Aunt Maria to tell her about the little room—what had become of it, when had they built the closet, when had they bought the gilt-edged china?

They went on washing dishes and drying them on the spotless towels with methodical exactness; and as they worked they said that there had never been any little room, so far as they knew; the china-closet had always been there, and the gilt-edged china had belonged to their mother, it had always been in the house.

"No, I don't remember that your mother ever asked about any little room," said Hannah. "She didn't seem very well that summer, but she never asked about any changes in the house; there hadn't ever been any changes."

There it was again: not a sign of interest, curiosity, or annoyance, not a spark of memory.

She went out to Hiram. He was telling Mr. Grant about the farm. She had meant to ask him about the room, but her lips were sealed before her husband.

Months afterwards, when time had lessened the sharpness of their feelings, they learned to speculate reasonably about the phenomenon, which Mr. Grant had accepted as something not to be scoffed away, not to be treated as a poor joke, but to be put aside as something inexplicable on any ordinary theory.

Margaret alone in her heart knew that her mother's words carried a deeper significance than she had dreamed of at the time. "One thing I am glad of, your father knows now," and she wondered if Roger or she would ever know.

Five years later they were going to Europe. The packing was done; the children were lying asleep, with their traveling things ready to be slipped on for an early start.

Roger had a foreign appointment. They were not to be back in America for some years. She had meant to go up to say good-by to her aunts; but a mother of

three children intends to do a great many things that never get done. One thing she had done that very day, and as she paused for a moment between the writing of two notes that must be posted before she went to bed, she said:

"Roger, you remember Rita Lash? Well, she and Cousin Nan go up to the Adirondacks every autumn. They are clever girls, and I have intrusted to them something I want done very much."

"They are the girls to do it, then, every inch of them."

"I know it, and they are going to."

"Well?"

"Why, you see, Roger, that little room—"

"Oh—"

"Yes, I was a coward not to go myself, but I didn't find time, because I hadn't the courage."

"Oh! *that* was it, was it?"

"Yes, just that. They are going, and they will write us about it."

"Want to bet?"

"No; I only want to know."

Rita Lash and Cousin Nan planned to go to Vermont on their way to the Adirondacks. They found they would have three hours between trains, which would give them time to drive up to the Keys farm, and they could still get to the camp that night. But, at the last minute, Rita was prevented from going. Nan had to go to meet the Adirondack party, and she promised to telegraph her when she arrived at the camp. Imagine Rita's amusement when she received this message: "Safely arrived; went to the Keys farm; it is a little room."

Rita was amused, because she did not in the least think Nan had been there. She thought it was a hoax; but it put it into her mind to carry the joke further by really stopping herself when she went up, as she meant to do the next week.

She did stop over. She introduced herself to the two maiden ladies, who seemed familiar, as they had been described by Mrs. Grant.

They were, if not cordial, at least not disconcerted at her visit, and willingly showed her over the house. As they did not speak of any other stranger's having been to see them lately, she became confirmed in her belief that Nan had not been there.

In the north room she saw the roses

and morning-glory paper on the wall, and also the door that should open into—what?

She asked if she might open it.

"Certainly," said Hannah; and Maria echoed, "Certainly."

She opened it, and found the china-closet. She experienced a certain relief; she at least was not under any spell. Mrs. Grant left it a china-closet; she found it the same. Good.

But she tried to induce the old sisters to remember that there had at various times been certain questions relating to a confusion as to whether the closet had always been a closet. It was no use; their stony eyes gave no sign.

Then she thought of the story of the sea-captain, and said, "Miss Keys, did you ever have a lounge covered with India chintz, with a figure of a peacock on it, given to you in Salem by a sea-captain, who brought it from India?"

"I dun'no' as I ever did," said Hannah. That was all. She thought Maria's cheeks were a little flushed, but her eyes were like a stone wall.

She went on that night to the Adirondacks. When Nan and she were alone in their room she said, "By-the-way, Nan, what did you see at the farm-house? and how did you like Maria and Hannah?"

Nan didn't mistrust that Rita had been there, and she began excitedly to tell her all about her visit. Rita could almost have believed Nan had been there if she hadn't known it was not so. She let her go on for some time, enjoying her enthusiasm, and the impressive way in which she described her opening the door and finding the "little room." Then Rita said: "Now, Nan, that is enough fibbing. I went to the farm myself on my way up yesterday, and there is *no* little room, and there *never* has been any; it is a china-closet, just as Mrs. Grant saw it last."

She was pretending to be busy unpacking her trunk, and did not look up for a moment; but as Nan did not say anything, she glanced at her over her shoulder. Nan was actually pale, and it was hard to say whether she was most angry or frightened. There was something of both in her look. And then Rita began to explain how her telegram had put her in the spirit of going up there alone. She hadn't meant to cut Nan out. She only thought— Then Nan broke in: "It isn't that; I am sure you can't think it is that."

But I went myself, and you did not go; you can't have been there, for *it is a little room.*"

Oh, what a night they had! They couldn't sleep. They talked and argued, and then kept still for a while, only to break out again, it was so absurd. They both maintained that they had been there, but both felt sure the other one was either crazy or obstinate beyond reason. They were wretched; it was perfectly ridiculous, two friends at odds over such a thing; but there it was—"little room," "china-closet,"—"china-closet," "little room."

The next morning Nan was tacking up some tarlatan at a window to keep the midges out. Rita offered to help her, as she had done for the past ten years. Nan's "No, thanks," cut her to the heart.

"Nan," said she, "come right down from that stepladder and pack your satchel. The stage leaves in just twenty minutes. We can catch the afternoon express train, and we will go together to the farm. I am either going there or going home. You better go with me."

Nan didn't say a word. She gathered

up the hammer and tacks, and was ready to start when the stage came round.

It meant for them thirty miles of staging and six hours of train, besides crossing the lake; but what of that, compared with having a lie lying round loose between them! Europe would have seemed easy to accomplish, if it would settle the question.

At the little junction in Vermont they found a farmer with a wagon full of meal-bags. They asked him if he could not take them up to the old Keys farm and bring them back in time for the return train, due in two hours.

They had planned to call it a sketching trip, so they said, "We have been there before, we are artists, and we might find some views worth taking, and we want also to make a short call upon the Misses Keys."

"Did ye calculate to paint the old house in the picture?"

They said it was possible they might do so. They wanted to see it, anyway.

"Waal, I guess you are too late. The house burnt down last night, and everything in it."

THE VANISHED VOICE.

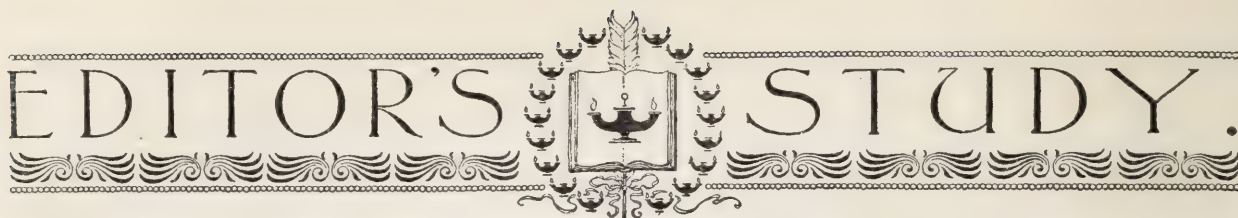
BY RICHARD BURTON.

THERE stood a tree beside his boyhood's door
That faced the west, and often, just before
The sundown, seemed transfigured with the light
That flooded in, and keen upon his sight
Burned images of flame; and from the tree
Fluted a nameless bird so goldenly
He seemed part of the sunset and the sky.

The listener has listened for that cry
Of love and longing many a weary time
And heard it never; nor can mortal rhyme
Encompass half its sweetness. Could the place,
The homely homestead, and the subtle grace
Of youth return, the magic moment when
The westering day shows heaven to mortal men,
Though transiently, perchance the chanting bird
Would be there too, perchance his voice were heard.

The listener listens vainly. Song is rife
Still in the world, still love illumines life,
But he would give the all of after-years,
Its triumphs, wisdoms, and revealing tears,
To list that little bird-soul from its nest
Leap into lyric rapture, sink to rest,
Youth in the air, and sunset in the west.

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

THE evolution of the modern newspaper is perhaps the most interesting as it is the most characteristic expression of the age. In its present form it is scarcely twenty-five years old, and yet we are so familiar with it, it is so much a part of our daily life, like the water and gas and electricity laid on in our streets and houses, that we do not appreciate its cheapness, nor stop to think often how dependent we are on it. The daily newspaper has taken on an entirely new aspect in the last quarter of a century, in the ground it covers and in the machinery for its production and distribution. No other product has so much increased in the cost of its production, and none that we daily use has decreased so much in cost to the consumer relatively to its value. In many of the recent changes America has been the pioneer. It led the way in the amount of costly news given (as by telegraph), in the size of the newspaper, and in illustrations. It also led the way in emphasizing the news above the editorials. The importance of the "leader"—the leading article, as it is understood still in a few London offices—has almost gone out with us. The regulation leader, measuring just one column, is as artificial as the sonnet. It must have a certain literary quality, a certain air of authority; it must not of necessity conclude any subject or commit anybody, but it must talk in a dignified and cultivated style for a column about the topic of the hour. It is often composed by an accomplished and absent essayist, who is not necessarily in active touch with the excitement and bustle of the office. It sometimes therefore is perfunctory, and not so readable to Americans as the shorter and often carelessly written editorial comments in American dailies, which are the hot and hasty work of men who have or think they have something to say. The traditional "leader" will probably disappear even in England, and its place be taken by editorials which will be as long as the subject demands, and not of the length depending upon precedent.

The great departure of American journalism, however, has been in the charac-

ter rather than in the quantity of news given, though the character rather determines the quality. And it is just here that the question is beginning to be raised as to how long the newspaper can go on in its present course, and whether it will not break down by its own weight. We see what this question is and what this danger is when we reflect that the newspaper has made a recent violent departure in the kind of news it collects and prints. It used to be the province of the newspaper to give only public news, or news of private persons in their public capacity. There could be set some limit to this, although to give the daily public news of the world would tax the capacity of any newspaper in existence. But now it is more and more the practice of the newspaper to give all the news possible of private persons who have no sort of connection with public affairs. In the nature of the case there is no limit to this sort of news. It is a chronicle of the most trivial actions of the entire population. The newspaper becomes a sort of daily directory. In response to this demand for publicity the newspaper must become more and more local. It cannot find space for general news if it is to satisfy this newly awakened desire for notoriety on the part of its readers. It must become a mere hodge-podge of tittle-tattle if it attempts to repeat the common neighborhood gossip. To the general public the names mentioned have no interest; they interest only the people who bear them, and their few friends. That a nice young man has accepted a situation in a store, that his sister is receiving a visit from an attractive schoolmate living in the next town, etc., etc., are items that fill columns, and must fill more columns, if the newspaper goes on in this direction. And the further it goes in this direction the more it departs from being a good newspaper. This is understood and accepted, but the question now is whether this is good business policy. The purpose of the newspaper is to give an income to its owners. The former idea in the minds of its owners was that this could best be secured by making a paper which should be, by reason of its char-

acter and its enterprise, an authority, and in some manner a public necessity. In order to be a good property it must not only have a reputation for collecting and printing promptly all legitimate news, but it must have the public confidence. Indeed, a very large part of its value lay in the fact that it had the public confidence. This gave it the circulation that was necessary to its existence. Now rivalries are fiercer than formerly, the expenses of the newspaper have increased greatly, it is much lessened in price, so that it depends wholly for its profit upon its advertising, and that rests upon the circulation it can show. In pursuit, then, of circulation the newspaper has been led to cultivate the private field, to minister to personal society, to chronicle personal and private affairs, to pick up in each locality the small gossip that is interesting only to that neighborhood. This policy requires ever-increasing space. All the newspapers, even the strictly "country" dailies, grow in size as they decrease in general interest; page after page is added in the pursuit of the paying circulation. The simple problem is, how far can the newspaper go on in this chase of circulation and not break down of its own weight?

And the size of the newspaper is increased in another way, besides that of daily making itself a catalogue of unknown names and insignificant events. It seeks also to furnish reading for all within its reach, and to furnish all their reading. It becomes, therefore, more of a reading miscellany than a record of the important news of the world. This requires still more space. The subscriber expects not only to see his own name in the paper occasionally, but that it shall supply him with reading for his evenings and his Sundays. We are not now considering the effect of this upon the public, whether the reading furnished is good or bad, and whether the present generation, fed upon this sort of chopped food frightfully mixed, will not get a fearful indigestion, and be unable to get any good out of books and real literature; we are thinking only of the ultimate fate of the newspaper itself. How long can it go without breaking down under this extreme expansion, this chase of advertisements through circulation? The quality of the newspaper can be no longer considered. It is only a question of size. The

newspaper brags about its size. There may be no more news worth reading in the forty pages than formerly in the eight, but the paper is forced on in this direction, and there is no limit to the demand for increasing pages. It is apparently a hopeless race.

Perhaps the publishers may ascertain a limit to which they can go by the measure of the patience of their readers. That is beginning to be a little tried. The readers are beginning to say that the newspaper takes too much time, and that in the mass of miscellany, advertisements, and of displayed and diluted news it is difficult to find anything they want. The kind of news offered has become a burden. Its infinite unimportant details tire the reader. One hears very often a wish for the smaller, old-fashioned newspaper, that gave only the public news, and itself sifted rumors and spared the reader pains. A newspaper of the first ability and of the first enterprise, which reverted to the old idea of the newspaper, that it is not a neighborhood chronicle of small-beer nor a mere miscellany of sensational stories, would be a costly paper to make, for the world is very much awake, and takes an interest in a much wider range of ideas and of intelligence than satisfied our grandfathers. The newspaper that attempts every day to present a picture of the world, and to be trustworthy, must have a most intelligent and discriminating corps of news-gatherers. The public is more and more capable of forming its opinions without editorial suggestion, but in order to do this it must know exactly and without prejudice what happens. Anybody who is industrious can gather gossip and rumors and pour them into the telegraph or into the newspaper columns, but it requires knowledge and experience to gather valuable and trustworthy news. And it is the news department of the American papers—that department which is generally supposed to be their great distinction—that just now most needs attention. No one at all acquainted with public opinion can fail to hear that confidence in the news daily printed is daily diminishing. This is common talk. This want of confidence is partly begotten by the absolute recklessness of a few prominent newspapers; and it is true that most newspapers take great pains to ascertain the truth of news they print, and that which is printed is

commonly much more trustworthy than the talk of the street or the gossip of ordinary intercourse, which passes from mouth to mouth with little or no attempt at verification. The editors are generally anxious for the truth, and exercise great care and have a sense of public responsibility, but they are the victims of news-gatherers, telegraphic and other, who lack knowledge and discrimination, or who are forced into sensationalism by rivalry. Much as we boast of our "reportorial" enterprise, the lack of public confidence in the news printed shows that the reporting department of the American newspaper is its weakest part. It is doubtful if it can be greatly improved while the modern notion prevails of chasing the unlimited gossip about people in private life, instead of confining itself to legitimate news of general interest.

II.

We thought the modern world was tolerably well settled—in a more certain order, at any rate, than at any time since the break-up of the Roman Empire. Everything was defined as to the direction of our civilization. That part of the world which was not Christian was in decadence, and the expanse of civilization could only be on broad Christian lines. There might be great changes of boundaries, consolidations, and expansions; the English colonies might become independent States; the United States might absorb everything it is contiguous to; Russia might be strong on the Pacific coast, and master of the Levant. Other changes like these were possible in the future, and in the process of an emigration so stimulated by cheapness of movement. But Christian civilization was the implement. Not all its methods are Christian, but that is what we call it. Its business was to bring all the world into the Christian commercial fold. There were some islands of the sea to be attended to, and the great hulking Africa was to be subdued, parcelled out, and brought into our order. As to the semi-civilized or enlightened peoples, the well-developed but pagan realms like China and Japan, our plain duty was to send them missionaries of the true faith, and to open them up to the trade vitalities of our advanced civilization. In short, whatever changes and revolutions and readjustments the future had in store, the kind and direction of our civil-

ization were settled; there was no danger that the world would revert to the Orientalism which threatened Europe all through the Middle Ages, and later, in the shape of the conquering Turk, thundered at the gates of Vienna. However the modern powers might fight among themselves for territory and for trade, they all appealed to the same God to take their part, and the dominant civilization was supposed to have its spring from the one source, however far it had drifted away from the spirit, the humility, the charity, of the primitive conception. In the band of nations reckoned as factors in the development of the present time there was no one, if we except the geographical accident of Turkey, which had not interchangeable ideas of progress and Christianity. Nor did we conceive the possibility that this band could be added to except by the process of absolute conversion to our ideas.

But now a strange thing has happened, the strangest thing in five hundred years. Out of the Orient has suddenly emerged a nation that at a bound has taken front rank among the Powers. By the use only of modern methods as weapons, but without either being absorbed or yielding her Orientalism, she has joined the rank of nations whose conception of life, of this world and the next, of what we call civilization, is totally opposed to hers. We have been patronizing her and browbeating her for a quarter of a century, imposing our courts upon her and keeping her in tariff leading-strings, as if she were in no way civilized enough to be trusted to administer the ordinary justice and comity recognized among other nations. And now by taking from us all that she cared to take and adopting it, but without relinquishing her Oriental point of view of religion or of ancient morality, she appears as a diplomatic power, in point of shrewd statesmanship capable of coping with any nation on earth, and as a military and naval power fit to meet almost any one in single combat, though, of course, not strong enough to defy three or four first-class nations banded together to force her to surrender to them a part of her plunder. It reminds one of the fable of the jackass going hunting, at a safe distance, with the young lion. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in regard to Japan is the patience with which she has for a quarter of a century borne the humiliation put upon her by civilized nations,

while she has been learning the arts by which they were able to dictate to her. Her capacity of adaptation seemed unlimited. At one time it was said that she intended taking on a foreign religion as one of the elements of becoming greatness, and that she contemplated taking the religion of the Czar of Russia, as most consonant with the position of the Mikado. However this may be, she formed and drilled her army, created a navy, and put herself in financial relations with the rest of the world, so that when the moment of action arrived she appeared as an adept in all the modern methods of asserting herself. But that Japan is still Oriental in her sympathies there is no doubt, nor is there any sign that she has broken with the traditions of her past any further than was necessary to take the position she has assumed. We have to reckon henceforth with another element in our "Christian civilization." That this break portends other changes is clear. The breaking up of the formless Chinese Empire seems more than ever a probability, under the touch of Japan. And out of this, with such a virile and well-disciplined power as Japan close at hand, the new combinations formed are likely to retain an Oriental cast, and nations arise in the East strong enough to contest in many essential points our Western civilization.

III.

In an interview a few months ago a Japanese minister of foreign affairs is reported to have said: "I regret that our trade relations with the United States are not more satisfactory. This is due largely to the indifference of the American consuls. They do not promote trade as the English, German, and French consuls do." This is not a new charge against our consular service. It has been made from many places during many years, and especially loud have the complaints been from those dealers and manufacturers who have tried to promote our trade with South America. The superior success of the English and German consuls in getting South American trade for their own countries is not news to anybody. What is the reason of it? We do not admit inferior natural capacity in contests of this sort for a market. Our representatives ought to be as keen and intelligent as the German or the English. Where is the difficulty? Is it in the fact that we have

no trained, organized consular service, or that our agents are selected as a reward for local political service? The question is an old one, but it is none the less pressing now that all the nations are in a newly stimulated rivalry for markets. The business of the consul is not political or diplomatic—with an occasional exception; it is commercial, for the sake of trade. If our merchants and manufacturers should send agents to foreign countries to procure business they would not select either men ignorant of business or men who had received no training in commercial matters, and they would not choose men who were ignorant of the language of the country to which they were sent. Why should our government habitually do both in a matter relating purely to the trade prosperity of the country?

Of course, in order to have a body of men fit for consular duties, we must have a consular service—a service with grades and promotions, of life tenure, and a suitable pension at the end—that is to say, a service similar to that of Great Britain. What is the objection to this? One reason, not the only one, why it does not exist is that it is deemed well by many practical politicians to keep the consular service as a reward for political service. Another reason may be the expense of a pensioned service, a burden added to our already enormous war pension load. But for the war pension, we should not feel this any more than we feel the army and navy pensions, since the cost of the pensions would be amply returned to us in increased efficiency of the service—that is, in an increase of our foreign trade. The reasons, however, oftenest given for not having an organized consular service are two: One is that in our sort of government it is undesirable to create another bureaucracy. This reason applies also to our whole civil service. The other, which is often heard and is a very humiliating one to hear, is that our young men when employed abroad in this service become un-American, in acquiring foreign languages begin to take foreign views, and that a long residence abroad puts them wholly out of touch with their own country. The charge is that Americans living much abroad, learning the languages, and falling into foreign ways, cease to have the American spirit, and are not representatives of America. Especially is this true

of Americans who left this country in youth and have passed most of their lives away from it. They are ignorant of their country, and have very little sympathy with the American way or the American ambition. I heard it said in Rome, and I have heard it often elsewhere, that there were men in the consular and diplomatic service who were ignorant of their own country and in no way representatives of it, and had not what we consider the proper pride in it.

This is a very serious charge, and it is one that concerns our whole people. It is certainly essential that an American representative abroad should not only thoroughly understand his own country and be in touch with it, but that his sympathies, and we might almost say his prejudices, should be American. And if we cannot have a loyal, patriotic, trained American service, we might as well go on with a patriotic incompetent one. But why can we not have it? Are we by nature less loyal and patriotic than the English? have we less national pride?

The English service certainly does not make men unpatriotic or out of touch with England. Wherever you find an Englishman, you find a man who is prouder of being an Englishman than of anything else. He carries his country with him wherever he goes, prejudices and all. The man in the English consular service usually enters it young, and he is almost continuously abroad, promoted from one post to another, according to his acquirements and the fitness he displays. There are, of course, stupid and inefficient men in the service, who exhibit the bad side of a bureaucracy. But I never met an English consul or agent who was not thoroughly English and thoroughly loyal, thoroughly in touch with English feeling and pride, though he had been very seldom in England during his long period of service. He goes about the world, keeping England always first in his mind. Is it true that with a like organized service the American would be less true to his native land?



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 11th of June.—The New York State Legislature adjourned May 16th. The legislation effected by it included a blanket-ballot law with a clause permitting political workers to enter booths with voters, and laws for the improvement of tenements, and the creation of a bipartisan police commission in New York city. The Legislature failed to pass bills demanded by the people of New York for the reorganization of their police department and for the union of New York and Brooklyn as provided by the State Constitutional Convention and a vote of the two cities.

President Cleveland on June 7th appointed Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, formerly Attorney-General, to be Secretary of State, to succeed the late Judge Gresham; and Judson Harmon, of Ohio, to be Attorney-General.

The Supreme Court of the United States on May 20th, by a vote of five to four, declared the income tax law null and void.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met at Pittsburg May 16th. It voted in favor of Church control of theological seminaries, and against the admission of Union Seminary students to the Presbyterian ministry, and decided to raise \$1,000,000 for Church Missions.

The anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday was celebrated on May 24th. The order of knighthood was conferred upon Henry Irving, the actor, and Walter Besant, the novelist.

Japan's demand for the cession to her by China of the Leao-Tong Peninsula from Port Arthur northward to the mouth of the Yaloo River was resisted by Russia, and afterwards by Germany and France. The point was yielded by Japan.

Parliamentary elections were held in Italy on May 26th. Catholics were forbidden by the Pope to take part. A strong government majority was returned.

DISASTERS.

May 19th.—Repeated earthquake shocks were felt in and near Florence, Italy. Many houses were thrown down, and several persons killed.

May 28th.—The Pacific Mail Steamer *Colima* ran on a reef in a gale off Manzanillo, Mexico, and 186 persons were drowned.—The French steamer *Dom Pedro* was wrecked off the Spanish coast. One hundred lives were lost.

OBITUARY.

May 16th.—At Washington, Rear-Admiral John J. Almy, aged eighty-one years.—At San Francisco, Peter H. Burnett, first Governor of California, aged eighty-seven years.

May 24th.—At Washington, Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln, aged eighty-seven years.

May 28th.—At Washington, Walter Quinton Gresham, Secretary of State, aged sixty-three years.

June 3d.—At London, Emily Faithfull, the political economist and philanthropist, aged sixty years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A MONUMENTAL TRUTH-TELLER.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

ON a little excursion steamer running up to the North Cape, in the summer of 1884, were gathered together representatives of all nationalities, subjects of most of the kings of the earth, and citizens of at least three of the great republics. One man was particularly in evidence, and not particularly agreeable or popular. He knew everything, he knew everybody, and he was known to his fellow-excursionists as "The Austrian." He was cultivated, but not over-sensitive or over-refined, and he was an incessant talker. He talked well, but he talked too much, and upon too many subjects. And he seemed to be an awful liar. His linguistic accomplishments were certainly unusual. At dinner, one night, he made a speech in which he addressed, in their own languages, not only the Germans present,

but the Danes, the Swedes, the Norwegians, the Hollanders, the Italians, the Spaniards, the English, and even the solitary passenger who spoke nothing but his native Russian. But The Austrian's powers of invention seemed even greater than his gift of tongues. He was not silent in regard to himself, or to his own achievements or his own experiences; and very marvellous were the tales he told of the things he had accomplished, the countries he had visited, the people he had met. He had done everything, he had been everywhere, he had known everybody. If the name of the Third Napoleon was mentioned—there was a scarf-pin The Austrian had received from that deposed monarch. If one spoke of Bismarck—here was a ring which the Iron Chancellor had given The Austrian. If a story by Lin-



"ONE MAN WAS PARTICULARLY IN EVIDENCE."

coln was quoted—we were told that The Austrian was not only in Washington at the time of the assassination, but in Ford's Theatre, and that he had helped to carry the martyred President to the bed upon which he died. The Austrian—according to The Austrian—had heard Webster and Clay and Calhoun in the Senate of the United States. The Prince Consort of England had told him this. The Emperor Maximilian had told him that. The Earl of Beaconsfield had told him something else. He saw the Surrender at Sedan. He was at the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He attended the funeral of Queen Mercedes of Spain. He was nearly killed in an earthquake in Lima. He was wrecked on the Atlantic, on the Pacific, on the Ægean, and on the Black Sea. He had hunted elephants and lions in Africa. He had fished the rivers of Scotland with the Duke of Buccleuch. He had been up in a balloon, and he had been down in a coal-mine. He had made the very unusual pilgrimage to Mecca. He had fought a duel with Henri Rochefort, and he had taught the elder Dumas how to scramble eggs. The only thing The Austrian had *not* done—according to The Austrian—was the act of hari-kari. Which most of us regretted!

Among the passengers was a British army officer, a Scotelman, of whom the present writer saw much and whom he liked greatly. He was a quiet, gentle little man, who had fought his way up to a majority, and who had won the Victoria Cross, of which he never told us. His disgust for, and his absolute hatred of, The Austrian were intense. He did not conceal his feelings, and he was with difficulty persuaded from giving them public vocal expression. He never walked on the same side of the deck with The Austrian; and to avoid The Austrian he would dine alone, at irregular hours and under uncomfortable circumstances. He spoke but little, but he had his topic, upon which he was eloquent—to wit, mountain-climbing. He was an active member of the Alpine Club, and an enthusiastic mountaineer. We were sitting in the smoking-room late one evening, waiting to see how near the Midnight Sun could come to the horizon without touching it, when The Austrian entered, in the midst of a story which the major was telling about the top of some Swiss hill he had visited at sunrise a month or two before. The major could not leave the place, nor snap his yarn before he came to its end. But The Austrian snapped it for him by beginning to tell what

had befallen *him* when *he* had made the ascent of a certain peak in the Andes. Then the major rose in his wrath. Fixing his glittering eyes upon the interrupter, he said quietly, but under visible excitement: "Now, my Austrian friend, I have got you on the hip! I've watched your career on this boat from the commencement of the voyage. I have always felt that you are a liar. And now I *know* it!" This was getting serious. Those of us who were near the glasses and heavy decanters upon the table instinctively pushed them out of The Austrian's reach; some of us thought of getting under the table itself, and we all looked to see the gallant little major slaughtered before our very eyes. The grand climax had been reached. The boaster was to be hoisted on one of his falsehoods. The explosion for which we had waited was imminent. But when it came it was a very mild and a very unexpected explosion indeed. "I *know* you are a liar," the major continued, "because I know that the mountain of which you speak has been ascended by but one European—the famous Baron Macht-nichts, of Vienna!" The Austrian smiled what Mr. Bret Harte once called a sort of sickly smile, and thrust his hand into his pocket, from which he deliberately drew, not a pistol, but a visiting-card, upon which were engraved the words—"Baron Macht-nichts, of Vienna." That was his name and his title. And all he had told us was absolutely true.

He came of a race distinguished for generations in the diplomatic service of Austria. His father was an ambassador at some Continental court when the present baron was born. He himself had been an attaché of legation in all parts of the earth ever since his school days. He *did* know Lincoln, and Bismarck, and Dumas, and Disraeli. He *had* been everywhere. He *had* seen everybody. And among mountain-climbers he was known as the most daring and the most successful mountain-climber in the world. He was the man of all men whom the major most honored and respected, the one man whom the major wanted to meet and to know, the major's greatest living hero.

We saw very little of The Austrian after that, and almost nothing of the major. They were entirely absorbed in each other. And they left us at Trondhjem, both sitting on one railway cushion, both warbling of one song; on their way together to climb some new hill to the sky.

A NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

It was a very hot day, and when Mr. Dunnigan happened to meet his daughter with her friend, he, wishing to do the polite thing, invited them to have some ice-cream, an invitation which was at once accepted. When they were seated at the table in the ice-cream par-

lor, Mr. Dunnigan, addressing his daughter's friend, affably inquired, "An' phot koind will yez have, me dear?"

"I will take some orange ice," she replied.

Mr. Dunnigan's brow darkened, and glaring at the young lady malevolently, he thundered, "Av yez do, ye'll arder it yersilf."



THE BUTTERFLY GIRL.

This catching butterflies I thought
A very weary, dreary sport,
But when fair Daphne came my way
It filled my soul with deep dismay
To think there was no hope that I
Might catch that dainty butterfly.

IDEAS FOR SALE.

I'm in literary culture, and I've opened up a shop,
Where I'd like ye, gents and ladies, if you're pass-
ing by to stop.

Come and see my rich assortment of fine literary
seed

That I'm selling to the writers of full many a
modern screed.

I've bacilli for ten volumes for a dollar, in a
bag—

Not a single germ among 'em that's been ever
known to drag.

Not a single germ among 'em, if you see they're
planted right,

But will grow into a novel that they'll say is out
of sight.

I have motifs by the thousand, motifs sad and
motifs gay.

You can buy 'em by the dozen, or I'll serve 'em
every day:

I will serve 'em in the morning, as the milkman
serves his wares;

I will serve 'em by the postman, or I'll leave 'em
on your stairs.

When you get down to your table with your head
a vacuum,

You can say unto your helpmeet, "Has that quart
of ideas come

That we ordered served here daily from that plot-
man down the street?"

And you'll find that I've been early my engage-
ment to complete.

Should you want a book of poems that will bring
you into fame,

Let me send a sample packet that will guarantee
the same,

Holding "Seeds of Thought from Byron, Herrick,
Chaucer, Tennyson."

Plant 'em deep, and keep 'em watered, and you'll
find the deed is done.

I've a hundred comic packets that would make a
Twain of Job;

I have "Seeds of Tales Narcotic; Tales of Sur-
geons and the Probe."

I've a most superb assortment, on the very cheap-
est terms,

Done up carefully in tin-foil, of my A 1 "Trilby
Germs."

So perchance if you're ambitious in a literary
line,

Be as dull as e'er you can be, you will surely cut
a shine,

If you'll only take advantage of this opportunity,
When you're passing by to stop in for a little
chat with me.

You may ask me, in conclusion, why I do not seek
myself

All the laurel and the glory of these seeds I sell
for pelf.

I will tell you, though the confidence I can't deny
is rash,

I'm a trifle long on laurels, and a little short of
cash.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PUBLIC TASTE IS CONFIRMED.

MR. B—— built himself a house some years
ago. The architecture was simplicity, as a
friend said, "to a riotous degree." It was cor-
respondingly pure, and the house was corre-
spondingly comfortable. The effect of the
lines, however, upon the untutored mind was
not impressive. A friend visiting Mr. B——'s
town, inquiring the way to the house, was told
by the boy of whom he asked the question to
"go long 'bout a—well, a mile, till you come
to a house 'at looks like a barn, only it ain't a
barn, an' that's hisn."

B—— enjoyed the description, and told his
architect, who made a few remarks about pub-
lic taste which would have offended public
taste very much to hear.

"That's their verdict," said the architect;
"but what does it amount to? It simply
proves—" etc., etc.

Two weeks later three friends of B——
rode up from town on horseback, entered the
grounds, and stopped before the house. One
of them dismounted and rang the bell, and
B—— himself opened the door.

"Whoa!" cried all three riders at once.

B—— almost swooned.

The horses had tried unanimously to walk in.

They recognized the "simplicity" of the
architecture, and the architect himself has
had to admit that popular taste sometimes re-
ceives endorsement from unexpected quarters.

He is trying now to get B—— to let him try
again.

PATRIOTISM ON TAP.

It was at the Golf Club.

"Which 'll you have—rye or King Wil-
liam?" asked the host, after the game.

"Well, I'm a patriotic American," said the
visitor. "I think perhaps I'd better drink the
rye, though I like Scotch."

"Take the Scotch, then," said the host.
"That's the patriotic thing about this King
William brand. An American can drink with-
out any qualms if he only cries 'Down with
the King!' while he is in the act of putting
William where he will do the most good."

OVER THE CLUB TABLE.

"It's curious," said the artist, "how we form
our ideas of how men look. Now here is our
friend Wagg, for instance. I never thought,
my dear Wagg, before I met you that you were
young and handsome."

"What did you think I looked like?" asked
the humorist.

"Well—I thought you were about sixty,
with a long gray beard."

"Hoh!" said the humorist. "How did you
get that idea?"

"From reading your stories," said the artist.
"Your jokes made me think that you were a
man with a past. Now I'm older than you,
but, by Jove, I can't remember the time when
your jokes were new. You've got a fearful
pile of reminiscences for a man of your age."



A NICE POINT.

"If you were writing to your tailors, would you say, 'Snippem & Cutaway, Gentlemen,' or Snippem & Cutaway, Tailors'?"

"H'm! I don't know. I think it would all depend on how much I owed them."

REMOVING THE OPPORTUNITY.

MAJOR ROSEWELL was a man of fixed habits. At nine o'clock every morning he entered the door of his club, seated himself before the fireplace, and producing a copy of a New York paper of the previous day's issue, proceeded to peruse it. It was an unwritten law of the club that while the Major was so occupied he should not be disturbed, and the only man who at any time dared to do so was Crichton.

Crichton was a man with an inexhaustible supply of dreary anecdotes. Everything reminded him of stories, which he would relate with infinite care and elaborate detail whenever he could secure an audience.

Therefore when the Major saw Crichton enter the library one spring morning he buried his nose deep in the editorial columns of his favorite journal, and made no sign of recognition.

Crichton strolled about the room in a desultory way, until the Major began to grow nervous and uneasy, and to feel that the room was getting rather close, so he called to one of the servants: "Charles, I wish you would let that window up. It's very close in here."

Here was Crichton's opportunity. Smiling

pleasantly, he commenced, "Letting that window up reminds me of a story—" when he was interrupted by a roar from the Major:

"By Jove, Charles! let that window down!"

R.

A HEROIC PHYSICIAN.

THERE are doctors and doctors, but one of the most intelligent of all these friends of humanity was one who had the courage recently to give a bit of advice to the head of a family not many miles from New York. The head of the family was robust but exacting, healthy but irritable—in short, a veritable Hector.

"I don't know what is the matter with my family, doctor," he said, "but my wife is nervous, my children are suffering from something, I don't know what—in fact, the whole house is upset. Even the servants seem vacillating and bordering on nervous prostration."

"I think it would be all right," said the doctor, "if you would take a six months' tour of Europe—alone."

"I?" cried paterfamilias. "The only well member of the family?"

"Yes," said the doctor, gravely. "You ought to travel—for the health of your family."

TROUBLE IN CONVERTING THE ISLAND OF
LAGILOLO.

"YES," said the beachcomber, "we've had a great deal of trouble in convertin' our island. One misfortune and another happened to the missionaries—unforeseen misfortunes. Of course I am only speakin' of events that took place since I have been king of the island. I can't speak of what happened afore that.

"It was in 1865, on the ship *General Jackson*, that I was put in an open boat on the Pacific Ocean, through the schemin' of the Rev. James McBeaser. I was a circus clown and a Baptis'. The ship had stormy weather, got delayed, and begun to run out of water and food. The Rev. James McBeaser was aboard, goin' to the islands as a missionary—a Sandemanian missionary. He organized a revival, and they all came into it but me, which I couldn't do, as a Baptis'. We kept on havin' bad weather, and he told the crew that we couldn't expect good weather as long as there was anybody on the ship that wouldn't jine the revival. That turned the sailors against me, and when he advised 'em to turn me adrift they was willin' to do it, especially as the ship was runnin' out of food and water so fast, and there was no tellin' when they'd all have to leave. They put me in an open boat with my chest of clothes and trick arrangements, and the Rev. McBeaser led the crew singing, 'Pull for the shore, sailor,' as I floated away.

"It was only next day that I came in sight of an island that I subsequently learned was Lagilolo. I see the natives down on the shore, and not knowin' what kind of folks they might be, I rigged up in my clown's clothes, and as the boat floated ashore I was eatin' fire, takin' cannon-balls out of my ears and nose, and doin' all them kinder things. The natives was awed by them doin's. They had been havin' a popular uprisin', and had just finished eatin' a usurper to the throne; and now that the funeral was over, they was lookin' for a husband for the daughter of the rightful king, who had been et a few months previous by the usurper and his cabinet at the inaugural banquet. Afore I realized it I was husband of the old king's daughter and King of Lagilolo.

"I found that the natives spoke very good English, which they had learned of the eighteen missionaries which had been there, while they was fattenin' of 'em up."

"You don't mean that they ate them!" cried the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

"They done that," said the beachcomber. "The Rev. Ephraim Weekly, of Missouri, was the last one who passed to his reward before my arrival."

"My friend Weekly!" exclaimed the secretary, sadly. "He was such a fine fellow!"

"He was very nice," said the beachcomber's Polynesian wife, the Queen of Lagilolo, "and very enjoyable. I found him so; all the people of Lagilolo did, in fact. Our only regret was that he was so small."

"There was Yocum of Indiana; he went out there," continued the secretary. "He was a tall, bony fellow."

"Yes, he was very bony," said the beachcomber's wife. "There was a great deal of complaint on that account, I remember."

"I had not been King of Lagilolo a month afore I decreed that cannibalism must cease," said the beachcomber. "I was conscientiously opposed to it. All my family were. My mother was bitterly opposed to it, and so was all my relatives that I ever heard say anything about it. Besides, I didn't know when the savages might turn in and eat me.

"It warn't a week after my decree afore I heard that a missionary had come. He sent his card to me, and I read on it, 'Rev. James McBeaser.' I wasn't glad to see the old chap, but I allers believed in returnin' good for evil, so I decided to entertain him at the palace that night until he could put up a shack for himself. So I said to my wife: 'The Rev. James McBeaser is here. We must have him at supper.'

"At supper?" said my wife.

"Yes, at supper," said I. "Why not?"

"Well, because I didn't think you'd want him at supper after some things you have said, and it's pretty short notice to have him at supper. I could have him at dinner to-morrer without any trouble."

"I want to have him at supper to-night," said I. "One of the genuine old Lagilolo barbecues would go well. McBeaser has been at sea livin' on salt meat, and a barbecue would taste mighty well."

"Is a barbecue the nicest thing for people that have been livin' on salt meat?" said my wife. "I didn't know that before." And she bustled off to git ready the supper.

"Six o'clock come, and I didn't see the Rev. James McBeaser. Seven o'clock, and still he wasn't there. My wife came in and told me that supper would be ready pretty soon, that it was a little late on account of such short notice.

"I wonder where the Rev. James McBeaser is?" said I.

"He isn't quite done," said my wife.

"Cookin'?" I yelled.

"How do you serve missionaries in your country, then?" asked my wife.

"The people found out about it, and after that my decree wasn't any good. Word passed among 'em that I had made that decree so as to have the missionaries all to myself, and they came near dethronin' me. News of my decree had gone on to the islands in our vicinity, and, confidence bein' established, a large influx of missionaries came in. Durin' that summer and fall them savages et five regular Methodys and a Primitive; four Baptises, one of 'em a Free-will; three kinds of Presbyterians; a High-Church and a Low-Church Episcopalian; a Unitarian; a Swedenborgian; and a Catholic priest."

W. A. CURTIS.

A FABLE.

FROM Parnassus the muses strolled down one day
To a field where a jackass was munching hay,
And they sang the songs of the gods on high
While that jackass blinked a watery eye;

And he wagged his ears and hee-haw-hee-d
Till they fled aghast from the flowery mead;
And he hawed to himself, as he chewed his grass,
"For a cocksure critic, just take an ass."

H. R. G.

THIS WAS A GOOD ONE.

"DID I tell you the latest bright thing my little boy got off?" asked McBride, as he joined a group of friends at the club.

"Yes, you did," replied all, in concert, with discouraging unanimity.

"That's where I've caught you," retorted McBride, "for it only happened last evening, and I haven't seen a soul of you fellows since. Besides, this was really a good one."

"Then you haven't told it to us," replied Kilduff, speaking for the crowd. "Go on."

"Yes, tell us quickly," added Skidmore, "and let us have the agony over."

Thus encouraged, McBride began: "You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their young children are present. Of course that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs. McBride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddy is often very much mystified by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and

Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible. So he called out, 'Mamma!'

"What is it, Freddy?" asked my wife.

"Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r a p-i-g?" spelled out Freddy, triumphantly."

The fellows had to admit that this story about McBride's boy was really a good one.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

FOR two years George W. Irvin, of Butte City, filled the position of mineral land commissioner for Montana at the national capital. Before Mr. Irvin held this office he had sat on the bench as police magistrate. It was in the days when Butte was in truth all that was implied in the term "mining camp," and physical prowess was as essential to the enforcement of the statutes and ordinances as were the authority and dignity conferred by the ermine. An entry in the police-court docket of the days of Judge Irvin partly tells its own story.

"George Morton. Charge, drunk and disorderly. Arraigned. Pled not guilty. Testimony of Officer Dugan heard. Whereupon court adjudged defendant guilty. At this point defendant arose and announced that he could lick the court at any point in the road. Whereupon court suspended sentence, and announced a recess for fifteen minutes, and a trip to the lot in the rear of the court-room."

There the entry stops, and the inference is the defendant made good his assertion.



MORE WORK THAN PROFIT.

SLY JOE. "Great Scott! Tim, it don't hardly pay to steal a Sunday paper nowadays."



PREPARING FOR
A "DRIVE."

TO GIVE STRENGTH TO A
BLOW, PLACE YOUR PONY
AT FULL SPEED.



OUT OF A BUNKER -
PONY AS A USEFUL AID
TO "LOFTING."

BALL IN BAD HOLE.
GOOD USE FOR THE DOG



FOLLOWING A "DRIVE".
GOLF ON HORSEBACK.

(A HAZARD)
A LOST BALL IN
THE WATER.

DOG AT WORK.

(A HAZARD)
JUMPING A FENCE -
IN THE LINE -
IN PURSUIT OF
THE BALL

GRAY-PAINTED



See "Three Gringos in Central America."

FORDING THE ADAMS RIVER

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE TRILOGY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I.

BY sudden love surprised (a lifetime since),
Hid in a summer dark of starlit flowers,
Our first kiss leapt to life, a tremulous flame.
Anon, abashed before the omnipotence
Of the immortal guest—as yet scarce ours—
Eyes questioned doubtful eyes whether he came
To make eternal dwelling in our heart,
Or, having taught us heaven, to depart.
But Love spake, and quoth he,
“Lo, I abide with ye
Always, except ye turn and banish me.”

II.

By strife disheartened (half a lifetime since),
The fretful consequence of wayward wrongs
Done each to each, or fancied to be done,
There fell a day, we scarce knew how or whence,
When (that sweet reverence which to love belongs
No longer rendered), Love himself seemed gone,
And we, lovers no longer, needs must part.
But lo! some holier oracle of the heart
Spake suddenly: “Forgive!
Wrongs die: by love ye live:
Kiss, be no more faithless, but believe.”

III.

A lifetime past; aye, but a lifetime won!
Not lightly may love's depth and height be spanned.
Sweet was young love's first kiss amongst the flowers;
Yet sweeter, purer, after frost begun,
The kiss that melted summer back, and banned
The demon, pride; but ah! these latest hours
Prophecy joys of love transfigured far
Above what all incarnate were or are.
Time fades:—Belov'd, thy lips!
Oh, balm, in earth's eclipse,
The immortal kiss of love's apocalypse!



By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

TEGUCIGALPA is the odd name of the capital of the republic of Honduras, the least advanced of the republics of Central or South America.

Somerset had learned that there were no means of getting to this capital from either the Pacific Ocean on one side or from the Caribbean Sea on the other except on muleback, and we argued that while there were many mining-camps and military outposts and ranches situated a nine days' ride from civilization, capitals at such a distance were rare, and for that reason might prove entertaining. Capitals at the mouths of great rivers and at the junction of many railway systems we knew, but a capital hidden away behind almost inaccessible mountains, like a monastery of the Greek Church, we had never seen. A door-mat in the front hall of a house is useful, and may even be ornamental, though it is never interesting; but if the door-mat be hidden away in the third-story back room it instantly assumes an importance and a value which it never could have attained in its proper sphere of usefulness.

Our ideas as to the characteristics of Honduras were very vague, and it is possible that we might never have seen Te-

gucigalpa had it not been for Colonel Charles Jeffs, whom we found apparently waiting for us at Puerto Cortez, and who we still believe had been stationed there by some guardian spirit to guide us in safety across the continent. Colonel Jeffs is a young American mining engineer from Minneapolis, and has lived in Honduras for the past eleven years. Some time ago he assisted Bogran, when that general was President, in one of the revolutions against him, and was made a colonel in consequence. So we called him our military attaché, and Griscom our naval attaché, because he was an officer of the Naval Brigade of Pennsylvania. Griscom had joined us in New York three days before we sailed, and Jeffs we found at Puerto Cortez. It was there that he first made himself known to us by telling our porters they had no right to rob us merely because we were gringos, and so saved us some dollars. He made us understand at the same time that it was as gringos, or foreigners, we were thereafter to be designated and disliked. We had no agreement with Jeffs, nor even what might be called an understanding. He had, as I have said, been intended by providence to convey us across Honduras,

and every one concerned in the outfit seemed to accept that act of kindly fate without question. We told him we were going to the capital, and were on pleasure bent, and he said he had business at the capital himself, and would like a few days' shooting on the way, so we asked him to come with us and act as guide, philosopher, and friend, and he said, "The train starts at eight to-morrow morning for San Pedro Sula, where I will hire the mules." And so it was settled, and we went off to get our things out of the custom-house with a sense of perfect confidence in our new acquaintance and of delightful freedom from all responsibility. And though, perhaps, it is not always best to put the entire charge of an excursion through an unknown country into the hands of the first kindly stranger whom you see sitting on a hotel porch landing, we found that it worked admirably, and we depended on our military attaché so completely that we never pulled a cinch-strap or interviewed an ex-President without asking his permission first. I wish every traveller as kindly a guide and as good a friend.

The train to San Pedro Sula was made up of a rusty engine and three little cars, with no glass in the windows, and with seats too wide for one person, and not at all large enough for two. The natives made a great expedition of this journey, and piled the cramped seats with bananas and tortillas and old bottles filled with drinking-water. We carried no luncheons ourselves, but we had the greater advantage of them in that we were enjoying for the first time the most beautiful stretch of tropical swamp land and jungle that we came across during our entire trip through Honduras. Sometimes the train moved through tunnels of palms as straight and as regular as the elms leading to an English country house, and again through jungles where they grew in the most wonderful riot and disorder, so that their branches swept in through the car windows and brushed the cinders from the roof. The jungle spread out within a few feet of the track on either side, and we peered into an impenetrable net-work of vines and creepers and mammoth ferns and cacti and giant trees covered with orchids, and so tall that one could only see their tops by looking up at them from the rear platform.

The railroad journey from Puerto Cortez to San Pedro Sula lasts four hours, but the distance is only thirty-seven miles. This was, until a short time ago, when the line was extended by a New York company, the only thirty-seven miles of railroad track in Honduras, and as it has given to the country a foreign debt of \$27,992,850, the interest on which has not been paid since 1872, it would seem to be quite enough. About thirty years ago an interoceanic railroad was project-



SOMERSET.

ed from Puerto Cortez to the Pacific coast, a distance of 148 miles, but the railroad turned out to be a colossal swindle, and the government was left with this debt on its hands, an army of despoiled stockholders to satisfy, and only thirty-seven miles of bad road for itself. The road was to have been paid for at a certain rate per mile, and the men who mapped it out made it in consequence twice as long as it need to have been, and its curves and grades and turns would cause an honest engineer to weep with disapproval.

The grades are in some places very steep, and as the engine was not as young as it had been, two negro boys and a box of sand were placed on the cow-catcher, and whenever the necessity of stopping the train was immediate, or when it was going down hill too quickly, they would lean forward and pour this sand on the rails. As soon as Griscom and Somerset discovered these assistant engineers they bribed them to give up their places to them, and after the first station we all sat for the remainder of the journey on the cow-catcher. It was a beautiful and exhilarating ride, and suggested tobogganing, or those thrilling little railroads on trestles at Coney Island and at the fêtes around Paris. It was even more interesting, because we could see each rusty rail rise as the wheel touched its nearer end as though it meant to fly up in our faces, and when the wheel was too quick for it and forced it down again, it contented itself by spreading out half a foot or so to one side, which was most alarming. But the interest rose even higher at times when a stray steer would appear on the rails at the end of the tunnel of palms, as at the end of a telescope, and we saw it

growing rapidly larger and larger as the train swept down upon it. It always lurched off to one side before any one was killed, but not until there had been much ringing of bells and blowing of whistles, and, on our part, some inward debate as to whether we had better jump and abandon the train to its fate, or die at our post with our hands full of sand.

We lay idly at San Pedro Sula for four days, while Jeffs hurried about collecting mules and provisions. When we arrived we had insisted on setting forth that same evening, but the place put its spell upon us gently but firmly, and when we awoke on the third day and found we were no nearer to starting than at the moment of our arrival, Jeffs' perplexities began to be something of a bore, and we told him to put things off to the morrow, as did every one else.

San Pedro Sula lay in peaceful isolation in a sunny valley at the base of great mountains, and from the upper porch of our hotel, that had been built when the railroad was expected to continue on across the continent, we could see above the palms in the garden the clouds moving from one mountain-top to

another, or lying packed like drifts of snow in the hollows between. We used to sit for hours on this porch in absolute idleness, watching Jeffs hurrying in and out below with infinite pity, while we listened to the palms rustling and whispering as they bent and courtesied before us, and saw the sunshine turn the mountains a light green, like dry moss, or leave half of them dark and sombre when a cloud passed in between. It was a clean, lazy little place of many clay huts, with gardens back of them filled with banana-palms and wide-reaching trees, which were one mass of brilliant crimson flowers. In the centre of the town was a grass-grown plaza where the barefooted and ragged boy-soldiers went



OUR MILITARY ATTACHÉ.

through leisurely evolutions, and the mules and cows gazed at them from the other end.

Our hotel was leased by an American woman, who was making an unappreciated fight against dirt and insects, and the height of whose ambition was to get back to Brooklyn and take in light sewing and educate her two very young daughters. Her husband had died in the interior, and his portrait hung in the dining-room of the hotel. She used to talk about him while she was helping at dinner, and of what a well-read and able man he had been. She would grow so interested in her stories that the dinner would turn cold while she stood gazing at the picture and shaking her head at it. We became very much interested in the husband, and used to look up over our shoulders at his portrait with respectful attention, as though he were present. His widow did not like Hondurans; she might have made enough money to take her home, had she consented to accept them as boarders, but she would only receive gringos at her hotel, which she herself swept and scrubbed when she was not cooking the dinner and making the beds. She had saved eight dollars of the sum necessary to convey her and her children home, and to educate them when they got there; and as American travellers in Honduras are few, and as most of them ask you for money to help them to God's country, I am afraid her chance of seeing the Brooklyn Bridge is very doubtful. We contributed to her fund, and bought her a bundle of lottery tickets, which we told her were the means of making money easily; and I should like to add that she won the grand prize, and lived happily on Brooklyn Heights ever after; but when we saw the list at Panama, her numbers were not on it, and so, I fear, she is still keeping the only clean hotel in Honduras, which is something more difficult to accomplish and a much more public-spir-



OUR NAVAL ATTACHÉ.

ited thing to do than to win a grand prize in a lottery.

We left San Pedro Sula on a Sunday morning, with a train of eleven mules, five to carry our luggage and the other six for ourselves, Jeffs, Charwood, Somerset's servant, and Emilio, our chief moso, or muleteer. There were two other mosos, who walked the entire distance, and in bull-hide sandals at that, guarding and driving the pack-mules, and who were generally able to catch up with us an hour or so after we had halted for the night. I do not know which was the worst of the mosos, although Emilio seems to have been first choice with all of us. We agreed, after it was all over, that we did not so much regret not having killed them as that they could not know how frequently they had been near to sudden and awful death.

The people of Honduras, where all the travelling is done on mule or horse back, have a pretty custom of riding out to meet a friend when he is known to be coming to town, and of accompanying him when he departs. This latter ceremony always made me feel as though I were an undesirable citizen who was being conveyed outside of the city limits by a Vigilance Committee; but it is very well

meant, and a man in Honduras measures his popularity by the number of friends who come forth to greet him on his arrival, or who speed him on his way when he sets forth again. We were accompanied out of San Pedro Sula by the consular agent, the able American manager of the thirty-seven miles of railroad, and his youthful baggage-master, a young gentleman whom I had formerly known at Newport, and who is generally supposed to be dead. Since our meeting he had been four times around the world as a sailor before the mast, had played in Ed Cleary's *Pinafore* company at Valparaiso, waited on table at Seattle, and tried ranching in Patagonia; and I afterwards learned from an officer of Admiral Meade's squadron that once when he was serving his country on a man-of-war he came aft in his bare feet and threw the ship's doctor into hysterics by offering him letters of introduction to all the principal clubs in San Francisco.

Our escort left us at the end of a few miles, at the foot of the mountains, and we began the ascent alone. From that time on until we reached the Pacific Ocean we moved at the rate of three miles an hour, or some nine leagues a day, as distances are measured in Honduras, ten hours being a day's journey. Our mules were not at all the animals that we know as mules in the States, but rather overgrown donkeys or burros, and not much stouter than those in the streets of Cairo, whether it be the Street in Cairo of Chicago, or the one that runs in front of Shepheard's Hotel. They were patient, plucky, and wonderfully sure-footed little creatures, and so careful of their own legs and necks that, after the first few hours, we ceased to feel any anxiety about our own, and left the entire charge of the matter to them.

I think we were all a little startled at sight of the trail we were expected to follow, but if we were we did not say so, at least not before Jeffs. It led almost directly up the face of the mountain, along little ledges and pathways cut in the solid rock, and at times was so slightly marked that we could not see it five yards ahead of us. On that first day, during which the trail was always leading upwards, the mules did not once put down any one of their four little feet without first testing the spot upon which it was to rest. This made our progress slow, but it gave one a sense

of security, which the angle and attitude of the body of the man in front did much to dissipate. I do not know the name of the mountains over which we passed, nor do I know the name of any mountain in Honduras, except those which we named ourselves, for the reason that there is not much in Honduras except mountains, and it would be as difficult to give a name to each of her many peaks as to christen every town site on a Western prairie. When the greater part of all the earth of a country stands on edge in the air, it would be invidious to designate any one particular hill or chain of hills. A Honduranian deputy once crumpled up a page of letter-paper in his hand and dropped it on the desk before him. "That," he said, "is an outline map of Honduras."

We rode in single file, with Jeffs in front, followed by Somerset, with Griscom and myself next, and Charwood and Emilio bringing up the rear. The pack-mules, as I have said, were two hours farther back, and we could sometimes see them over the edge of a precipice crawling along a thousand feet below and behind us. It seemed an unsociable way for friends to travel through a strange country, and I supposed that in an hour or so we would come to a broader trail and pull up abreast and exchange tobacco pouches and grow better acquainted. But we never came to that broad trail until we had travelled sixteen days and had left Tegucigalpa behind us, and in the foreground of all the pictures I have in my mind of Honduras there is always a row of men's backs and shoulders and bobbing helmets disappearing down a slippery path of rock, or rising above the edge of a mountain and outlined against a blazing blue sky. We were generally near enough to one another to talk if we spoke in a loud voice or turned in the saddle, though sometimes we rode silently, and merely raised an arm to point at a beautiful valley below or at a strange bird on a tree, and kept it rigid until the man behind said, "Yes, I see," when it dropped, like a semaphore signal after the train has passed.

Early in the afternoon of the day of our setting forth we saw for the last time the thatched roofs of San Pedro Sula, like a bare spot in the great green plain hundreds of feet below us, and then we passed through the clouds we had watched from the town itself, and bade the eastern coast of Honduras a final farewell.



IN A CENTRAL-AMERICAN FOREST.

The trail we followed was so rough and uncertain that at first I conceived a very poor opinion of the Hondurians for not having improved it, but as we continued scrambling upwards I admired them for moving about at all under such conditions. After all, we who had chosen to take this road through curiosity had certainly no right to complain of what was to the natives their only means of communication with the outside world. It

is interesting to think of a country absolutely and entirely dependent on such a thoroughfare for every necessity of life. For whether it be a postal card or a piano, or a bale of cotton, or a box of matches, it must be brought to Tegucigalpa on the back of a mule or on the shoulders of a man, who must slip and slide and scramble over this trail for nine days.

Sometimes this highroad of commerce was cut through the living rock in steps

as even and sharp as those in front of a brownstone house on Fifth Avenue, and so narrow that we had to draw up our knees to keep them from being scratched and cut on the rough walls of the passageway, and again it led through jungle so dense that if one wandered three yards from the trail he could not have found his way back again; but this danger was not imminent, as no one could go that far from the trail without having first



A DRAWER OF WATER.

hacked and cut his way there. It was not always so difficult; at times we came out into bare open spaces, and rode up the dry bed of a mountain stream, and felt the full force of the sun, or again it led along a ledge of rock two feet wide at the edge of a precipice, and we were fanned with cool damp breaths from the pit a thousand feet below, where the sun had never penetrated, and where the moss and fern of centuries grew in a thick dark tangle.

We stopped for our first meal at a bare place on the top of a mountain, where there were a half-dozen mud huts. Jeffs went from one to another of these and collected a few eggs, and hired a woman to cook them and to make us some coffee. We added tinned things and bread to this luncheon, which, as there were no benches, we ate seated on the ground, kicking at the dogs and pigs and chickens, that snatched in a most familiar manner at the food in our hands. In Honduras there are so few hotels that travellers are entirely dependent for food and for a place in which to sleep upon the people who live along the trail, who are apparently quite hardened to having their homes invaded by strangers, and their larders levied upon at any hour of the day or night.

Even in the larger towns and so-called cities we slept in private houses, and on the solitary occasion when we were directed to a hotel we found a bare room with a pile of canvas cots heaped in one corner, to which we were told to help ourselves. There was a real hotel, and a very bad one, at the capital, where we fared much worse than we had often done in the interior; but with these two exceptions we were dependent for shelter during our entire trip across Honduras upon the people of the country. Sometimes they sent us to sleep in the town-hall, which was a large hut with a mud floor, and furnished with a blackboard and a row of benches, and sometimes with stocks for prisoners; for it served as a school or prison or hotel, according to the needs of the occasion.

We were equally dependent upon the natives for our food. We carried breakfast bacon and condensed milk and sardines and bread with us, and to these we were generally able to add, at least once a day, coffee and eggs and beans. The national bread is the tortilla. It is made of corn meal, patted into the shape of a buckwheat cake between the palms of the hands, and then baked. They were generally given to us cold, in a huge pile, and were burnt on both sides, but untouched by heat in the centre. The coffee was always excellent, as it should have been, for the Honduranian coffee is as fine as any grown in Central America, and we never had too much of it; but of eggs and black beans there was



A STRETCH OF CENTRAL-AMERICAN RAILWAY.

no end. The black-bean habit in Honduras is very general; they gave them to us three times a day, sometimes cold and sometimes hot, sometimes with bacon and sometimes alone. They were frequently served to us in the shape of sandwiches between tortillas, and again in the form of pudding with chopped-up goat's meat. At first, and when they were served hot, I used to think them delicious. That seems very long ago now. When I was at Johnstown at the time of the flood, there was a soda cracker, with jam inside, which was served out to the correspondents in place of bread; and even now, if it became a question of my having to subsist on those crackers, and the black beans of Central America, or starve, I am sure I should starve, and by preference.

We were naturally embarrassed at first when we walked into strange huts; but the owners seemed to take such invasions with apathy and as a matter of course, and were neither glad to see us when we came, nor relieved when we departed. They asked various prices for what they gave us—about twice as much as they would have asked a native for the same service, at least so Jeffs told us; but as our bill never amounted to more than fifty cents apiece for supper, lodging, and

a breakfast the next morning, they cannot be said to have robbed us. While the woman at the first place at which we stopped boiled the eggs, her husband industriously whittled a lot of sharp little sticks, which he distributed amongst us, and the use of which we could not imagine, until we were told we were expected to spike holes in the eggs with them, and then suck out the meat. We did not make a success of this, and our prejudice against eating eggs after that fashion was such that we were particular to ask to have them fried during the rest of our trip. This was the only occasion when I saw a Honduranian husband help his wife work.

After our breakfast on the top of the mountain, we began its descent on the other side. This was much harder on the mules than the climbing had been, and they stepped even more slowly, and so gave us many opportunities to look out over the tops of trees and observe with some misgivings the efforts of the man in front to balance the mule by lying flat on its hind quarters. The temptation at such times to sit upright and see into what depths you were going next was very great. We struck a level trail about six in the evening, and the mules were so

delighted at this that they started off of their own accord at a gallop, and were farther encouraged by our calling them by the names of different Spanish generals. This inspired them to such a degree that we had to change their names to Bob Ingersoll or Senator Hill, or others to the same effect, at which they grew discouraged and drooped perceptibly.

We slept that night at a ranch called La Pieta, belonging to Dr. Miguel Pazo, where we experimented for the first time with our hammocks, and tried to grow accustomed to going to bed under the eyes of a large household of Indian maidens, mosos, and cowboys. There are men who will tell you that they like to sleep in a hammock, just as there are men who will tell you that they like the sea best when it is rough, and that they are happiest when the ship is throwing them against the sides and superstructure, and when they cannot sit still without bracing their legs against tables and stanchions. I always want to ask such men if they would prefer land in a state of perpetual earthquake, or in its normal condition of steadiness, and I have always been delighted to hear sea-captains declare themselves best pleased with a level keel, and the chance it gives them to go about their work without having to hang on to handrails. And I had a feeling of equal satisfaction when I saw as many sailors as could find room sleeping on the hard deck of a man-of-war at Colon, in preference to suspending themselves in hammocks, which were swinging empty over their heads. The hammock keeps a man at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the weight of both his legs and his body on the base of the spinal column, which gets no rest in consequence.

The hammock is, however, almost universally used in Honduras, and is a necessity there on account of the insects and ants and other beasts that climb up the legs of cots and inhabit the land. But the cots of bull-hide stretched on ropes are, in spite of the insects, greatly to be preferred; they are at least flat, and one can lie on them without having his legs three feet higher than his head. Their manufacture is very simple. When a steer is killed its hide is pegged out on the ground, and left where the dogs can eat what flesh still adheres to it; and when it has been cleaned after this fashion and the sun has dried it, ropes of rawhide are run through

its edges, and it is bound to a wooden frame with the hairy side up. It makes a cool, hard bed. In the poorer huts the hides are given to the children at night, and spread directly on the earth floor. During the day the same hides are used to hold the coffee, which is piled high upon them and placed in the sun to dry.

We left La Pieta early the next morning, in the bright sunlight, but instead of climbing laboriously into the sombre mountains of the day before, we trotted briskly along a level path between sunny fields and delicate plants, and trees with a pale green foliage, and covered with the most beautiful white and purple flowers. There were hundreds of doves in the air, and in the bushes many birds of brilliant blue and black or orange and scarlet plumage, and one of more sober colors with two long white tail feathers and a white crest, like a macaw that had turned Quaker. None of these showed the least inclination to disturb himself as we approached. An hour after our setting forth we plunged into a forest of manacca-palms, through which we rode the rest of the morning. This was the most beautiful and wonderful experience of our journey. The manacca-palm differs from the cocoanut or royal palm in that its branches seem to rise directly from the earth, and not to sprout, as do the others, from the top of a tall trunk. Each branch has a single stem, and the leaf spreads and falls from either side of this, cut into even blades, like a giant fern.

There is a plant that looks like the manacca-palm at home which you see in flower-pots in the corners of drawing-rooms at weddings, and consequently when we saw the real manacca-palm the effect was curious. It did not seem as though they were monster specimens of these little plants in the States, but as though we had grown smaller. We felt dwarfed, as though we had come across a rose-bush as large as a tree. The branches of these palms were sixty feet high, and occasionally six feet broad, and bent and swayed and interlaced in the most graceful and exquisite confusion. Every blade trembled in the air, and for hours we heard no other sound save their perpetual murmur and rustle. Not even the hoofs of our mules gave a sound, for they trod on the dead leaves of centuries. The palms made a natural archway for us, and the leaves hung like

a portière across the path, and you would see the man riding in front raise his arm and push the long blades to either side, and disappear as they fell again into place behind him. It was like a scene on the tropical island of a pantomime, where everything is exaggerated both in size and in beauty. It made you think of a giant aquarium or conservatory which had been long neglected.

At every hundred yards or so there were giant trees with smooth gray trunks, as even and regular as marble, and with roots like flying-buttresses, a foot in thickness, and reaching from ten to fifteen feet up from the ground. If these flanges had been covered over, a man on muleback could have taken refuge between them. Some of the trunks of these trees were covered with intricate lace-work of a parasite which twisted in and out, and which looked as though thousands of snakes were crawling over the white surface of the tree; they were so much like snakes that one passed beneath them with an uneasy shrug. Hundreds of orchids clung to the branches of the trees, and from these stouter limbs to the more pliable branches of the palms below white-faced monkeys sprang and swung from tree to tree, running along the branches until they bent with the weight like a trout-rod, and sprang upright again with a sweep and rush as the monkeys leaped off chattering into the depths of the forest. We rode through this enchanted wilderness of wavering sunlight and damp green shadows for the greater part of the day, and came out finally into a broad open plain, cut up by little bubbling streams, flashing brilliantly in the sun. It was like an awakening from a strange and beautiful nightmare.

In the early part of the afternoon we arrived at another one of the farm-houses belonging to young Dr. Pazo, and at which he and his brother happened to be stopping. We had ridden out of our way there in the hopes of obtaining a few days' shooting, and the place seemed to promise much sport. The Adams River, filled with fish and alligators, ran within fifty yards of the house; and great forests, in which there were bear and deer and wild-pig, stretched around it and beyond it on every side. The house itself was like almost every other native hut in Honduras. They are all built very much

alike, with no attempt at ornamentation within, or landscape-gardening without, although nature has furnished the most beautiful of plants and trees close on every side for just such a purpose. The walls of a Honduranian hut are made of mud packed round a skeleton of interwoven rods; the floor is of the naked earth, and the roof is thatched with the branches of palms. After the house is finished, all of the green stuff growing around and about it is cleared away for fifty yards or so, leaving an open place of bare and barren mud. This is not decorative, but it helps in some measure to keep the insects which cling to every green thing away from the house. A kitchen of similarly interlaced rods and twigs, but without the clay, and covered with just such layers of palm leaves, stands on the bare place near the house, or leans against one side of it. This is where the tortillas are patted and baked, and the rice and beans are boiled, and the raw meat of an occasional goat or pig is hung to dry and smoke over the fire. The oven in the kitchen is made of baked clay, and you seldom see any cooking utensils or dishes that have not been manufactured from the trees near the house or the earth beneath it. The wa-



GENERAL LOUIS BOGRAN, EX-PRESIDENT.

ter for drinking and cooking is kept in round jars of red clay, which stand in rings of twisted twigs to keep them upright, and the drinking vessels are the halves of gourds, and the ladles are whole gourds, with the branch on which they grew still adhering to them, to serve as a handle. The furnishing of the house shows the same dependence upon nature, the beds are either grass hammocks or the rawhide that I have described, and there are no chairs and few benches, the people preferring apparently to eat sitting on their haunches to taking the trouble necessary to make a chair. Everything they eat, of which there is very little variety, grows just beyond the cleared place around the hut, and can be had at the cost of the little energy necessary to bring it in-doors. When a kid or a pig or a steer is killed, the owner goes out to the nearest peak and blows a blast on a cow's horn, and those within hearing who wish fresh meat hurry across the mountain to purchase it. As there is no ice from one end of Honduras to the other, meat has to be eaten the day it is killed. This is not the life of the Hondurians who live in the large towns or so-called cities, where there are varying approaches to the comfort of civilized countries, but of the country people with whom we had chiefly to do. It is as near an approach to the condition of primitive man as one can find on this continent. But bare and poor as are the houses (which are bare not because the people are poor, but because they are indolent), there is almost invariably some corner of the hut set aside and ornamented as an altar, or some part of the wall covered with pictures of a religious meaning. When they have no table, the people use a shelf or the stump of a tree upon which to place emblematic figures, which are almost always china dolls, with no original religious significance, but which they have dressed in little scraps of tinsel and silk, and which they have surrounded with sardine-tins and empty bottles and pictures from the lids of cigar-boxes. Everything that has color is cherished, and every traveller who passes adds unconsciously to their stock of ornaments in the wrappings of the boxes which he casts away behind him. Sometimes the pictures they use for ornamentation are not half so odd as the fact that they ever should have reached such a wilderness. We were frequently

startled by the sight of colored lithographs of theatrical stars, advertising the fact that they were playing under the direction of such and such a manager, and patent-medicine advertisements and woodcuts from illustrated papers, some of them twenty and thirty years old, which were pinned to the mud walls and worshipped as gravely as though they had been pictures of the Holy Family by a Raphael or a Murillo. In one hut we found a life-size colored lithograph of a woman whom, it so happened, we all knew, which was being used to advertise a sewing-machine. We were so pleased at meeting a familiar face so far from home that we bowed to it very politely, and took off our hats, at which the woman of the house, mistaking our deference, placed it over the altar, fearing that she had been entertaining an angel unawares.

The house of Dr. Pazo, where we were most hospitably entertained, was similar to those that I have described. It was not his home, but what we would call a hunting-box or a ranch. While we were at luncheon he told a boy to see if there were any alligators in sight, in exactly the same tone with which he might have told a servant to find out if the lawn-tennis net were in place. The boy returned to say that there were five within a hundred yards of the house. So, after we had patiently waited for Griscom to finish his coffee, we went out on the bank and fired at the unhappy alligators for the remainder of the afternoon. It did not seem to hurt them very much, and certainly did us a great deal of good. To kill an alligator it is necessary to hit it back of the fore leg, or to break its spine where it joins the tail; and as it floats with only its eyes and a half-inch of its nose exposed, it is difficult to reach either of these vital spots. When the alligator is on a bank, and you attempt to crawl up on it along the opposite bank, the birds make such a noise, either on its account or on their own, that it takes alarm, and rolls over into the water with an abruptness you would hardly expect from so large a body.

On our second day at Dr. Pazo's ranch we divided into two parties, and scoured the wilderness for ten miles around after game. One party was armed with shot-guns, and brought back macaws of wonderful plumage, wild turkeys, and quail in abundance; the others, scorning any-



NATIVE METHOD OF DRYING COFFEE

thing but big game, carried rifles, and, as a result, returned as they set forth, only with fewer cartridges. It was most unfortunate that the only thing worth shooting came to me. It was a wild-cat with a long tail, who patiently waited for us in an open place with a calm and curious expression of countenance. I think I was more surprised than he was, and even after I had thrown up the ground under his white belly he stopped and turned again to look at me in a hurt and reproachful manner before he bounded gracefully out of sight into the underbrush. We also saw a small bear, but he escaped in the same manner, without waiting to be fired upon, and as we had no dogs to send after him, we gave up looking for more, and went back to pot at alligators. There were some excellent hunting-dogs on the ranch, but the Pazo brothers had killed a steer the night we arrived, and had given most of it to the dogs, so that in the morning they were naturally in no mood for hunting.

"What we should have done," the Pazo brothers said, "was to have tied up the dogs last night, and kept them away from that meat, and then they would have been keen for game in the morning." As

we had travelled three days out of our way to shoot over those same dogs, we could only agree with him politely. It was an interesting example of the spirit in which many things are carried out in Honduras.

There was an old grandfather of an alligator whom Somerset and I had repeatedly disturbed in his slumbers. He liked to take his siestas on a little island entirely surrounded by rapids, and we used to shoot at him from the opposite bank of the river. He was about thirteen feet long, and the agility with which he would flop over into the calm little bay, which stretched out from the point on which he slept, was as remarkable as it was disappointing. He was still asleep at his old stand when we returned from our unsuccessful shooting tour, so we decided to swim the rapids and crawl up on him across his little island and attack him from the flank and rear. It reminded me somewhat of the taking of Lungtepen on a small scale. On that occasion, if I remember correctly, the raw recruits were uniformed only in Martinis and cartridge-belts; but we decided to carry our boots as well, because the alligator's island was covered with sharp

stones and briers, and the sand was very hot, and, moreover, we had but vague ideas about the customs of alligators, and were not sure as to whether he might not chase us. We thought we would look very silly running around a little island pursued by a long crocodile and treading on sharp hot stones in our bare feet.

So each of us took his boots in one hand and a repeating-rifle in the other, and with his money-belt firmly wrapped around his neck, plunged into the rapids and started to ford the river. They were exceedingly swift rapids, and made you feel as though you were swinging round a sharp corner on a cable-car with no strap by which to take hold. The only times I could stop at all was when I jammed my feet in between two stones at the bed of the river, and was so held in a vise, while the rest of my body swayed about in the current and my boots scooped up the water. When I wanted to go farther I would stick my toes between two more rocks, and so gradually worked my way across, but I could see nothing of Somerset, and so decided that he had been drowned, and went off to avenge him on the alligator. It took me some time to get my bruised and bleeding toes into the wet boots, during which time I kept continually looking over my shoulder to see if the alligator was going to make a land attack, and surprise me instead of my surprising him. I knew he was very near me, for the island smelt as strongly of musk as a cigar-shop smells of tobacco, but when I crawled up on him he was still on his point of sand, and sound asleep. I had a very good chance at seventy yards, but I was greedy, and wanted to come closer, and as I was crawling along, gathering thorns and briers by the way, I startled about fifty birds, and the alligator flopped over again, and left nothing behind him but a few tracks on the land and a muddy streak in the water. It was a great deal of trouble for a very little of alligator; but I was more or less consoled on my return to find that Somerset was still alive, and seated on the same bank from which we had both started, though at a point fifty yards farther down stream. He was engaged in counting out damp Bank-of-England notes on his bare knee, and blowing occasional blasts down the barrel of his rifle, which had dragged him and itself to the bottom of the river

before the current tossed them both back on the shore.

The two days of rest at the ranch of Dr. Pazo had an enervating effect upon our mules, and they moved along so slowly on the day following that we had to feel our way through the night for several hours before we came to the hut where we were to sleep. Griscom and I had lost ourselves on the mountain-side, and did not overtake the others until long after they had settled themselves in the compound. They had been too tired when they reached it to do anything more after falling off their mules, and we found them stretched on the ground in the light of a couple of fluttering pine torches, with cameras and saddle-bags and carbines scattered recklessly about, and the mules walking over them in the darkness. A fire in the oven shone through the chinks in the kitchen wall, and showed the woman of the house stirring something in a caldron with one hand and holding her sleeping child on the hip with the other, while the daughters moved in and out of the shadow, carrying jars on their heads and bundles of fodder for the animals. It looked like a gypsy encampment. We sent Emilio back with a bunch of pine torches to find the pack-mules, and we could see his lighted torch blazing far up the trail that we had just descended, and lighting the rocks and trees on either side of him.

There was only room for one of us to sleep inside the hut that night, and as Griscom had a cold, that privilege was given to him; but it availed him little, for when he seated himself on the edge of the bull-hide cot and began to pull off his boots, five ghostly feminine figures sat upright in their hammocks and studied his preparations with the most innocent but embarrassing curiosity. So, after waiting some little time for them to go to sleep again, he gave up any thought of making himself more comfortable, and slept in his boots and spurs.

We passed through the pretty village of Trinidad early the next morning, and arrived at nightfall at the larger town of Santa Barbara, where the sound of our mules' hoofs pattering over the paved streets and the smell of smoking street lamps came to us with as much of a shock as does the sight of land after a week at sea. Santa Barbara, in spite of its pavements, was not a great metrop-

olis, and, owing to its isolation, the advent of five strangers was so much of an event that the children of the town followed us, cheering and jeering as though we were a circus procession; they blocked the house in which we took refuge, on every side, so that the native policemen had to be stationed at our windows to wave them away. On the following morning we called to pay our respects on General Louis Bogran, who has been President of Honduras for eight years and an exile for two. He is now permitted to remain in his native town of Santa Barbara, but there are many who think it will not be long before he will again reside in the government palace at the capital. He is a very handsome man, with a fine presence, and with great dignity of manner, and he gave us an audience exactly as though he were a dethroned monarch, and we loyal subjects come to pay him homage in his loneliness. I asked him what he regarded as the best work of his administration, and after thinking awhile he answered, "Peace for eight years," which was rather happy, when you consider that in the three years since he left office there have been four Presidents and two long and serious revolutions, and when we were in the capital the people seemed to think it was about time to begin on another.

We left Santa Barbara early the next morning, and rode over a few more mountains to the town of Seguaca, where the village priest was holding a festival, and where the natives for many miles around had gathered in consequence. There did not seem to be much of interest going on when we arrived, for everybody in the town and the visitors within her gates deserted the booths and followed us in a long procession down the single street, and invaded the house where we lunched.

Our host on this occasion set a table for us in the centre of his largest room, and the population moved in through the doors and windows, and seated themselves cross-legged in rows ten and fifteen deep on the earth floor at our feet, and regarded us gravely and in absolute silence. Those who could not find standing-room inside stood on the window-sills and blocked the doorways, and the women were given places of honor on tables and beds. It was somewhat embarrassing, and we felt as though we ought to offer something more unusual than

the mere exercise of eating in order to justify such interest; so we attempted various parlor tricks, without appearing to notice the presence of an audience, and pretended to swallow the eggs whole, and made knives and forks disappear in the air, and drew silver dollars from the legs of the table, continuing our luncheon in the mean time in a self-possessed and polite manner, as though such eccentricities were our hourly habit. We could see the audience, out of the corner of our eyes, leaning forward with their eyes and mouths wide open, and were so encouraged that we called up some of the boys and drew watches and dollars out of their heads, after which they retired into corners and ransacked their scantily clad persons for more. It was rather an expensive exhibition, for when we set forth again they all laid claim to the dollars of which they considered they had been robbed.

The men of the place, according to their courteous custom, followed us out of the town for a few miles, and then we all shook hands and exchanged cigars and cigarettes, and separated with many compliments and expressions of high esteem. The trail from Seguaca to where we rested for the night led through pine forests and over layers of pine needles that had been accumulating for years. It was a very warm dry afternoon, and the air was filled with the odor of the pines, and when we came to one of the many mountain streams we disobeyed Jeffs and stopped to bathe in it, and let it carry us down the side of the mountain with the speed of a toboggan. We had been told that bathing at any time was extremely dangerous in Honduras, and especially so in the afternoon, but we always bathed in the afternoon, and looked forward to the half-hour spent in one of these roaring rapids as the best part of the day. Of all our recollections of Honduras, they are certainly the pleasantest. The water was almost icily cold, and fell with a rush and a heavy downpour in little waterfalls, or between great crevices in the solid rocks, leaping and bubbling and flashing in the sun, or else sweeping in swift eddies in the compass of deep, shadowy pools. We used to imprison ourselves between two rocks and let a fall of water strike us from the distance of several feet on our head and shoulders, or tear past and around us, so that in five minutes the



A HALT AT TRINIDAD.

soreness and stiffness of the day's ride were rubbed out of us as completely as though we had been massaged at a Turkish bath, and the fact that we were always bruised and black and blue when we came out could not break us of this habit. It was probably because we were new to the country that we suffered no greater harm; for Jeffs, who was an old inhabitant, and who had joined us in this particular stream for the first time, came out looking twenty years older, and in an hour his teeth were chattering with chills or clinched with fever, and his pulse was jumping at one hundred and three. We were then exactly six days' hard riding from any civilized place, and though we gave him quinine and whiskey and put him into his hammock as soon as we reached a hut, the evening is not a cheerful one to remember. It would not have been a cheerful evening under any circumstances, for we shared the hut with the largest and most varied collection of human beings, animals, and insects that I have ever seen gathered in so small a place.

I took an account of stock before I turned in, and found that there were three dogs, eleven cats, seven children, five men (not including five of us), three women, and a dozen chickens, all sleeping, or trying to sleep, in the same room, under the one roof. And when I gave up attempting to sleep and wandered out into the night, I stepped on the pigs, and startled three or four calves that had been sleeping under the porch and that lunged up out of the darkness. We were always asking Jeffs why we slept in such places, instead of swinging our hammocks under the trees and camping out decently and in order, and his answer was that while there were insects enough in-doors, they were virtually an extinct species when compared to the number one would meet in the open air.

I have camped in our West, where all you need is a blanket to lie upon and another to wrap around you, and a saddle for a pillow, and where, with a smouldering fire at your feet, you can sleep without thought of insects. But there is nothing green that grows in Honduras that is not

saturated and alive with bugs, and all manner of things that creep and crawl and sting and bite. It transcends mere discomfort; it is an absolute curse to the country, and to every one in it, and it would be as absurd to write of Honduras without dwelling on the insects, as of the west coast of Africa without speaking of the fever. You cannot sit on the grass or on a fallen tree, or walk under an upright one or through the bushes, without hundreds of some sort of animal or other attaching themselves to your clothing or to your person. And if you get down from your mule to take a shot at something in the bushes and walk but twenty feet into them, you have to be beaten with brushes and rods when you come out again as vigorously as though you were a dusty carpet. There will be sometimes as many as a hundred insects under one leaf; and after they have once laid their

claws upon you, your life is a mockery, and you feel at night as though you were sleeping in a bed with red pepper. The mules have even a harder time of it; for, as if they did not suffer enough in the day, they are in constant danger at night from vampires, which fasten themselves to the neck and suck out the blood, leaving them so weak that often when we came to saddle them in the morning they would stagger and almost fall. Sometimes the side of their head and shoulders would be wet with their own blood. I never heard of a vampire attacking a man in that country, but the fact that they are in the air does not make one sleep any the sounder.

In the morning after our night with the varied collection of men and animals we put back again to the direct trail to Tegucigalpa, from which place we were still distant a seven days' ride.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

THE name Malbrouk, or Malbrouck, occurs in the *Chanson de Gestes*, and in the Basque *Pastorales*. In the Basque legend Malbrouk is a child brought up by his godfather of the same name. At the age of seven he is a tall, full-grown man, who can, like Proteus, assume any form he pleases by simply giving expression to his wish. After performing most wonderful prodigies, and releasing from bondage three beautiful princesses who had been kidnapped from their father's palace by his wicked godfather, he marries the youngest daughter, succeeds the king upon the throne, and lives happily forever afterwards. Such is the pretty fairy tale concerning Malbrouk that has descended to the frontiers of Spain from picturesque Paris, where tradition hands down a very different version of Malbrouk's adventures. In France the story of Malbrouk was cherished as an incident of the Crusades, dating from a period some six or seven centuries earlier than the famous era to which it is ascribed by the generality of Englishmen. In America the British view of the origin of Malbrouk (in respect to both song and story) has been quite generally accepted without much inquiry or reflection. What is the true history of Malbrouk?

According to M. de Châteaubriand, as expressed in his *Itinéraire de Jérusalem*, an opinion based directly upon his own researches and discoveries, the legend is founded on the actual exploits of one Mambron, a French knight and hero of the wars in Palestine. He also declares that the air to which the ballad of "Malbrouk" is uniformly sung in Europe came directly from the music of the Arabs of a far-off age. He himself often heard the old song chanted in the East. This theory is fully upheld by M. Drago.

That the tune of "Malbrouk" is of almost universal popularity is shown by the fact that the same air, in a more or less recognizable form, runs through many, if not most, of the folk-songs throughout Europe and elsewhere. M. Arago states that when M. Monge sang this air to an Egyptian audience at Cairo, they all seemed to know it, and readily joined in the refrain. The *Moniteur de l'Armée* records, in addition, that in 1770, when the band of Captain Cook was playing "Malbrouk" one day on the east coast of Australia, the natives evidently recognized a familiar air, and became enthusiastically entranced. Father Prout (Rev. Mr. Mahony), in his *Reliques*, writes of this event, "It is a fact that this tune is the

only one relished by the South Sea Islanders, who find it most musical, most melancholy." It may be added that there are authorities who claim that the air of "Malbrouk" is of still more remote Semitic origin, going as far back even as the Song of Solomon. Father Prout devoutly believed that the air was brought from Palestine by the Crusaders, and was of very ancient date. Both the words and tune, as we now have them, there is little reason to doubt, were sung by the minstrels and troubadours just home from the Holy Land.

Apart from all this, it is indisputably established how our modern camp-song suddenly sprang into universal favor. The old name Mambron, or Malbrouk, bore an obvious resemblance to that of Marlborough, Queen Anne's illustrious general, so familiar to the ears of Frenchmen during the disastrous wars in Flanders. The *bête noire* of Louis XIV. was therefore satirized. Say MM. Dumersan and Ségur, in a note to the Malbrouk song, "As early as 1706 verses were composed on Marlborough, which are to be found in the manuscript collection of historical songs (in forty-four volumes) made by M. Maurepas, and deposited in the Royal Library at Paris." What wonder that such stanzas were written by Frenchmen of that time, and that M. Maurepas's unpublished collection contains a score or more of Marlborough poems!

It was the famous day of French and English warfare. John Bull and Johnny Crapeau were hard at work with words and blows. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, at the head of the Dutch and English forces, were flogging the French all over Flanders in such terrific battles as those of Ramillies, Blenheim, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde. Marshals Villars, Villeroy, Vendôme, in respective command of the French armies, were experiencing unlooked-for vicissitudes at the hands of the invincible allies. Belgium was all ablaze. Ghent, Bruges, Brussels, were in control of the British. Namur, Tournay, Mons, had fallen before the guns of the redoubtable foe. France itself was almost in jeopardy, her glorious king in terror for the stability and safety of his throne. John Churchill was not beloved by the French people at that victorious stage of his career, and no doubt was violently lampooned by many a Paris poetaster or

well-thrashed Frenchman in the field. Hence the parody of "Malbrough," founded upon the old song "Malbrouk," already known in Europe, and afterwards rendered into English as "Marlbrook." It was written after the rout of Malplaquet, and is a piece of ridicule on the supposed death and burial of the triumphant duke. The bibliophile Jacob says (*Chants et Chansons populaires de la France*): "Some merry ballad-singer pronounced this funeral oration at the bivouac of Le Quesnoy, the night after the action, in order to console himself for having no shirt to his back, and for having had nothing to eat for three days. But it did not survive the hero of Malplaquet; it was preserved by tradition only in some of the provinces, where it had been carried by some of the soldiers of Tallard and Boufflers." Whether or not the famous song reached England at that time, to be sung by Sarah Jennings, is by no means certain, but that it was subsequently known there will be irrefutably shown. "Who," asks Father Prout, "has not hummed in his lifetime the immortal air of 'Malbrouk'?" "Indeed," says John Oxenford, in the Chandos edition of French songs, "the tune is familiar to many an Englishman who has never heard or read a line of the words." This may also be affirmed of the American.

In 1781, however, immortal "Malbrouk," then "Malbrough," suddenly burst upon the world, resounding from one end of revolutionary France to the other. And why? A peasant woman from the provinces, who had been selected by Marie Antoinette as nurse to her infant son, was wont to croon this gentle lullaby to the child at night, and put him to sleep with its dreamy Eastern tones. At the name of Marlborough, the Dauphin of France* (poor little foredoomed princeling) would drowsily open his baby eyes, but to close them again at the drone of the dulcet

* It will be remembered that there were two Dauphins born to King Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette. The eldest died at an early age in 1789, and it was undoubtedly to him that the lullaby "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" was sung by his nurse in the year 1781, when the ditty became so universally popular throughout France. The second son of the royal couple was born in 1785, becoming the Dauphin upon the death of his elder brother. He died, or disappeared, in 1795, being known by the title of Louis XVII., his fate being one of the mooted points of history up to the present day.

D. G. A.

tune. The great name, the quaint theme, the oddity of the burden, the touching tenderness of the refrain, struck the fancy of the Queen, who learned the words and music, and even taught them to the troubled king. Then everybody took them up, from prince to peasant, and the people sang them at their daily toil. The streets of Paris rang to the popular strain of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre," a simple nursery ditty chanted by Madame Poitrine to her royal foster-child, the son of unfortunate Louis XVI. Write MM. Dumersan and Ségur: "The nurse's song became all the rage at Versailles when it reached Paris, and was soon spread over the whole of France. For four or five years nothing was heard but the burden 'Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.'"

The song was printed upon fans and screens, with an engraving representing the funeral procession of Marlborough, the lady on the tower, the page dressed in black, and so on. This picture was imitated in all shapes and sizes. It circulated through the streets and villages, and gave the dead Duke of Marlborough a more popular celebrity than all his victories. M. Bagger tells us: "Barras sang it; so did Marat; Charlotte Corday doubtless knew it by heart; and it vied with 'La Carmagnole' and 'Ça Ira' as the most popular song of those days. And it has survived in many a French air of later times. In 'Partant pour la Syrie,' Queen Hortense, unconsciously perhaps, has adopted the same underlying musical theme; and in André Chénier's 'Mourir pour la Patrie' it will readily be recognized, though in different time and color. In Helberg's vaudeville, performed in the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen in 1826, we find almost identically the same air; and in one of the folk-lays of Finland we recognize it in a more marked degree." Mrs. Ralston tells us that "Napoleon hummed the old military air of 'Malbrough' as he crossed the Niemen in setting out upon his disastrous Russian campaign of 1812." Du Maurier calls it in *Trilby* "a common old French comic song—a mere nursery ditty, like 'Little Bo-Peep,'" this quiet precursor of "La Marseillaise."

However remote the application may be, it is unquestionably true that the words and music of an old Crusade ballad of the Middle Ages, known through Europe long years before the Marlborough

wars, as subsequently burlesqued in parody or doggerel, will forever remain associated with the history and memory of England's greatest military genius, not even excepting the invincible Iron Duke himself. And, strangely enough, Marlborough had slept in his grave some sixty years when the old song which his exploits had rendered famous became so generally and gloriously revived among the nations of the earth.

The song was ever a favorite with the Little Corporal. Whenever he mounted his horse to go campaigning the Emperor hummed the suggestive melody, and at St. Helena, shortly before his death, when, in course of conversation with M. de Las Casas, he praised the Duke of Marlborough, the song recurred to his mind, and he said, with a smile which he could not repress: "What a thing is ridicule! It fastens upon everything, even victory." He then sang softly to himself the first stanza of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre."

It may be a fact worth recording that the song of the page in Beaumarchais's comedy *Le Mariage de Figaro* was originally written for this tune, although the dramatic situation in which it occurs has since been beautifully illustrated by the music of Mozart.

That the revival of Malbrouk had plain reference, in the French mind, to the conquering Marlborough, there is no shadow of doubt. Yet it must be admitted that no incident of the one corresponds with anything in the life of the other. Writes the Rev. Mr. Brewer: "The Malbrough of the song was evidently a Crusader or ancient baron who died in battle; and his lady" (obviously not Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough) "climbing the castle tower and looking out for her lord reminds one of the mother of Sisera, who "looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots? Have they not sped? Have they not divided the spoils?' It must be confessed, however, that if it had been the "chariot" of the Duke which his Duchess had seen coming, it would not have been found altogether empty of "spoils," else how were Blenheim to be built? "The desire of power and wealth," writes Prince Eugene, "gave a little bias to the mind of Marlborough." Certainly the fact remains that the Duchess of Marlborough, the

Duke's illustrious widow, left a property at her death of three million pounds sterling.

"Such," comments inimitable Father Prout, "is the celebrated funeral song of 'Malbrouck.' It is what we would call in Ireland 'a keen' over the dead, with this difference, that the lamented deceased is, among us, willy-nilly, generally dead outright, with a hole in his skull; whereas the subject of the pathetic elegy of 'Monsieur' was, at the time of its composition, both alive and kicking all before him." It is curious to note that the authorship of "Malbrough" has also been ascribed to the celebrated Madame de Sévigné.

That there exist two versions of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" is a self-evident fact. First, there is the ancient Crusader song; second, the modern burlesque. The former is asserted to have been alive before the year 1200 A.D.; the latter, to have been born in camp in 1709, the year of the great battle of Malplaquet. Both have the melodious burden or chorus, "Mironton, mironton, mirontaine," which M. Littré, in his *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française*, defines to be "A sort of popular refrain which is used for sound, and has no sense." The well-known original of the first stanza runs as follows:

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.
Ne sais quand reviendra."

A number of translations have been made of this song, from which John Oxenford selects the following:

"Marlbrook has gone to battle—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
Marlbrook has gone to battle.
But when will he return?"

Professor Longfellow, in his *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, has chosen this translation:

"Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders.
His fame is like Alexander's.
But when will he come home?"

It may be plainly seen that though Oxenford's translation may have reference to Mambron the Crusader, it is equally evident that Longfellow's selection directly applies to the conqueror Marlborough. Neither of these translations is strictly literal, nevertheless. The best rendition into English of this French ballad is not

in rhyme or metre, and consequently is much more correct than the others. It is this:

"Malbrough is gone to the wars. Ah, when will he return?"

"He will come back by Easter, lady, or at latest by Trinity."

"No, no; Easter is past, and Trinity is past; but Malbrough has not returned."

"Then did she climb the castle tower to look out for his coming. She saw his page, but he was clad in black."

"My page, my bonnie page," cried the lady, "what tidings bring you—what tidings of my lord?"

"The news I bring," said the page, "is very sad, and will make you weep. Lay aside your gay attire, lady, your ornaments of gold and silver, for my lord is dead. He is dead, lady, and laid in earth. I saw him borne to his last home by four officers. One carried his cuirass, one his shield, one his sword, and the fourth walked beside the bier but bore nothing. They laid him in earth. I saw his spirit rise through the laurels. They planted his grave with rosemary. The nightingale sang his dirge. The mourners fell to the earth, and when they rose up again they chanted his victories. Then retired they all to rest."

The latest metrical translation from the French of "Malbrough" is here given. It is at least complete:

"Malbrough has gone to war—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
Malbrough has gone to war.
Ah, when will he return?"

"He will be back at Easter—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
He will be back at Easter,
Or else at Trinity."

"But Trinity is over—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
But Trinity is over,
And Malbrough has not come."

"Madame climbed up her tower—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
Madame climbed up her tower,
As high as she could go."

"She quickly saw her page—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
She quickly saw her page,
All dressed in deepest black."

"My page, my pretty page—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
My page, my pretty page,
What tidings do you bring?"

"The news I bear, fair lady—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!—
The news I bear, fair lady,
Will cause your eyes to weep."

- “Lay by your rosy gown—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
Lay by your rosy gown,
Likewise your silk brocade.
- “Monsieur Malbrough is dead—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
Monsieur Malbrough is dead,
Is dead and in his grave.
- “I saw him laid in earth—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
I saw him laid in earth
By four of his command.
- “One captain bore his cuirass—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
One captain bore his cuirass,
And one his buckler bore.
- “One carried his huge sword—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
One carried his huge sword,
Another naught at all.
- “And all about his tomb—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
And all about his tomb
They planted rosemary.
- “Upon the topmost branch—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
Upon the topmost branch
The nightingale burst forth.
- “They saw his great soul fly—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
They saw his great soul fly
Up through the laurel boughs.
- “All fell upon their breasts—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
All fell upon their breasts,
And then got up again,
- “To chant the victories—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
To chant the victories
That brave Malbrough had won.
- “The ceremony over—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
The ceremony over,
They all retired to rest.”

It is quite impossible to draw a line of demarcation between the old Crusade legend and the new work of the defeated Quesnoy soldier, composed in camp, and intended to slur, in scorn or ridicule, the name of the great British commander. Tradition is positive, however, that the ballad bears evidences of being a joint production of the feudal bard of Palestine and the French poetaster of the Low Countries. In both cases, without doubt, the verses carried with them the identical Eastern melody.

Both John Oxenford and Father Prout

inform us that the air to which “Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre” is sung has been hummed or whistled at one or another period of his life by almost every Englishman, often without his being acquainted with a single word of the French lines, or even the name of the song itself. What, then, can be this mysterious tune, with which we are all familiar without knowing it? Father Prout shall enlighten us and disclose the perplexing secret. He writes, in the *Reliques*: “Confining myself for the present to wine and war, I proceed to give a notable war-song, of which the tune is well known throughout Europe, but the words and the poetry are on the point of being effaced from the superficial memory of this flimsy generation. It may not be uninteresting to learn that both the tune and the words were composed as a lullaby to set the infant Dauphin to sleep. Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablet of these written memorials, and here then followeth the song of the lamentable death of the illustrious John Churchill, which did not then take place, by some mistake, but was nevertheless celebrated as follows:

- “Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra,
Ne sais quand reviendra,
Ne sais quand reviendra.

Chorus.—Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!—
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra.”

The following is the earlier translation, adding its well-known English refrain:

- “Marlbrook, the prince of commanders,
Has gone to the war in Flanders.
His fame is like Alexander's.
But when will he come home?
But when will he come home?
But when will he come home?

Chorus.—He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.”

AT THE GRAND HÔTEL DU PARADIS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

"**A**H, but it is I, I who penetrate the disguise of the *escroc*. Let but one of these swindling gentry come to the Grand Hôtel du Paradis, and though he came in the shape of the Sultan of the Indies, or the Shah himself, I would not be deceived. I am not dull—I!"

It was Chabassu, actual proprietor of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis, who spoke. Chabassu was seven-and-forty years old, and stout, and with a bald head and a grizzled beard. As he thus proclaimed his astuteness he looked loftily at M. Polverel, the commercial traveller, and his stomach expanded with pride. M. Polverel was an old friend; a good friend; one to be trusted; one to be counted upon. In his commercial travelling he stopped always at the Grand Hôtel du Paradis when he came to Marseilles.

"But yes, thy cleverness is a miracle!" put in Madame Chabassu—whose body and whose voice equally were thin and sharp. "Dost thou remember the English milord?"

"Tchut!" replied Chabassu. "That was long ago."

"And the Italian merchant, of the last month?" Madame continued.

"As I was saying, M. Polverel," and Chabassu turned quite away from his wife and addressed the commercial traveller—"as I was saying, the grapes are doing well this year, and we shall be sure of good wine."

Madame Chabassu paused for a moment; gave a sniff, shrill and contemptuous, and so left the room. This room was the little office of the hotel—into which M. Polverel had been invited that he might drink before dinner a glass of absinthe with his host. From the kitchen, just beyond, came smells the most delicious; such smells as are to be smelt only near the kitchens of Provence. It is said that God sends meat and the devil sends cooks. But all the world knows that because the Holy Father lived so long in Avignon the devil never has been able to get into Provence at all: and so the cooks of Provence cook like angels.

M. Polverel, a wise man in his generation, said nothing. With a perfect air of abstraction he sipped his absinthe. Chabassu, with even greater discretion, also was silent and also sipped his ab-

sinthe. Presently its mellowing softness made all the world a calm sunshine to him, and Madame Chabassu and her aggravations faded from his mind.

Five minutes later there was a bustle outside: the sound of a carriage stopping in front of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis; of the one serving-man of the establishment running out through the hallway; of voices. Guests were arriving—and Chabassu, still glowing with his absinthe-engendered cordiality, went out to welcome them.

They were very elegant guests whom he confronted—coming up the steps from their carriage of two horses—as he stood like a stout statue in his own doorway and handsomely bowed; guests the like of which the Grand Hôtel du Paradis seldom had the honor to entertain. There was a grand monsieur in a long black coat, and a white waistcoat with a gold chain, and trousers of gray, and a shiny hat and shiny shoes: a dress fit for the Prefect of the Bouches du Rhône. With him was a grande dame in silk and lace, and wearing a bonnet like a whole garden of flowers.

The grand monsieur, not perceiving Chabassu—though Chabassu's stomach was directly in front of him and not six feet away—turned to the grande dame and said, seriously: "You see, my dear, our friend Viellecourt was quite right about this Hôtel du Paradis. It makes no pretensions, but it has the air of comfort which goes with worth."

"Monsieur does me honor; but monsieur is not deceived. Though I say it who should not say it, the Grand Hôtel du Paradis is of a comfort not to be found elsewhere in the whole city of Marseilles." As Chabassu spoke these words he bowed like a tall tree.

"Bravo, my good host, you are of a piece with your hotel!" The gentleman spoke heartily. "And there is waiting for me a letter; a letter addressed to M. de Saint-Mauront—is it not so?"

Chabassu was delighted. Here, truly, was a triumph over his wife. It was apropos of this very letter, which madame's suspicions had surrounded with an atmosphere of dangerous mystery, that their discussion of the genus *escroc* had begun. But the claimants of the letter

gave the lie direct to madame's doubts. People like these were of the sort to pour money into a hotel-keeper's pockets—not to take money out of them. Three or four guests of this order—and the fame of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis was made! Chabassu produced the letter with a flourish and a bow and handed it to M. de Saint-Mauront on a plate wiped clean—and was desolated by his inability to hand it properly because the equipment of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis did not include a silver-plated tray.

M. de Saint-Mauront opened the letter, and as he opened it a little pink paper fluttered to the floor. He did not observe the fall of the paper, nor did the lady—who was on the other side of the room, looking with a genuine interest at the colored portrait of Chabassu done in pastel when he was in his twenty-sixth year.

"It is curious, my dear," said M. de Saint-Mauront, at the same time looking carefully inside the empty envelope; "the notary Jauffret writes that he encloses a post-office order for two thousand francs—the little payment still due, you know—but there is no order here."

"Pardon," put in Chabassu, picking up from the floor the fallen scrap of paper. "Pardon, m'sieu', but this may be the order to which m'sieu' refers."

In effect, as Chabassu perceived, the paper was a post-office money-order; but neither its disappearance nor its recovery seemed to inspire its owner with the slightest concern. Carelessly stuffing it into the pocket of his white waistcoat, he thanked Chabassu in a well-bred way; but in precisely the same tone that thanks would have been given for such trifling service as the handing of a hat or the picking up of a glove.

"And now, my good man," he said, politely, "we will look at your rooms. Be good enough to bring up the little bag. Not seeing your omnibus at the railway station, we left our luggage there until you should send for it. Here is the receipt. You may send for it while we dine."

Chabassu took the receipt—it was for five trunks and an infinity of valises and hat-boxes; the baggage of a grand seigneur. "The omnibus shall be sent immediately," he said; yet hesitating a little and with a slight cough. In point of fact, the omnibus of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis was not as yet a reality—it was

only a distant hope. The boxes of the commercial travellers who stopped there were brought up from the railway station on a push-cart by old Michel.

"My dear," interposed the lady, "why bring up the baggage at all? We have all that we need for the night here in the bag. The trunks would crowd us dreadfully in this little place—I mean, that is, so much baggage would be in our way even in an apartment of large size."

"My angel," said the gentleman, "as usual, you are right. If my yacht has come around from Naples we shall go on board in the morning. If she has not yet got in, it will be time enough, then, to bring the baggage here." So saying, he took again the receipt and slipped it into the pocket of his white waistcoat along with the order for two thousand francs. "Lead the way," he cried, turning briskly to Chabassu. "Let us get at once to our apartment, and then quickly to dinner—I am as hungry as a bear!"

Chabassu, leading the way up stairs, rubbed together his two hands softly. What might not be accomplished when it came to making out the bill, even for a single night, for such guests as these?—who treated orders for two thousand francs like cigarette papers, and whose baggage would have done honor to one of the old kings of France!

And they were so affably condescending, these great people, in their praise of everything that was shown them: of the stuffy little bedroom with its two little beds; of the two arm-chairs; even of the view out of the one small window—where, positively, there was nothing to be seen but a dead-wall!

"It is so refreshingly novel!" said monsieur.

"It is such a charming adventure!" said madame.

And then, together, they consulted with Chabassu about the dinner and the wines.

Chabassu was not the man to let slip so golden an opportunity. His advice was for dishes of which the very meanest cost three francs. And as for wines—it was monsieur's wish to drink the wines of the country—Chabassu made out a little list that was a dream! With the oysters and *hors d'œuvre*, a golden Cassis, for a decade in glass; for the dinner at large, a Ledenon of fifteen years—smooth and mellow as a rich Burgundy; with

the dessert, a Frontignac of a quarter of a century: and each to be charged for at the rate of a franc for every one of its years!

Therefore, with the possibilities of this dinner glowing in his mind, it was a rude shock to him when madame, the wife of his bosom, hearing his fervent account of these noble guests, and of the magnificent dinner which he was pledged to provide for them, said shortly and hotly that he was no better than a born fool! They were nothing but *escrocs*, these fine humbugs, madame declared, with a violent earnestness. The whole affair was an outrageous attempt at brazen and bare-faced swindling. Should it succeed, they, the Chabassus, would be ruined, and the Grand Hôtel du Paradis would be forever a desolate waste.

"But the money-order, I myself saw it," interposed Chabassu. "The order for two thousand francs?"

"It is not a real order—and, if it were, it is in their pockets," madame answered.

"And the baggage—a dozen pieces—the baggage of a king and queen?"

"That thou didst *not* see, stupid one! It is in the moon!"

"Wait until the morning and thou wilt be convinced—even thou. Now is no time for talking. The dinner must be prepared. I myself will assist." Chabassu was an excellent cook.

"I will *not* wait until morning—while our substance is wasted in the night. What is best is to turn these swindlers this instant out of doors. Not a bite nor a sup do they get here in the Grand Hôtel du Paradis until they have paid good money in advance!" Uttering these words, madame planted herself—a statue of Determination—with her hands on her hips and her feet wide apart.

But Chabassu also could be resolute upon occasion; and, moreover, he was determined to carry this affair to a conclusion if only to demonstrate that his wife was utterly wrong.

Yet Monsieur and Madame de Saint-Mauront surely would have suffered severe indigestions could they have known how completely each morsel which they swallowed that night was saturated with a seasoning of bitter words! Fortunately, being spared this knowledge, they ate their dinner—which, in truth, was excellent—with a perfect satisfaction; and with even greater satisfaction drank the

wines which collectively represented fifty years.

And Chabassu's spirits—notwithstanding the daggers of suspicion which were plunged into his bosom upon each of his visits to the kitchen—he was serving the dinner in person—rose steadily as the repast went on. In fact, his access of cheerfulness was due to the courtesy of his guests in making him drink with them more than one brimming glass from each of the bottles of his own old wine; in part to the comfort which he derived from their opulent talk—of their estate in Normandy, of their apartment in Paris, of their yacht. Moreover, with a perfect complaisance, they set him to talking relishingly of his own affairs—and listened with sympathy while he told them of his hopes, of his ambitions, for the Grand Hôtel du Paradis in the future; of his triumphs in the past—greatest of which was the banquet once given under his roof by the Society of Commercial Travellers, when he was presented with the gold-headed cane. Full of enthusiastic memories of this glorious occasion, he brought the cane—in its case of chamois-leather—and showed it to them. Madame declared that the cane was magnificent; monsieur that it was superb.

By the time that Chabassu served with the coffee some of his precious Armagnac—it was the treasure of his cellar: older than he was himself, and with a bouquet fit to make the angels lean out over the parapets of heaven and sniff with joy—his breast was all too small to hold his swelling heart! As for his wife's ignoble doubts of these most noble personages—he spurned those doubts with a generously indignant scorn.

"And now, my good Chabassu," said M. de Saint-Mauront, at the same time pouring out for him a second glass of the rich Armagnac, "you must tell us what we shall find that will amuse us in Marseilles to-night, and where we may sup when the evening is done"—and while he listened to Chabassu's directions, given warmly but thickly, this elegant personage lighted with elegance a Russian cigarette.

"Good!" he said, when Chabassu had finished. "Good! We shall do well. Come, my dear, let us go—and I will carry, if the excellent Chabassu will permit me, his superb cane. My own is at the station, in the bundle with the shawls."

Chabassu, overwhelmed with this con-



"CHABASSU'S SPIRITS ROSE STEADILY."

descension, expressed somewhat disjointedly his thanks.

"And, oh, my good Chabassu"—they were on the stairs as monsieur spoke—"I must beg you to let me have a trifle of ready money. I had expected to get my post-office order cashed, but we arrived too late. Here, I will endorse it over to your name, and in the morning you can oblige me by going to the post-office and getting it cashed. A trifle will serve my purposes to-night—let us say a hundred francs."

They were at the foot of the stairs by this time. Monsieur stepped into the little office, and in a moment had endorsed the order over to Chabassu—and almost before Chabassu had realized what he was doing he had counted out to M. de Saint-Mauront five gold pieces of twenty francs, and that noble gentleman, swinging the gold-headed cane airily, together with his noble lady, had departed through the open door.

And then, in spite of the magnificence of these vanished guests, in spite of all the glasses of his own old wines and the thrilling warmth of his own old Armagnac, Chabassu suddenly was overwhelmed by a sickening dread that perhaps the suspicions of his wife might be well grounded after all! They were gone, these opulent strangers—taking with them their dinners, the wines of half a century, one hundred francs in actual money, his precious gold-headed cane. What if the post-office order were a forgery? In that dreadful case all that remained to him of substantial indemnity was the miserable bag and madame's laced parasol!

And then Chabassu, in his perturbation, committed a great imprudence. Going into the little smoking-room, where his wife, still lowering like a stormy sky, was exhibiting her anxieties to M. Polverel, he confided to them both all that had happened, and asked for sustain-

ing strength against his own suddenly aroused fears.

It was the very last place in the whole of the wide world to which Chabassu should have gone for such consolation! Even M. Polverel looked grave; and as for madame—madame raged with the fury of two thunder-storms combined with a whole menagerie of angry wild beasts! In terms of the most drastic severity she denounced Chabassu before Heaven as a hopeless idiot. She cried out against her own miserable weakness in marrying such an imbecile. She implored the saints to send upon him a punishment heavy enough and bitter enough to be in accord with his deserts—and in the same breath shrieked that no vengeance could fall upon him dire enough to reward him adequately for the ruin which he had wrought.

Being thrust thus harshly into such narrow shoes, Chabassu turned to M. Polverel for support in his contention—though he himself had none too much confidence in it—that the post-office order was genuine. And thereupon madame faced sharply upon M. Polverel and demanded his immediate adhesion to her assertion that the order was false.

Now M. Polverel could depend upon Chabassu for many free glasses of absinthe and for the choicest dainties of the kitchen. Equally he could depend upon madame for the softest bed and the finest linen in the best room in the house. The position in which their contradictory appeals placed him was awkward to the last degree—but he extricated himself from it by an inspiration. One of his friends, he said, was in the money-order department of the post-office. The night was young. With the permission of m'sieu'-madame he would search for this friend and would bring him to examine the money-order—then, in a moment, one way or the other, their doubts would be solved.

Actually, M. Polverel did not know a soul in any department of the post-office; but on this specious plea he got away. At the end of an hour he sent a note by a commissionnaire telling that his friend had been sent suddenly on business of the post-office to Aix, and would not return for a week. Still another hour later, M. Polverel came back to the Grand Hôtel du Paradis cautiously; watched his chance to get in while neither Chabassu nor Madame Chabassu was near the door—

way; and then bolted straight to his room. He knew on which side of his bread was the butter, this M. Polverel! In his day and generation, as already I have said of him, he was a wise man.

Of what went on in the Grand Hôtel du Paradis between Chabassu and Madame Chabassu during the absence of M. Polverel—of what went on there between them, after his unobserved return, until one o'clock in the morning, it is well to draw a veil! After that night, Chabassu always felt that he knew how things went with the souls in purgatory; and in the morning his very stomach seemed to have shrunk away within him, and he looked older by ten years.

But at one o'clock there had come a cessation of hostilities—with the return, the actual return, of Monsieur and Madame de Saint-Mauront. Just as though no storm had raged concerning them, they walked calmly into the Grand Hôtel du Paradis; said pleasantly that they had passed a pleasant evening; called for their candles; wished Chabassu good-night in the most matter-of-fact manner—and so went to their room. Also, monsieur returned the gold-headed cane with thanks.

Chabassu's broken hopes, thus revived, rose again with a bound. He declared joyously that all was well. Madame, not in the least weakening in the vehemence of her assertion, denied that all was well—and presented the stinging suggestion that the two sharpers had not found so great an imbecile elsewhere, and so had returned to bite again the cherry into which already they had bitten so far. As there was no resolving these conflicting opinions into any sort of substantial certainty, an abandonment of hostilities was impossible. They did, however, arrive at the terms of an armed truce: Madame consented that the *escrocs*, as she persisted in calling them, should be served with their coffee in the morning. Chabassu consented that they should not be permitted to leave the house until his visit to the post-office had decided finally whether the money-order were good or bad. Uneasily the combatant parties to this agreement slept, as I may term it, on their arms.

And what was most fortunate of all—as Chabassu always said in telling the story—Monsieur and Madame de Saint-Mauront slept so late the next morning that it was after nine o'clock when they

rang for their coffee, and more than an hour later when they came down stairs: by which time Chabassu had made his journey of dread to the post-office and had returned.

Sometimes it is the unexpected that happens.

the trig sailor who had come up from the yacht to receive monsieur's orders. Following the carriage was a great wagon loaded with the baggage from the railway station that the sailor had attended to bringing down. It was in daylight—in broad daylight, understand—that this



“EVEN M. POLVEREL LOOKED GRAVE.”

“Certainly,” said the clerk at the post-office, “this is a perfectly good money-order. Bring some one to identify you, and it shall be paid without an instant of delay. We do not put off paying money here. The republic is not a broken bank!”

And then—having gone like a flash and returned with his friend M. Perrin, an eminent wine-merchant, widely known—Chabassu had counted out into his throbbing hand twenty crisp notes, each for one hundred francs!

It was near eleven o'clock in the morning when Monsieur and Madame de Saint-Mauront drove away from the Grand Hôtel du Paradis—after paying without a murmur the best bill for a dinner and a single night's lodging and *café-au-lait* that ever Chabassu had made out since his innkeeping began. Seated on the box of the carriage, beside the coachman, was

magnificent cortège drove away. All the street saw it; all the world saw it—the whole universe knew the sort of people that the Grand Hôtel du Paradis had entertained!

“And to think, imbecile that thou art, that thou shouldst have imagined these to be *escrocs*,” cried Madame Chabassu; “that but for me thou wouldst have thrust them violently from our doors!”

Chabassu was not a man who bore malice. His substantial victory sufficed him, without recrimination for a sauce. “My angel,” he answered, with a magnificent gesture, “this is a day of glory, of rejoicing; a day in the history of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis of which the record shall be made upon tablets of silver in letters of gold!”

And as Chabassu thus heroically delivered himself, his stomach visibly expanded with pride!

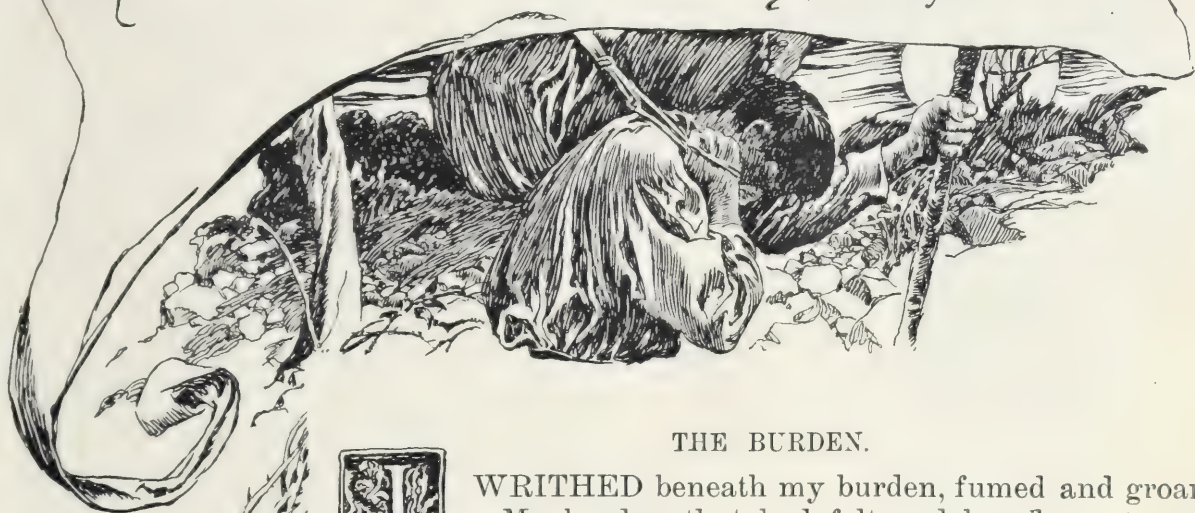


Rebbles

by

W. D. Howells ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Decorated by
Howard Pyle.



THE BURDEN.

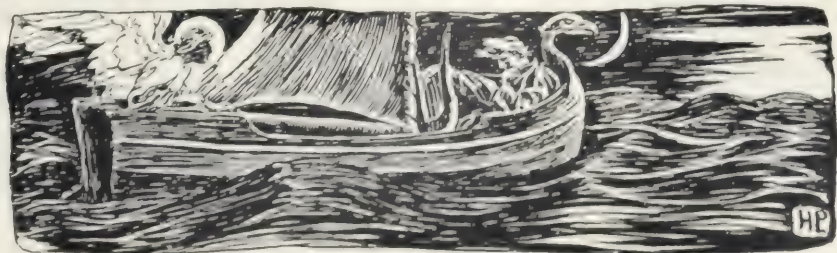


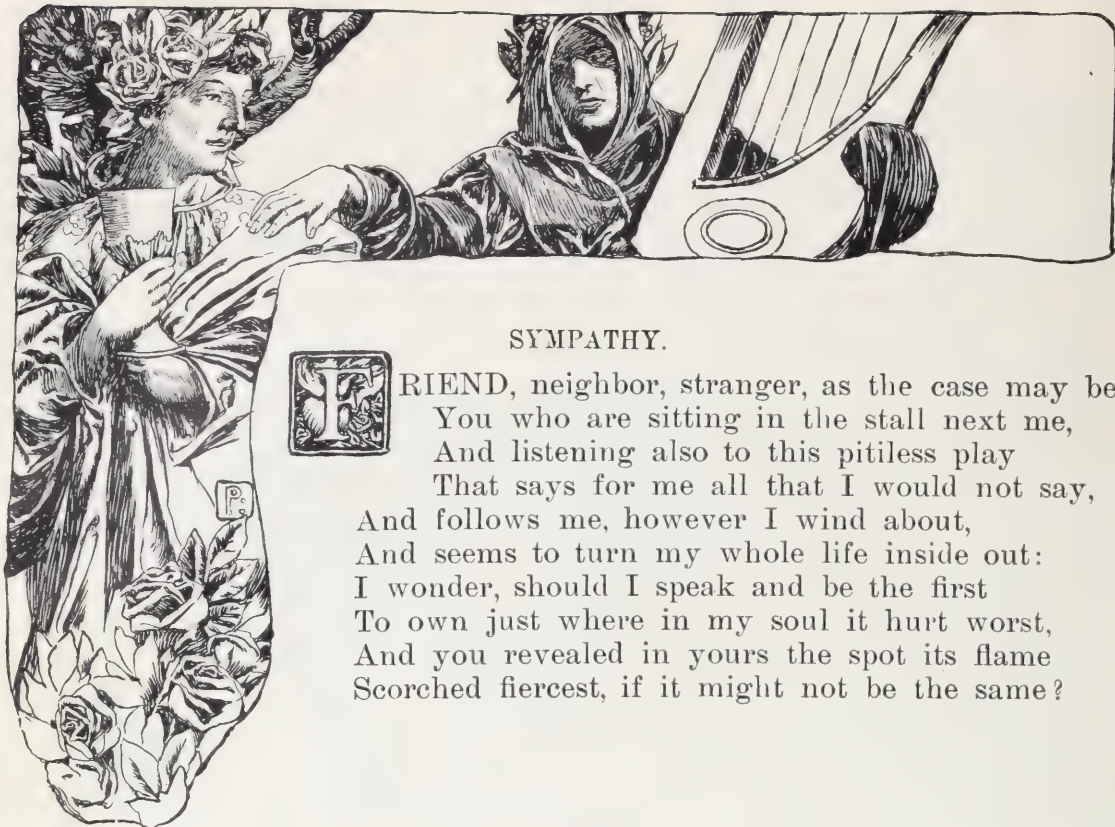
WRITHED beneath my burden, fumed and groaned.
My burden, that had felt and heard me, moaned:
"You do not know what misery is, nor what
The bitterest part is of our common lot.

The strength I load in you with my loath weight,
My weakness would so gladly own its fate.
Think, once, how much more dreadful it must be
To be the burden than bear it, and pity me!"

HOPE.

WE sailed and sailed upon the desert sea,
Where for whole days we alone seemed to be.
At last we saw a dim, vague line arise
Between the lonely billows and the skies,
That grew and grew until it wore the shape
Of cove and inlet, promontory and cape;
Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields, and woods,
Steeple and roofs, and village neighborhoods.
And then I thought, "Some time I shall embark
Upon a sea more desert and more dark
Than ever this was, and between the skies
And lonely billows I shall see arise
Another world out of that waste and lapse,
Like yonder land. Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps!"





SYMPATHY.



RIEND, neighbor, stranger, as the case may be,
 You who are sitting in the stall next me,
 And listening also to this pitiless play
 That says for me all that I would not say,
 And follows me, however I wind about,
 And seems to turn my whole life inside out:
 I wonder, should I speak and be the first
 To own just where in my soul it hurt worst,
 And you revealed in yours the spot its flame
 Scorched fiercest, if it might not be the same?

VISION.

WITHIN a poor man's squalid home I stood:
 The one bare chamber, where his work-worn wife
 Above the stove and wash-tub passed her life,
 Next the sty where they slept with all their brood.

But I saw not that sunless, breathless lair,
 The chamber's sagging roof and reeling floor;
 The smeared walls, broken sash, and battered door;
 The foulness and forlornness everywhere.

I saw a great house, with the portals wide
 Upon a banquet-room, and, from without,
 The guests descending in a brilliant line
 By the stair's statued niches, and beside
 The loveliest of the gemmed and silken rout,
 The poor man's landlord leading down to dine.

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.

You are the best and the worst of everything you require.
 If you have looked on shame willingly yours is the shame.
 You are the evil you mean, and you are the good you desire;
 You shall be for yourself both the praise and the blame.



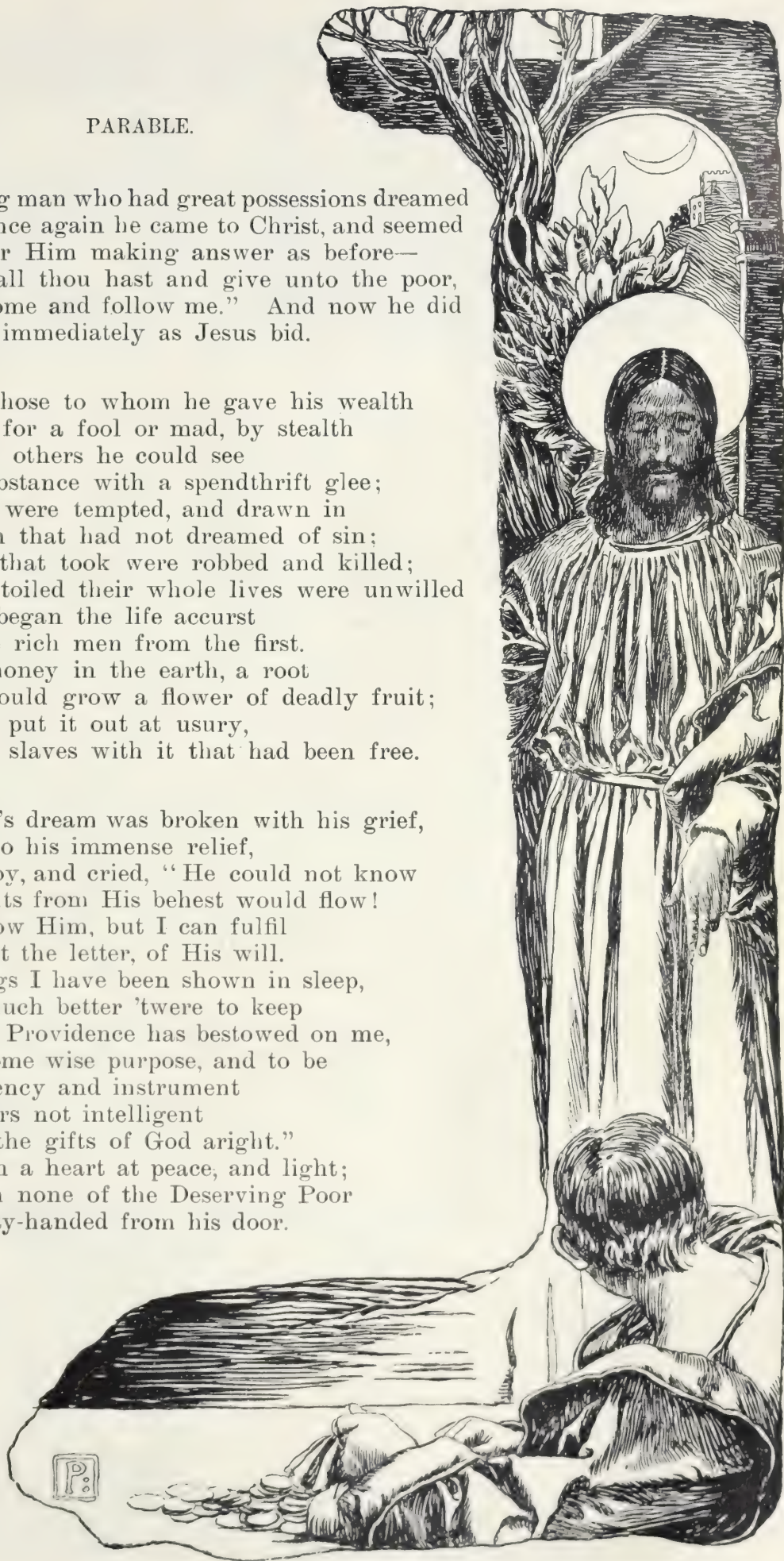
PARABLE.



HE young man who had great possessions dreamed
That once again he came to Christ, and seemed
To hear Him making answer as before—
“Sell all thou hast and give unto the poor,
And come and follow me.” And now he did
In all immediately as Jesus bid.

Then some of those to whom he gave his wealth
Mocked at him for a fool or mad, by stealth
Or openly; and others he could see
Wasting his substance with a spendthrift glee;
And others yet were tempted, and drawn in
The ways of sin that had not dreamed of sin;
Others, besides, that took were robbed and killed;
Some that had toiled their whole lives were unwilling
By riches, and began the life accurst
Of idleness, like rich men from the first.
Some hid his money in the earth, a root
From which should grow a flower of deadly fruit;
Some kept, and put it out at usury,
And made men slaves with it that had been free.

The young man's dream was broken with his grief,
And he awoke to his immense relief,
And wept for joy, and cried, “He could not know
What dire results from His behest would flow!
I must not follow Him, but I can fulfil
The spirit, if not the letter, of His will.
Seeing the things I have been shown in sleep,
I realize how much better 'twere to keep
The means that Providence has bestowed on me,
Doubtless for some wise purpose, and to be
The humble agency and instrument
Of good to others not intelligent
Enough to use the gifts of God aright.”
He rose up with a heart at peace, and light;
And thenceforth none of the Deserving Poor
Ever went empty-handed from his door.





STATISTICS.



O many men, on such a date of May,
Despaired and took their hopeless lives away
In such an area, year after year;
In such another place, it would appear
The assassinations averaged so and so
Through August after August, scarce below
A given range; and in another one,
March after March, it seems there were undone
So many women, still about the same,
With little varying circumstance in their shame;
Burglaries, arsons, thefts, and forgeries
Had their own averages as well as these;
And from these figures science can discern
The future in the past. We but return
Upon our steps, although they seem so free.
The thing that has been is that which shall be.

Dark prophet, yes! But still somehow the round
Is spiral, and the race's feet have found
The path rise under them which they have trod.
Your facts are facts, yet somewhere there is God.



MENTAL TELEGRAPHY* AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I HAVE three or four curious incidents to tell about. They seem to come under the head of what I named "Mental Telegraphy" in a paper written seventeen years ago, and published long afterward.

Several years ago I made a campaign on the platform with Mr. George W. Cable. In Montreal we were honored with a reception. It began at two in the afternoon in a long drawing-room in the Windsor Hotel. Mr. Cable and I stood at one end of this room, and the ladies and gentlemen entered it at the other end, crossed it at that end, then came up the long left-hand side, shook hands with us, said a word or two, and passed on, in the usual way. My sight is of the telegraphic sort, and I presently recognized a familiar face among the throng of strangers drifting in at the distant door, and I said to myself, with surprise and high gratification, "That is Mrs. R.; I had forgotten that she was a Canadian." She had been a great friend of mine in Carson City, Nevada, in the early days. I had not seen her or heard of her for twenty years; I had not been thinking about her; there was nothing to suggest her to me, nothing to bring her to my mind; in fact, to me she had long ago ceased to exist, and had disappeared from my consciousness. But I knew her instantly; and I saw her so clearly that I was able to note some of the particulars of her dress, and did note them, and they remained in my mind. I was impatient for her to come. In the midst of the hand-shakings I snatched glimpses of her and noted her progress with the slow-moving file across the end of the room, then I saw her start up the side, and this gave me a full front view of her face. I saw her last when she was within twenty-five feet of me. For an hour I kept thinking she must still be in the room somewhere and would come at last, but I was disappointed.

When I arrived in the lecture-hall that evening some one said: "Come into the waiting-room; there's a friend of yours there who wants to see you. You'll not be introduced—you are to do the recognizing without help if you can."

* See HARPER'S MONTHLY, November, 1891.

I said to myself, "It is Mrs. R.; I sha'n't have any trouble."

There were perhaps ten ladies present, all seated. In the midst of them was Mrs. R., as I had expected. She was dressed exactly as she was when I had seen her in the afternoon. I went forward and shook hands with her and called her by name, and said,

"I knew you the moment you appeared at the reception this afternoon."

She looked surprised, and said: "But I was not at the reception. I have just arrived from Quebec, and have not been in town an hour."

It was my turn to be surprised now. I said: "I can't help it. I give you my word of honor that it is as I say. I saw you at the reception, and you were dressed precisely as you are now. When they told me a moment ago that I should find a friend in this room, your image rose before me, dress and all, just as I had seen you at the reception."

Those are the facts. She was not at the reception at all, or anywhere near it; but I saw her there nevertheless, and most clearly and unmistakably. To that I could make oath. How is one to explain this? I was not thinking of her at the time; had not thought of her for years. But she had been thinking of me, no doubt; did her thought flit through leagues of air to me, and bring with it that clear and pleasant vision of herself? I think so. That was and remains my sole experience in the matter of apparitions—I mean apparitions that come when one is (ostensibly) awake. I could have been asleep for a moment; the apparition could have been the creature of a dream. Still, that is nothing to the point; the feature of interest is the happening of the thing just at that time, instead of at an earlier or later time, which is argument that its origin lay in thought-transference.

My next incident will be set aside by most persons as being merely a "coincidence," I suppose. Years ago I used to think sometimes of making a lecturing trip through the antipodes and the borders of the Orient, but always gave up the idea, partly because of the great

length of the journey and partly because my wife could not well manage to go with me. Toward the end of last January that idea, after an interval of years, came suddenly into my head again—forcefully, too, and without any apparent reason. Whence came it? What suggested it? I will touch upon that presently.

I was at that time where I am now—in Paris. I wrote at once to Henry M. Stanley (London), and asked him some questions about his Australian lecture tour, and inquired who had conducted him and what were the terms. After a day or two his answer came. It began:

“The lecture agent for Australia and New Zealand is *par excellence* Mr. R. S. Smythe, of Melbourne.”

He added his itinerary, terms, sea expenses, and some other matters, and advised me to write Mr. Smythe, which I did—February 3d. I began my letter by saying in substance that while he did not know me personally we had a mutual friend in Stanley, and that would answer for an introduction. Then I proposed my trip, and asked if he would give me the same terms which he had given Stanley.

I mailed my letter to Mr. Smythe February 6th, and three days later I got a letter from the selfsame Smythe, dated Melbourne, December 17th. I would as soon have expected to get a letter from the late George Washington. The letter began somewhat as mine to him had begun—with a self-introduction:

“DEAR MR. CLEMENS,—It is so long since Archibald Forbes and I spent that pleasant afternoon in your comfortable house at Hartford that you have probably quite forgotten the occasion.”

In the course of his letter this occurs:

“I am willing to give you” [here he named the terms which he had given Stanley] “for an antipodean tour to last, say, three months.”

Here was the single essential detail of my letter answered three days after I had mailed my inquiry. I might have saved myself the trouble and the postage—and a few years ago I would have done that very thing, for I would have argued that my sudden and strong impulse to write and ask some questions of a stranger on the under side of the globe meant that the impulse came from that stranger, and that he would answer my questions of his own motion if I would let him alone.

Mr. Smythe's letter probably passed under my nose on its way to lose three weeks travelling to America and back, and gave me a whiff of its contents as it went along. Letters often act like that. Instead of the *thought* coming to you in an instant from Australia, the (apparently) unsentient letter imparts it to you as it glides invisibly past your elbow in the mail-bag.

Next incident. In the following month—March—I was in America. I spent a Sunday at Irvington-on-the-Hudson with Mr. John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. We came into New York next morning, and went to the Century Club for luncheon. He said some praiseful things about the character of the club and the orderly serenity and pleasantness of its quarters, and asked if I had never tried to acquire membership in it. I said I had not, and that New York clubs were a continuous expense to the country members without being of frequent use or benefit to them.

“And now I've got an idea!” said I. “There's the Lotos—the first New York club I was ever a member of—my very earliest love in that line. I have been a member of it for considerably more than twenty years, yet have seldom had a chance to look in and see the boys. They turn gray and grow old while I am not watching. And *my dues go on*. I am going to Hartford this afternoon for a day or two, but as soon as I get back I will go to John Elderkin very privately and say: ‘Remember the veteran and confer distinction upon him, for the sake of old times. Make me an honorary member and abolish the tax. If you haven't any such thing as honorary membership, all the better—create it for my honor and glory.’ That would be a great thing; I will go to John Elderkin as soon as I get back from Hartford.”

I took the last express that afternoon, first telegraphing Mr. F. G. Whitmore to come and see me next day. When he came he asked,

“Did you get a letter from Mr. John Elderkin, secretary of the Lotos Club, before you left New York?”

“No.”

“Then it just missed you. If I had known you were coming I would have kept it. It is beautiful, and will make you proud. The Board of Directors, by unanimous vote, have made you a life

member, and *squelched those dues*; and you are to be on hand and receive your distinction on the night of the 30th, which is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the club, and it will not surprise me if they have some great times there."

What put the honorary membership in my head that day in the Century Club? for I had never thought of it before. I don't know what brought the thought to me at *that* particular time instead of earlier, but I am well satisfied that it originated with the Board of Directors, and had been on its way to my brain through the air ever since the moment that saw their vote recorded.

Another incident. I was in Hartford two or three days as a guest of the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell. I have held the rank of Honorary Uncle to his children for a quarter of a century, and I went out with him in the trolley-car to visit one of my nieces, who is at Miss Porter's famous school in Farmington. The distance is eight or nine miles. On the way, talking, I illustrated something with an anecdote. This is the anecdote:

Two years and a half ago I and the family arrived at Milan on our way to Rome, and stopped at the Continental. After dinner I went below and took a seat in the stone-paved court, where the customary lemon-trees stand in the customary tubs, and said to myself, "Now *this* is comfort, comfort and repose, and nobody to disturb it; I do not know anybody in Milan."

Then a young gentleman stepped up and shook hands, which damaged my theory. He said, in substance:

"You won't remember me, Mr. Clemens, but I remember you very well. I was a cadet at West Point when you and Rev. Joseph H. Twichell came there some years ago and talked to us on a Hundredth Night. I am a lieutenant in the regular army now, and my name is H. I am in Europe, all alone, for a modest little tour; my regiment is in Arizona."

We became friendly and sociable, and in the course of the talk he told me of an adventure which had befallen him—about to this effect:

"I was at Bellagio, stopping at the big hotel there, and ten days ago I lost my letter of credit. I did not know what in the world to do. I was a stranger; I knew no one in Europe; I hadn't a penny

in my pocket; I couldn't even send a telegram to London to get my lost letter replaced; my hotel bill was a week old, and the presentation of it imminent—so imminent that it could happen at any moment now. I was so frightened that my wits all seemed to leave me. I tramped and tramped, back and forth, like a crazy person. If anybody approached me I hurried away, for no matter what a person looked like, I took him for the head waiter with the bill.

"I was at last in such a desperate state that I was ready to do any wild thing that promised even the shadow of help, and so this is the insane thing that I did. I saw a family lunching at a small table on the veranda, and recognized their nationality—Americans—father, mother, and several young daughters—*young, tastefully dressed, and pretty—the rule with our people.* I went straight there in my civilian costume, named my name, said I was a lieutenant in the army, and told my story and asked for help.

"What do you suppose the gentleman did? But you would not guess in twenty years. He took out a handful of gold coin and told me to help myself—freely. That is what he did."

The next morning the lieutenant told me his new letter of credit had arrived in the night, so we strolled to Cook's to draw money to pay back the benefactor with. We got it, and then went strolling through the great arcade. Presently he said, "Yonder they are; come and be introduced." I was introduced to the parents and the young ladies, then we separated, and I never saw him or them any m—"

"Here we are at Farmington," said Twichell, interrupting.

We left the trolley-car and tramped through the mud a hundred yards or so to the school, talking about the time we and Warner walked out there years ago, and the pleasant time we had.

We had a visit with my niece in the parlor; then started for the trolley again. Outside the house we encountered a double rank of twenty or thirty of Miss Porter's young ladies arriving from a walk, and we stood aside, ostensibly to let them have room to file past, but really to look at them. Presently one of them stepped out of the rank and said,

"You don't know me, Mr. Twichell,

but I know your daughter, and that gives me the privilege of shaking hands with you."

Then she put out her hand to me, and said:

"And I wish to shake hands with you too, Mr. Clemens. You don't remember

me, but you were introduced to me in the arcade in Milan two years and a half ago by Lieutenant H."

What had put that story into my head after all that stretch of time? Was it just the proximity of that young girl, or was it merely an odd accident?

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

IX.

COLBERG—GNEISENAU, NETTELBECK, SCHILL.

"THE fortresses which should have shielded us and set bounds to our misfortune passed over to the enemy through cowardice and treachery." So wrote Queen Luise in a confidential letter to her father, dated May 15, 1807. She applied the terms coward and traitor to Prussian officers who represented exclusively titles of nobility and high military rank. I should not venture to use such language had I not for so doing the authority of competent judges.

In this campaign between Jena and Tilsit, when traitors and cowards occupy so much historical space, there is one precious exception. It shows us again how much Prussia might have accomplished had the honest plain citizens been allowed a voice in the defence of their country.

On the lonesome shores of the Prussian Baltic, about seventy miles from the mouth of the Oder at Stettin, and about one hundred miles from the Vistula mouth at Dantzic, is the little walled seaport of Colberg. It is one of the worst seaports I can imagine, for the town lies about a mile from the Baltic, up a narrow and shallow river, which forms at its mouth a bar exceedingly difficult for boats to cross in bad weather. The walls of Colberg had fallen to decay; there were only eighty-six pieces of antiquated artillery on the ramparts, which ultimately proved as deadly to the gunners of the town as to the enemy. There was only one artilleryman to each gun, and the total garrison was only about one thousand men, made up of such as were not good enough to send to the front. The commander was, like his colleagues in the other Prussian posts, a "nobleman" of high mili-

tary position, and, like the rest, showed a most unsoldierly readiness to surrender the town as soon as the French expressed a desire to occupy it.

Now Colberg had some sturdy citizens, who loved their country, and believed that their town was worth a good fight. They too had traditions, and remembered that in the days of the great Frederick its walls had successfully resisted three Russian attacks. Colberg also maintained the tradition that every citizen must be ready to man the ramparts in case of invasion, and the town had thus an auxiliary force of volunteer militia or "minute-men" amounting to 800, well armed and equipped, and tolerably trained. The commander of this citizen band was a rare noble character, seventy years of age. Nettelbeck was his name. He had been a seafaring man, and a traveller in many strange quarters of the globe. After the manner of sailor-men, he was honest and brave, and full of resources. He had come back to his native town at a time when most men think only of spending their declining years in peace. His fellow-citizens had quickly recognized his loyal qualities, however, and in the hour of danger elected him as their leader.

When the French menaced Colberg, he promptly reported himself to the "noble" commandant for the purpose of placing at his services the citizen force of 800. Before the commandant could formulate an answer, his adjutant, another nobleman, turned rudely to old Nettelbeck and said, "But what business is that of yours, pray?" The average nobleman of that time did not think that a plain citizen might also have a country to preserve. The commandant contemptuously dismissed old Nettelbeck with the words, "Well, if you care so much about parading, do so!" The volunteers were therefore drawn up in the market-place, ready



THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF COLBERG.

for inspection; and Nettelbeck, pocketing his pride, once more went to the conceited commandant to report that his force was assembled and awaited further orders.

The noble commandant wore a most ill-pleased look. Nettelbeck, for all recognition, received this message: "Stop this nonsense, you silly people. For goodness' sake, go back to your homes! What is the use of my looking at you?" This was discouraging. Nettelbeck held a council with his officers, and it was decided to sacrifice everything to the welfare of Colberg. So Nettelbeck once more called upon the pretentious commandant, offering to assist in putting the fortifications in better order. The answer given was:

"Oh, bother your everlasting *citizens*! I want no citizens, and shall have nothing whatever to do with them."

A less tame population would have treated this commandant to a coat of tar and feathers. But the patient and patriotic Colbergers worked away secretly and in spite of the commandant. They suspected him of treachery, and therefore watched the gates of the town day and night, taking turns at the work. As the danger grew more serious, Nettelbeck made an inventory of the food-supply, and called the commandant's attention to the matter. Instead of thanks, he was treated to insult.

On March 15, 1807, a French officer bearing a flag of truce, and driving in a carriage drawn by four horses with postilions, demanded admittance. On the box of the carriage sat a bugler; at each side walked two soldiers with muskets. The commandant not only allowed the whole party to enter Colberg, but received the officer with cordiality, and remained closeted with him for a long time, during which the soldiers of the escort were shown over the works by a Prussian sergeant, who within two days deserted to the French. Nettelbeck was convinced that this French escort was composed of engineer officers, and that the commandant was hatching treachery while locked up with the bearer of the flag of truce.

Old Nettelbeck was not afraid of the French, but treachery was more than he could stand. So down he sat and wrote directly to the King, who was in Memel, about three hundred miles away.

The King shared with the average Prussian nobleman a strong dislike of anything in the shape of citizen enter-

prise. He had persistently rejected every proposal made on behalf of a national militia. He feared an army of Prussian citizens more than he did that of Napoleon. To him the people in arms meant a mob such as cut off the head of Louis XVI. However, now that his throne was in such danger that abdication and exile were discussed, he permitted measures which from his point of view were desperate. The letter of old Nettelbeck, instead of calling forth a severe injunction to mind his own business, was at this time well received, and steps were taken to send to Colberg a commandant of energy. Meanwhile Nettelbeck and his citizen guard devoted their lives and their fortunes to fighting the French and thwarting the unpatriotic attempts of the supercilious commandant.

It was on April 5th, while the bombardment was going on, that this nobleman happened upon the market-place just as a few bombs exploded harmlessly near by. He looked bewildered at the soldiers, and stammered out to the officers near him, "If this goes on, gentlemen, we shall have to give in."

A fine way this for a fortress commander to encourage his men! Old Nettelbeck stepped forward and checked further talk of this kind by shouting out to the commander, so that all could hear him, "The first man that dares to repeat that damned suggestion of surrender dies—and I shall kill him!" Then pointing his sword straight at the cowardly commander's breast, he said to the citizens, "Now is the time to show the stuff that is in us; let us do our duty—or we deserve to die like dogs!"

The commandant screamed out helplessly: "Arrest him! Put him in chains!" But no one would carry out the order. The citizens crowded around old Nettelbeck and saw him safely home. The commandant then made out an order that Nettelbeck should be shot early on the following morning, but this created such an uproar in Colberg that it was promptly rescinded, with many threats of future indefinite vengeance.

At last, however, this governor was recalled. His successor, who arrived on April 29, 1807, was a man disliked by the King; a man of courage and enterprise. He had spent a year in America during the war of Independence, as a young officer in the pay of George III. He came

back from that war with new ideas, for there he had learned that farmer-boys inflamed by love of country and guided by men of practical common-sense can be a match for mercenary soldiers led by professional officers. This officer was forty-seven years old, and his name was Gneisenau (pronounced *Gnyzenow*, the "ow" pronounced as in *how*).

Old Nettelbeck on the morning of that day had been looking everywhere in town for the vice-commandant of the fortress, and finally found him coming from the shipping with a stranger. Nettelbeck had news regarding some fresh movement on the part of the French artillery.

"This stranger," to use Nettelbeck's language, "a young, vigorous man of noble carriage, pleased me at the very first, nor can I tell exactly why. But as my business was with the vice-commandant, and urgent at that, I drew him aside by the hand in order to whisper in his ear, because of the presence of this stranger. But he smiled at this precaution, and said, 'Come to my quarters; it is a more convenient place.'

"Once there, and 'under six eyes,' the vice-commandant turned to me and said: 'Cheer up, old friend! This gentleman, Major Gneisenau, is the new commandant whom the King has sent to us.' And turning to his guest, 'This is old Nettelbeck.'

"My limbs were seized with a sudden pleasurable panic, my heart beat violently in my breast, and tears streamed uninterruptedly from my eyes; my knees trembled beneath me. Overpowered by my feelings, I sank to the ground before him, our new protecting spirit, held fast hold of him, and cried out: 'In God's name, do not leave us! We will stand by you as long as a drop of warm blood remains in our bodies, even though we have to see every house in town reduced to cinders! Nor am I alone in this; we all breathe the same thought: the city must not be, shall not be surrendered.'"

Gneisenau raised the old man up with the words: "No, children. I'll stand by you. God will help us!"

Next morning, the balance of this day being spent in an incognito inspection of the place, Gneisenau mustered the troops and gave them a talking to, "so impressive and affecting," says Nettelbeck, "as though a good father had been addressing dearly beloved children."



NETTELBECK.

"All felt his words so deeply that the old bearded veterans wept like children, and with choking voices shouted that with him as leader they were ready to die for King and country."

On the next day his meeting with the municipal leaders was no less touching, they with enthusiasm declaring, as they grasped his hand, that they intrusted him cheerfully with their lives and fortunes.

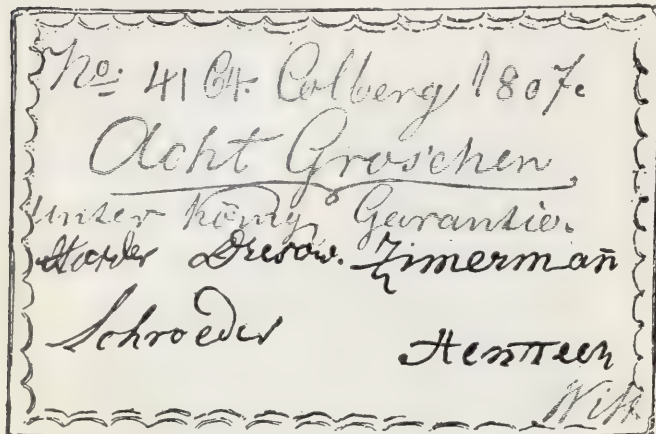
"And to speak truth, a new spirit and new life came from this time on upon all we did—as though straight from heaven."

As to the wretched man whom Gneisenau superseded, he was subsequently retired on a good pension, with the rank of major-general—a man who richly deserved the gallows.

We shall hear more of Gneisenau in years to come. He was given command in Colberg purely on account of merit; for, as I have said before, he was personally distasteful to his King, as were nearly all the strong men who subsequently made Germany free. It should encourage young officers to reflect that Gneisenau was forty-seven years old before he found the opportunity to make his name heard in any way.

The siege of Colberg gave him the means of putting his previously gathered know-

ledge into practice. In America he had learned the importance of skirmishing tactics. At Colberg he inaugurated the method of fortress defence which has slowly made its way in the military mind, and now is accepted everywhere. His idea



GNEISENAU'S MONEY

was not to merely shut himself in behind walls and resist the cannon of the enemy. Gneisenau gave his besiegers no rest night or day.

Schill was his guerilla help. That gallant young cavalry officer had made his way with a handful of men from Jena, had reached Colberg at last, and at once commenced from under its walls a series of raids upon the French which caused them much trouble.

He received in January the royal permission to recruit an independent corps, and throughout the siege contributed enormously to the discouragement of the enemy. Old Nettelbeck always kept a big pot of potatoes and other vegetables simmering on his stove, and these he carted out to the camp of Schill whenever he got the chance. Sometimes he had difficulty in getting provisions for his "children," as he affectionately called Schill and his gallant men. Old Nettelbeck would then go about from house to house and beg the good citizens to quickly cook him something good, which was always cheerfully done.

It is needless to say that Schill was disliked by the previous commandant of Colberg as a busybody, but highly prized by Gneisenau and Nettelbeck.

It was a hard siege, and it grew in hardness as the French crept nearer and nearer with their big guns. The garrison, however, increased from 1000 to 6000 men, most-

ly loyal fugitives from Jena and Auerstädt. This was a force considerably more than the normal population of the town itself. But of these brave 6000 more than 2000 were killed or wounded during the siege, and scarce a house had a window-pane to it when a truce was announced on July 3, 1807. The French knew that on June 25th Napoleon and Frederick William III. had signed a cessation of hostilities, but they did not let Gneisenau know of this. On the contrary, they made most desperate efforts to conquer that place before news of peace should penetrate the walls. And so the needless killing went on simply because the King had made no arrangements for rapid communication between his headquarters and his principal fortresses.

Gneisenau took no particular credit to himself for the glorious work he had accomplished. He had acted as a brave man and done his duty. To one of his comrades he wrote: "I had good luck in getting hold of the stuff I needed—and I needed nearly everything. I shouldered every responsibility, acted like an independent prince, was often despotic, cashiered officers who showed the white feather, made friends with the good fellows, did not worry about the future, and let the artillery play for all it was worth."

When Gneisenau ran short of money to pay his men, he issued paper for small sums from two up to eight groschen (from five cents to one shilling or twenty-five cents). He had no printing-press in Colberg, and therefore utilized the school-children to write out these extraordinary notes. Counterfeits were punishable by death.

Nettelbeck had suggested this means of raising money. He had seen it in operation amongst the planters of Dutch Guiana, as I have seen it amongst the European merchants in the Chinese and Japanese treaty ports. For small sums the plan works well in a community which has full confidence in the solvency of the party making the issue. In Colberg all believed in Gneisenau, and, as events proved, their trust was well placed, for the Prussian treasury subsequently redeemed all the Colberg paper money issued during the siege. I have seen many specimens of this curious currency in

German museums. The paper certificates, or "checks," are about two inches long by one and a half wide, made of the poorest paper. On one side is the coarse official seal of Colberg stamped in black ink. On the other side is the value, expressed in children's handwriting—two, four, and eight groschen. There are three official seals on each piece of paper money, and this fact alone suggests that the Prussian officials in Colberg must have had much time to spare, if they found it worth their while to sign every five-cent piece in circulation.

Of course, had the Prussian King been deposed by Napoleon after Tilsit, this paper money would have been worth no more than Confederate "shinplasters" after the close of the civil war in America.

Gneisenau did not regard himself as either a hero or a genius. He set to work in Colberg as a plain man of business. Instead of insulting the patriotic citizens, he made them his friends; and when he left the place for good, he was followed by the blessings and prayers of all whom he had defended. He believed in Prus-



NETTELBECK THREATENS THE GOVERNOR.

sia and the German people; he knew they had suffered a heavy blow, but he believed that this blow would rouse them from their state of self-conceit and weakness. Even as the siege wore on into the months of summer, when Napoleon had won the battle of Friedland, Gneisenau did not lose heart. He kept the port of Colberg open, and received supplies from English and Swedish men-of-war. The Prussian army had been so thrashed that at the battle of Eylau in early February only 6000 men were there to represent the cause of Germany. But the people were still there; the King had but to give the signal, and a new army would be in the field. Not an army of mercenaries with weak-kneed old nobles in command, but a people in arms commanded by men of their own choosing, like Blücher and Schill and Gneisenau. England controlled the sea, and was landing arms and ammunition as rapidly as they could be used.

Gneisenau looked upon Colberg as a base from which to sally forth and harass the long weak line of communication between Napoleon and his sources of supply.

To be sure, a king must trust his people when he puts rifles into their hands and lets them organize independent companies, and, unfortunately for Prussia, Frederick William could not do this. He did permit privates to rise from the ranks and become officers, but only for the duration of the war. Yet, small as this concession was, it had an excellent effect, and Gneisenau noted on all sides a popular disposition to volunteer and carry on the fight. Far down below the surface the people were beginning to say to themselves: "We have had enough of the pretentious, swaggering, professional soldier. He makes a fine show in peace-time, and runs away when the bullets fly. He sneers at citizens, yet our citizens fight better, and make less fuss about it."

Gneisenau had learned in America the importance of public sentiment in a free community. He made soldiers out of the most unpromising material. At Colberg he found free citizens and mercenary garrison troops, and to these were added several thousand who had escaped from Jena. Under other commanders these men accomplished nothing. They became heroes under the influence of a Gneisenau.

Colberg to-day has a costly monument to Frederick William III., but none to Gneisenau, Schill, or Nettelbeck. In 1892 I made a pilgrimage to this place, sacred in the annals of German liberty. Many were the inquiries I made before discovering where was the grave of Nettelbeck, a neglected stone in an obscure part of the graveyard. I searched in vain for traces of the great men who have made Colberg a household word wherever German liberty is prized. The old walls still stand from which Gneisenau directed his gallant defence. The earth-works at the mouth of the little river can still be traced, and the ragged sand dunes from behind which Schill started on his daring raids, after the manner of Marion in the war of the American Revolution. The harbor mouth, where English men-of-war unloaded stores for the hard-pressed garrison in 1807, is now the resort of pleasure-seekers, who flock here in summer for the excellent sea-bathing. The ground that then was soaked in the blood of besieged and besiegers is now laid out in pleasant paths for the tourist, and the music of the Casino band plays where formerly only cannons had the say. In truth, looked at from the surface, Colberg has forgotten her heroes and her days of suffering. But the heart beats below the surface, and to-day in Germany no words awaken livelier gratitude and patriotism than these four: Colberg, Gneisenau, Nettelbeck, Schill.

X.

SCHARNHORST MAKES A NEW ARMY.

NAPOLÉON left Tilsit for Paris on July 9, 1807, delighted with his many triumphs. He had taken from Prussia all her land west of the Elbe; had reduced her population from ten to five millions; had changed the Czar Alexander from an enemy into an enthusiastic friend; had estranged Russia and Prussia by giving the Czar parts of Poland which formerly belonged to Prussia; he had offered Frederick William many personal slights, and had capped his triumphs by receiving Queen Luise as a suppliant and sending her back empty-handed.

And all this was done when Frederick the Great had been dead only twenty years. No wonder Napoleon felt that his destinies were guided by a star of good fortune!

Alexander left Tilsit for St. Petersburg quite as happy as Napoleon, for he had secured an alliance with France which promised him the conquest of India and anything else he might covet to the eastward. The official papers of Russia made the people rejoice by announcing that their Czar had added largely to the empire by annexing land which was formerly Prussian.

Queen Luise left Tilsit for Memel with a broken heart. She had, indeed, suffered as only a highly bred woman can suffer. From our point of view she deserves our sympathy vastly more than her royal husband; for she had endured not merely all that he had endured, but she had endured him into the bargain.

The Treaty of Tilsit left Frederick William on the throne, but left him hardly means enough to keep it in repair. He was called upon to pay a war indemnity amounting ultimately to one milliard of francs, and was told that so long as it remained unpaid Napoleon would keep his troops quartered in the country. Now to pay such an amount of money was wholly out of the question, and Napoleon knew it. He did not wish the money paid at all. He much preferred to have his troops quartered in Prussia indefinitely, thus making sure that no new war could threaten him there. These troops were, of course, available in the event of war with Russia or Austria; and so long as they cost him nothing to maintain, it was an arrangement highly satisfactory to the French treasury.

So the Prussian King had, in 1807, two alternatives to face—either to remain a captive in his own kingdom, or to buy his liberation at a price he knew not how to pay. He could not go back to Berlin, for all that part of Prussia was garrisoned by Frenchmen. He could not start the machinery of his government on the old lines, for so much of it had been smashed that it would no longer work. Prussia might have earned something by foreign commerce, but Napoleon forbade any trade with England. This meant that he should trade with no one, for England had complete control of the sea.

The situation was desperate from every point of view, but mainly from the fact that there was no money to run the government, and no sources of revenue in any way adequate.

It was only when the Prussian King



SCHILL.

found that the Czar had deserted him, and that he was on the brink of bankruptcy or abdication, that he allowed himself to be persuaded into something like a reasonable course of action.

In these dark days succeeding the Peace of Tilsit the distracted and humiliated King gave his sanction to measures which six months before he would have treated as revolutionary. There is no evidence that he himself was the author of any of the good laws passed at this time, and there is abundant evidence that he did all that was possible to nullify their

wholesome object. That Prussia was saved from complete absorption after Tilsit is owing:

1. To Napoleon, who completely exposed the rotten state of the military and civil administration.

2. To Queen Luise, who braced her husband in his moments of weakness, and who united about her the honest and capable men of Germany.

The public sentiment of Prussia judged better than the King's courtly advisers, and this public sentiment was best represented by two men, neither of whom was Prussian by birth or education—Stein and Scharnhorst. Stein abolished serfdom in Prussia; Scharnhorst created an army of citizens. Germans cannot feel too grateful that in such a crisis appeared two men who loyally supported one another; who sacrificed all they had to the country of their adoption; who ignored the calumny which their enemies prepared for them; who dared to tell the truth to the King, and consequently never lived in courtly favor.

What Washington and Greene were to the American war of Independence, that and much more were Stein and Scharnhorst in the great German struggle for liberty which culminated in the battle of Waterloo.

Stein and Scharnhorst, the statesman and the soldier, both believed that Prussia could be regenerated only by calling in the people to a larger share in the government. Both held the belief that the monarch is strong only when he is supported by the whole people instead of by a privileged class. The King was ready to acknowledge that something was radically wrong when his officers became by-words for cowardice and incapacity.

Here is a picture drawn by Scharnhorst. It is that of a Prussian general who held a conspicuously high command in the war: "He never inspected a regiment, never made a reconnoissance, knew nothing of the outposts excepting upon the map; his memory and mental powers were so feeble that he was unable to form a picture of geographical features and the relative position of troops. In campaigning, of even the mildest kind, he was totally incapable of taking command and conducting the operations. He was satisfied to take the opinion of any one."

This was the seventy-year-old man who commanded the Prussian contingent at

Eylau, and there were plenty more just like him. Such were the officers who, before Jena, listened complacently on the Potsdam parade-ground while the commanding general uttered these words: "Gentlemen, the army of his Majesty [Frederick William III.] can show many officers *fully equal to Monsieur Bonaparte!*"

A week after Tilsit (July 17, 1807), Scharnhorst was placed at the head of a military commission charged with inquiring into the state of the army. He was fifty-three years old, had just been made major-general, and was trusted by the King because he had helped Blücher in rescuing some remnants of the army from Jena, and bringing them in safety over some 250 miles of dangerous country.

The King trusted Scharnhorst, but did not like him. He had, however, no choice. So Scharnhorst, the son of a Hanoverian peasant, found himself, in 1807, sitting in judgment over hundreds of Prussian nobles, who had given strange proof of their chivalrous pretensions.

Gneisenau was added to this committee, but so afraid was the King lest such men should be too thorough, that he always managed to hamper them by adding members who represented the old army traditions and a dislike to change. The matter dragged on in this way until Scharnhorst and Gneisenau both became thoroughly disgusted with their King's behavior, and resigned.

This frightened Frederick William, however, and he promised solemnly that thenceforward he would deal honestly with them. So at last (January 31, 1808), after six months of wasted time, the committee secured a majority in favor of reform.

Of course I omit the tedious details which filled these six months—the intrigues of the court, the vacillation of the King, the angry protestations of the patriots, and the constant efforts of Luise to keep her husband to his duty. And even after the committee commenced to work with a majority in favor of reform, Scharnhorst found that the King took no direct personal interest in its work, but had its proceedings explained to him by an adjutant, who persistently misrepresented the views of the patriots. Finally, with the help of Stein and Queen Luise, the King did away with this hostile intermediary, and on May 1, 1808, did



NETTELBECK AND GNEISENAU ON THE RAMPARTS AT COLBERG.

what should have been done at the outset—appointed Scharnhorst to the task of explaining the work of the committee.

Here, therefore, we see that it took nearly a year for the King to make up his mind to support a committee which he himself had created for the express purpose of inquiring into the administration of an army of which he was commander-in-chief. Nor is there any evidence that the King's obstruction was dictated by other motives than preference for smooth-tongued courtiers and personal aversion to men of energy and honesty like Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Stein.

In reading the life of Washington I used to imagine that he was singularly handicapped in his command of the army by reason of the Continental Congress, which wasted precious time in debating. But slow and weak as that Congress was, it was a model of strength and swiftness compared with this Prussian monarch, whose will was law. The citizens of a self-governing community can gather a vast store of political courage by closely studying the ups and downs of Prussia under Frederick William III.

Scharnhorst now commenced to collect evidence throughout the army regarding the behavior of the principal officers during the late war. Seven generals were condemned to death for cowardice or treachery—but the King pardoned them all. The committee, in so far as the King was concerned, failed to punish the men whom it found guilty. But, nevertheless, it did a great good. It purged the army of much bad stuff, and when the war broke out again, in 1813, there were only two generals given commands out of the 143 who figured in 1806—and one of these generals was, of course, old Blücher.

Nothing but lack of money could have made these reforms possible. Napoleon cut down the Prussian army to 42,000 men, and the officers who had found places in the old army of 250,000 were now forced to look about elsewhere for work. Here was a capital excuse for getting rid of a large number of incapable men, and Scharnhorst was quick to discover merit in those who remained.

Prussian officers in general had treated their defeats with some philosophy so long as their pay continued and the hope of revenge was alive, but when the majority of them were turned adrift, and many of them had to earn their living

by hiring themselves out by the day, the matter assumed a more serious aspect. So great was the poverty among the peasants that in 1808 the government published a list of roots and herbs that would sustain life. The price of food was high, but the wages of labor low. The government had flooded the country with a vast amount of paper currency, which, before Jena, was accepted at par; but after the war so little confidence did Prussia induce that her currency had little more value than that of Jefferson Davis. General Boyen, in his memoirs, says that he could get only twenty-eight per cent. of the face value of a Prussian government bond in 1807, and that under the most favorable circumstances. Officials of every class had to be dismissed on the score of economy, and those that were retained had to accept reduced salaries. So poor was the country, and so black the prospect, that time-servers left the King, and thus made an opening for men who loved their country.

The King over and over again refused his sanction to a national militia with universal service. As we shall see, he dreaded it as a revolutionary measure. But Scharnhorst and Gneisenau never let the matter rest, and prepared the ground for it so thoroughly that when the King finally did give way, a nation in arms sprang up at his call as though by magic.

What Scharnhorst did accomplish with the committee was, however, most important. The principle was adopted that army promotion should be strictly the reward of merit—that nobles and commoners should be equally entitled to become officers. This seems a very easy law to pass, but in 1807 the bulk of the Prussian army regarded this measure as calculated to destroy every vestige of good in her corps of officers.

Another law was signed more willingly, namely, that the soldier should not be flogged for every offence, but should be treated humanely. This measure called forth universal condemnation amongst the old-school officers. They foresaw calamity. They could not understand how men could be kept in order without flogging them. Soldiers were flogged for every offence imaginable, and we have but too many witnesses to prove that officers of that day could treat their soldiers with cruelty equal to that which is chronicled in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Scharnhorst wished to make the army popular, and to do this he had to make it a career open to every citizen of good character. How could a lad be expected to enlist as a volunteer in an army where the privates were regarded as beasts and the officers as task-masters?

These two little measures were signed about one year from the Treaty of Tilsit. They were very simple measures indeed, but from them have come all the subsequent army reforms which placed Germany in a position to fight Napoleon in 1813, and to maintain herself as the first military nation down to our day. The German army is strong in so far as it is democratic and draws its support from the whole nation. In so far as it seeks to form an aristocracy of its own, it reverts to the dangerous position it occupied before Jena.

Since the King would hear nothing of universal service, and the army was not allowed to exceed 42,000, Scharnhorst set to work quietly discharging men as soon as they had learned their duties, and filling their places immediately by others. In this way he managed, every month, to turn five men out of every company. These were not, however, lost sight of. They were secretly looked after in their homes by officers who had been nominally retired, but actually drew small salaries, on the understanding that they should reside near the places where they were needed, and should drill these reserve soldiers from time to time.

Here was the simple method by which Prussia, under the very noses of Napoleon's spies, developed the reserve forces into a national militia capable of taking the field at a moment's notice, fully equipped and commanded. This could



GNEISENAU.

From the original plaster cast in the Rauch Museum in Berlin

never have been accomplished save under the pressure of the Napoleonic occupation, which roused amongst the people so much hatred against France that patriotism commenced to kindle where it had scarcely been known before. Scharnhorst had won the people's confidence. The soldier was no longer a despised creature; he had become a citizen representing German liberty. He was now as popular as he had before been shunned.

Prussia soon had all the well-drilled soldiers she needed, but had no money to pay for muskets, cannon, horses, ammunition, clothing, and the many costly things needed for an army. But Scharnhorst set to work methodically and persistently, and soon, little by little, the losses of the war began to be made good.

Pikes were seriously treated, and an infantry was drilled in their use so long as

no muskets could be got. We naturally recall Benjamin Franklin's suggestion that the American troops of his day be armed with bows and arrows rather than not go to war. Both measures emanated from men who believed that a people fighting for its independence cannot be conquered, whether its weapons be pikes, muskets, or bows and arrows. And, strange to say, the spirit of liberty in Germany was aroused first amongst the people who joined the national army created by Scharnhorst.

XI.

THE PRINCES OF GERMANY PAY COURT TO NAPOLEON AT ERFURT.

DIPLOMATIC history is wearisome as lawyers' briefs. We read and read, and always come around to where we started, for neither party is seeking justice, but justification.

Already on January 14, 1808, six months after embarking on the raft in the river Memel, Napoleon sent word to Alexander that he wanted to dismember Prussia still further—that "Silesia is the only compensation he can entertain" (Champagny to Caulaincourt).

On February 20th the Czar sent back word that his "honor" would not allow him to sacrifice Prussia any more. "*Ces gens là, those poor devils over there, keep writing to me, importuning me, driving me to despair.*" Thus Alexander referred to his dear friend the Prussian King as an importunate poor relative.

"They are not able to get a square meal; I am speaking literally. . . . You wish to take one of their provinces. Will you release them then from the war contributions they owe you? It is a ruined country."

We note here that Alexander knew the full extent of the misery he had inflicted upon his Prussian ally by deserting her at Tilsit. We shall see later that he objected to Napoleon's absorbing Silesia not because it would be unjust to Prussia, but because he feared Napoleon as a near neighbor. On February 2, 1808, Napoleon sent to his ambassador in St. Petersburg a letter which was spread in part before the Czar, and which gave him great pleasure. It is the only letter of Napoleon's on this matter that has come down to us, the reason being that this one was copied into the Russian archives, while the other papers of this embassy in

general were destroyed at Vilna in 1812 to prevent their falling into the hands of Prussia.

"Be sure to tell the Czar," writes the Corsican master of falsehood, "that everything that he wishes I also wish; that my system is inseparable from his; that we can never interfere with one another, because the earth is big enough for both."

As events proved, however, this earth was not big enough for both. Alexander wanted Roumania, and Napoleon wanted Silesia. Each thwarted the other's wish. Roumania has since achieved independence under a Hohenzollern, and Silesia has done the same.

Napoleon continued his tale of flattery by saying: "I am not far from contemplating an expedition to the East Indies and the partition of the Ottoman Empire. And for this purpose there should be an army of 20 to 25,000 Russians, 8 to 10,000 Austrians, and 35 to 40,000 French marched into Asia, and thence into India. Nothing could be easier than this expedition. It is quite clear that before this army reached the Euphrates, England would be seized with terror."

But Napoleon said he must have an interview with the Czar before deciding further. That is, Napoleon used the Indian scheme as a bait to draw the Czar to him, believing that when once together with him he could succeed in his plans for dismembering Prussia.

"If the Czar Alexander can come to Paris he will make me very happy; it will be the happiest day of my life. If he can come but half-way, place the dividers on the map, and take the half-way point between Petersburg and Paris. With energy and firmness, therefore, we will bring our two empires up to the highest level of grandeur. . . . What matters the rest?"

This is one of the most remarkable documents in history—the words of a man mad with success, who airily talks of dividing the world as thieves share their booty. Not one word in the letter breathes of justice, or any higher law than physical force. He encourages Alexander to conquer all Sweden, and not rest content with Finland alone.

Alexander was delighted with Napoleon's programme. Instead of indignantly protesting against the Frenchman's constant quartering of troops in Prussia, he wrote to him on March 13, 1808, a letter containing such words as these:

"Monsieur mon frère,—Your Majesty's letter of February second carries me back to the days of Tilsit, the memory of which will ever remain so tender to me. In reading it I seemed to be once more in the enjoyment of the hours that we passed together, and cannot sufficiently express to your Majesty the pleasure they gave me."

In reading this letter we must bear in mind that Alexander was at the same time protesting ardent affection for the Prussian King, at whose expense he and Napoleon had been enjoying themselves so fully.

"The views of your Majesty appear to me no less glorious than just," continued the Muscovite flatterer. "It has been reserved to a genius so lofty as yours to conceive so vast a plan. . . . I offer you an army for the expedition against India, and another to assist in seizing and holding the intermediate posts in Asia Minor."

"At the same time I am writing to the different commanders of my fleet to place themselves entirely at your Majesty's orders." In the midst of a few more bits of flattery, the Czar names Erfurt as the place of meeting Napoleon, *only two weeks'* journey from St. Petersburg. "I am looking forward to that meeting as to one of the happiest moments of my life!"

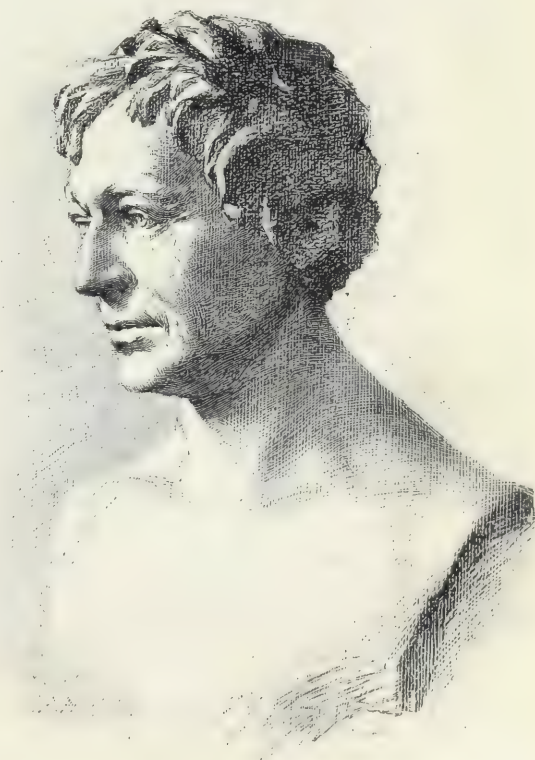
He adds the news that he has nearly conquered Finland—a peaceful country which never did him any harm—and says that "the moment cannot be distant when England too will have to bend the knee. And finally, my brother, I pray that God may have your Majesty in His holy and worthy keeping. Your Imperial Majesty's good brother, Alexander."

So these two imperial highwaymen started from their respective capitals to meet a second time. Erfurt has figured before in this story by reason of its nearness to Jena, and as the university town where Gneisenau studied, and subsequently entered the Austrian army as a lad of seventeen.

Napoleon went to Erfurt because he felt confident that he could gain control of Alexander through personal contact. He regarded the Russian as an impetuous and chivalrous nature, whom he could readily dazzle by dreams of Eastern conquest. And Alexander pretended to be dazzled. But under this pretence lurked a large amount of Oriental cunning, which was quite equal to anything of that nature provided by the Corsican.

Four full-fledged kings and several dozen princes, who were dependent upon Napoleon, also came to Erfurt, and made a very brilliant picture to look at. Napoleon ordered his theatre from Paris, and promised his actors a "parterre of kings." Those were wonderful days in Erfurt—a vast display of power for the purpose of dazzling Europe in general, and Alexander in particular.

A Prussian general who was officially present (Muffling, p. 25) records that one day Napoleon took Alexander to a grand



GENERAL SCHARNHORST.

After a photograph by the author from the bust by Rauch.

review near Erfurt, the troops parading being such as were returning to France from the battle-fields of East Prussia:

"Arrived on the field, Napoleon put spurs to his gray and galloped down the front, leaving the Czar to follow on a Napoleonic horse with much the appearance of an adjutant.

"When the regiment was massed, Napoleon called out, 'Les braves en avant!'—the brave men step forward—at which a number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates came out of the line and formed a semicircle.

"Napoleon dismounted, and invited the

Czar to stand at his right. On his left stood the Prince of Neuchâtel with a notebook. The remainder of the semicircle was closed by the princes and their suites.

"The regimental commander called each one by name, and presented him separately to Napoleon, who thereupon asked him where and in what manner he had distinguished himself."

Now the particular regiment selected had distinguished itself mainly by killing a great many of Alexander's subjects at Friedland. This one had killed three Russians with his own sword, that one had captured a Russian flag, the other had driven a Russian battalion into the river and seen them drown, and so on through a list of glorious deeds at the expense of Russians. The Czar had to listen to all this with the air of one who rather enjoyed it, but he remembered this in 1812, while his Cossacks were pursuing half-frozen Frenchmen from the Beresina to the Memel.

"To the honor of Frenchmen," wrote the Prussian general who was present, "many of them showed that they did not approve of their master's behavior."

It is indeed strange that Napoleon, with all his cleverness in diplomacy, should have been guilty of several conspicuous acts of tactless brutality such as the one above recorded—brutality by which he lost very much, and gained nothing that he did not possess before.

For instance, during these Erfurt days he invited his royal guests to shoot hares with him over the battle-field of Jena. His guests were mainly German princes, and not men of much character, to be sure. But yet many of them were bound with ties of kinship to such as had suffered on that battle-field two years before—and, after all, he was in Germany, and that field had been strewn with German corpses. And yet, which was most strange, that Napoleon should have indulged in such sport, or that German princes should have shared it with such a man in such a place?

It was on the 7th of October that Napoleon drove to Jena in 1808. The battle had been fought October 14, 1806. On the hare-hunting occasion his host was the Duke of Weimar, who had been a general in the Prussian army on the day of battle. On this occasion he begged the French Emperor's permission to change the name of Landgrafenberg into Napo-

leonberg—Napoleon Hill—for on that hill Napoleon had killed most of the Prussians who fell on the dreadful October 14th.

In driving to this field Napoleon took with him in the same carriage a brother of the Prussian King, Prince William. This was a refinement of cruelty superior to what he had practised on the Czar. Oddly enough, it was this that saved Napoleon's life in 1808.

Two Prussian students were awaiting the carriage of the French oppressor in the road leading from Weimar to Jena. They had armed themselves with short blunderbusses, were well mounted, and had arranged to ride close up to Napoleon and kill him. But when the carriage came in view, and they saw the brother of their King in it, their purpose gave way, and Napoleon escaped.

And yet, in the eyes of Prussia, who was the more deserving of punishment, Napoleon, who fought, conquered, and oppressed a warlike nation, or the prince of that nation who, in the midst of that oppression, goes out for a day's shooting over the battle-field where German liberty was lost?

Napoleon was such a bad shot, however, that he nearly accomplished with his own hands what the student assassins shrank from. When the game was driven at him he fired right and left, without reference to whether he might hit a king, a rabbit, or a field-marshal. Luckily for his suite, they had been provided with rifle-pits, into which they carefully shrunk themselves when their master pointed his gun in that direction.

When the day's sport was over, and it was reported that none of the guests had been killed or wounded, the master of ceremonies gave a sigh of happiness, and said, "God be thanked for His mercy!"

When young Gneisenau was a student, Erfurt was a town of the German Empire, garrisoned by Austrian troops. After Jena it received a French garrison, and therefore in 1808 Napoleon was entertaining the princes of Europe within his own territories, and at the very centre of Germany.

Such as have studied Napoleon closely will have noted the gradual assumption by him of attributes belonging to an emperor whose pretensions reached out far beyond France. On taking the imperial crown, in 1804, he at once set about

copying closely everything that could revive in his person the traditions of Charlemagne. In Erfurt he was therefore not merely Emperor of France, but Emperor of the Germans as well.

He called to him from neighboring Weimar Germany's great poet Goethe, and accorded him an audience longer and more intimate than he had vouchsafed to many a royal suppliant. He invited him to Paris, and mapped out for him new fields for literary effort. For instance, he told Goethe that the character of Cæsar had not yet been properly done for the stage; that the poet should show the world how happy it might have been had Cæsar lived to carry out his vast plans. In other words, Monsieur de Gueute, as Napoleon pronounced him, was invited to assure his German readers that Napoleon was doing the very best thing for Europe by ruling it after his own fashion, and that for any nation to take up arms against France was more than folly—it was rebellion and treason.

Goethe sneered at German patriotism from an honest belief that Napoleon was right and invincible. He may have commenced his tragedy of Cæsar on the Napoleonic plan; but if he did, he probably felt ashamed of himself when its great prototype melted away with his army and his imperial pretensions.

Napoleon knew that Weimar was called the German Athens, and out of compliment to this sentiment allowed his Parisian players to give there a performance of Voltaire's *Cæsar*. This play was forbidden in Paris, but could do no harm in Germany, thought Napoleon, who was fond of saying that Germans were always contented if they had a cellar full of potatoes. At the end of the first act these words are in the mouth of Cæsar, and were pointedly spoken by the great Talma:

"Allons, n'écoutez point ni soupçons ni vengeance,
Sur l'univers soumis régnons sans violence."

These words, spoken to German princes at the centre of Germany in 1808, might be expected to have recalled the murder of John Palm, of Nuremberg, and the daily acts of violence towards Prussia. But no. The audience rose as one man, and these German princes gave their master a round of applause.



FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

The history of these days is so crowded with the dramatic doings of monarchs of all degrees that we are in danger of forgetting that there lived at that time in Germany many millions of educated and patriotic citizens who did not rise to applaud the conqueror who held his iron heel on the neck of their country. They heard about the doings at Erfurt as honest people hear of vast fortunes acquired by rogues—as something permitted by an inscrutable Providence, but in no way to be regarded as part of the divine scheme.

In every hamlet of Germany children were being trained to prepare for the coming struggle, which was to determine not merely whether Germans are one people, but also whether they were to be led like sheep by princes who had made

patriotism a term too vulgar for courtly ears.

Nor did the people of Germany know a tithe of their shame. In this year their kinsmen in Austria were arming in defence of their independence, and Prussians clamored for the right to help them against the common enemy. One Prussian nobleman went so far as to publish his opinion that a nation had a right to fight for independence even without the consent of the monarch. He was promptly sent to jail.

Germans did not then know, and could not imagine it possible, that their King had pledged Napoleon not only that Prussians should henceforward be obedient to his will, but that in the coming war against their own flesh and blood on the Danube they should furnish an army of 16,000 mercenaries.

The first time that I visited Erfurt it was crowded with the wreck of the French army of the Second Empire. That was 1870. Twenty years later I was again there. A German emperor was entertaining German princes, and a German army was being inspected. But the German princes had become servants to a German constitution, and the German army was the German people.

XII.

THE FIRST BREATH OF LIBERTY IN PRUSSIA.—1807.

IN the winter of 1807 and 1808 Prussia passed through a revolution quite as refreshing as that of France in 1789, but without shedding one drop of blood. Those few months brought about political reforms which are a blessing in Germany to-day, and which cause every lover of liberty to honor the name of Stein.

This great man was not Prussian, but from the Rhine province of Nassau. He was an aristocrat, a free baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and he hated shams. Like Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and Blücher and Hardenberg, and many another "foreigner," he had made himself Prussian because he believed in her as the chief state of Germany, and as the one destined to be the nucleus of the great German Empire.

In January of 1807, after Jena, but before Tilsit, the King dismissed Stein from the Prussian service in these words:

".... I was not mistaken in you at the beginning.... You are to be regarded as

a refractory, insolent, obstinate, and disobedient official; who, proud of his genius and talent, far from regarding the good of the state, is guided purely by caprice, acts from passion, and from personal hatred and rancor."

These words were as unjust to Stein as they would have been had they been sent by the Continental Congress to Washington or Franklin.

Stein was not given even a formal letter of dismissal. He met this violent explosion of temper by a reply of cold defiance, packed up his trunk, and went back to his estate on the Rhine.

The King was a Hohenzollern through and through, painstaking and proud, believing in the patriarchal form of government, and dreading nothing so much as an organized public sentiment. He wished Stein to help him, for he had need of help. But Stein would not accept the post of Prime Minister unless the King dismissed many courtiers whom the rugged statesman justly regarded as harmful to the public service. And so Stein left the Prussian service, presumably for good.

But in less than six months, immediately after signing the shameful treaty of Tilsit, this same King was so besieged by the importunities of Queen Luise and the best of his court that he begged Stein to return and take charge of Prussia according to his own terms.

We of to-day readily see the reasons why the King should recall his excellent minister, but none the less it must be reckoned as the noblest moment in the life of Frederick William III. when he took the step which publicly acknowledged the wrong he had done, and which showed that he could sacrifice personal feelings to the welfare of his country.

The King did not like Stein. He had never done so. Stein helped to prepare and send to the King, before Jena, a document protesting against the King's manner of governing. Stein believed in having the people represented in Parliament, and advocated all manner of reforms which the King deemed revolutionary.

Then, too, the King had been used to pliant and polite servants, who never contradicted, and never expressed opinions opposed to those of their master. Stein, on the contrary, found very little to praise in the King's propositions, and very many things which he severely censured. But though the King disliked



DESPATCHES FOR ENGLAND.

Stein, as he disliked other great men of his time, he still came to respect his talent and honesty and patriotism, and surrendered to him powers of almost unlimited extent.

Queen Luise was the most eager to get Stein once more at the head of affairs, for she had an instinctive appreciation for strong men. She wrote impatiently to a dear friend:

"O God! why hast thou forsaken us? Where is Stein? He is my last hope. He has a great heart; a mind to grasp everything; he may find the means of deliverance that are concealed from us."

On the last day of September, 1807, Stein reached Memel. The letter from the King had taken one month in reaching him; he was ill in bed with fever, but immediately prepared to obey its summons. He did not bargain or place conditions; he felt that his country needed him, and that was enough.

But what could possibly cause Queen Luise to write in so desperate a strain? Had not Napoleon made peace? Was not Prussia once more a sovereign state?

Stein found matters much worse than he had feared. Nominally he had merely to raise a large war indemnity. But practically he found that this sum was

vastly larger than what Prussia could possibly pay. While Stein was hurrying from Nassau to Memel, a letter from Napoleon was on its way to Daru, his agent in Berlin, saying:

"My *sine qua non* is, first, 150 million francs; secondly, payment in valuable commercial goods; and if that is impossible, and I must content myself with the King's promissory notes, it is my intention to hold the places Stettin, Glogau, and Küstrin, with 6000 men as a garrison in each of them, until these bills are fully met. And as these 18,000 men would occasion me additional expense, it is my intention that the expenses of pay, provision, dress, and board of these 18,000 men should be charged to the King. . . . The King of Prussia has no need to keep up an army; he is not at war with any one. . . ."

Napoleon then went on to say that in case these conditions were not complied with he would not withdraw his troops from Prussia.

Now King Frederick William believed at that time that if he could but raise 150,000,000 francs, say thirty million dollars, his troubles would be at an end, the French would retire quietly, and he might then have no more serious task than paying interest on his national debt.

But we know now what he did not know then. Napoleon did not mean that this indemnity should be completely paid; but he did mean to keep Prussia in a state verging upon bankruptcy until such time as he could arrange to incorporate it as a vassal of France.

At that time he had 157,000 troops in Prussia; add to that the 18,000 for the three fortresses, and we have 175,000 French soldiers as a perpetual charge upon a state whose total population was barely five millions.

One naturally asks, why did not Napoleon make an end of Prussia at once, since he treated her as a conquered province? He certainly would have done so had he not feared to lose thereby the friendship of the Russian Czar. That Czar cared little for Frederick William, but he had a keen distrust of Napoleon, and insisted that Prussia should remain between them as a buffer.

Stein now had one of those grand opportunities which come so seldom in the lives of great men. The King admitted that he was unequal to the task of saving his country—the country must save itself. Stein enjoyed in these days such powers as no Prussian minister before or since has ever had. His King was in desperate straits, and was prepared for heroic remedies.

Stein turned his attention first to the millions of acres of public land belonging to the King's treasury. Here was a source of great wealth. The land must be sold, he said, and the proceeds applied to paying Napoleon.

On October 9, 1807, Stein made the King of Prussia sign a law which primarily was framed for the purpose of facilitating the transfer of land, but which ultimately abolished, once and forever, the feudal system of serfdom.

Before this date the Prussian subject was almost a slave. He was forbidden to move about from place to place, or to change his occupation. The peasant belonged to the soil, and was forced to perform services for the lord of the manor, who had magisterial powers almost unlimited.

Stein abolished slavery in Prussia. His next step was to make his freemen fit for citizenship. He made the King sign other bills which recognized the principle of local self-government as applied to the counties or provinces of Prus-

sia; and, above all, he made the towns of Prussia centres of constitutional liberty.

It is very hard for us to picture to ourselves a state of society such as Germany presented before Stein set his country free. The King governed through a host of paid officials who had no further interest than to keep order and earn their pensions. The German of that day knew nothing of what his government proposed until he read of it in an official proclamation. He could take no interest in public affairs, and was consequently indifferent to political changes.

King Frederick William III. made his people free because he needed money, and because free people can produce more than slaves. Towns, villages, and county conventions vied with one another in voting to their distressed King money which slaves could never have brought together. From every hamlet of Prussia came a warm response to the King's words of trust, and for the first time in the history of the Prussian monarchy the plain people were consulted as to the best means of saving their country from extinction.

Stein's memorable leadership lasted barely more than a year. In September of 1808 Napoleon discovered that he was a patriotic Prussian, and promptly ordered him dismissed from the public service of his country. His King accordingly dismissed him in November, and in December, 1808, Napoleon declared him a criminal, and forced him to fly for his life.

Such was the hard career of the greatest benefactor Germany has had since Martin Luther. His reforms have been a blessing to his country from the day of their proclamation. He is the author of civil liberty in Germany; he was preparing the way for a national Prussian constitution when he was dismissed; and his guiding ambition to the day of his death was to see all Germany united under a federal constitution headed by a German Emperor.

The revolution which Stein accomplished has no parallel in modern history, if we take into account the vast change which it effected and the happy results which have followed. The liberation of the negro in 1863, the emancipation of the Russian serf, the Japanese revolution of 1868, and, above all, the great French Revolution—these immediately spring to our memory. But none of

them effected such sweeping results, or left so few mischievous traces behind.

Stein had no mass-meetings, no newspapers, no conventions, no party politicians, none of the modern machinery associated with a reform bill. He was not even sustained by the knowledge that any considerable number of his fellow-countrymen cared about what he was doing.

The great German revolution of 1807 was prepared and completed in a thoroughly businesslike way. Practical men of affairs were consulted; experts were summoned to give evidence; and when Stein finally called upon his King for the royal signature he had in his hands a bill prepared on strictly businesslike lines, and not mutilated by the conflicting demands of political party leaders. This bill, that gave Germans their first taste of constitutional government, was adopted much as though it had been a change of time-table submitted to the directors of a modern railway company.

Those who can recall the many years of popular agitation which preceded the English reform bills, the adoption of free trade, the emancipation of our negroes, or any other measure affecting the pecuniary interests of a large class, can readily imagine the strong opposition Stein had to encounter in 1807, when he came to fight against the whole of the

Prussian landed aristocracy. These besieged the King with petitions; they intrigued at court; they accused Stein of being revolutionary; they predicted the ruin of the Prussian monarchy. And, moreover, they used the very arguments which carried weight with a King who detested democracy and innovation.

But, fortunately for Germany, the pressure of Napoleon was an argument stronger than any which Stein's enemies could bring forward. And the Germans who glory in their constitutional liberty should be grateful, not merely to the great Stein, but also to the greedy Corsican, who forced the King of Prussia into such straits that he could choose only between ruin and reform.

We shall see more of Stein in coming years. He passed for the moment into exile. But, though twice in two consecutive years dismissed from the Prussian service, he remained the centre of all German hope of liberty. He kept in touch with the patriots, and fanned the hatred of Napoleon into a flame that was soon to burst out with unexpected power. He was one with Scharnhorst and Gneisenau in preaching that every school should train up German children in the feeling that no education was worth anything that did not lead directly to liberating the fatherland from the domination of France.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

PART II.

CHAPTER XII.

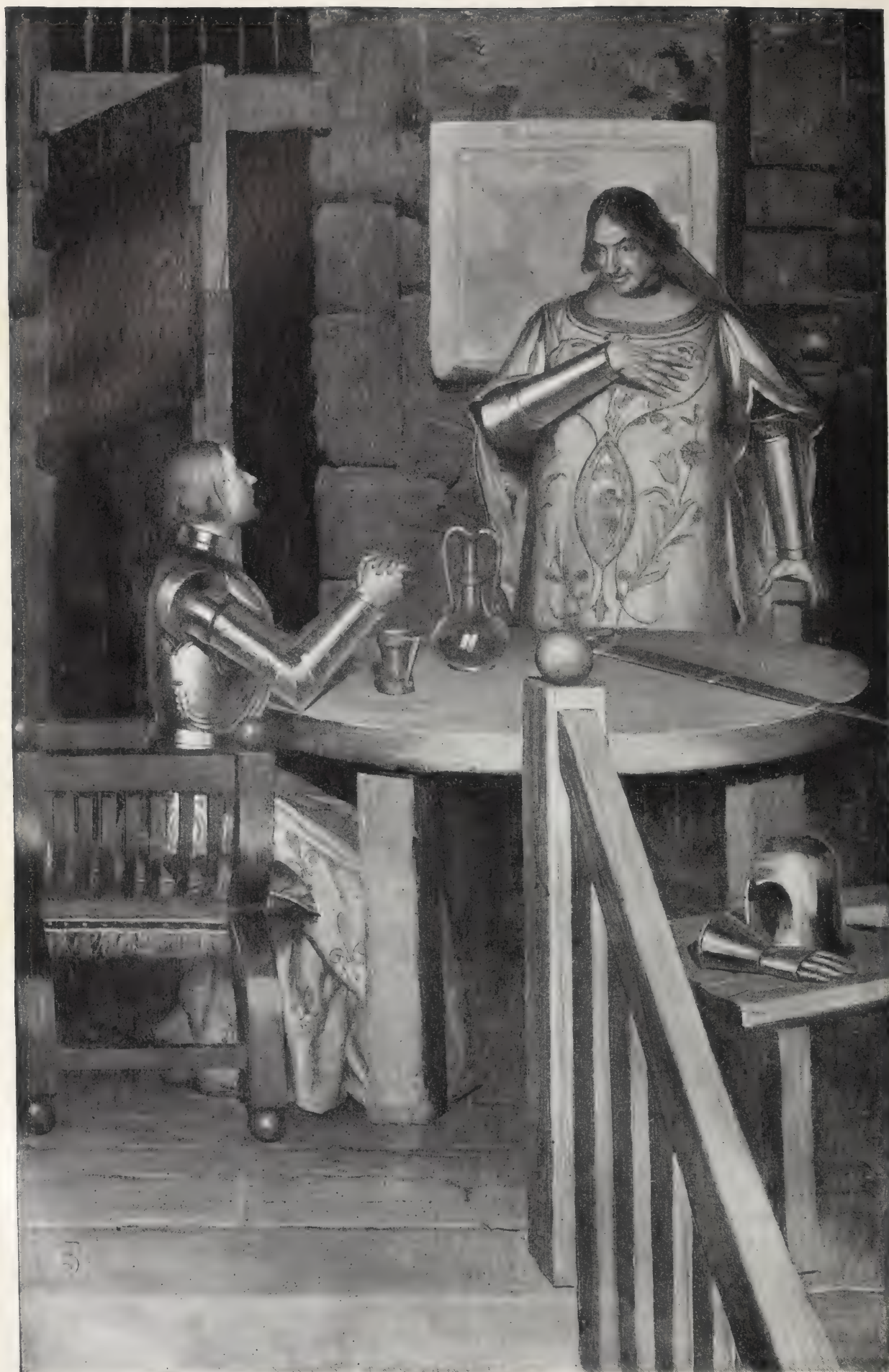
WE were at Blois three days. Oh, that camp, it is one of the treasures of my memory! Order? There was no more order among those brigands than there is among the wolves and the hyenas. They went roaring and drinking about, whooping, shouting, swearing, and entertaining themselves with all manner of rude and riotous horse-play; and the place was full of loud and lewd women, and they were no whit behind the men for romps and noise and fantasies.

It was in the midst of this wild mob that Noël and I had our first glimpse of

La Hire. He answered to our dearest dreams. He was of great size and of martial bearing, he was cased in mail from head to heel, with a bushel of swishing plumes on his helmet, and at his side the vast sword of the time.

He was on his way to pay his respects in state to Joan, and as he passed through the camp he was restoring order, and proclaiming that the Maid was come, and he would have no such spectacle as this exposed to the head of the army. His way of creating order was his own, not borrowed. He did it with his great fists. As he moved along swearing and admonishing, he let drive this way, that way, and

* Begun in April number, 1895.



JOAN AND LA HIRE.

the other, and wherever his blow landed, a man went down.

"Damn you!" he said, "staggering and cursing around like this, and the Commander-in-Chief in the camp! Straighten up!" and he laid the man flat. What his idea of straightening up was, was his own secret.

We followed the veteran to headquarters, listening, observing, admiring—yes, devouring, you may say, the pet hero of the boys of France from our cradles up to that happy day, and their idol and ours. I called to mind how Joan had once rebuked the Paladin, there in the pastures of Domremy, for uttering lightly those mighty names, La Hire and the Bastard of Orleans, and how she said that if she could but be permitted to stand afar off and let her eyes rest once upon those great men, she would hold it a privilege. They were to her and the other girls just what they were to the boys. Well, here was one of them, at last—and what was his errand? It was hard to realize it, and yet it was true; he was coming to uncover his head before her and take her orders.

While he was quieting a considerable group of his brigands in his soothing way, near headquarters, we stepped on ahead and got a glimpse of Joan's military family, the great chiefs of the army, for they had all arrived now. There they were, six officers of wide renown, handsome men in beautiful armor, but the Lord High Admiral of France was the handsomest of them all and had the most gallant bearing.

When La Hire entered, one could see the surprise in his face at Joan's beauty and extreme youth, and one could see, too, by Joan's glad smile, that it made her happy to get sight of this hero of her childhood at last. La Hire bowed low, with his helmet in his gauntleted hand, and made a bluff but handsome little speech with hardly an oath in it, and one could see that those two took to each other on the spot.

The visit of ceremony was soon over, and the others went away; but La Hire staid, and he and Joan sat there, and he sipped her wine, and they talked and laughed together like old friends. And presently she gave him some instructions, in his quality as master of the camp, which made his breath stand still. For, to begin with, she said that all those loose women must

pack out of the place at once, she wouldn't allow one of them to remain. Next, the rough carousing must stop, drinking must be brought within proper and strictly defined limits, and discipline must take the place of disorder. And finally she climaxed the list of surprises with this—which nearly lifted him out of his armor:

"Every man who joins my standard must confess before the priest and absolve himself from sin; and all accepted recruits must be present at divine service twice a day."

La Hire could not say a word for a good part of a minute, then he said, in deep dejection:

"Oh, sweet child, they were littered in hell, these poor darlings of mine! Attend mass? Why, dear heart, they'll see us both damned first!"

And he went on, pouring out a most pathetic stream of arguments and blasphemy, which broke Joan all up, and made her laugh as she had not laughed since she played in the Domremy pastures. It was good to hear.

But she stuck to her point; so the soldier yielded, and said all right, if such were the orders he must obey, and would do the best that was in him; then he refreshed himself with a lurid explosion of oaths, and said that if any man in the camp refused to renounce sin and lead a pious life, he would knock his head off. That started Joan off again: she was really having a good time, you see. But she would not consent to that form of conversions. She said they must be voluntary.

La Hire said that that was all right, he wasn't going to kill the voluntary ones, but only the others.

No matter, none of them must be killed—Joan couldn't have it. She said that to give a man a chance to volunteer, on pain of death if he didn't, left him more or less trammelled, and she wanted him to be entirely free.

So the soldier sighed and said he would advertise the mass, but said he doubted if there was a man in camp that was any more likely to go to it than he was himself. Then there was another surprise for him, for Joan said—

"But dear man, *you* are going!"

"I? Impossible! Oh, this is lunacy!"

"Oh no, it isn't. You are going to the service—twice a day."

"Oh, am I dreaming? Am I drunk—

or is my hearing playing me false? Why, I would rather go to—"

"Never mind where! In the morning you are going to begin, and after that it will come easy. Now *don't* look down-hearted like that. Soon you won't mind it."

La Hire tried to cheer up, but he was not able to do it. He sighed like a zephyr, and presently said—

"Well, I'll do it for you, but before I would do it for another, I swear I—"

"But don't swear! Break it off!"

"Break it off? It is impossible! I beg you to—to— Why—oh, my General, it is my native speech!"

He begged so hard for grace for his impediment, that Joan left him one fragment of it; she said he might swear by his bâton, the symbol of his generalship.

He promised that he would swear only by his bâton when in her presence, and would try to modify himself elsewhere, but doubted if he could manage it, now that it was so old and stubborn a habit, and such a solace and support to his declining years.

That tough old lion went away from there a good deal tamed and civilized—not to say softened and sweetened, for perhaps those expressions would hardly fit him. Noël and I believed that when he was away from Joan's influence his old aversions would come up so strong in him that he could not master them, and so wouldn't go to mass. But we got up early in the morning to see.

Well, he really went. It was hardly believable, but there he was, striding along, holding himself grimly to his duty, and looking as pious as he could, but growling and cursing like a fiend. It was another instance of the same old thing: whoever listened to the voice and looked into the eyes of Joan of Arc fell under a spell, and was not his own man any more.

Satan was converted, you see. Well, the rest followed. Joan rode up and down that camp, and wherever that fair young form appeared in its shining armor, with that sweet face to grace the vision and perfect it, the rude host seemed to think they saw the god of war in person, descended out of the clouds; and first they wondered, then they worshipped. After that, she could do with them what she would.

In three days it was a clean camp and orderly, and those barbarians were herd-

ing to divine service twice a day like good children. The women were gone. La Hire was stunned by these marvels; he could not understand them. He went outside the camp when he wanted to swear. He was that sort of a man—sinful by nature and habit, but full of superstitious respect for holy places.

The enthusiasm of the reformed army for Joan, its devotion to her, and the hot desire she had aroused in it to be led against the enemy, exceeded any manifestations of this sort which La Hire had ever seen before in his long career. His admiration of it all, and his wonder over the mystery and miracle of it, were beyond his power to put into words. He had held this army cheap before, but his pride and confidence in it knew no limits now. He said—

"Two or three days ago it was afraid of a hen-roost; one could storm the gates of hell with it now."

Joan and he were inseparable, and a quaint and pleasant contrast they made. He was so big, she so little; he was so gray and so far along in his pilgrimage of life, she so youthful; his face was so bronzed and scarred, hers so fair and pink, so fresh and smooth; she was so gracious, and he so stern; she was so pure, so innocent, he such a cyclopædia of sin. In her eye was stored all charity and compassion, in his lightnings; when her glance fell upon you it seemed to bring benediction and the peace of God, but with his it was different, generally.

They rode through the camp a dozen times a day, visiting every corner of it, observing, inspecting, perfecting; and wherever they appeared the enthusiasm broke forth. They rode side by side, he a great figure of brawn and muscle, she a little master-work of roundness and grace; he a fortress of rusty iron, she a shining statuette of silver; and when the reformed raiders and bandits caught sight of them they spoke out, with affection and welcome in their voices, and said—

"There they come—Satan and the Page of Christ!"

All the three days that we were in Blois, Joan worked earnestly and tirelessly to bring La Hire to God—to rescue him from the bondage of sin—to breathe into his stormy heart the serenity and peace of religion. She urged, she begged, she implored him to pray. He stood out, the three days of our stay, begging almost

piteously to be let off—to be let off from just that one thing, that impossible thing; he would do anything else—anything—command, and he would obey—he would go through the fire for her if she said the word—but spare him this, only this, for he couldn't pray, had never prayed, he was ignorant of how to frame a prayer, he had no words to put it in.

And yet—can any believe it?—she carried even that point, she won that incredible victory. She made La Hire pray. It shows, I think, that nothing was impossible to Joan of Arc. Yes, he stood there before her and put up his mailed hands and made a prayer. And it was not borrowed, but was his very own; he had none to help him frame it, he made it out of his own head—saying:

“Fair Sir God, I pray you to do by La Hire as he would do by you if you were La Hire and he were God.”*

Then he put on his helmet and marched out of Joan's tent as satisfied with himself as any one might be who has arranged a perplexed and difficult business to the content and admiration of all the parties concerned in the matter.

If I had known that he had been praying, I could have understood why he was feeling so superior, but of course I could not know that.

I was going to the tent at that moment, and saw him come out, and saw him march away in that large fashion, and indeed it was fine and beautiful to see. But when I got to the tent door I stopped and stepped back, grieved and shocked, for I heard Joan crying, as I mistakenly thought—crying as if she could not contain nor endure the anguish of her soul, crying as if she would die. But it was not so, she was laughing—laughing at La Hire's prayer.

It was not until six-and-thirty years afterward that I found that out, and then—oh, then I only cried when that picture of young care-free mirth rose before me out of the blur and mists of that long-vanished time; for there had come a day between, when God's good gift of laughter had gone out from me to come again no more in this life.

* This prayer has been stolen many times and by many nations in the past four hundred and sixty years, but it originated with La Hire, and the fact is of official record in the National Archives of France. We have the authority of Michelet for this.—TRANSLATOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE marched out in great strength and splendor, and took the road toward Orleans. The initial part of Joan's great dream was realizing itself at last. It was the first time that any of us youngsters had ever seen an army, and it was a most stately and imposing spectacle to us. It was indeed an inspiring sight, that interminable column, stretching away into the fading distances, and curving itself in and out of the crookedness of the road like a mighty serpent. Joan rode at the head of it with her personal staff; then came a body of priests singing the *Veni Creator*, the banner of the Cross rising out of their midst; after these the glinting forest of spears. The several divisions were commanded by the great Armagnac generals, La Hire, the Marshal de Boussac, the Sire de Retz, Florent d'Illiers, and Poton de Saintrailles.

Each in his degree was tough, and there were three degrees—tough, tougher, toughest—and La Hire was the last by a shade, but only a shade. They were just illustrious official brigands, the whole party; and by long habits of lawlessness they had lost all acquaintanceship with obedience, if they had ever had any.

The King's strict orders to them had been, “Obey the General-in-Chief in everything; attempt nothing without her knowledge, do nothing without her command.”

But what was the good of saying that? These independent birds knew no law. They seldom obeyed the King; they never obeyed him when it didn't suit them to do it. Would they obey the Maid? In the first place they wouldn't know *how* to obey her or anybody else, and in the second place it was of course not possible for them to take her military character seriously—that country girl of seventeen who had been trained for the complex and terrible business of war—how? By tending sheep.

They had no idea of obeying her except in cases where their veteran military knowledge and experience showed them that the thing she required was sound and right when gauged by the regular military standards. Were they to blame for this attitude? I should think not. Old war-worn captains are hard-headed, practical men. They do not easily believe in the ability of ignorant children

to plan campaigns and command armies. No general that ever lived could have taken Joan seriously (militarily) before she raised the siege of Orleans and followed it with the great campaign of the Loire.

Did they consider Joan valueless? Far from it. They valued her as the fruitful earth values the sun—they fully believed she could produce the crop, but that it was in their line of business, not hers, to take it off. They had a deep and superstitious reverence for her as being endowed with a mysterious supernatural something that was able to do a mighty thing which they were powerless to do—blow the breath of life and valor into the dead corpses of cowed armies and turn them into heroes.

To their minds they were everything *with* her, but nothing without her. She could inspire the soldiers and fit them for battle—but fight the battle herself? Oh, nonsense—that was their function. They, the generals, would fight the battles, Joan would give the victory. That was their idea—an unconscious paraphrase of Joan's reply to the Dominican.

So they began by playing a deception upon her. She had a clear idea of how she meant to proceed. It was her purpose to march boldly upon Orleans by the north bank of the Loire. She gave that order to her generals. They said to themselves, "The idea is insane—it is blunder No. 1; it is what might have been expected of this child who is ignorant of war." They privately sent the word to the Bastard of Orleans. He also recognized the insanity of it, and privately advised the generals to get around the order in some way.

They did it by deceiving Joan. She trusted those people, she was not expecting this sort of treatment, and was not on the lookout for it. It was a lesson to her; she saw to it that the game was not played a second time.

Why was Joan's idea insane, from the generals' point of view, but not from hers? Because her plan was to raise the siege immediately, by fighting, while theirs was to besiege the besiegers and starve them out by closing their communications—a plan which would require months in the consummation.

The English had built a fence of strong fortresses called bastilles around Orleans—fortresses which closed all the gates of

the city but one. To the French generals the idea of trying to fight their way past those fortresses and lead the army into Orleans was preposterous; they believed that the result would be the army's destruction. One may not doubt that their opinion was militarily sound—no, *would* have been, but for one circumstance which they overlooked. That was this: the English soldiers were in a demoralized condition of superstitious terror; they had become satisfied that the Maid was in league with Satan. By reason of this a good deal of their courage had oozed out and vanished. On the other hand the Maid's soldiers were full of courage, enthusiasm, and zeal.

Joan could have marched by the English forts. However, it was not to be. She had been cheated out of her first chance to strike a heavy blow for her country.

In camp that night she slept in her armor on the ground. It was a cold night, and she was nearly as stiff as her armor itself when we resumed the march in the morning, for iron is not good material for a blanket. However, her joy in being now so far on her way to the theatre of her mission was fire enough to warm her, and it soon did it.

Her enthusiasm and impatience rose higher and higher with every mile of progress; but at last we reached Olivet, and down it went, and indignation took its place. For she saw the trick that had been played upon her—the river lay between us and Orleans!

She was for attacking one of the three bastilles that were on our side of the river and forcing access to the bridge which it guarded (a project which, if successful, would raise the siege instantly), but the long-ingrained fear of the English came upon her generals and they implored her not to make the attempt. The soldiers wanted to attack, but had to suffer disappointment. So we moved on and came to a halt at a point opposite Chécy, six miles above Orleans.

Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, with a body of knights and citizens, came up from the city to welcome Joan. Joan was still burning with resentment over the trick that had been put upon her, and was not in the mood for soft speeches, even to revered military idols of her childhood. She said—

"Are you the Bastard of Orleans?"

"Yes, I am he, and am right glad of your coming."

"And did you advise that I be brought by this side of the river instead of straight to Talbot and the English?"

Her high manner abashed him and he was not able to answer with anything like a confident promptness, but with many hesitations and partial excuses he managed to get out the confession that for what he and the council had regarded as imperative military reasons they had so advised.

"In God's name," said Joan, "my Lord's counsel is safer and wiser than yours. You thought to deceive me, but you have deceived yourselves, for I bring you the best help that ever knight or city had; for it is God's help, not sent for love of me, but by God's pleasure. At the prayer of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne He has had pity on Orleans, and will not suffer the enemy to have both the Duke of Orleans and his city. The provisions to save the starving people are here, the boats are below the city, the wind is contrary, they cannot come up hither. Now then tell me, in God's name, you who are so wise, what that council of yours was thinking about, to invent this foolish difficulty."

Dunois and the rest fumbled around the matter a moment, then gave in and conceded that a blunder had been made.

"Yes, a blunder has been made," said Joan, "and except God take your proper work upon Himself and change the wind and correct your blunder for you, there is none else that can devise a remedy."

Some of those people began to perceive that with all her technical ignorance she had practical good sense, and that with all her native sweetness and charm she was not the right kind of a person to play with.

Presently God did take the blunder in hand, and by His grace the wind did change. So the fleet of boats came up and went away loaded with provisions and cattle, and conveyed that welcome succor to the hungry city, managing the matter successfully under protection of a sortie from the walls against the bastille of St. Loup. Then Joan began on the Bastard again:

"You see here the army?"

"Yes."

"It is here on this side by advice of your council?"

"Yes."

"Now, in God's name, can that wise council explain why it is better to have it here than it would be to have it in the bottom of the sea?"

Dunois made some wandering attempts to explain the inexplicable and excuse the inexcusable, but Joan cut him short and said—

"Answer me this, good sir—has the army any value on this side of the river?"

The Bastard confessed that it hadn't—that is, in view of the plan of campaign which she had devised and decreed.

"And yet, knowing this, you had the hardihood to disobey my orders. Since the army's place is on the other side, will you explain to me how it is to get there?"

The whole size of the needless muddle was apparent. Evasions were of no use, therefore Dunois admitted that there was no way to correct the blunder but to send the army all the way back to Blois, and let it begin over again and come up on the other side this time, according to Joan's original plan.

Any other girl, after winning such a triumph as this over a veteran soldier of old renown, might have exulted a little and been excusable for it, but Joan showed no disposition of this sort. She dropped a word or two of grief over the precious time that must be lost, then began at once to issue commands for the march back. She sorrowed to see her army go; for she said its heart was great and its enthusiasm high, and that with it at her back she did not fear to face all the might of England.

All arrangements having been completed for the return of the main body of the army, she took the Bastard and La Hire and a thousand men and went down to Orleans, where all the town was in a fever of impatience to have sight of her face. It was eight in the evening when she and the troops rode in at the Burgundy gate, with the Paladin preceding her with her standard. She was riding a white horse, and she carried in her hand the sacred sword of Fierbois. You should have seen Orleans then. What a picture it was!

Such black seas of people, such a starry firmament of torches, such roaring whirlwinds of welcome, such booming of bells and thundering of cannon! It was as if the world was come to an end. Every-

where in the glare of the torches one saw rank upon rank of upturned white faces, the mouths wide open, shouting, and the unchecked tears running down; Joan forged her slow way through the solid masses, her mailed form projecting above the pavement of heads like a silver statue; the people about her struggled along, gazing up at her through their tears with the rapt look of men and women who believe they are seeing one who is divine; and always her feet were being kissed by grateful folk, and such as failed of that privilege touched her horse and then kissed their fingers.

Nothing that Joan did escaped notice; everything she did was commented upon and applauded. You could hear the remarks going all the time.

"There—she's smiling—see!"

"Now she's taking her little plumed cap off to somebody—ah, it's fine and graceful!"

"She's patting that woman on the head with her gauntlet!"

"Oh, she was born on a horse—see her turn in her saddle, and kiss the hilt of her sword to the ladies in the window that threw the flowers down!"

"Now there's a poor woman lifting up a child—she's kissed it—oh, she's divine!"

"What a dainty little figure it is, and what a lovely face—and such color and animation!"

Joan's slender long banner streaming backward had an accident—the fringe caught fire from a torch. She leaned forward and crushed the flame in her hand.

"She's not afraid of fire nor anything!" they shouted, and delivered a storm of admiring applause that made everything quake.

She rode to the cathedral and gave thanks to God, and the people crammed the place and added their devotions to hers; then she took up her march again and picked her slow way through the crowds and the wilderness of torches to the house of Jacques Boucher, treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, where she was to be the guest of his wife as long as she staid in the city, and have his young daughter for comrade and roommate. The delirium of the people went on the rest of the night, and with it the clamor of the joy-bells and the welcoming canon.

Joan of Arc had stepped upon her stage at last, and was ready to begin.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHE was ready, but must sit down and wait until there was an army to work with.

Next morning, Saturday, April 30, 1429, she set about inquiring after the messenger who carried her proclamation to the English from Blois—the one which she had dictated at Poitiers. Here is a copy of it. It is a remarkable document, for several reasons: for its matter-of-fact directness; for its high spirit and forcible diction; and for its naïve confidence in her ability to achieve the prodigious task which she had laid upon herself, or which had been laid upon her—which you please. All through it you seem to see the poms of war and hear the rumbling of the drums. In it Joan's warrior soul is revealed, and for the moment the soft little shepherdess has disappeared from your view. This untaught country damsel, unused to dictating anything at all to anybody, much less documents of state to kings and generals, poured out this procession of vigorous sentences as fluently as if this sort of work had been her trade from childhood:

"JESUS MARIA.

"King of England, and you Duke of Bedford who call yourself Regent of France; William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk; and you Thomas Lord Scales, who style yourselves lieutenants of the said Bedford—do right to the King of Heaven. Render to the Maid who is sent by God, the keys of all the good towns you have taken and violated in France. She is sent hither by God to restore the blood royal. She is very ready to make peace if you will do her right by giving up France and paying for what you have held. And you archers, companions of war, noble and otherwise, who are before the good city of Orleans, begone into your own land in God's name, or expect news from the Maid, who will shortly go to see you to your very great hurt. King of England, if you do not so, I am chief of war, and wherever I shall find your people in France I will drive them out, willing or not willing, and if they do not obey I will slay them all, but if they obey, I will have them to mercy. I am come hither by God, the King of Heaven, body for body, to put you out of France, in spite of those who would work treason and mischief against the kingdom. Think not you shall ever hold the kingdom from the King of Heaven, the Son of the blessed Mary; King Charles shall hold it, for God wills it so, and has revealed it to him by the Maid. If you believe not the news sent

by God through the Maid, wherever we shall meet you we will strike boldly and make such a noise as has not been in France these thousand years. Be sure that God can send more strength to the Maid than you can bring to any assault against her and her good men-at-arms; and then we shall see who has the better right, the King of Heaven or you. Duke of Bedford, the Maid prays you not to bring about your own destruction. If you do her right, you may yet go in her company where the French shall do the finest deed that has ever been done in Christendom, and if you do not, you shall be reminded shortly of your great wrongs."

In that closing sentence she invites them to go on crusade with her to rescue the Holy Sepulchre.

No answer had been returned to this proclamation, and the messenger himself had not come back. So now she sent her two heralds with a new letter warning the English to raise the siege and requiring them to restore that missing messenger. The heralds came back without him. All they brought was notice from the English to Joan that they would presently catch her and burn her if she did not clear out now while she had a chance, and "go back to her proper trade of minding cows."

She held her peace, only saying it was a pity that the English would persist in inviting present disaster and eventual destruction when she was "doing all she could to get them out of the country with their lives still in their bodies."

Presently she thought of an arrangement that might be acceptable, and said to the heralds, "Go back and say to Lord Talbot this, from me: 'Come out of your bastilles with your host, and I will come with mine; if I beat you, go in peace out of France; if you beat me, burn me, according to your desire.'"

I did not hear this, but Dunois did, and spoke of it. The challenge was refused.

Sunday morning her Voices or some instinct gave her a warning, and she sent Dunois to Blois to take command of the army and hurry it to Orleans. It was a wise move; for he found Regnault de Chartres and some more of the King's pet rascals there trying their best to disperse the army, and crippling all the efforts of Joan's generals to head it for Orleans. They were a fine lot, those miscreants. They turned their attention to Dunois, now, but he had balked Joan once, with

unpleasant results to himself, and was not minded to meddle in that way again. He soon had the army moving.

CHAPTER XV.

WE of the personal staff were in fairy-land, now, during the few days that we waited for the return of the army. We went into society. To our two knights this was not a novelty, but to us young villagers it was a new and wonderful life. Any position of any sort near the person of the Maid of Vaucouleurs conferred high distinction upon the holder and caused his society to be courted; and so the D'Arc brothers, and Noël and the Paladin, humble peasants at home, were gentlemen here, personages of weight and influence. It was fine to see how soon their country diffidences and awkwardnesses melted away under this pleasant sun of deference and disappeared, and how lightly and easily they took to their new atmosphere. The Paladin was as happy as it was possible for any one in this earth to be. His tongue went all the time, and daily he got new delight out of hearing himself talk. He began to enlarge his ancestry and spread it out all around, and ennoble it right and left, and it was not long until it consisted almost entirely of Dukes. He worked up his old battles and tricked them out with fresh splendors; also with new terrors, for he added artillery now. We had seen cannon for the first time at Blois—a few pieces—here there was plenty of it, and now and then we had the impressive spectacle of a huge English bastille hidden from sight in a mountain of smoke from its own guns, with lances of red flame darting through it; and this grand picture, along with the quaking thunders pounding away in the heart of it, inflamed the Paladin's imagination and enabled him to dress out those ambuscade-skirmishes of ours with a sublimity which made it impossible for any to recognize them at all except people who had not been there.

You may suspect that there was a special inspiration for these great efforts of the Paladin's, and there was. It was the daughter of the house, Catherine Boucher, who was eighteen, and gentle and lovely in her ways, and very beautiful. I think she might have been as beautiful as Joan herself, if she had had Joan's eyes. But that could never be. There

was never but that one pair; there will never be another. Joan's eyes were deep and rich and wonderful beyond anything merely earthly. They spoke all the languages—they had no need of words. They produced all effects, and just by a glance, just a single glance—a glance that could convict a liar of his lie and make him confess it; that could bring down a proud man's pride and make him humble; that could put courage into a coward and strike dead the courage of the bravest; that could appease resentments and heal hatreds; that could speak peace to storms of passion and be obeyed; that could make the doubter believe and the hopeless hope again; that could purify the impure mind; that could persuade—ah, there it is—*persuasion*! that is the word; what or who is it that it couldn't persuade? The maniac of Domremy—the fairy-banishing priest—the reverend tribunal of Toul—the doubting and superstitious Laxart—the obstinate veteran of Vaucouleurs—the characterless heir of France—the sages and scholars of the Parliament and University of Poitiers—the darling of Satan, La Hire—the masterless Bastard of Orleans, accustomed to acknowledge no way as right and rational but his own—these were the trophies of that great gift that made her the wonder and the mystery that she was.

We mingled companionably with the great folk who flocked to the big house to make Joan's acquaintance, and they made much of us, and we lived in the clouds, so to speak. But what we preferred even to this happiness was the quieter occasions, when the formal guests were gone and the family and a few dozen of its familiar friends were gathered together for a social good time. It was then that we did our best, we five youngsters, with such fascinations as we had, and the chief object of them was Catherine. None of us had ever been in love before, and now we had the misfortune to all fall in love with the same person at the same time—which was the first moment we saw her. She was a merry heart, and full of life, and I still remember tenderly those few evenings that I was permitted to have my share of her dear society and of comradeship with that little company of charming people.

The Paladin made us all jealous the first night, for when he got fairly started on those battles of his he had everything

to himself, and there was no use in anybody else's trying to get any attention. Those people had been living in the midst of real war for seven months, and to hear this windy giant lay out his imaginary campaigns and fairly swim in blood and splatter it all around, entertained them to the verge of the grave. Catherine was like to die, for pure enjoyment. She didn't laugh loud—we, of course, wished she would—but kept in the shelter of a fan, and shook until there was danger that she would unhitch her ribs from her spinal column. Then when the Paladin had got done with a battle and we began to feel thankful and hope for a change, she would speak up in a way that was so sweet and persuasive that it rankled in me, and ask him about some detail or other in the early part of his battle which she said had greatly interested her, and would he be so good as to describe that part again and with a little more particularity?—which of course precipitated the whole battle on us again, with a hundred lies added that had been overlooked before.

I do not know how to make you realize the pain I suffered. I had never been jealous before, and it seemed intolerable that this creature should have this good fortune which he was so ill entitled to, and I have to sit and see myself neglected when I was so longing for the least little attention out of the thousand that this beloved girl was lavishing upon him. I was near her, and tried two or three times to get started on some of the things that I had done in those battles—and I felt ashamed of myself, too, for stooping to such a business—but she cared for nothing but his battles, and could not be got to listen; and presently when one of my attempts caused her to lose some precious rag or other of his mendacities and she asked him to repeat, thus bringing on a new engagement of course and increasing the havoc and carnage tenfold, I felt so humiliated by this pitiful miscarriage of mine that I gave up and tried no more.

The others were as outraged by the Paladin's selfish conduct as I was—and by his grand luck, too, of course—perhaps, indeed, that was the main hurt. We talked our trouble over together, which was but natural, for rivals become brothers when a common affliction assails them and a common enemy bears off the victory.

Each of us could do things that would please and get notice if it were not for this person, who occupied all the time and gave others no chance. I had made a poem, taking a whole night to it—a poem in which I most happily and delicately celebrated that sweet girl's charms, without mentioning her name, but any one could see who was meant, for the bare title—"The Rose of Orleans"—would reveal that, as it seemed to me. It pictured this pure and dainty white rose as growing up out of the rude soil of war and looking abroad out of its tender eyes upon the horrid machinery of death, and then—note this conceit—it blushes for the sinful nature of man, and *turns red* in a single night. Becomes a red rose, you see—a rose that was white before. The idea was my own, and quite new. Then it sent its sweet perfume out over the embattled city, and when the beleaguering forces smelt it they *laid down their arms and wept*. This was also my own idea, and new. That closed that part of the poem; then I put her into the similitude of the firmament—not the whole of it, but only part. That is to say, she was the moon, and all the constellations were following her about, their hearts in flames for love of her, but she would not halt, she would not listen, for 'twas thought she loved another. 'Twas thought she loved a poor unworthy suppliant who was upon the earth, facing danger, death, and possible mutilation in the bloody field, waging relentless war against a heartless foe to save her from an all too early grave, and her city from destruction. And when the sad pursuing constellations came to know and realize the bitter sorrow that was come upon them—note this idea—their hearts broke and their tears gushed forth, filling the vault of heaven with a fiery splendor, for those tears were *falling stars*.

It was a rash idea, but beautiful; beautiful and pathetic; wonderfully pathetic, the way I had it, with the rhyme and all to help. At the end of each verse there was a two-line refrain pitying the poor earthly lover separated so far, and perhaps forever, from her he loved so well, and growing always paler and weaker and thinner in his agony as he neared the cruel grave—the most touching thing—even the boys themselves could hardly keep back their tears, the way Noël said those lines. There were eight four-line stanzas in the first end of the poem—the

end about the rose, the horticultural end, as you may say, if that is not too large a name for such a little poem—and eight in the astronomical end—sixteen stanzas altogether, and I could have made it a hundred and fifty if I had wanted to, I was so inspired and so all swelled up with beautiful thoughts and fancies; but that would have been too many to sing or recite before a company, that way, whereas sixteen was just right, and could be done over again, if desired.

The boys were amazed that I could make such a poem as that out of my own head, and so was I, of course, it being as much a surprise to me as it could be to anybody, for I did not know that it was in me. If any had asked me a single day before, if it was in me, I should have told them frankly no, it was not. That is the way with us; we may go on half of our life not knowing such a thing is in us, when in reality it was there all the time, and all we needed was something to turn up that would call for it. Indeed, it was always so with our family. My grandfather had a cancer, and they never knew what was the matter with him till he died, and he didn't himself. It is wonderful how gifts and diseases can be concealed that way. All that was necessary in my case was for this lovely and inspiring girl to cross my path, and out came the poem; and no more trouble to me to word it and rhyme it and perfect it than it is to stone a dog. No, I should have said it was not in me; but it was.

The boys couldn't say enough about it, they were so charmed and astonished. The thing that pleased them the most was the way it would do the Paladin's business for him. They forgot everything in their anxiety to get him shelved and silenced. Noël Rainguesson was clear beside himself with admiration of the poem, and wished *he* could do such a thing, but it was out of his line, and he couldn't, of course. He had it by heart in half an hour, and there was never anything so pathetic and beautiful as the way he recited it. For that was just his gift—that and mimicry. He could recite anything better than anybody in the world, and he could take off La Hire to the very life—or anybody else, for that matter. Now I never could recite worth a farthing; and when I tried with this poem the boys wouldn't let me finish; they would have nobody but Noël. So then, as I wanted

the poem to make the best possible impression on Catherine and the company, I told Noël he might do the reciting. Never was anybody so delighted. He could hardly believe that I was in earnest, but I was. I said that to have them know that I was the author of it would be enough for me. The boys were full of exultation, and Noël said if he could just get one chance at those people it would be all he would ask, he would make them realize that there was something higher and finer than war-lies to be had here.

But how to get the opportunity—that was the difficulty. We invented several schemes that promised fairly, and at last we hit upon one that was sure. That was, to let the Paladin get a good start in a manufactured battle, and then send in a false call for him, and as soon as he was out of the room, have Noël take his place and finish the battle himself in the Paladin's own style, imitated to a shade. That would get great applause, and win the house's favor and put it in the right mood to hear the poem. The two triumphs together would finish the Standard-Bearer—modify him, anyway, to a certainty, and give the rest of us a chance for the future.

So the next night I kept out of the way until the Paladin had got his start and was sweeping down upon the enemy like a whirlwind at the head of his corps, then I stepped within the door in my official uniform and announced that a messenger from General La Hire's quarters desired speech with the Standard-Bearer. He left the room, and Noël took his place and said that the interruption was to be deplored, but that fortunately he was personally acquainted with the details of the battle himself, and if permitted would be glad to state them to the company. Then without waiting for the permission he turned himself into the Paladin—a dwarfed Paladin, of course—with manner, tones, gestures, attitude, everything exact, and went right on with the battle, and it would be impossible to imagine a more perfectly and minutely ridiculous imitation than he furnished to those shrieking people. They went into spasms, convulsions, frenzies of laughter, and the tears flowed down their cheeks in rivulets. The more they laughed, the more inspired Noël grew with his theme and the greater the marvels he worked, till really the laughing was not properly laughing

any more, but screaming. Blessedest feature of all, Catherine Boucher was dying with ecstasies, and presently there was little left of her but gasps and suffocations. Victory? It was a perfect Agincourt.

The Paladin was gone only a couple of minutes; he found out at once that a trick had been played on him, so he came back. When he approached the door he heard Noël ranting in there and recognized the state of the case; so he remained near the door, but out of sight, and heard the performance through to the end. The applause Noël got when he finished was wonderful; and they kept it up and kept it up, clapping their hands like mad, and shouting to him to do it over again.

But Noël was clever. He knew the very best background for a poem of deep and refined sentiment and pathetic melancholy was one where great and satisfying merriment has prepared the spirit for the powerful contrast.

So he paused until all was quiet, then his face grew grave and assumed an impressive aspect, and at once all faces sobered in sympathy and took on a look of wondering and expectant interest. Now he began in a low but distinct voice the opening verses of the Rose. As he breathed the rhythmic measures forth, and one gracious line after another fell upon those enchanted ears in that deep hush, one could catch, on every hand, half-audible ejaculations of "How lovely—how beautiful—how exquisite!"

By this time the Paladin, who had gone away for a moment with the opening of the poem, was back again, and had stepped within the door. He stood there, now, resting his great frame against the wall, gazing toward the reciter like one entranced. When Noël got to the second part, and that heart-breaking refrain began to melt and move all listeners, the Paladin began to wipe away tears with the back of first one hand and then the other. The next time the refrain was repeated he got to snuffling, and sort of half sobbing, and went to wiping his eyes with the sleeves of his doublet. He was so conspicuous that he embarrassed Noël a little, and also had an ill effect upon the audience. With the next repetition he broke quite down and began to cry like a calf, which ruined all the effect and started many in the audience

to laughing. Then he went on from bad to worse, until I never saw such a spectacle; for he fetched out a towel from under his doublet, and began to swab his eyes with it, and let go the most infernal bellowings, mixed up with sobbings and groanings and retchings and barkings and coughings and snortings and screamings and howlings—and he twisted himself about on his heels and squirmed this way and that, still pouring out that brutal clamor and flourishing his towel in the air and swabbing again and wringing it out. Hear? You couldn't hear yourself think. Noël was wholly drowned out and silenced, and those people were laughing the very lungs out of themselves. It was the most degrading sight that ever was.

Now I heard the clankety-clank that plate-armor makes when the man that is in it is running, and then alongside my head there burst out the most inhuman explosion of laughter that ever rent the

drum of a person's ear, and I looked, and it was La Hire; and he stood there with his gauntlets on his hips and his head tilted back and his jaws spread to that degree to let out his hurricanes and his thunders that it amounted to indecent exposure, for you could see everything that was in him. Only one thing more and worse could happen, and it happened: at the other door I saw the flurry and bustle and bowings and scrapings of officials and flunkies which means that some great personage is coming—then Joan of Arc stepped in, and the house rose!

Yes, and tried to shut its indecorous mouth and make itself grave and proper; but when it saw the Maid herself go to laughing, it thanked God for this mercy and the earthquake followed.

Such things make life a bitterness, and I do not wish to dwell upon them. The effect of the poem was spoiled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY REVIVAL.

BY REV. J. H. HOBART, D.D.

THE last ten years of the fifteenth century saw the city of Florence, under the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, at the height of its splendor. It was the most cultured, as it was the most beautiful, of Italian cities. It had been the cradle, and was the most perfect illustration, of that Renaissance which made Italy to Europe what Byzantium had been to the civilized world—the centre of intellectual light, the model of all that was elegant in art or manners.

Yet underneath all this splendor, that was both dazzling and captivating, the city reeked, throughout all classes of society, with vice and corruption.

Italy had been for ages torn to pieces by the hands, equally rapacious, of the foreigner and of her own children. Seven thousand revolutions are estimated by one of her own writers to have occurred within five centuries. Mere local, and often bloodless, disturbances as these were, confiscation followed them; families were ruined, social order for the time and place destroyed, and its foundations everywhere permanently weakened. Fraud and deceit gained and kept what violence could not. Truth and honor died out. "No man speaks a word that I can trust," said Pope

Nicholas V. The Church was in a worse condition than the state—the salt had lost its savor: what should keep the land from decay? Avarice and luxury were the unblushing vices of the clergy. No municipal ring of our day knows how to coin money as the Italian priesthood then did; for in the credulity of their age they found an opportunity even more favorable than the popular indifference to wrongful gain which is the reproach and the danger of our own times. There was money to be had for every indulgence. With such blunted sensibility to moral evil as characterized all Italy, the clergy needed not to be nice in gratifying their tastes. They so gratified them that even the old Adam had enough. It will be remembered that this was the age of which it was said that Christ was asleep in the barque of Peter. It was the age of the Borgias, whose very existence is a scandal to humanity, and whose intolerable excesses provoked the remedy that came too late to be more than a half-cure of the evil. Generations had grown up accustomed to it as the normal condition of life. Such depravation was never exceeded, if it ever has been reached, among any civilized race of mankind.

The city of Rome was the focus of this

dirt, but within the circle of its influence Florence was conspicuous.

Classical tastes and habits of thought, it has been said, only took at this time the chair which religion had left vacant. Admit it—yet a polished heathenism was no safeguard for the morals of a Christian city. Some of the grossness of vice was refined away, but none of its virulence was abated. Here were the gardens yet more delicious than those to which, a hundred years before, Boccaccio took his fair women and courtly men to dally away in licentious ease the hours when the Plague was wasting the city. Here the eye and the ear were accustomed to presentations of mythological scenes upon which, as yet, in the whole history of Christendom, no youth nor maid had been permitted to dwell. It was the taste or the policy of the Medici, we are told, to promote “cheerful sins.” Poggio, one of the priestly ornaments of the court, composed and published licentious jests. The peppered palate demands, after a while, to be stung with something sharper, and so another polished courtier prepared his *Hermaphroditus*, which even Florence could not stand, but publicly burnt it, along with its author in effigy. The severe and chaste art that, with Fra Angelico at its head, had enriched with picture lessons the interior of the churches, gave way to proficients in the new style of naturalism—*i. e.*, as it first showed itself, nakedness. In place of the Blessed Virgin and the Magdalen there appeared, even over the altar, figures “too well known” in Florence, while the young men would point, in the very church itself, to the resemblance between the picture and the original—both present under the same sacred roof.

About this time it was that a wayfarer approached the gates of Florence under circumstances that were at any rate remarkable, but around which an air of mystery has gathered. A faintness, which he thought was to death, came upon him as he journeyed wearily on. While he lay by the road-side, commending his soul to God, a passing traveller, whom tradition has magnified into an angel, succored him, supplied all his wants with the tenderest care, and accompanied him to the very gates of the city.

Had she then recognized him, Florence herself might have met and welcomed him there as one of the most illustrious

of her sons. But at the moment he was at a greater disadvantage even than if he had only been an obscure monk. Obscure he was not, for his growing fame in other cities was the reason why he had now been summoned back to Florence. In that, however, was the very difficulty of his position; he was coming back to the scene where, once before, he had failed. The convent of St. Mark, to which his steps were now turned, had dismissed him years before to find a humbler field of labor more suitable to his powers. He had begun on that first trial with the credit of possessing learning and ability. Much was expected. The church was thronged. The effect produced was afterwards described by himself. “I had neither lungs nor voice nor style. My preaching disgusted every one. I could not have moved so much as a chicken.” There was nothing in his person attractive to the eye, and his audience dwindled down to twenty-five poor people. He went away, therefore, cast down, but *not* in despair.

Now he had returned; the same man within, only more intense in his conviction that he had a special message to that depraved world. He had fed his mind with the ideas and imagery of the Apocalypse, and was convinced that some correspondence to those awful scenes would be found in Italy, and that his part was to point it out. Outwardly he had changed. His figure, of medium height, was fuller; his face fresh, fair, and expressive; the look of his keen blue eye singularly effective; his manner, self-possessed yet vehement. His hand is spoken of as something noticeable, the long transparent fingers seeming to send forth a magnetic influence. His voice, that had been piping and unmanageable, was under control, and while it had gained in depth, retained yet a sharpness of tone that was in keeping with his style.

At last he had found his opportunity. The scene was the garden of the convent, described as crimsoned with its damask-roses, amid which, under the open air and in the surrounding cloisters, every available space was occupied. He himself stood upon the chapel steps. A strange influence sometimes reaches a whole community, one knows not how, telling it of the presence of a man not to be classed with ordinary mortals. This man had come without parade. There was no

committee of arrangements, no newspapers to advertise him, no placarding on the walls. Only, it got about the city that on a certain day Fra Girolamo would preach at San Marco, and the crowd came. In his soul the purpose why he met them was clear and strong. In theirs there was little idea of what that day would begin. Perhaps the most piquant of the day's attractions to that Florentine audience was the story about the Princess Bentivoglio, wife of the Lord of Bologna, who persisted in coming to Brother Girolamo's sermons after service began, disturbing the congregation with her rustling silks and swelling demeanor. Private expostulation failed, so the next time she was greeted with the stern rebuke, "Here comes the Evil Spirit to disturb the word of God." People liked to see the man who in those subservient times could so address the nobility, and the nobles were as curious as any. Such, at least, was the effect in after-years, and we may suppose it not without influence on the first occasion of his preaching at Florence.

We are not about to describe the sermon, of which we are not aware that there is any record, nor have we to tell how, then and there, a revival was begun that in two or three months counted hundreds, or even thousands, of converts, and was attended with a general awakening of religious interest. This was a movement the results of which admit of more precise and striking description. There was a plenty of emotion at the very beginning, both on the speaker's part and that of the people. But what began then lasted eight years. It went steadily on, and the last year demonstrated the power of the movement more than the first. It owed much, no doubt, to circumstances of time and place, and to political associations that became finally inseparable from the preacher. But it owed as much also to the fact that he was the right man, and went to work in the right way.

Our readers have already some idea of the man. His ability was even more moral than intellectual — force of character; the power of a life in stronger contrast with the lives of those around him than need otherwise have been, that it might more forcibly reproach theirs; intensity of conviction that his mission was to denounce the evils with which

the Church as well as the world was full, and with which he should not be left alone to contend. In his boyhood he began to feel abhorrence of the all-prevalent vices. In his early manhood his first impulse had been to seek shelter for himself alone, turning from a world he loathed to what he deemed the pure bosom of the Church. But now he had long recognized the nobler part for which he was designed, and he addressed himself to it with a thoroughness and singleness of purpose, the likelihood of which to end in a violent death he could not but foresee. Two years before his re-appearance at Florence he had said at Brescia — applying the warnings of the Apocalypse to the existing Church — "If I do, I lose my body; if I do not, I lose my soul." His courage was supreme, as his enthusiasm was lofty. When towards the close of his career a cardinal's hat was offered him if he would stop short, "Come to my sermon to-morrow," he said, "and you shall have my answer." Then from the pulpit rang out his rejection of the proffered dignity. "No other red hat will I have than the crown of martyrdom colored with my own blood." It is no figure of speech to say that he fought a good fight. He was defying enemies who could take his life. His rebuke of their vices was a challenge to combat in which, on one side at least, the weapons were material. When he ascended the pulpit, men looked on with the same sort of interest with which in those days when a cause was put to proof by the wager of battle they watched the fatal lists. No preacher moves men so effectually as he whose preaching costs him something, whether it be the desert life and fare of John the Baptist, or the endurance of the social scorn that greeted John Wesley's attempt to make the religion of his day a reality, or the exposure of himself to that slowly concentrating wrath of the nobles and priests which Jerome Savonarola looked steadily in the face for more than seven years.

Whatever else he was, Savonarola was a preacher of repentance, in contrast with what in the present day is technically called conversion. The peculiarity of his method — if that can be a peculiarity which is implied in the very idea of such preaching — was to tell men plainly and directly what the sins were of which they were to repent. He told them precisely

what change they were to make—what from, and to what. He specified the sin so pointedly that he pointed out the sinner almost as if he named him. He rang the changes upon these topics year after year, till the very air of Florence reverberated. "There is no fear of God in those who should maintain it," he cried out. "The chastity of the Church is slain, and they who should serve God with holy zeal have become cold and lukewarm. O ye rich! give alms. O ye poor! be upright and despair not. O ye priests! hear my words; abandon your costly living. O ye merchants! make restitution for your unlawful gains. The voice of one crying in the wilderness says, O Italy, the time is come for the punishment of your sins."

On another occasion he was yet more explicit. "Bring out the harlots into the Piazza with the sound of the trumpet. There are enough to throw any city into confusion. Punish gaming. If you find a man staking fifty ducats, make him pay one thousand to the state, on the spot. Pierce the tongue of the blasphemers. Put down the balls—it is no time for dancing. Have all taverns shut at six o'clock."

The effect of such preaching was no doubt greatly aided by many circumstances, independent of the unassailable honesty and purity, the earnestness and wild eloquence, of the preacher. But these accessories aided, not constituted, its effectiveness, which was beyond parallel before or since. We have already named one singular feature—its duration. There was another—it did not throw the people out of the ways of the existing Church; and therein perhaps was the secret why it so long endured. It was an impassioned man, indeed, who addressed a most impressive people. One witness is quoted as saying that "the mere sound of Savonarola's voice, startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom; a cold shiver ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end, as he listened."* Savonarola himself would come down from the pulpit, bathed in tears, amid the sobs and groans of the congregation. It was no small part of his strength, moreover, that he knew the Bible by heart, and freely used the Old Testament to illustrate the New.

Thus he went on from year to year,

* Pico della Mirandola, quoted by Symonds.

mastering Florence as much by his preaching as by his political sympathies. The description which is given of the result seems almost incredible, yet it is unquestioned fact. The whole city fasted at his word. The streets were deserted and business abandoned when he preached. Neither the eye nor the ear was scandalized by sights and sounds that had been usual in Florence. The very attire of the people became simple. Restitution of unjust gains was largely made. The influence of the reform was felt in matters so domestic as the care which mothers took to nurse their infants rather than employ strangers. Men became as faithful and devout in prayer as women. Children came to his instructions in such throngs that he limited the age of those who were admitted. He enrolled them to the number of 8000, and made them active assistants of his work. They went about from house to house, pleading for the gift of superfluities and the sacrifice of vanities with such courtesy and sweetness of manner that few could resist, and they returned laden with various articles of value, as well as with gold and silver. In 1495, the sixth year of his ministry, the feeling he excited rose higher than ever. The piety of all ranks and both sexes displayed itself in all possible ways, among which it is curious to note their ceasing to read amatory poetry and to use cosmetics and false hair. Two years after, the reform reached the height of its influence, or, as indeed should be said, its extravagance. Pictures, statues, books richly bound and illustrated, and whatever might be supposed to minister to sin, were freely brought by the owners of them, and heaped together on a vast stage to be burnt. Twenty thousand crowns were refused that were offered to ransom such treasures of art from the flames.

What the end was of all this long and untiring labor, this unsparing zeal, is matter of well-known history. Savonarola was a political as well as religious reformer. He roused enmity that was powerful enough to do him the last injury. He made the world, the flesh, and the devil feel that, just in that city and at that time, he or they must give way. No shafts flung in that contest fell to the ground; those whom they were aimed at they hit.

There is more than one Florence; where is the Savonarola?

JAMIE.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

I.—A NIPPY TONGUE.

EACH community has its own etiquette, and in an advanced state of civilization such beautiful words as "Mister" and "Missus" are on every one's tongue, some lonely Northerner perhaps saying "Mistress," to the amusement of footmen and other persons of refinement. While Drumtochty was in its natural state, and the influence of Southern culture had scarcely begun to play on its simplicity, we had other forms of speech. It was good manners to call a farmer by his place, and had any one addressed Hillocks as Mister Stirton, that worthy man would have been much startled. Except on envelopes, full-length names were reserved for the heading of rous and the death column in newspapers, and so had acquired a flavor of ceremonious solemnity. Ploughmen were distinguished by their Christian names in some easy vernacular form, and the sudden introduction of the surname could only be justified by a furrow that suggested the segment of a circle, or a return from Kildrummie fair minus a cart and two horses. His lordship might notice Drumsheugh's foreman as he passed with a "Busy as usual, Baxter," and not be suspected of offence, but other men had said "Fine fillin' day, Saunders," to which Saunders would have most likely deigned no answer save a motion of the right shoulder. Dignitaries had their titles by prescriptive right, the parish minister being "Doctor," and the schoolmaster "Dominie," but only one man in the Glen had the distinction of a pet diminutive, and it was a standing evidence of his place in our hearts.

It was mentioned with relish that a Muirtown merchant raiding for honey, having inquired of Whinnie Knowe where Mr. James Soutar lived, had been gravely informed that no person of that name lived in the parish, and would have departed to search for him in Kildrummie, had he not chanced on Drumsheugh.

"Div ye mean Jamie?" and when Hillocks met him two miles farther on he was still feasting on the incident.

"He said 'Mister James Soutar,' as sure as ye're lookin' me in the face, Hillocks," and both tasted the humor of the

situation, which owed nothing to artifice, but sprang from the irony of circumstances.

"Jamie," ejaculated Drumsheugh, and a flood of recollections, scenes, stories, incidents, swept across his face. Had he been a Kildrummie man he would have laughed at the things he heard and saw.

"Sall," wound up Hillocks, "he's a awfu' body, Jamie; ye 'ill no get the marra [equal] of him in six pairishes."

Drumtochty did not ground its admiration of Jamie on his personal appearance, which lent itself to criticism, and suggested a fine carelessness on the part of nature. His head was too large for his body, and rested on his chest. One shoulder had a twist forward, which invested Jamie with an air of aggression. His legs were constructed on the principle that one knee said to the other, If you let me pass this time, I'll let you pass next time.

"Gin ye were juist tae luke at Jamie, ye micht ca' him a shachlin' [shambling] cratur," Drumsheugh once remarked, leaving it to be inferred that the understanding mind could alone appreciate him, and that in this matter Drumtochty walked by faith and not by sight. His rate of progression was over four miles an hour, but its method was sideways, and was so wonderful, not to say impressive, that even a phlegmatic character like Drumsheugh's Saunders had been known to follow Jamie's back view till it disappeared, and then to say "Michty," with deliberation. Young animals that developed any marked individuality in gait were named after Jamie without offence, and were understood to have given pledges of intelligence, since it was believed that nature worked on the principle of compensation.

"There's been an oversight aboot Jamie's legs, but there's naethin' wrang wi' his tongue," and it was the general judgment that it did not "shachle."

Jamie's gift of speech was much aided by eyes that were enough to redeem many defects in the under building. They were blue—not the soft azure of the South, but the steely color of a Scottish loch in sunshine with a northeast wind blowing—a keen, merciless, penetrating blue. It gave a shock to find them fastened on your

face when you had no idea that Jamie was paying any attention, and they sobered you in an instant. Fallacies, cant, false sentiment, and every form of unreality shrivelled up before that gaze, and there were times you dared not emerge from the shelter of the multiplication table. He had a way of watching an eloquent stranger till his sentences fell to pieces and died away in murmurs before he said "Aye, aye," that was very effective; and after he had repeated this deliverance, with a pause of thirty seconds between, even Whinnie understood that the kirkyard had been listening to nonsense.

It seems yesterday that Milton—who had come into the Glen from Muirtown, and visited the two churches to detect errors for three months—was explaining the signs of true religion to the silent kirkyard, when he caught Jamie's eye and fell away into the weather; and the minister of Kildrummie's son, who was preaching for the Doctor, and winding up his sermon with an incredible anecdote, came under the spell at the distance of the pulpit, and only saved himself by giving out a Psalm. The man who passed Jamie's eye was true to the backbone, and might open his mouth without fear in any place.

Every man requires a subject for the play of his genius, and it was generally agreed that Jamie, who had pricked many wind-bags, came to his height in dealing with Milton.

"Milton wes faithfu' wi' ye in the third comin' up frae the Junction on Friday nicht, a'm hearin', Drumsheugh; the fouk say ye were that affeekit ye cud hardly gie yir ticket tae Peter."

"He's the maist barefaced [impudent] wratch that's ever been seen in this Glen," and for once Drumsheugh went at large; "he 'ill ask ye questions nae man hes ony richt tae pit tae his neebur. An' a wakely cratur as weel, greeting an' whinin' like a bairn."

"A'm astonished at ye," said Jamie, in grave rebuke, "an' you an elder. Ye sud be thankfu' sic a gude man hes come tae the pairish. There's naethin' but dry banes, he says, but he's expeekin' tae roose us afore he's dune."

"He's no feared, a'll admit," continued Jamie, "but a'm no sae sure that he's wakely; ye didna hear o' him an' his pairtner in the pig [china] shop at Muirtown?"

The kirkyard thirsted for the news.

"Weel, ye see, the pairtner pit in five hundert, an' Milton pit in five hundert, and they cairried on business for sax year thegither. They separated laist spring, an' Milton cam oot wi' a thoosand an' the pairtner wi' naethin'."

"Milton hed been sairly tried wi' the ither man's worldliness, walkin' on Sabbath an' siclike, an' he wes sayin' in the train that he felt like Jacob wi' Esau all the time. It's grand tae hae the poor o' Bible illustration. A thoosand wud juist stock Milton fine, an' leave a note or twa in the bank."

"What a'm feared for is that some misguided Drumtochty man micht try tae tak advantage o' Milton in a bargain an' get a jidgment. Providence, ye ken, watches ower thae simple-minded craturs, an' it's juist wunnerfu' hoo they come aff in the end. But a'm dootin' that he's no strong in body; he hes tae tak care o' himsel'."

As the fathers waited patiently for more, Jamie continued, in his most casual tone:

"He cairried a box in his hand Friday a week, an' pit it ablow the seat in the kerridge; it wes aboot auchteen inches square and sax deep, an' markit 'Tompkins' Patent Soap'; thae new soaps are brittle; a' dinna wunner he wes carefu'."

"Ye sud hae heard him on the drinkin' at Muirtown market an' the duty of total abstinence; he wantit Hillocks tae tak the pledge at the Junction, but Drumtochty fouk's dour an' ill tae manage."

"Milton wes that agitat when he got tae Kildrummie that he lat his box fa' on the platform; a' wes juist wunnerin' whether they sell soap in bottles noo, when he said, 'It's ma medeecine, for the circulation o' the blood; a'm a frail vessel.'"

"A' began tae think that we micht hae been kinder tae Milton, an' him sic a sufferer; twelve quart bottles is a sair allowance o' medeecine for ae puir man," and a far-away look came into Jamie's face.

Jamie's interest in Milton deepened every week, till he seemed to charge himself with the vindication of Milton's character against all aspersions, and its interpretation to a critical public. When it passed round Kildrummie fair that that guileless man had landed a cow on Widow Grant for a high price, which was

fair to look upon, but had a fixed objection to giving milk, Jamie declared it was an invention of the enemy, and assured Milton of his unshaken confidence in the presence of seven solemnized neighbors.

"Some ill-set wratches," he apologized to Milton, "canna bear the sicht o' a raelly gude man, an' are aye gettin' up stories about him. Tae think ye wud cheat a puir wumman about a coo!"

"We maun juist bear reproach...." began Milton, with his best accent.

"'Na, na,' a' said tae them," and Jamie refused to listen, "'ye needna tell me ony sic stories. Milton is no an ordinary professor, an' he kens his Bible. Div ye think he's forgotten the passage about robbin' the widow?'"

"Ye're makin' a mistak...."

"Ma verra words, Milton. 'It's been a mistak,' a' said, 'an' the meenut he finds it oot, Milton 'ill gie back the money. What richt hae ye tae consider him little better than a twa-faced heepocrite?"

"There's no a man in the Glen wud hae got Betsy's notes back frae Milton but yersel, Jamie," said Drumsheugh, celebrating the achievement in the kirkyard next Sabbath. "There's a mighty poor in a nippy tongue."

Milton lost his second wife shortly after he came to the Glen, and it fell to Jamie to explain the widower's feelings to the fathers.

"'It's a sair dispensation,' he said tae me, 'an' comes heavy when the calves are young; but we maunna complain. There's aye mercy mingled wi' judgment. She micht hae been taken afore she hed got the hoose in order."

"'A'm houpin' for the best, an' a' think the root o' the maitter wes in her; there wes times a' wud hae liked tae hear a clearer testimony, but we hevna a' the same gifts, an' there's nae doot she wes savin' wi' the gear."

"'She expressed hersel as thankfu' for oor merridge, an' considered it a priveelege; but ma first wes mair experienced in doctrine, and hed a gift o' prayer, though fractious in temper at a time. Ye canna get a' thing, ye ken."

"He hes a photograph o' the laist ane," Jamie went on, "abune the fireplace in a frame wi' an inscription, an' he wipit his eyes an' says, 'We maun look up, ma freend, an' be resigned; it's an awfu' job tae ideelize the creature."

"'Ye 'ill no dae weel without a wife

here, Milton,' says I; 'hoosekeepers are dear, an' ye 'ill never get the wark o' yir wife oot of ane; it wes maybe a peety ye lat her trachle [fatigue] hersel when she wesna strong, but gin a man be busy wi' speeritual affairs he disna notice,' an' a' askit him if he wes thinkin' o' a third."

"Did ye dae that, Jamie?" said Hillocks, "an' her no gane a month! Milton 'ill think us a gey hard-hearted set o' lads in Drumtochty," and the fathers looked as if Jamie had gone too far.

"He's no hed ony time tae think o't yet," continued Jamie, quietly, "an' is tae leave himsel in the hands o' Providence. 'I'll be guidit, nae doot, an' a' maun juist wait.' His langidge wes beautiful tae hear. 'Half the rent o' Milton 'ill need tae come oot the dairy, but we maun mairry in the Lord.' He wes wipin' his eyes afore a' left, and speakin' about 'Mama.' A' gie him sax months masel."

"Yir tongue got the better o' ye that day, a' doot, Jamie," and Hillocks, who had married twice with fair pecuniary success, was distinctly nettled. "What's a man tae dae without a wife tae haud things in about an' see tae the hens? Forbye bein' company," throwing in a sentimental consideration.

"Gin a man wants a woman tae gither eggs and sew buttons on his sark [shirt], he micht mairry twal times rinnin', an' naebody need say a word. But what richt hes the man tae speak o' wife or... luve? He's juist a poleegamist."

"Lord's sake!" ejaculated Hillocks, and the kirkyard felt that this was very wild talk indeed, and even personal.

"Naethin' else," and Jamie's voice vibrated with a new note. "Gin a man gaes afore his family tae America tae mak a hame for them, an' leaves his wife here for a whilie, is he no mairrit? Wud he mairry another wife oot there tae keep his hoose, and say he hed juist ae wife because the sea wes rollin' atween the twa women?"

"He daurna," replied Whinnie, who never saw six inches ahead; "the polis..." But Drumsheugh waved him to silence.

"Weel, gin the woman leaves the man an' passes intae the ither warld, is she deid, think ye, neeburs, an' is she no his wife? An' mair nor that, are the twa no nearer than ever, an'... dearer?"

"Ye 'ill be sayin' in yir hearts, it's no for Jamie Soutar tae be speakin' like this,

him 'at's been alane a' his days; but a've ma ain thochts, an' the deepest thing aye and the bonniest in the warld is a man an' a woman ane in luv forever."

Jamie turned round and went into the kirk hurriedly, but Drumsheugh lingered behind for a minute with Dr. Maclure, who was making his quarterly attendance.

"What think ye o' that, Weelum? It bore a wee hard on Hillocks, but it wes mighty speakin' an' gared [made] the blood rin. Jamie's a hard wratch oot-side, but he's gude stuff inside."

"Did ye ever notice, Drum, that Jamie hes hed a black band on his Sabbath hat as far back as a' can mind? A' his freends are deid mair than thirty year syne. Wha's it for, think ye? A'm thinkin' naeboddy 'ill get tae the boddom o' Jamie till he fins oot the meanin' o' that band."

"Ye're maybe richt, Weelum, an' a've wunnered tae, but Jamie 'ill never tell; he hes his ain secret, an' he 'ill keep it." The two men followed their neighbors, but Drumsheugh said to himself, "Puir Jamie; the auld story."

The kirkyard kept Jamie in breathing exercise, but it was on our rare public occasions that he made history. Two of his exploits are still subject of grateful recollection, and are a bond between Drumtochty men in foreign parts. One was the vote of thanks to the temperance lecturer, who had come, with the best intentions, to reform the Glen, and who, with the confidence of a youthful Southerner and a variable hold of the letter aitch, used great freedom of speech. He instructed us all, from Dr. Davidson in the chair down to the smith, whom he described as "an intelligent hartisan," and concluded with a pointed appeal to Domsie to mend his ways and start a Band of Hope in the school.

"Solomon says, 'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will never depart from it'; and I'll apply these words to the Glen of Drumtochty: 'Train up a child to 'ate the bottle, and when he is old he 'ill never depart from it,'" and the lecturer sat down in a silence that might be heard.

There was something approaching a rustle when Jamie rose to propose the vote of thanks—several charging themselves with snuff in haste, that a word might not be lost—and no one was disappointed.

"Dr. Davidson an' neeburs," said Jamie, "it wudna be richt that this young gentleman sud come sae far o' his ain accord and give us sic a faithfu' address withoot oor thanks, although he 'ill excuse us puir country fouk for no bein' able to speak his beautiful English.

"We a' admired his ingenious application o' Proverbs, an' he may be sure that nane o' us 'ill forget that new Proverb as lang as we live; a' micht say that it 'ill be a household word in the Glen.

"Gin it's no presumption tae say it, it's verra interestin' tae see hoo much experience the lecturer hes for his years, and a' mak nae doot the learned bodies in the Glen, as well as the parents, 'ill lay his words tae heart.

"There wes a man in a Glen north-bye," modestly offering an anecdote for the lecturer's future use, "'at wes verra sober [ill], an' the doctor, wha wes a ignorant man, said he wud need a small tastin' tae keep up his strength. But the man wes of the lecturer's persuasion, and wud drink nothing but water. The weather wes very cold, and one day, juist five minutes aifter he hed his mornin' gless of water, the man died. When they opened him it wes found that he hed frozen up inch by inch, and the laist gless hed juist turned tae ice in his throat. It wes sic a noble instance o' conscientious adherence tae principle that a' thocht a' wud mention it for the lecturer's encouragement." And when Jamie sat down the audience were looking before them with an immovable countenance, and the Doctor held out his silver snuff-box to Jamie with marked consideration.

It is, however, generally agreed that Jamie's most felicitous stroke was his polite response to the humiliating invitation of a lay preacher, who had secured the use of the Free Kirk, and held a meeting under Milton's auspices.

"Now, my dear friends," said the good man, a half-pay Indian colonel, with a suspicion of sunstroke, "all who wish to go to heaven stand up," and Drumtochty rose in a solid mass, except Lachlan Campbell, who considered the preacher ignorant of the very elements of doctrine, and Jamie, who was making a study of Milton with great enjoyment.

Much cheered by this earnest spirit, the colonel then asked any Drumtochty man (or woman) who wished to go else-

where to declare himself after the same fashion.

No one moved for the space of thirty seconds, and the preacher was about to fall back on general exhortation, when Jamie rose in his place and stood with great composure.

"You surely did not understand what I said, my aged friend."

Jamie indicated that he had thoroughly grasped the colonel's meaning.

"Do you really mean that you are ready to . . . to go . . . where I mentioned?"

"A'm no anxious for sic a road," said Jamie, blandly, "but a' cudna bear tae see ye stannin' alane, and you a stranger in the pairish;" and Drumtochty, which had been taken unawares at the first call, and was already repenting a weak concession, went home satisfied.

Hillocks was so drawn to Jamie after this incident that he forgave him his wild views on marriage, and offered him an opportunity of explaining his hat-band.

"Ye're a body, Jamie," he said, in vague compliment, "an' ilka man hes his ain wys; but hoo is't that ye aye hae a band on yir hat?"

"What think ye yersel?" and Jamie eyed Hillocks with a gleam of humor.

"As sure's deith, Jamie, a' canna guess, unless it be a notion."

"Toots, man, a' thocht ye wud hae been sure tae jalouse [suspect] the truth o' a' the fouk in the Glen; div ye no ken that a band hides the grease an' maks a hat laist twice as lang?"

"Is that a'?" said Hillocks; "juist economy?"

"Ye hae the word," answered Jamie, with unblushing face. "That band's savit me the price o' twa new hats in forty year."

It was on the way home from kirk, and after Hillocks had turned into his own road, Jamie took off his hat and brushed the band with a reverent and gentle touch.

II.—THE END OF A CYNIC.

When Jamie "slippit awa" and the kirkyard met to pass judgment, it was agreed that he had been a thorough-going impostor and had quite befooled the outer world, but that he had never taken in the Glen.

"It cowed a' tae hear Kildrummie lecturin' on Jamie in the third laist Friday," said Drumsheugh, with immense

contempt; "ye sud hae been there, Hillocks; a' never heard as muckle doonricht nonsense atween the Junction an' the station in forty year. Man, gin Jamie hed juist been in the train himsel, he wud hae been terrible pleased.

"'He's awa noo,' says that juitlin' [tricky] twa-faced body Sandie Mackay, that gied Jamie licht wecht wi' his coal, 'an' it's oor duty tae be charitable, but a've ma doots. about him. His tongue wes nae scannal, an' he wes aye maist veecious against speeritual releegion.'"

"What said ye, Drumsheugh?" inquired Hillocks, with keen expectation.

"Naethin' worth mentionin'; it's no easy pittin' sense intae a Kildrummie man. 'Ye're wrang about Jamie miscain' gude men, Sandie,' a' said, 'for he wes awfu' taen [taken] up wi' Milton; he coonted him a straichforrit, honorable man, wha wudna play a trick or tak advantage o' a neebur.'"

"Ye hed him there; he wud lat Jamie alane aifter that, a'm expeckin'."

"'It's a feedin' storm an' no lichtsome for the sheep,' wes a' he said.

"Na, na, Sandie needna speak tae a Drumtochty man about Jamie; he didna live here a' his days withoot oor kennin' him. There's nae doot he hed a tongue, but it wes aye on the richt side.

"Div ye mind hoo he yokit on the kirkyaird ae day for lauchin' at Airchie Moncur an' his teetotalism? It took us a' oor time tae quiet him, he wes that croose; and ye ken it wes Jamie that focht awa wi' puir Posty till the morning he wes drooned. He got him doon tae twa gless a day, an' micht hae reformed him athegither gin he hedna been interrupted.

"His hert wes juist ower big, that wes the maitter wi' Jamie, an' he hoddit [hid] his feelings for fear o' makin' a fule o' himsel afore the pairish.

"Sall, he wesna verra parteeklar what he said gin ye hed him in a corner. He nursit the bit lassie that lived wi' Betsy Grant for a hale day when she wes deein' o' diphtheria, an' threipit tae me that he hed juist gi'en a cry in passin'; an' when May Grant deed in London he gied oot that it wes her mistress hed paid for bringin' the corpse tae Drumtochty kirkyaird. He cud lee near as weel as Milton, but it wes aye tae cover his ain gude-ness.

"A' coontit Weelum Maclure an' Jamie

Soutar the warmest herts in the Glen, an' Jamie's never been the same sin . . . we lost Weelum. The kirkyaird's no worth comin' tae noo that Jamie's awa."

It spoke volumes for Milton's zeal that he was among the first to visit Jamie after he took to bed, and the Glen can never be sufficiently thankful that Elspeth Macfadyen was present to give an accurate account of the interview.

"'Whatna step is that at the door?' said Jamie; 'a' never heard it here afore;' and when a' telt him it wes Milton, he gied me a luke an' briskit up that meenut.

"'Elspeth, he's come tae dae me gude, an' he thinks he hes me in his hand; pit him in yon chair whar a' can keep ma een on him, for a' canna manage him oot o' ma sicht.'

"'It's solemn tae see ye brocht sae low, Jam . . . Mister Soutar:' he thocht he nicht try Jamie at laist, but the spunk gied oot o' him facin' Jamie. 'Thae strokes are sent for a wise end; they humble oor pride.'

"'It's no a stroke,' said Jamie, lookin' fearsome at him frae ablow his nicht-cap, 'though a'll no deny there nicht be a titch o' rheumatics. But a' coont lumbago mair subduin'; it taks ye sudden in the sma o' the back, an' 'ill keep ye in the bit for an 'oor.'

"'A' wes thinkin' o' the hert, no the body, ma freend,' an' Milton started on the whine; 'a've been affeckit masel, an' dinna ken what a'd be the day hed it no been for trials.'

"'Ye needna tell me, Milton, for a'boddy kens yir losses, but a' houp ye 'ill hae the present gude wife a while; is she yir third or fourth? for ma memory's gaein' fast.'

"'Milton said naethin' for a meenut, an' a' daurna look at him, but Jamie's een were dancin' in his heid; he wes haein' his last bout wi' Milton, an' it wes meat an' drink tae him.

"'Wud ye like me tae read somethin'?' begins Milton again. 'A've a fine tract here. "A Sandy Foundation;" it's verra searchin' an' rousin',' an' he pits on his glesses.

"'Thank ye,' says Jamie, 'but thae tracts are ower deep for a simple man like masel; the Bible dis for me grund. A've a favorite passage; noo if ye didna mind readin't, it wud be a comfort.

"'Turn tae the 23d o' Matthew, an'

it 'ill dae fine gin ye begin at the 13th verse, "Woe unto ye, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,"' and as sure as a'm lookin' at ye, Drumsheugh, Jamie gared Milton feenish the chapter, an' ilka time heepocrites wud come he wud say tae himsel, 'Maist comfortin',' till a' hed tae gae ootside; he wes a veecious cratur, Jamie, when he hed an ill-wull tae a body.

"'When a' cam in, Milton hed been wantin' tae pray, and Jamie wes layin' doon three condeetions:

"'First, ye maunna scrieach [scream], for that wud gae through ma head; secondly, 'juist like a sermon, 'ye're no tae gang wanderin' aifter the Jews or ony orra fouk; and laist, there's tae be naethin' personal, for a' wud coont that doonricht impidence.'

"'A'm astonished at ye,' says Milton; 'hoo cud ye expect a blessin' on sic a prayer?' an' he rises tae leave. 'Ye're sure there's naethin' on yir mind, for a've hed experience.'

"'Weel, Milton, noo that ye've mentioned 't, there is a maitter tribblin' me, but it's no every man a' cud trust, an' a' dinna want tae burden ye.'

"'Is 't a sin o' omission or commission?' an' Milton wes as keen as a ferret. Puir cratur, little he kent Jamie.

"'Curious tae say, it's baith; it's maist extraordinar' hoo near ye've come tae 't: hoo cud ye ken?'

"'We're a' frail, Mister Soutar,' an' Milton lookit as if butter cudna melt in his mooth; 'ye nichtna think it, but a've been tempit masel—lang syne, of coorse; baith, omission an' commission, did ye say? that's no sae common.'

"'Na, it taks an accomplished sinner tae manage baith at the same time, an' a'll tell ye the case,' an' a' saw something wes comin'.

"'Ye ken Sandie Mackay, wha' sells coals at Kildrummie station on week-day and preaches roond the country on Sabbath. Drumsheugh's Saunders brocht up ma laist load frae Sandie; "half a ton best burning coal" wes on the paper, an' wud ye believe me, a hundredwecht short measure, an' half o' them third quality—omission, ye see, an' commission.

"'A' can see ye're scandalized, for a' mind noo ye've been acquaint wi' Sandie in meetings; noo, Milton, a' wes calc'latin' that a'm oot o' sax and twopence exactly, and gin ye cud get it oot o' the dirty

wratch this week, a'd sough awa easier.' Milton made aff withoot anither word, an' the bed shook ablow Jamie."

The afflicted patient was sitting up in bed when Dr. Davidson came in, and would have concealed his occupation had it been possible to get a large paper kite out of sight.

"It's for Saunders' laddie at Drumsheugh," he apologized; "he's ane o' the maist impident an' mischievous smatchits [little fellows] in the Glen. If a' didna help him wi' his bit trokes there wudna be a floor left in ma gairden; the bairns are juist the trachle o' ma life."

"Quite so, Jamie; and of all the people in the Glen there's nobody you like so well and none that love you more. The more you scold them, the more they come to you. As for the women, you've been criticising them for a generation, and now they're all fighting for the honor of nursing you."

"Havers," responded Jamie, "it's juist tae get a sicht o' the inside o' a weel-kept hoose, and tak a lesson in order, though a'll no deny that Elspeth Macfadyen an' Betsy Grant hev been verra attentive, as weel as Bell Baxter an' Annie Mitchell."

"It's just a pity, Jamie, that so good-hearted a man never had a woman of his own. What set you against marriage?"

"Wha said a' wes against merridge, Doctor Davidson?" and Jamie's face flushed. "Did ever man or woman hear me speak lichtly o' the mystery o' luve? The Glen hes thocht me an auld cankered bachelor, an' a've seen a lass leave her lad's side on the sicht o' me. Little they kent!"

No man knew better than the minister when to be quiet, and the ticking of Jamie's big silver watch was heard throughout the kitchen.

"Doctor Davidson, ye've been an honest man in the pulpit an' oot o't a' thae years, an' yir warks hev aye gane afore yir words. A'll tell ye ma secret afore a' dee; ou aye, a' ken a'm deen', an' a'm rael pleased.

"Ye'll no mind that forty-five year syne a' workit a hale winter near Kildrummie, gaein' and comin' nicht an' mornin'.

"A' met . . . a lassie there, an' a' cam tae luv her aince an' forever. No that a' wud hae spoken tae her, for a've been an ill-made, ill-tempered, thrawn body a' ma days, an' she . . . she wes as gude as

Marget Hoo, though different. What mair can man say?

"The day ma wark wes dune a' said gude-by tae her, an' that micht hae been the end, but a' turned sudden, an' a' saw the luke on her face.

"She cud hae taen her pick o' a' the lads roond Kildrummie, but nae man can lay doon the law tae luve; she . . . tuke me, that hed naething but a faithfu' hert, an' we gied oor word ane tae the ither for life . . . an' deith, as a' man an' wumman sud aifter Christ's comin'.

"We cudna be mairrit till the summer, an' we agreed tae write nae letters tae set the fouks' tongues gaein'; we wantit tae hae oor ain secret.

"So we trysted tae meet aince a week at a stile in the woods atween here an' Kildrummie, an' we hed . . . seeven evenings thegither; that wes a' we ever saw o' ane anither in this warld.

"It wes the month o' May in an early spring that year, an' the leaves were oot in their bonnie first green, an' the birds were busy wi' their nests, an' the lambs were still wi' their mithers in the field. A' nature wes glad wi' us, an' blessed oor luve.

"The gate hes fa'en tae pieces lang syne, and the gap's built up wi' a dyke, an' the trees are cut doon an' the hawthorn rooted up, but it's . . . the same place tae me.

"A' can see the tree where we sat, an' the primroses at oor feet, an' the sun shinin' on her face, an' the look in her eyes; a' see her wavin' her hand tae me on the road aifter we pairted, an' the glint o' her goon through the firs the last nicht.

"When a' came the next day she wesna there, an' a' hoddit amang the trees for a ploy, but it wes lang waitin', for she didna come, an' a' gied hame wi' fear in ma hert.

"It micht be that she cudna get awa, a' said tae masel as a' worked at a dyke, but the dread wes hangin' ower me, an' when there wes naebody at the stile the next nicht, a' cud bide nae langer.

"A' set aff tae her hoose, and ilka turn o' the road a' lookit for Menie. Aince ma hert loupit in ma briest like a birdie in its cage, for a wumman cam along the near road frae Kildrummie, but it wesna Menie.

"When a' saw her brither wi' his face tae Drumtochty a' kent, afore he said a

word, that he wes seekin' me, an' that Menie wes dead. Never a tear cam that day tae ma een, an' he telt me, stannin' in the middle o' the road where it begins tae gae doon the hill:

"'It wes her throat, an' the doctor wes feared frae the first day; the nicht she didna come she wes carried [delirious]; she . . . said "Jamie, Jamie," ower an' ower again, an' wanted tae rise.

"'Aboot daybreak she cam tae hersel, and knew oor faces. "A'm deein'," she said, "an' a' didna keep ma tryst last nicht. It's ower late noo, an' a'll no see him on earth again.

"'Tell James Soutar that it wesna ma blame a' failed, an' gie him ma Bible;" an' a while aifter she said, "A'll keep the tryst wi' him some day," an' . . . that's a'."

"Her brither gied me the book an' waited, expeckin' me tae say somethin', but a' hed nae words, an' he left me on the road, coontin' me hard o' hert: a' wes a' that nicht . . . at the stile.

"Doctor, wull ye obleege me by gaein' tae that cupboard and bringin' me ma Sabbath hat?"

Jamie took off the ring of crape, thin and faded with the years, and held it for a moment in his hand.

"Pit it in the fire, Doctor, whar a' can see it burn; a've worn it forty-four year laist spring, but a'll no need it again, for a'm gaein' oot o' mournin' sune.

"Here's her Bible," and Jamie brought it from a shelf in his box-bed; "gin ye come tae ma chestin' [coffining], wull ye see it be pit in? There's naethin' else a' want tae cairry wi' me tae the ither side, an' . . . a'll juist bid ye gude-by, Doctor; ye've set us a straicht line in word an' deed."

"Would you like. . . ." said the Doctor, evidently moved.

"A' wud be obleeged," and Jamie took off his night-cap.

Doctor Davidson prayed:

"Heavenly Father, who only art the source of love and the giver of every good gift, we thank Thee for the love wherewith the soul of Thy servant clave unto this woman as Jacob unto Rachel, which many years have not quenched. Remember the faithfulness of this true heart, and disappoint not its expectation. May the tryst that was broken on earth be kept in heaven, and be pleased to give Thy . . . give Jamie a good home-coming. Amen."

"Thank ye, Doctor; ye've said what

a' wantit, an' . . . it wes kind o' ye tae pit in Jamie," and his hand came out from the bed for a last grasp. He watched the minister go, and when Elspeth returned he said, "Yon's a richt man."

The upland children returning home from school in the afternoon came to the cottage door, and Jamie, who had been dozing, heard their whispering.

"There's some o' thae prodigals oot there in the gairden; bring them in, Elspeth, or a' give them a hearin'; they've juist been the torment o' ma life."

They came in warily, as those who had some experience of former tricks, but there was no fear even among the girls. Had it not been known how Jamie detested children, you would have imagined that he had been their playmate.

"The warst laddie o' the lot," and Jamie seemed to be speaking to the ceiling of his bed, "is Tammie Baxter. It's maist aggravatin' that he sud leave a lairge paper kite in a sick body's bed, an' me wantin' tae turn roond."

The kite suddenly projected itself forward from dark recesses in all its glory of many and very loud colors.

"It's rael bonnie," was all that Tammie offered by way of thanks, as he took possession of his prize amid general envy.

"A' wudna say but there micht be sugar candy in the cupboard," continued Jamie in a soliloquy, and a rush for the door was stayed.

"Annie Mitchell 'ill divide it fair, an' a'm expeckin' a kiss."

"Are ye near weel?" she said, when the debt was paid after a generous fashion. "Mither wants tae ken."

"Tell her a'm juist gettin' on fine, an' a'll be a' richt in twa or three days."

Elspeth reported the trial trip of the kite, and Jamie was full of anxiety.

"Tell Tammie tae pit on a heavier clod and keep tuggin'," till a shout came in through the door, "It's near oot o' sicht," and then Jamie was at peace.

"Bairns are an awfu' handfu'," he moralized; "a' canna mak oot hoo fouk pit up wi' them; that lassie Mitchell is juist a hempie."

Next morning Jamie declined conversation, and lay to all appearance unconscious, so that when the Free Kirk minister, between whom and Jamie there had been a special friendship since the day Carmichael had declared his conviction on Posty's future state, made a visit, El-

speth led him in on tiptoe and spoke in a whisper.

"Ou aye, a' kent ye wud be concerned, for you an' he were chief [friendly]; he's been this wy a' day, naither better nor worse; juist leevin', that's a'; he 'ill never speak again."

"I have been at the Glasgow sacrament," and Carmichael went over to the fireplace; "else I would have come up before. Jamie has always been very kind to me. It's sad to see him lying there speechless, who had the cleverest tongue in the Glen."

"Aye, aye, he's past speech noo; he hears naething."

"Wes't a vawcancy ye were preachin' in," a loud, clear voice proceeded from the bed, "or juist helpin' a freend?"

"Preserve 's a', body an' soul!" cried Elspeth; and Carmichael himself was shaken.

"We thought you were unconscious, Jamie; I'm glad you can still take an interest in things."

"There's been a gey lot o' havers gaein' in this hoose the laist twal 'oors, but a' didna lat on; na, na; a' enjoyed it."

Kirsty Stewart came to share the night-watch with Elspeth, but neither presumed to investigate till nearly daybreak, when

Kirsty declared, with the just weight of her medical authority, that all was over.

"He hes the look, an' his hands are as cold as ice; feel his feet, wumman."

"A' canna find them," said Elspeth, making timid explorations.

"They used tae be on the end o' ma legs," remarked Jamie, as if uncertain where they might now be placed, but offering a suggestion to save trouble.

Elspeth started back and looked at him, but his eyes were closed, and he gave no sign of consciousness.

"A'll no meddle wi' him again," said Elspeth, solemnly, "though a' sit here for a week; he's a queer body, Jamie; he gied his ain roadie a' his life, an' tak ma word for't, Kirsty, he 'ill hae his ain wy o' deein'."

When the first ray shot through the window and trembled on the bed, Jamie raised himself and listened. He shaded his eyes with his hand, as if he were watching for some one and could not see clearly for excess of light.

"Menie," he cried suddenly, with a new voice, "a've keepit oor tryst."

When they laid him in the coffin—the Bible in his hands—the smile was still on his face, and he appeared a man some thirty years of age.

NOTES ON INDIAN ART.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

ONLY within the last few decades has the government of India realized the importance of preserving the national monuments from decay, and of restoring those which have suffered from neglect and vandalism.

It is useless to dwell now on the havoc wrought by the rude conquerors who came in the service of "John Company." In those early days of conquest and plunder, when horses were stabled in memorial tombs and in palaces, audience-halls converted into powder-magazines, barracks, or offices of district magnates, sculptured colonnades roughly boarded up and pierced by windows, panels and screens of exquisite fret-work in sandstone or marble plastered with thick layers of stucco and whitewashed, whatever could be altered over and adapted to the temporary use of the conquerors was spared, and whatever stood in the way of

improvements was ruthlessly torn down. In many cases articles of intrinsic value, such as the linings of marble baths, were dug up and carried away, just as Nadir Shah carried off the peacock throne of the emperors to Teheran. The grand gateway of one of the most imposing monuments of Shah Jehan's reign, the Jumma Musjid of Agra, was pulled down during the mutiny, and a wide expanse of railway tracks, the approach to the station, now extends up to the walls.

How costly and laborious the restorations are, as in the case of the Taj Mahal, no one can judge without some knowledge of the materials employed and the processes involved. While in Persia we find that the splendid monuments of its former glory have been abandoned to picturesque but lamentable decay, and the public buildings now erected have little if anything of the ancient spirit, in India, on the contrary, the native architects and

artisans are still doing admirable work, not inferior in respect to artistic detail and finish to the work of past centuries. The repairs and restorations carried out by them, under intelligent supervision, have the advantage of being done by artisans of the same race as the original builders, who inherit the same traditional methods, and are not, as in the case of the restorations of the Alhambra and other Moorish remains in Spain, wrought by men of an alien race and having little sympathy with those who designed them. Some years ago, while repairs were in progress on certain portions of the palace within the "Fort" at Agra, the workmen engaged in cutting out the little stars, hexagons, or flowers of stone for the precious inlay of the marble walls sat or squatted on the pavement, each with a tool like a little bow, but with a fine wire in lieu of bowstring, which he moistened continually in an earthen chatty of water placed by his side. These primitive craftsmen, nude to the waist, bending over their work as they patiently sawed out, polished, and fitted each stone in its place with the care and precision of jewellers, must have resembled their ancestors who built the palace centuries ago, and who, doubtless, worked with the same tools; for each trade or craft is hereditary, and certain families perpetuate from generation to generation the mysteries and science of their calling. Among the groups of artisans who seemed to be living over again a scene from the golden age of Mogul art, there were some engaged in chiselling thin slabs of white marble into the lacelike screens which fill the windows: the pattern, accurately drawn on paper, was pasted on one side of the slab, and the interstices cut through, after which they were smoothed over and polished.

In the various departments of decorative art, such as the ornamentation of flat wall surfaces with painted designs or mosaic tiles, or with sculptured reliefs often having original and fanciful "motifs," we shall find no less latent vitality than in the province of purely constructive art, as the many public buildings, gateways, and other memorials recently erected bear eloquent testimony. The wood-carvers, particularly, have lost none of their traditional skill, the many industries in metal-work, enamelling, lacquer-work, jewelry, and embroidery still flour-

ish, and there seems no reason for supposing that these artisans are less capable than those of past ages. And, indeed, if one may include other departments of a more utilitarian nature, in which the natural imitative genius of the people has found an outlet, they are the worthy successors of the clever Hindoos described by Terry in 1665, who says: "They are also excellent at limning, and will copy out any picture they see, to the life.... And therefore it is no marvel if the natives there make shoes, boots, clothes, linen bands and cuffs, of our English fashion, which are all of them very much different from their fashions and habits, and yet make them all exceedingly neat." It is amusing to find that to-day the native is competing successfully with the Englishman in the manufacture of artistic furniture of the Chippendale order, but made from indigenous woods, and even underselling him, as any one may realize by walking through the show-rooms of the Parsee and Mussulman furniture dealers of Bombay inhabiting the crowded streets near the Crawford Market; he will also find that this competition extends to boots and shoes and other articles of wearing apparel, as in Terry's time, when it must have had far less encouragement. Birdwood, in his *Manual of the Industrial Arts of India*, laments the deterioration of the hand-made art of India, by forced competition with the machine-made imitations of Europe, which compels the native artisan to produce an inferior class of work, and which restricts him at the same time in his choice of models. But already the tide has begun to turn the other way, and the increasing interest in decorative art has led to the protection and encouragement of these various local industries by the new art schools of the empire. It may be that this view of the matter is too sanguine, and it may not as yet be supported by sufficient data. But certainly the influence of these schools, some of which are admirably officered and equipped, is far-reaching, and cannot fail in time to produce the hoped-for results.

II.

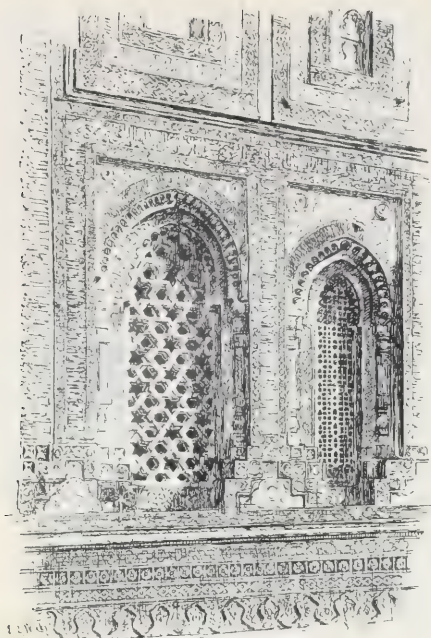
Setting aside the few scattered remains of the Buddhist period, which have more archæological than æsthetic interest, the existing monuments may be roughly divided into those which are entirely Hindoo in spirit, and which have been subdi-



WINDOW IN THE PALACE OF AMBER, SHOWING MARBLE LATTICE AND INLAID GLASS DECORATION.

vided into the Dravidian, Jaina, and other styles, those which were erected during the early period of the Mussulman conquest, showing a mixture of Mohammedan and Hindoo art, and those of the Mogul period, in which the Persian taste is everywhere apparent, with scarcely a trace of Hindoo influence. Still another class might be made of the more modern palaces and other edifices, decorated exteriorly with ornate windows, which were ever sparingly used by Persian builders, and there are also traces of Arabic descent in many of these buildings, so that

they constitute a style purely local. In a brief reference to so vast a field it can only be stated that the most noteworthy monuments of exclusively Hindoo taste are to be found among the temples of southern and central India, as at Vellore, Seroor, and Madura, not to mention the sculptured caves and rock-cut temples of Ajuntah, Ellora, and Elephanta, all of an earlier epoch. Some reference has been made in a former article to the sculptures of Chitor, and those at Mount Abu might be cited as representing the high-water mark of Hindoo artists in marble. These



WINDOWS IN OLD DELHI.

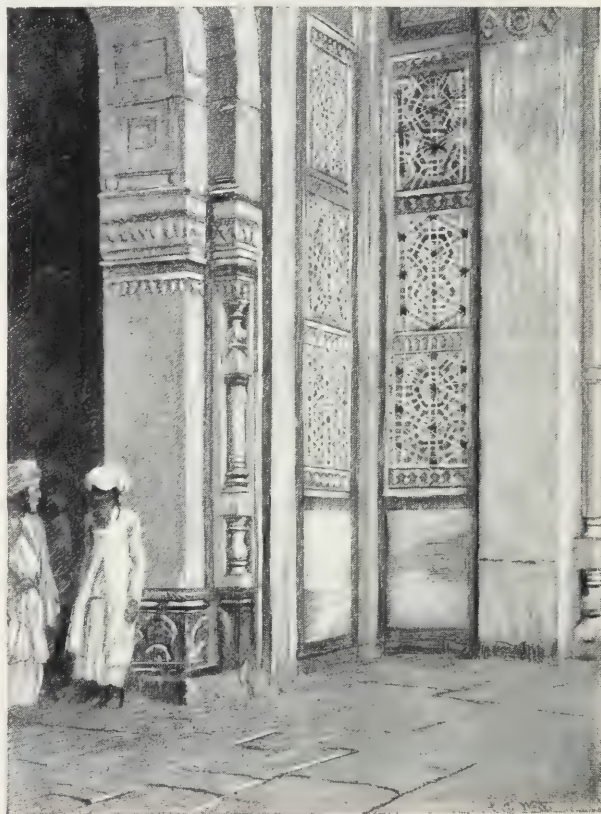
temples, erected between the eleventh and the fourteenth centuries, most picturesquely placed in a landscape of surpassing beauty, give little idea, when seen from without, of the marvels of sculpture within their gray and mossy walls. The series of cells on either side of the long enclosure of one of these temples, each preceded by a little portico consisting of a dome supported by columns, contain the choicest and most marvellous work of Hindoo sculptors. The skill and patient labor which lined these domes with figures of gods, with flowers and leaves and wonderful pendants, hanging, as it were, from their centres, are little short of miraculous, and suggest the ingenious use of ivory by Chinese artisans.

No less marvellously wrought are the columns with sculptured "struts," in lieu of arches, which support the domes.

III.

In beginning what can only be a desultory and incomplete notice of the principal monuments of Mussulman art which are scattered through the north of India, with occasional centres farther south, as at Jawanpore or Bejapore, one naturally reverts to the early period of Mohammedan domination. Here we find traces of Moorish as well as Persian influence, and the occasional curious and interesting

blending of these northern styles with Hindoo elements, as in the province of Guzerat. This ground has been thoroughly studied by such experts and specialists as Cunningham and Fergusson, and the latest treatises show an increasing respect and admiration for works which combine such wonderfully decorative qualities with dignity, and often with sound taste. A remarkable and rare use of the Moorish horseshoe arch occurs in the building known as the gateway of Alah-ou-din, at old Delhi, erected about 1310. This is regarded as the most ornate example of Pathan work, and is peculiarly interesting from the fact that although the general arrangement of the decorated surfaces surrounding each of the arches (all four sides of the edifice being alike, and each having a door in the middle, with two windows on each side) is similar to that of many other Mussulman buildings, resembling in some respects the entrances of the mosque at Cordova, many of the ornamental details and patterns are purely Hindoo, and of course peculiar to India. The mosque at Purana Kela, near Delhi, is cited as one of the finest examples of the Pathan period. The dark red stone, nearly crimson in

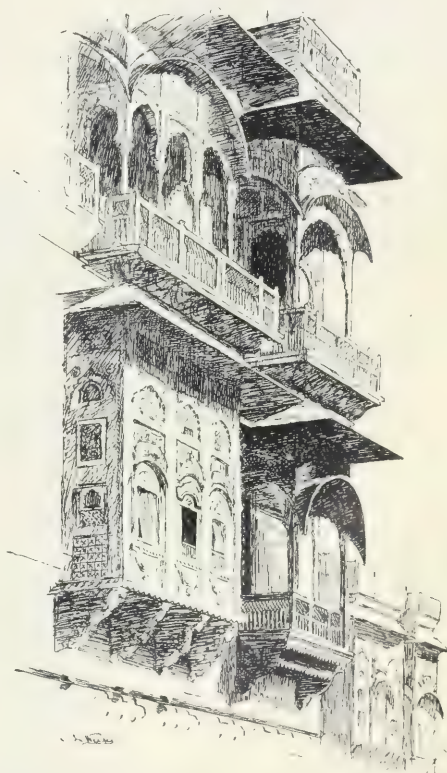


DOORWAY OF THE MOSQUE OF PURANA KELA, NEAR DELHI.

places, which is the prevailing material, is relieved by bands of marble surrounding the great central arch, and the interior of the niche or recessed doorway is curiously decorated with mosaic in which the marble panels are inlaid with geometrical patterns of black and red stone, leaving only lines of white between the figures. The adjoining arches on each side are of red stone without inlay, thus contrasting by their simplicity with the central arch, while the two exterior openings on each side are of plain gray granite. The whole edifice, while grand and somewhat severe in effect, shows a harmonious diversity of color. The noble group of monuments, some of them strangely original, including the remains at the deserted capital of Futtipoor Sikri, which were built during the reign of Akbar, are among the most interesting in all India.

The Mogul emperors were wise enough to realize that if they did not build their own mausoleums they stood but little chance of being buried with fitting magnificence, and took a serious pleasure in rearing these stately sepulchres. That at Secundra is like a city in itself, placed at the end of a vast parklike garden; and there is nothing funereal in its character or surroundings, for these monarchs had the pleasant Eastern fashion of looking cheerfully forward to the inevitable, and made use of their mausoleums while they lived as pleasure-houses, and the surrounding gardens as appropriate places for *al fresco* entertainments. It was a poetic inspiration on the part of Akbar to have placed his tomb out in the sunshine and in the middle of the wide marble court, with only the blue vault of heaven over it, and the Koh-i-noor flashing like a star from the top of the little marble column at the head. Fergusson does not mention the Koh-i-noor, nor the little column four feet high, said to have been covered with gold; but it still stands there, with the empty socket on the top, and it was at all events a unique and pleasing idea. Few deserted cities are more impressive than Futtipoor Sikri, and the splendid gateway of the mosque which towers to the height of one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, dwarfing every structure within the walls, is a landmark for all the neighboring country. Every building which has in any measure escaped the ravages of time is of the same

red sandstone, and the only exception is the white marble tomb of Selim Chisti, which stands in the court-yard of the mosque. Such miracles of delicate tracery and such fantastically twisted brackets were surely never before wrought in unyielding marble, and as the sculptured cells in the temples of Mount Abu represent the highest attainment of Hin-



BALCONIES OF THE PALACE OF THE SETHS,
AJMEER.

doo art in this direction, so the tomb of Selim Chisti may stand as an example of what ingenious Mussulman architects may accomplish within the range of purely geometrical design, circumscribed as they are by the limitations of their creed.

The most unique of all the little structures standing in the neighborhood, or on the near margin of the tank in the vast court enclosed by the palace walls, is the one commonly called the sultana's kiosk, and lovingly designed as the boudoir of an imperial favorite. We know little today of the jewel which it sheltered, but one may at least hope that it was worthy of such a casket. The red stone is peculiarly deep and rich in quality of color, and as every inch of it is carved and fretted it resembles closely a Japanese bibelot of vermilion lacquer.

The "House of Beerbul's daughter" and all the others, of which no two are alike, show a similar exuberance of fancy, so that no one of these fortunate sultanas had reason to be jealous of a rival's installation, since all were equally well lodged. Nothing at Futtipoor Sikri is more impressive than the view of the walls and the strange outlines of the structures towering above them, when one leaves, at sunset, the gateway on the north where stand the two great elephants of stone with interlinked trunks, and descending the steep pathway, encumbered with fallen fragments, he reaches the isolated tower bristling with elephants' tusks. Here he may look back to the deserted capital, or forward to the western glow, beyond the crumbling ruins of the last and outermost wall, where the great vultures and adjutant-storks balance themselves on the broken battlements.

IV.

In the portraits and miniatures of Shah Jehan which have survived he is usually represented in the act of inhaling the fragrance of a moss-rose, or toying with a button-hole bouquet, and he has quite the air of an æsthetic poseur. He showed great interest in the portraits brought over by the English ambassador, but preferred the work of his own painters, and boasted that some of them could so copy these pictures, probably miniatures, that it would be impossible to distinguish the copy from the original. Those which found favor in his eyes were doubtless painted with water-colors on ivory, and this art has survived to the present day: "for indeed in that art of limning his Painters worke miracles; the other being in oyle, he liked not." Here and there, in India, one chances unexpectedly upon a bit of old work which has qualities suf-

ficient to show that the artist had something in common with the early Dutch and Flemish painters, not only in technique, but in subject and other attributes of genre painting. Somewhere in the labyrinth of winding lanes, culs-de-sac, and tall old houses between Vazir Khan's mosque, at Lahore, and what might be called the exterior boulevard on the north, there is a forsaken, ruinous, and dusty old palace tenanted by the retainers of some exiled Rajah; at all events there is some half-forgotten history attached to it. On

the upper terrace of this palace, whence one has a fine view of the richly colored minars of Vazir Khan, which rose as we saw them against a stormy sky, there is a little square room or "mirador," decorated with mural paintings, occupying the panels between doors and windows; there is a hunting scene, with a prince riding out from the palace holding a falcon on his wrist. The details of costume, embroideries, and weapons are executed with quaint precision and fidelity. Another represents the prince having an interview with a fair lady in a prim old garden. The lady is certainly meant to be beautiful, and the garden with its shrubbery and the details of pavement or kiosk are treated with a certain formal realism, as if painted on the spot,



UPPER GALLERIES OF HINDOO HOUSE OF
CARVED AND PAINTED WOOD.

reminding one not a little of Jan Van Eyck, and the analysis by an English critic of his early method of beginning on a whitened panel, always preserving the original outline, and gradually glazing the shadows and leaving the high lights. During my last visit we tried again to find the house, but only succeeded in finding another which recalled it in many features, with nearly the same view of the minars from the roof, but there was no mirador and no

trace of paintings. But painting, after all, in this country has only a subordinate place relatively to architecture, in which the genius of Indian artists found its most fitting expression and achieved its highest triumphs. If Shah Jehan had left no other memorial of his reign than the "Taj," he would still be entitled to the gratitude of posterity and to an exalted rank among kingly builders. In the chorus of praise, of poetry, and sentiment which the first sight of the Taj Mahal never fails to inspire, I remember but one dissentient voice, and that was a written comment in the visitors' book to the effect that the writer, a patriotic citizen of Allahabad, considered it inferior to certain monuments in his own city, and "not worth the journey from Allahabad in order to see it." The force of one's first impression of any world-renowned chef-d'œuvre is often weakened by unfavorable circumstances or by its environment, and in the case of a painting or statue, often placed in a badly lighted gallery, some effort is necessary at times in order to adjust one's mind to the conditions. But in the case of the Taj the builders have cunningly done all that beforehand, nothing unsightly is left to mar the impression, and when one has emerged from the gloom of the great portal which gives access to the garden, two lines of black cypress spires lead the eye straight to the majestic dome which rises white and dazzling at the end of the vista, and which is repeated in the still water of the long canal. The setting is worthy of the gem, and on either hand, beyond the dark cypresses, the garden, of matchless luxuriance, is a very carnival of color. From the stately entrance gate of red stone and white marble, and the garden walls, ornamented with kiosks and domes in which every battlement is inlaid with a marble fleur-de-lis, to the beautiful pendent mosques, enhancing the brilliancy of the Taj by their variegated color, the same perfection of finish reigns throughout, and one longs almost unconsciously for some blemish, some harsher note to connect it with the outer world, and stamp it with reality. As one enters the little alcove among piles of pointed shoes of strange and varied make, left by native pilgrims at the threshold, and turns to mount the steps leading to the upper



GATEWAY OF MOSQUE, FUTTIPOOR SIKRI.

terrace through the recessed marble, as transparently luminous as a crevasse in the ice of a glacier, he is met by ragged little pages, who proceed to whisk the dust from his shoes, so that he may not leave it on the immaculate pavement above.

Seen from across the Jumna it rises like a summer cloud against the clear sky, and its inverted image trembles in the deep blue of the water. There is no blackness in the shadows on the sunlit faces, and even under the deeply recessed arches the color is luminous and opalescent, while on the shadowed side it borrows the cool reflected tones of the sky, and is as full of transparent tints and hues of mother-of-pearl as the lining of a shell. Fergusson is the recognized authority on Indian architecture, and in his comments on the Taj his too evident admiration is tempered, and his reputation as a classical critic saved, by placing it on a lower level than the masterpieces of Greek art, while he pronounces it to be

unequalled in its class.* When one attempts to paint or draw even a small portion of it he will grow to understand that beneath its apparent simplicity, which is so managed that no detail interferes with the unity and force of the impression, there is yet a vast deal of complexity and thorough constructive science. But all these unpleasant but necessary elements are so artfully subordinated that one carries away only the memory of its sensuous charm of color and outline, and is not disturbed by the underlying basis of mathematics. From the terrace behind the Taj, overlooking the Jumna, the view extends beyond a bend of the river to the fortress walls of Agra, topped by the white domes and gilded roofs of the palace and the adjacent mosques. Beautiful at a dis-

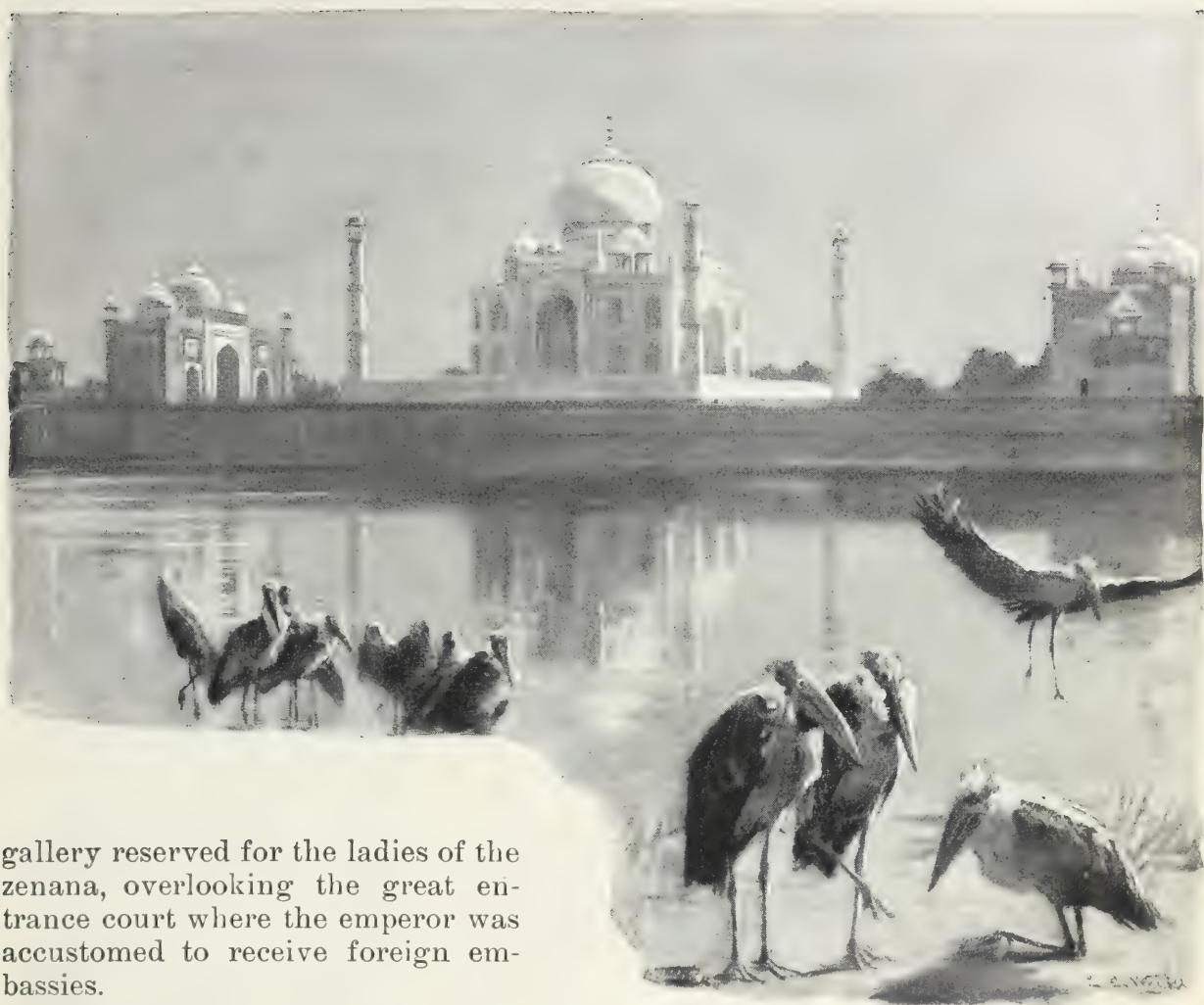


SHAH JEHAN.
From an old portrait.

tance, they lose little by a closer inspection. The fortress is entered by the usual mediæval drawbridge and dark vaulted entrance, guarded by tall, red-coated Sikhs. Beyond these outer defences, an ascending ramp, flanked by high walls commanding the road on every side, is admirably planned to resist a sudden attack, and this causeway curves up-

* "The Parthenon belongs, it is true, to a higher class of art, its sculptures raising it into the region of the most intellectual branch of phonetic art; but, on the other hand, the exquisite inlay of precious stones at the Taj is so æsthetically beautiful as in a merely architectural estimate almost to bring it on a level with the Grecian masterpiece." And again he writes: "Though their value consequently may be nearly the same, their forms are so essentially different that they hardly look like productions of the same art. . . . Its beauty may not be of the highest class, but in its class it is unsurpassed."—FERGUSON, *History of Architecture*.

ward to the arched gate between two majestic towers. It must have been nearly or quite impregnable against the cannon of Akbar's time, and should a storming column have succeeded in forcing the outer gate and mounting the steep ascent, with two turns at right angles, swept on all sides by a concentrated fire from above, it would have suffered at least an unpleasant moment of suspense when forced to halt at the foot of this titanic portal as at the base of a precipice. Notwithstanding its formidable appearance, it deserves to be considered as a work of art from the noble proportions of the two octagonal towers and their ornamentation of inlaid marble. While there is always an element of the quaintly exotic, and to our eyes barbaric, in most Hindoo work, which necessitates some familiarity with it before we can fully enjoy its æsthetic qualities, in the great monuments of the Mogul epoch, so grand and simple in proportion, and at the same time so wonderfully elaborate, we recognize certain architectural principles already familiar to us. This is particularly evident in the great citadels which enclose the imperial palaces, and which, while planned like the feudal strongholds of Europe, and with quite as much military science, have been made more interesting by their external decoration. The walls and gateways of the Agra fortress were built by Akbar, the red stone palace within, resembling in style some of the palaces in his deserted capital at Futtipoor Sikri, was built by his son Jehanghir, and the beautiful marble palaces, kiosks, pavilions, and mosques were the work of Shah Jehan. Throughout the entire series of stately palaces constructed during the reign of this monarch runs a vein of ultra-æsthetic refinement, showing an evident desire to make the most of natural advantages, and a poetic sense of what is beautiful and fitting, and which could only be content with the best. What could be more satisfactory and complete than the lovely open pavilion crowning one of the red stone towers of the fortress at a great height from the ground, with bracketed marble columns supporting the eaves, inlaid like the Taj, and opening directly into an open marble court with fountains? There is a charming view of the Taj rising beyond a bend of the river from the pavilion, and the little court behind communicates by a latticed passage with the



gallery reserved for the ladies of the zenana, overlooking the great entrance court where the emperor was accustomed to receive foreign embassies.

But in order to arrive at a fair understanding of what was accomplished in decorative architecture during the reign of Shah Jehan, one must take into consideration the other monuments of Agra, having begun with the Taj and the palace. The "Moti Musjid," or Pearl Mosque, which is seemingly restful from its appearance of extreme simplicity, artfully conceals beneath this exterior a great deal of studied proportion and elaborate detail. The broad court, when one enters it on a bright day, has the blinding dazzle of a snow-field, for nothing meets the eye but marble and the deep blue sky. Nothing could exceed the delicacy of color and subtle gradations of tint when the eye penetrates from the outer glare into the depths of shadow behind the arches. But, as in the Taj, there is no darkness in this shadow, and the details of the innermost wall are clearly visible from across the court. A short distance from the fortress rise the three great domes of the Jumma Musjid or chief mosque of Agra, decorated with zigzag bands of white and red stone. This also is of Shah Jehan's

THE TAJ MAHAL, FROM ACROSS THE JUMNA.

reign. When we pass on to Delhi, his chief capital, we are confronted by another series of imposing buildings, the great fortress and the remains of the palaces within its enclosure, the great mosque, the largest and most stately pile, as a whole, among Mohammedan religious edifices. And further on, at Lahore, we find still another capital and another series of palaces and mosques. In the hill fortress of Gwalior there is yet another palace of Shah Jehan, but a small one, only three hundred and twenty feet in length, perched, as usual, on the very verge of an "embattled steep." Many other pleasure-houses might be added to the list, for this monarch seems to have taken pleasure in distributing himself over a vast extent of territory. An approximate idea of the prodigious number of artistic monuments for which northern India is indebted to his splendid extravagance may be gained by supposing that Louis XIV., for instance, after constructing

Versailles and its dependencies, had built the Louvre, Luxembourg, and other edifices of Paris, the work of different architectural epochs, had then built himself another capital at London, with citadels, palaces, cathedrals, and still another at Brussels, and linked them all together by a chain of smaller palaces and occasional retreats. Had not death interrupted his ambition, he would have built a pendant to the Taj across the Jumna, and thrown a marble bridge over the river between them.

The most perfect surviving example of this epoch, which ranks with the Taj as a piece of unparalleled but charming extravagance, is the part of the palace at Delhi called the Dewan-i-Khas, and the adjoining apartments, all that remains, in fact, of what was once the most extensive and sumptuous palace in the world. According to the only existing plan it was more than double the size of the Escorial, or, indeed, of any other palace in Europe.* It would be useless to refer again to the vandalism which destroyed it, as this has already been the cause of sufficient repentance. The verses in Persian characters, extolling its charms with the customary extravagance of Oriental poets, do not exceed the truth. There is not a square yard, either of column, arch, or ceiling, which is left unadorned with precious mosaics and gilding. In some instances one has a feeling of disappointment at first seeing this far-famed jeweller's decoration applied on such an extensive scale. When viewed from a distance these delicate arabesques and flowerlike petals seem to soften and temper the blankness of the marble, and when closely examined with a hand-glass they become interesting again from their wonderful delicacy; but when seen from a short distance they appear formal in design and crude in color, like the stamped patterns on chintz. In the Delhi palace the incrustation of gilding, which relieves in places the bluish or opal-tinted tones of the marble, seems to harmonize and enhance the brighter colors of the mosaic, with its frequently recurring flowers of agate and red carnelian. The sun-steeped landscape seen from the windows, with the distant Jumna, here a narrower stream than at Agra, in its repose and vast breadth, is a perfect foil to the lavish magnificence within. The charm of these Indian palaces may be partly due to the

* *Mogul Art.*—FERGUSSON

fact that nowhere is nature shut out, and one has no feeling of confinement, as in the palaces of Europe; wherever the eye wanders, across the cool marble of the pavement, to the light between the columns, or through the lace-work of the windows, there is always a prospect of flowers and tree-tops, of blue water, or a hazy rim of encircling hills.

The ceiling of the Dewan-i-Khas, said to have been originally of silver, has been recently restored, though not of course to its former magnificence; but at present it seems somewhat garish in color when contrasted with the time-chastened decorations below. The walls and gateways of the citadel enclosing this group of palaces are built in a style of corresponding magnificence, but somewhat more severe in character, and are still in good repair, with the exception of the Cashmere Gate and bastion, the scene of one of the most heroic incidents of modern history. A short distance from the walls stands the Jumma Musjid, which, although somewhat lacking internally in the good taste and harmony of color and arrangement which characterize most buildings of the epoch, is unrivalled in grandeur of line and in external effect. At sunset, when seen from the eastern side, a violet silhouette against the glow of the sky, nothing could exceed its elegance of outline, and it has almost the illusion of a whole city, with its long array of domes, cupolas, spires, and finials, its level line of arcaded cloisters, through which the light pierces, giving to the vast pile an air of lightness and grace, and, dominating all, the two tall minars and the great balloon-shaped marble domes.

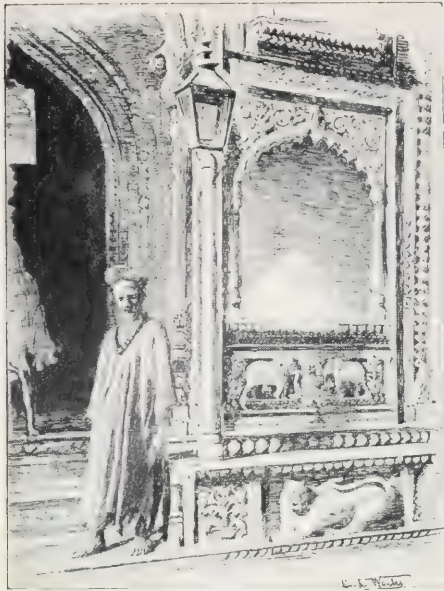
Much of the merit of the Agra and Delhi mosaics was formerly attributed to Austin de Bordeaux and other Europeans in the service of Shah Jehan, but few patterns have been found, however, which can be referred directly to European inspiration, and it is everywhere apparent that the Moguls availed themselves of the mechanical skill and ingenuity of these Western artificers in working out their own designs, for instances are rare in Italy of workmanship so delicate in execution and at the same time so thoroughly subordinate to the general scheme of the architect.

V.

One is usually more or less prepared for what awaits him at Delhi and Agra,



THE TAJ MAHAL.



SCULPTURE AROUND THE DOORWAY OF
A TEMPLE, MUTTRA (MODERN).

but when we were advised to stop on the way north and see Ahmedabad for the first time, we did not expect to have the satisfaction of discovering for ourselves, as it were, a new type of city, and of becoming accustomed to a new phase of Indian art. The guide-books and other works which we had studied before leaving Europe made but little mention of this city, and we knew next to nothing of the marvels of wood-carving with which its streets are lined, and its ornate little mosques all built alike of orange-hued sandstone, differing only in their degree of elaboration; the most striking feature of these mosques is their curious

blending of modern and Hindoo art, or, more explicitly speaking, the way in which the plans of Moslem builders have been wrought out and embellished by artisans of Hindoo or Jaina race. In this case the marriage of these two elements has been a happy one, for the architectural results are often remarkable for elegance of form and sculptured detail, and resemble nothing else in the world.

While driving about in the town with the vague hope of finding some fragments of this seductive wood-work, we came suddenly upon a sign-board in front of an old house bearing the name, in plain English, of a New York association of decorative artists. Here we found many of the most skilful workers of the province engaged on American orders, such as chimney-pieces, sideboards, sculptured beams, and panels. This establishment had been recently inaugurated by Mr. Lockwood de Forrest, who has since accomplished so much in popularizing Indian art, and at that time Anglo-India had scarcely awakened to the fact that these things were even worthy of consideration, either from an artistic or a commercial point of view. Mention was made in a former article of the general arrangement of these Ahmedabad houses, also common in other cities of Guzerat and in Bombay. The leading features may be again noted as being the deeply recessed lower story, forming a veranda, and the wooden pillars with elaborately wrought consols supporting the upper stories or balconies; the whole façade is often covered with a wealth of carving, painted with tints which are

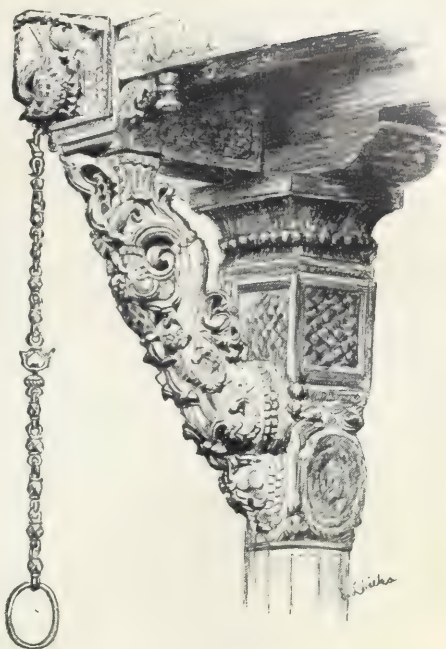


THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

rather gaudy when new, but which are exquisitely beautiful when half effaced and weather-worn. The heads of elephants and spirited horses, figures of dancing-girls, nymphs, and the gods of the Hindoo pantheon, are mingled with floral scroll-work, or more conventional arabesques. The doors of these houses, although massive and heavy, both in appearance and in actual weight, are often exceedingly interesting and of great artistic beauty.

Archæologists and others who have written on Indian art have made little mention of the domestic and street architecture of the country, or have dismissed the subject with a few words, confining their field of observations to the public edifices. One of the very first to appreciate this phase of indigenous art was a well-known English architect, who caused a series of large photographs to be made of houses, windows, doors, and ornamented panels for the South Kensington Museum, and it is through his endeavors that a thoroughly illustrative collection has been placed there. Although he has lived to see his labors appreciated, he had great difficulty at the outset in creating an interest, owing to the conservatism of certain directors or others in authority, who recognized only the art of Greece and Rome, stigmatizing everything in India as "Alhambra rot." Far from discriminating intelligently between the different schools, or even between the good and the bad, they wished to know nothing about it, considering from their classical stand-point that it could have no interest for the world at large.

In contrast to this somewhat intolerant spirit, one meets now and then intelligent natives of India who appear to have discovered for themselves the intrinsic worth of these things at a time when most Europeans were still indifferent to them. There used to be a large "Europe Shop" in Ahmedabad, resembling in the character and variety of its merchandise an American country store, which was kept by an elderly Parsee, and I once had occasion to replace some missing article from his extensive stock. The old gentleman, with white mustache and the mutton-chop whiskers affected by Parsees of the old school, wearing the regulation tall black cap and white drills, was tilted back in his chair, giving orders to half-caste clerks and paying little per-



CARVED-WOOD BRACKET AND CAPITAL, BOMBAY.

sonal attentions to the rare customers. Some question of mine in regard to the antiquities of the neighborhood seemed to arouse his interest, and after diving and rummaging among a pile of old boxes he came out triumphantly with a neatly bound little volume, a monograph in English, describing the principal buildings of mark, and illustrated by photographs. He had not only written the book, but had made the photographs, having first tried to draw the subjects and finding his skill insufficient; and he had also travelled over a large part of India for the sole purpose of enjoying and studying its architectural beauties. I do not cite this as being an exceptional case, since he belonged to a race remarkable for keen intelligence, and among which culture is often associated with wealth.

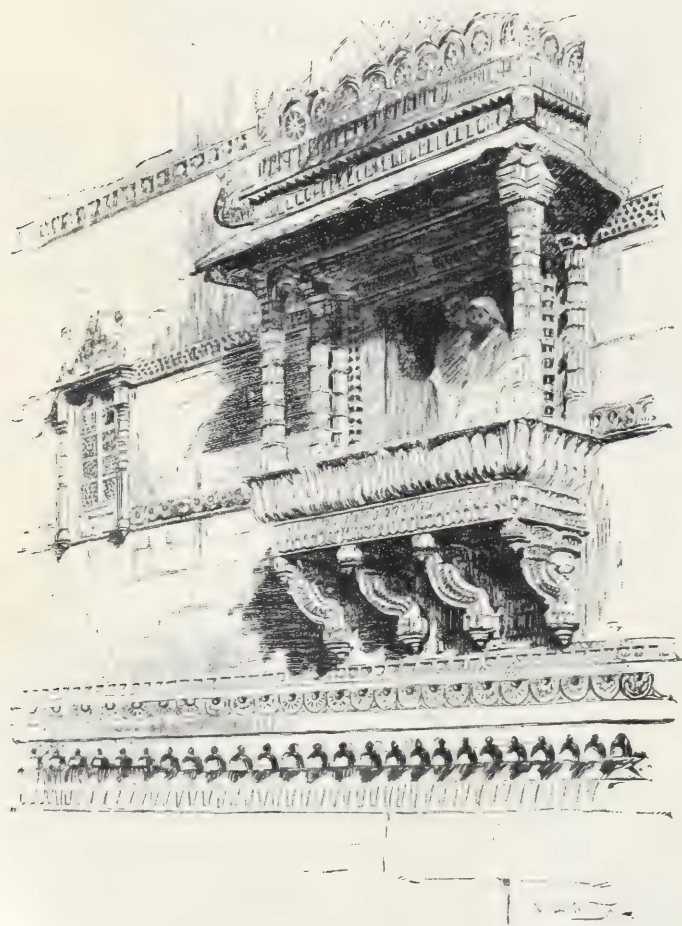
No transition more abrupt and entire could be imagined than that from Ahmedabad to Ajmeer. It is not that one city could be considered as exclusively Hindoo and the other as Mohammedan, for the former city was in its prime the capital of a flourishing sultanate and held an incredible number of mosques, while the other was at one time a favorite seat of the Mogul emperors; but in Ahmedabad the decorative art of the Hindoos, a more cultivated race than their conquerors, was able to hold its own, and there is no trace in the carved house fronts of Arabic influence, and but little even in

the mosques, which were profusely sculptured in the Jaina style; there are few if any of the dentilated arches which abound in Rajpootana, and a white wall is a rarity among the richly colored but somewhat sombre-toned houses which line the streets. Should one go directly from this city to Ajmeer, the difference will seem as striking, for instance, as that which exists between Amsterdam and Capri, and would seem to be the work of a widely different race. There everything is white, there is no carved wood, and the street architecture resembles that of the neighboring cities of Rajpootana, of which Ajmeer was once an important capital. Most of the town is more or less modern, and while its white aspect recalls

ed with another type, the outcome of a different art instinct. The tall wooden houses, as elaborately carved and decorated as those of Guzerat, display many of the geometrical patterns used by the western Arabs, and at Mooltan and in Scinde Persian influence begins to appear, and many other variations exist in which these leading elements are combined in different proportions.

VI.

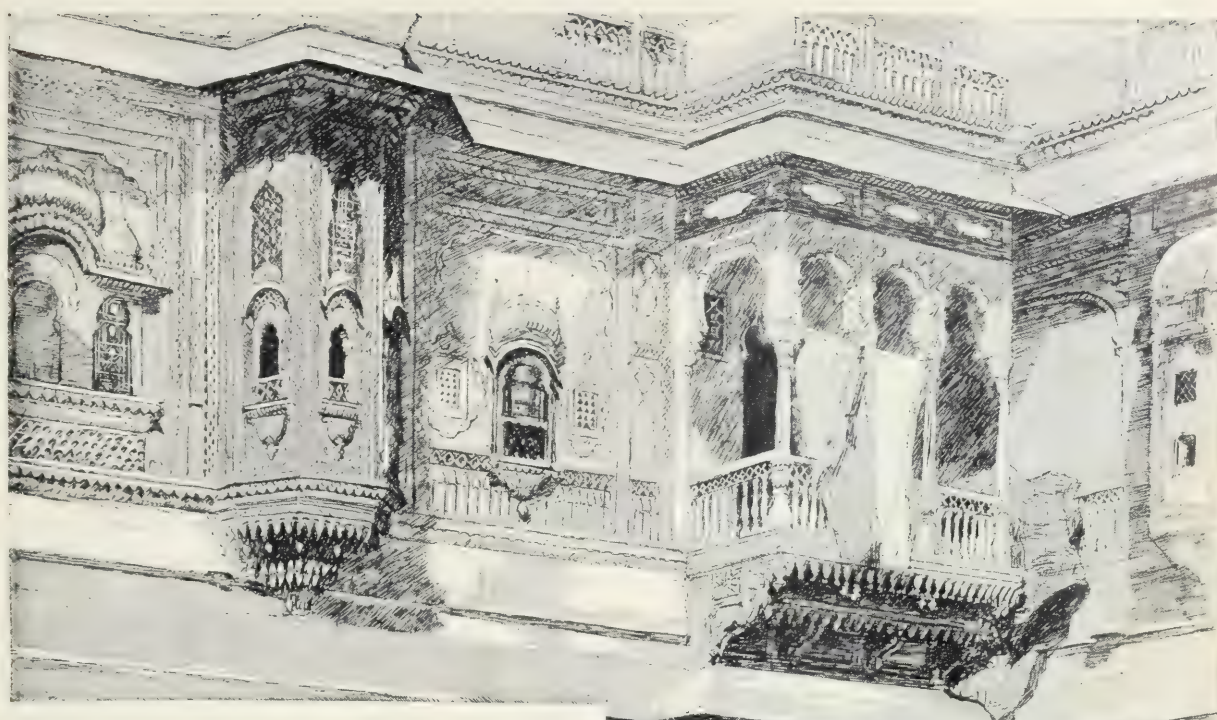
A lingering doubt still exists as to the possibility of completing or even beginning an art education outside of Europe, and a travelled American was recently heard to ask whether it was yet practicable in the United States. It might furnish such doubters with food for reflection could they visit one or two of the art schools of India and see with what success the experiment of initiating the native into the mysteries of the painter's craft, from a European standpoint, has been crowned thus far. In the life class at the School of Arts in Bombay we found the students working in various mediums from a costumed model, one of the characteristic street types of the bazar. Hindoo and Moslem, irrespective of caste distinctions, met on neutral ground, and the class itself would have made an interesting subject for a painter. Some of the workers wore the conventional dress of their race or order, and others the semi-European garb now prevalent. There was a fair sprinkling of scarlet turbans and black velvet caps, and a young Parsee girl, clothed in the classical, clinging drapery of her race, was making what would be considered anywhere a very plucky *ébauche* in black and white. The director of this institution, Mr. Griffiths, is an artist of rare ability, and to him is due the credit of inaugurating a school



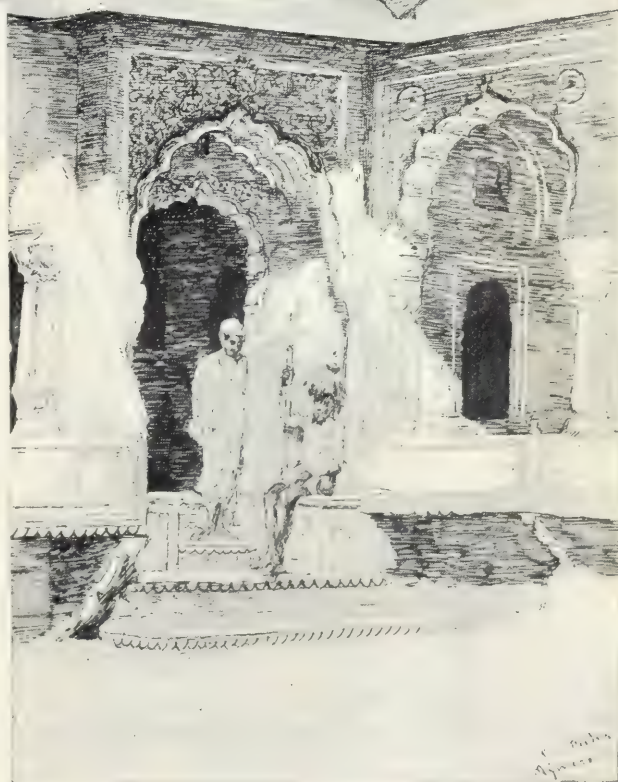
WINDOW OF QUEEN'S MOSQUE, AHMEDABAD.

in a measure the appearance of a Moorish city, nothing could offer more contrast to the blank walls of the Moors than the brightness and gayety of its bazars, made attractive by innumerable arched windows, balconies, and colored awnings. At Lahore and Amritsar we are confront-

of industrial art with the object of improving the quality and raising the standard of these various Indian handicrafts, and which is now one of the most interesting features of this institution. Like most innovators, he at first found difficulty in securing the co-operation of the



government in developing his plan, and it was not until he had obtained the interest and practical assistance of Lord Reay that the matter was brought to a successful issue. This section of the School of Arts is now called the "Reay Art Workshops," and it was opened in 1891 with a staff of eighty artisans. The long building where these ateliers are located, built in unpretending and economical fashion, resembles a weaving-shed, but is well lighted and quite sufficient for the modest needs of the workers; the rooms have earthen floors, and only one, where finished products are exhibited, has any pretensions to decorative effect. Instruction is given in gold and silver chasing, enamelling on metals, engraving, and repoussé-work, wood-carving, ornamental copper and brass work, and iron-work; also carpet-weaving. Each workshop is presided over by a master-craftsman, assisted by a number of apprentices. The system of apprenticeship has been found necessary in order that the students may not be enticed away by the prospect of higher wages before their course of study is completed. Much attention is being given to ornamental metal-work, and the efforts thus directed will, it is hoped, result in domestic iron-work of a more artistic character than is found in the more modern native houses of Bombay, and



IN THE COURT OF THE PALACE OF THE SETHS,
AJMEER.

more on a par with that which still survives in Ahmedabad and other older cities which have not yet begun to substitute the cheaper machine-made work of Europe. The ornamental metal-work of the great Victoria Terminus* at Bombay was made at the School of Arts, and far more cheaply than it could have been imported

* The station of the Great Indian Peninsula Railroad.



STONE BRACKETS AT MUTTRA.

from Europe. This station is one of the most imposing modern buildings in India, and although somewhat florid in its external ornamentation, is agreeable and harmonious in effect, as well as sumptuous in material and finish. In the department of wood-carving at the Reay workshops there are many examples of the application of elaborate decorative designs to art furniture, screens, punkah frames, and other household articles; the workmen are encouraged to employ their own tools rather than those imported from Europe, so that when they leave the school they may be better able to turn their hands to any work which may come in their way without being dependent on foreign aids. In another room a few carpets were being woven on vertical frames from fragments of ancient Persian carpets of great beauty, and these models were followed far more carefully, both in design and quality of color, than in the more extensive workshops of the north, whether located in government jails or in private factories, from which the great warehouses of London and Paris are supplied. The metal-work produced here impressed me as being more artistic than that which is usually offered to the casual tourist in the shops, or by itinerant venders, particularly those partially enamelled or engraved. A most praise-

worthy feature of this institution is the economical way in which such results are obtained, as if every rupee had been laid out to the best advantage. The Mayo School of Arts at Lahore is one of the most thriving and practically useful endowments of this kind to be found anywhere.

In the minds of the majority of people, Lahore, like Thule, belongs to the fantastic realm of opera, and whenever the name comes up, the practical man at once mentally consigns it to the vague limbo of theatrical geography. Remote from the sea, and within a day's journey of the treacherous Afghan, travellers with round-the-world Cook's tickets seldom include it in their itineraries. In spite of this crushing indifference of the world in general, Lahore has gone bravely on and built for itself an *École des Beaux-Arts* and an Art Museum, in both of which it has dared to be original, and which deserve to be more widely known as models in their way. In place of the customary Renaissance palace or Greek temple we find an edifice which seems to embody in its internal architecture and adornment the principles which govern the conduct of the school, the encouragement and amelioration of native art. This institution was first proposed in 1873-4 as a memorial to Lord Mayo, a former Viceroy, and it was then decided that it should have a distinctly Oriental character. Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling was induced to go to Lahore, in order to take charge of the new undertaking, in 1875. Mr. Kipling's fitness for the task, and his success in bringing it to completion, was owing as much to his previous training and professional experience in various directions as to his keen appreciation of Indian art in general, for it has usually been conceded that a good "all-round man" has the advantage of a specialist in such an undertaking. He had previously identified himself with what might be termed the new art movement in Bombay by his work on the stately series of municipal and government buildings, the Veneto-Gothic palaces, in the new quarter, which offer such a grateful contrast to the stuccoed and yellow-washed classical temples of an earlier date, many of which unfortunately still survive. There were many obstacles in his way at the outset, as well as deeply rooted prejudices to counteract, and much study of the ground was ne-

cessary before he could carry out the very obvious and simple notion that since India is heir to a distinctive and naturally descended style of art, some effort should be made to preserve it, and to collect and perpetuate its best traditions. To continue in his own words: "he was hampered by two or three influences: first, the excellent English administrators, who had never seriously thought about art at all, but who expected the latest kind of European improvements on the subject; and secondly, the natives themselves, who were very reluctant to believe that it was worth while to study and draw buildings which they had been indifferent to all their lives; they also expected something brand-new from England." After some tentative experiments he established a nucleus of students and craftsmen, from which the school grew to its present importance. Since Mr. Kipling's retirement the school has been under the direction of Mr. F. H. Andrews, and the work is being carried on quite in accordance with the views of its founder. All the assistant masters with the exception of Mr. David are natives of the Punjab, and the course of study comprises modelling and moulding in plaster, architecture and wood-carving, engineering, geometry and mensuration, drawing and design. There are no fees for instruction, and the students are further encouraged by various stipends and scholarships. Some of the more advanced students have already been sent out to introduce the system into the schools of the northwest provinces. An annual art exhibition is held here, and artisans from remote parts of the province send in their contributions.

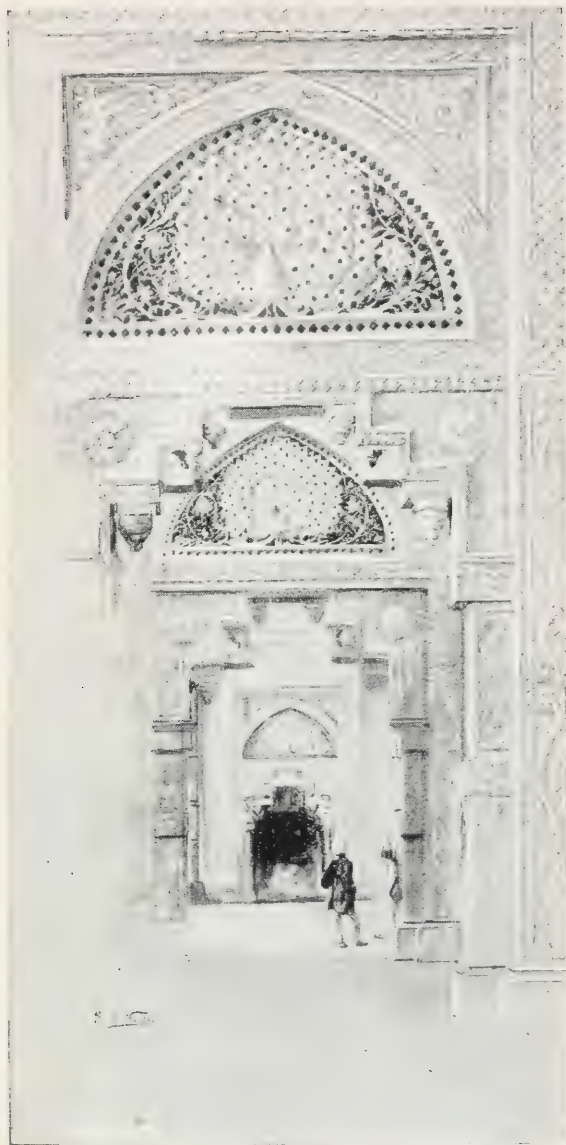
At the epoch of my visit to Lahore, in '93, the last exhibition had just been closed, but many of the unsold articles still remained in the show-rooms, and I was particularly impressed by the beautiful reproductions and fac-similes of carved doorways and oriel-windows in dark wood, or in fragrant "deodar" (a light-colored Himalayan cedar), which were offered at prices incredibly low. There were also marvellous screens with frames inlaid with ivory or brass, and deodar panels filled in with delicate geometrical lattice-work almost microscopic in minuteness of detail. Nothing of inferior quality seemed to have found a place here, and the examples of ivory inlaying, lacquer and metal work, were all of excellent and

thorough workmanship. It was one of the founder's chief objects to furnish provincial artisans who have no shops or studios, and no way of reaching the public, with a place to show their works, and thus to "link up the bazar with the school." But in spite of his efforts and those of his successor, the greater part of the students look to government service rather than to handicrafts for a future. The best of them are generally sons of carpenters, goldsmiths, blacksmiths, and the like, who have a hereditary aptitude for design, which men of other castes do not possess. As an instance of the way in which the materials at hand were utilized, Mr. Kipling found that under the apparent haphazard method of working which Indian wood-carvers follow, there



TEAK-WOOD DOORWAY, AHMEDABAD.

was a definite system of teaching, and the boys in the shops improved their spare moments by copying certain set patterns. These models were collected and carefully codified, and some of the fine old examples of wood-work of the best period, called "Akbari," being of the time of Akbar, were added to them, and all were



VISTA IN THE NEW ART MUSEUM, LAHORE.

found to be of great use in elementary teaching. In this way also the details of the fresco-painting in the mosque of Vazir Khan were utilized as a copy-book, but at the same time the students were made to exercise their inventive faculties in attempting original designs, and to develop their inborn instinct for harmony of color, in which, when left to themselves, they seldom go wrong. Instances of the application of this latent but hitherto untrained talent to practical uses have already begun to multiply, and the superb decoration of the Queen's new banquet-hall at Osborne, by Bhai Khan Singh (an assistant master), shows what can be accomplished under such favorable conditions. In the atelier of sculpture at the school were examples of unfinished but

promising work, and among the studies from life, hung on the walls of the painting-class, are a few heads of Sikhs and other local types, notably those by Munshi Sher Muhammad, now an instructor, to whose ability and taste much of the decorative work in the new art museum is also due. These heads are painted in a straightforward and vigorous way which would have commanded respect in any Paris atelier ten years ago. If these clever exotics have not yet caught on to the most recent fashion of expressing the "soul of things" by a more emblematic mode of treatment, the theory of valuation, in short, and ignorant of the joyous reaction which has taken place, are still struggling to render what their eyes see, it is only because the last art wave set in motion by the pioneers of the new movement has turned its course westward, leaving them still groping for more light.

In the museum adjoining the school are several examples of early Hindoo sculpture showing unmistakable evidence of Greek influence, and it would be easy to believe that their authors had labored in the shadow of the Acropolis. The Jeypore School of Arts is up to the present moment the only one which flourishes in a native state, and although much of the work produced there seems to aim rather at achieving commercial excellence than at improving the character of industrial art, some of its pupils have distinguished themselves by good architectural and decorative work. The results of the growing interest in local art are everywhere apparent, not only in the larger cities, which might be called relatively art centres, such as Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, or Lahore, but in many of the smaller cities as well. In the town of Muttra alone there are several noteworthy public buildings, like the "Hardinge Gate," giving access to one of the principal bazars, of noble proportions, and built of the pale clay-colored stone of the country, which is admirable material for the delicate and sharply cut work of Hindoo sculptors. There is also a small museum on the outskirts of the city, which, although not imposing in size, is remarkable for its exquisite workmanship. Wherever a blank outer wall occurs it has been made interesting down to the ground by dividing

the lower spaces into arched panels and by carving on these centres masses of fruit or flowers, vigorously treated, and with only a slight degree of conventionalization. At Jeypore there is a fine modern palace in the park, and one at Baroda, recently built, with a large hall adorned with balconies of ancient carved wood-work. The palace of the Seths, at Ajmeer, is one of the most attractive modern instances of elaborate decoration. The façade of this palace, fronting one of the principal streets, is completely covered by tiers of projecting windows, of varying design, in which white alternates with brown stone, all remarkable for breadth and delicacy of treatment, and the whole pile is wonderfully light and airy in effect, while the principal court-

yard within has some admirable oriel-windows, and the intervening wall spaces show much originality in their decoration. There may yet be a decade or two more during which we may hope to see other palaces and public buildings erected of the fantastic and graceful architecture which admits of such varied combinations, before the utilitarian spirit shall have substituted for them blocks of stone and sheds of corrugated iron. It is even possible, as an Englishman has written, that some future municipal engineer may find it necessary to widen the streets of Lahore and set them straight with a plumb-line. Nothing can check the steady growth of these improvements; and their triumphant excuse for being ugly is that they are cheap.

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN the afternoon Sue and the other people bustling about Kennetbridge fair could hear singing inside the placarded hoarding further down the street. Those who peeped through the opening saw a crowd of persons in broadcloth, with hymn-books in their hands, standing round the excavations for the new chapel walls. Arabella Cartlett and her weeds stood among them. She had a clear, powerful voice, which could be distinctly heard with the rest, rising and falling to the tune, her inflated bosom being also distinctly seen doing likewise.

It was two hours later on the same day that Anny and Mrs. Cartlett, having had tea at the temperance hotel, started on their return journey across the high and open country which stretches between Kennetbridge and Alfredston. Arabella was in a thoughtful mood; but her thoughts were not of the new chapel, as Anny at first surmised.

"No—it is something else," at last said Arabella, sullenly. "I came here to-day never thinking of anybody but poor Cartlett, or of anything but spreading the Gospel by means of this new tabernacle they've begun this afternoon. But something has happened to turn my mind another way quite. Anny, I've heard of un again, and I've seen *her*!"

"Who?"

"I've heard of Jude, and I've seen his cousin. And ever since, do what I will, and though I sung the hymns wi' all my strength, I have not been able to help thinking about 'n; which I've no right to do as a chapel member."

"Can't ye fix your mind upon what was said by the earnest preacher to-day, and try to get rid of your wandering fancies that way?"

"I do. But my wicked heart will ramble off in spite of myself."

"Well—I know what it is to have a wanton mind o' my own, too! If you on'y knew what I do think sometimes quite against my wishes!" (Anny, too, had grown rather serious of late, her lover having jilted her.)

"What shall I do about it?" urged Arabella, morbidly.

"You could take a lock of your late-lost husband's hair, and have it made into a mourning-brooch, and look at it every hour of the day."

"I haven't a morsel!—and if I had, 'twould be no good.... After all that's said about the comforts of this religion, I wish I had Jude back again!"

"You must fight valiant against the feeling, since he's to be another's. And I've heard that another good thing for it, when it afflicts volupshious widows, is to go to your husband's grave in the

* Begun in December number, 1891, under the title "The Simpletons."

dusk of evening and stand a long while a-bowed down."

"Pooh! I know as well as you what I must do; only I don't do it!"

They drove in silence along the straight road till they were within the horizon of Marygreen, which lay not far to the left of their route. They came to the junction of the highway and the cross-lane leading to that village, whose church tower could be seen athwart the hollow. When they got yet further on, and were passing the lonely house in which Arabella and Jude had lived during the first months of their marriage, and where the pig-killing had taken place, she could control herself no longer.

"He's more mine than hers!" she burst out. "What right has she to him, I should like to know? They haven't married yet, because his health has been bad for a long time. But they will; for he'll get well enough, never fear; his constitution is as sound as a bell. I'd take him from her if I could!"

"Fie, Arabella! And your husband only a month gone! Pray against it!"

"Be hanged if I do! Feelings are feelings! I won't be a creeping hypocrite any longer—so there!"

Arabella had hastily drawn from her pocket a bundle of tracts, which she had brought with her to distribute at the fair, and of which she had given away several. As she spoke she flung the whole remainder of the packet into the hedge. "I've tried that sort o' physic, and have failed wi' it. I must be as I was born!"

"Hush! You be excited, dear! Now you come along home quiet, and have a cup o' tea, and don't let us talk about un no more. We won't come out this road again, as it leads to where he is, because it inflames 'ee so. You'll be all right again soon."

Arabella did calm herself down by degrees, and they crossed the Ridgeway. When they began to descend the long straight hill, they saw plodding along in front of them an elderly man of spare stature and thoughtful gait. In his hand he carried a basket; and there was a touch of slovenliness in his attire, together with that indefinable something in his whole appearance which suggested one who was his own housekeeper, purveyor, confidant, and friend, through possessing nobody else at all in the world to act in those capacities for him. The remainder of the

journey was down hill, and guessing him to be going to Alfredston, they offered him a lift, which he accepted.

Arabella looked at him, and looked again, till at length she spoke: "If I don't mistake, I am talking to Mr. Phillotson?"

The wayfarer faced round and regarded her in turn. "Yes, my name is Phillotson," he said. "But I don't recognize you, ma'am."

"I remember you well enough when you used to be schoolmaster out at Marygreen, and I one of your scholars. I used to walk up there from Cresscombe every day, because we had only a mistress down at our place, and you taught better. But you wouldn't remember me as I should you. Arabella Donn."

He shook his head. "No," he said, politely, "I don't recall the name. And I should hardly recognize in your present portly self the slim school-child no doubt you were then."

"Well, I always had plenty of flesh on my bones. However, I am staying down here with some friends at present. You know, I suppose, who I married?"

"No."

"Jude Fawley, also a scholar of yours—at least a night scholar—for some little time, I think? And known to you afterwards, if I am not mistaken."

"Dear me, dear me!" said Phillotson, starting out of his stiffness. "You Fawley's wife? To be sure—he had a wife. And he, I understood—"

"Divorced her—as you did yours—perhaps for better reasons."

"Indeed?"

"Well—he med have been right in doing it—right for both; for I soon married again, and all went pretty straight till my husband died lately. But you—you were decidedly wrong."

"No," said Phillotson, with sudden testiness. "I would rather not talk of this, but—I am convinced I did only what was right and just and moral. I have suffered for my act and opinions, but I hold to them, though her loss was a loss to me in more ways than one."

"You lost your school and good income through her, did you not?"

"I don't care to talk of it. I have recently come back here—to Marygreen, I mean."

"You are keeping the school there again, just as formerly?"

He could be reserved no longer under

the pressure of a sadness that would out. "I am," he replied. "It was a small thing to return to, after my move upwards and my long-indulged hopes—a returning to zero, with all its humiliations. But I liked the seclusion of the place, and the vicar had known me before what was called my eccentric conduct towards my wife had cast doubts upon my reputation; so he accepted me when the place was vacant, which strangers hesitated to do. However, although I take fifty pounds a year here, after taking nearly two hundred elsewhere, I prefer to do it to running the risk of having my old domestic experiences raked up against me, as I might if I tried to make a move."

"Right you are. A contented mind is a continual feast. She has done no better."

"She is not doing well, you mean?"

"I met her by accident at Kennetbridge this very day, and she is anything but thriving. Her cousin is ill, who used to help her, I suppose. You made a fool of a mistake about her, I tell 'ee again, and the harm you did yourself by dirting your own nest serves you right, excusing the liberty."

"How?"

"She was innocent. That she remained so I don't say."

"But—nonsense! They did not even defend the case!"

"That was because they didn't care to. She was quite innocent of what obtained you your freedom *at the time you obtained it*. I saw her just afterwards, and proved it to myself completely by talking to her."

Phillotson grasped the edge of the spring-cart, and appeared to be much stressed and worried by the information. "Still—she wanted to go," he said.

"Yes; but you shouldn't have let her. That's the only way with these fanciful women that chaw high, innocent or guilty. She'd have come round in time. We all do. Custom does it. It's all the same in the end. However, I think she's fond of her cousin still—whatever he med be of her."

They had now reached the low levels bordering Alfredston, and passing through the outskirts, approached a mill, to which Phillotson said his errand led him; whereupon they drew up, and he alighted, bidding them good-night in a preoccupied mood.

In the mean time Sue, though remarkably successful in her extemporized business at Kennetbridge fair, had lost the temporary brightness which had begun to sit upon her sadness on account of that success. When all her "Christminster" cakes had been disposed of, she took upon her arm the empty basket and the cloth which had covered the standing she had hired, and giving the other things to the boy, left the street. They followed a lane to a distance of half a mile, till they came to some old dun-tiled cottages, with gardens and fruit trees. Into one of these they entered, by lifting the latch, without knocking, and were at once in the general living-room. Here they greeted Jude, who was sitting in an arm-chair, the increased delicacy of his normally delicate features and the childishly expectant look in his eyes being alone sufficient to show that he had been passing through a severe illness.

"What—you have sold them all?" he said, a gleam of interest lighting up his face.

"Yes. Arcades, gables, east windows, and all." Sue told him the pecuniary results, and then hesitated. At last, when the boy was gone to get his tea, she informed him of the unexpected meeting with Arabella, and the latter's widowhood.

Jude was discomposed. "What—is she living here?" he said.

"No; at Alfredston," said Sue. Jude's countenance remained clouded. "I thought I had better tell you," she continued.

"Yes. . . . Dear me! Arabella not in the depths of London, but down here! It is only a little over a dozen miles across the country to Alfredston. What is she doing there?"

Sue told him all she knew. "She has taken to chapel-going," Sue added, "and talks accordingly."

"Well," said Jude, "perhaps it is for the best that we have almost decided to move on. I feel much better to-day, and shall be well enough to leave in a week or two. Then Mrs. Edlin can go home again. Will you keep near me, Sue, when I get all right, or will you leave me?"

"You know I sha'n't leave you!"

He looked into her eyes. "You are my Ruth," he murmured. "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I

will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"Where do you think to go to?" she asked, a tearfulness in her tones.

Then Jude confessed what was in his mind. He said it would surprise her, perhaps, after his having resolutely avoided all the old places for so long. But one thing and another had made him think a great deal of Christminster lately, and if she didn't mind, he would like to go back there. Why should they care if they were known? It was over-sensitive of them to mind so much. They could go on selling cakes there, for that matter, if he couldn't work. He had no sense of shame at mere poverty; and perhaps he would be as strong as ever soon, and able to set up stone-cutting for himself there.

"Why should you care so much for Christminster?" she said, pensively. "Christminster cares nothing for you, poor dear!"

"Well, I do. I can't help it. I love the place—although I know how it hates all men like me—the so-called self-taught—and how it scorns our labored acquisitions, when it should be the first to respect them! Nevertheless, it is the centre of the universe to me, because of my early dream; and nothing can alter it. I should like to go back to live there—perhaps to die there. In two or three weeks I might, I think. It will then be June, and I should like to be there by a particular day."

His hope that he was recovering proved so far well grounded that in three weeks they had arrived in the city of many memories; were actually treading its pavements, receiving the reflection of the sunshine from its abraded walls.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON their arrival the station was lively with straw-hatted young men welcoming young girls, who bore a remarkable family likeness to their welcomers, and who were dressed up in the brightest and lightest of raiment.

"The place seems gay," said Sue. "Why—it is Remembrance day!—Jude—how sly of you!—you came to-day on purpose!"

"Yes," said Jude, quietly, as he took the small child in his arms, and told the boy to keep close to them. "I thought we might as well come to-day as on any other."

"But I am afraid it will depress you,"

she said, looking anxiously at him, up and down.

"Oh, I mustn't let it interfere with our business; and we have a good deal to do before we shall be settled here. The first thing is lodgings for you and the children. I can stay anywhere."

Having left their luggage and his tools at the station, they proceeded on foot up the familiar street, the holiday people all drifting in the same direction. Reaching the Fourways, they were about to turn off to where accommodation was likely to be found, when, looking at the clock and the hurrying crowd, Jude said: "Let us go and see the procession, and never mind the lodgings just now. We can get them afterwards."

"Oughtn't we to get a house over our heads first?" she asked.

But his soul seemed full of the anniversary, and together they went down Chief Street, the little orphan child in Jude's arms, and Arabella's boy walking thoughtfully beside Sue. Crowds of pretty sisters in airy costumes, and meekly ignorant parents, who had known no college in their youth, were under convoy in the same direction by brothers and sons, bearing the opinion written large on them that no properly qualified human beings had lived on earth till they came to grace it now.

"My failure is reflected on me by every one of those young fellows," said Jude. "A lesson on presumption is awaiting me to-day. Humiliation day for me. . . . If you, my dear cousin, hadn't come to my rescue, I should have gone to the dogs with despair."

She saw from his face that he was getting into one of his tempestuous, self-harrowing moods. "It would have been better if we had gone at once about our own affairs, dear," she answered. "I am sure this sight will awaken old sorrows in you, and do no good."

"Well—we are near; we will see it now," said he.

They turned in on the left by the church with the Italian porch, whose helical columns were heavily draped with creepers, and pursued the lane till there arose on Jude's sight the circular theatre with that well-known lantern above it, which stood in his mind as the sad symbol of his abandoned hopes; for it was from that outlook that he had finally surveyed the City of Colleges on the after-

noon of his great meditation, which convinced him at last of the futility of his attempt to be a son of the University.

To-day, in the open space stretching between this building and the nearest college, stood a crowd of expectant people. A passage was kept clear through their midst by two barriers of timber, extending from the door of the college to the door of the large building between it and the theatre.

"Here is the place—they are just going to pass!" cried Jude. And pushing his way to the front, he took up a position close to the barrier, still hugging the younger child in his arms, while Sue and the other kept immediately behind him. The crowd filled in at their back, and fell to talking, joking, and laughing, as carriage after carriage drew up at the lower door of the college, and solemn figures in blood-red robes began to alight. The sky had grown overcast and livid, and thunder rumbled now and then.

"Father Time" shuddered. "It seems like the Judgment day!" he whispered.

"They are only learned Doctors," said Sue.

While they waited big drops of rain fell on their heads and shoulders, and the delay grew tedious. Sue again wished not to stay.

"They won't be long now," said Jude.

But the procession did not come forth, and somebody in the crowd, to pass the time, looked at the façade of the college, and said he wondered what was meant by the Latin inscription in its midst. Jude, who stood near the inquirer, explained it, and finding that the people all round him were listening with interest, went on to describe the carving of the frieze (which he had studied years before), and to criticise some details of masonry in other college fronts about the city.

The idle crowd, including the two policemen at the doors, stared like the Lycæonians at Paul of Tarsus, for Jude was apt to get too enthusiastic over any subject in hand, and they seemed to wonder how the stranger should know more about the buildings of their town than they themselves did, till one of them said: "Why, I know that man; he used to work here years ago—Jude Fawley, that's his name! Don't you mind, he used to be nicknamed Tutor of St. Slums—d'ye mind—because he aimed at that line o' business. He's married, I suppose, then,

and that's his child he's carrying. Taylor would know him, as he knows everybody."

The speaker was a man named Jack Stagg, with whom Jude had formerly worked in repairing the college masonries. Tinker Taylor was seen to be standing near. Having his attention called, the latter cried across the barriers to Jude, "You've honored us by coming back again, my friend?"

Jude nodded.

"An' you don't seem to have done any great things for yerself by going away?"

Jude assented to this also.

"Except found more mouths to fill."

This came in a new voice, and Jude recognized its owner to be Uncle Joe, another mason whom he had known.

Jude replied good-humoredly that he could not dispute it; and from remark to remark something like a general conversation arose between him and the crowd of idlers, during which Tinker Taylor asked Jude if he remembered the Apostle's Creed in Latin still, and the night of the challenge in the public-house.

"But Fortune didn't lie that way?" threw in Joe. "Yer powers wasn't enough to carry 'ee through?"

"Don't answer them any more," entreated Sue.

"I don't think I like Christminster," murmured little Jude, mournfully.

But finding himself the centre of curiosity, quizzing, and comment, Jude was not inclined to shrink from open declarations of what he had no great reason to be ashamed of, and in a little while was stimulated to say, in a loud voice, to the listening throng generally: "It is a difficult question, my friends, for any young man—that question I had to grapple with, and which thousands are weighing at the present moment in these uprising times—whether to follow uncritically the track he finds himself in, without considering his aptness for it, or to consider what his aptness or bent may be, and reshape his course accordingly. I tried to do the latter, and I failed. But I don't admit that my failure proved my view to be a wrong one, or that my success would have made it a right one, though that's how we appraise such attempts nowadays—I mean, not by their essential soundness, but by their accidental outcomes. If I had ended by becoming like one of these gentlemen in red and black that we saw drop-

ping in here by now, everybody would have said, 'See how wise that young man was to follow the bent of his nature!' But having ended no better than I began, they say, 'See what a fool that fellow was in following a freak of his fancy!' when they ought to say, with the preacher, 'Time and chance happeneth to all.' However, it was my poverty and not my will that consented to be beaten. It takes two or three generations to do what I tried to do in one; and my impulses—affections—vices perhaps they should be called—were too strong not to hamper a man without advantages, who should be as cold-blooded as a fish and as selfish as a pig to have a really good chance. You may ridicule me—I am quite willing that you should—I am a fit subject, no doubt. But I think if you knew what I have gone through these last few years, you would rather pity me. And if they knew"—he nodded towards the college at which the Dons were severally arriving—"I think they would do the same."

"He do look ill and worn out, it is true," said a woman.

"I may do some good before I am dead—be a sort of success as a frightful example of what not to do, and so illustrate a moral story," continued Jude, beginning to grow bitter, though he had opened serenely enough. "I was perhaps, after all, a paltry victim to the spirit of mental and social restlessness, that makes so many unhappy in these days."

"Don't tell them that," whispered Sue, with tears in her eyes at perceiving Jude's state of mind. "You weren't that. You struggled nobly to acquire knowledge, and only the meanest souls in the world would blame you."

Jude shifted the child into a more easy position on his arm, and concluded: "And what I appear—a sick and poor man—is not the worst of me. I am in a chaos of principles, groping in the dark, acting by instinct, and not after example. Eight or nine years ago, when I came here first, I had a neat stock of fixed opinions, but they drop away one by one; and the further I get, the less sure I am. I doubt if I am even a Christian, and have anything more for my present rule of life than following inclinations which do me and nobody else any harm, and actually give pleasure to those I love best. There, gentlemen, since you wanted to know how I was getting on, I have told you.

Much good may it do you! I cannot explain further here. I perceive there is something wrong somewhere in our social formulas; what it is can only be discovered by men or women with greater insight than mine—if, indeed, they ever discover it—at least in our time. 'For who knoweth what is good for man in this life? and who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?'"

"Hear, hear!" said the populace.

"Well preached!" said Tinker Taylor. And privately to his neighbors: "Why, one of them jobbing pa'sons swarming about here, that takes the services when our head pa'sons want a holiday, wouldn't ha' discoursed it for less than a guinea down. Hey? I'll take my oath not one would. And then he must have had it wrote down for'n. And this only a working-man."

As a sort of objective commentary on Jude's remarks there drove up at this moment a cab, whose horse failed to stop at the point required for setting down the hirer; and the driver, alighting, began to kick the animal in the belly.

"If that can be done," said Jude, "at college gates in the most religious and educational city in the world, what shall we say as to how far we've got?"

"Order!" said one of the policemen, who might possibly not have observed the kicking, having been engaged with a comrade in opening the large doors opposite the college. "Keep yer tongue quiet, my man, while the procession passes."

The rain came on more heavily, and all who had umbrellas opened them—Jude not being one of these, and Sue only possessing a small one. She had grown pale, though Jude did not notice it then.

"Let us go on, dear," she whispered, endeavoring to shelter him. "We haven't any lodgings yet, remember, and all our things are at the station; and you are by no means well yet. I am afraid this will hurt you!"

"They are coming now. Just a moment, and I'll go!" said he.

A peal of six bells struck out, human faces began to crowd the windows around, and the procession of Heads of Houses and new Doctors emerged, their red and black gowned forms passing across the field of Jude's vision like inaccessible planets across an object-glass.

As they went their names were called by knowing informants; and when they

reached the old round theatre of Wren, a cheer rose high.

"Let's go that way!" cried Jude; and though it now rained steadily, they went round to the theatre and stood upon the straw that was laid to drown the discordant noise of wheels, where the quaint and frost-eaten stone busts that encircled the building looked with pallid grimness at the proceedings, and at Jude, Sue, and the children in particular, as at ludicrous persons who had no business there.

"I wish I could get in!" he said to her, fervidly. "Listen—I may catch a few words of the Latin speech by staying here; the windows are open."

However, beyond the peals of the organ and the shouts and hurrahs between each piece of oratory, Jude's standing in the wet did not bring much to his intelligence.

"Well—I'm an outsider to the end of my days!" he said, after a while. "Now I'll go, my patient Sue. How good of you to wait in the rain all this time—to gratify my infatuation! I'll never care any more about the cursed place; upon my soul, I won't! But what made you tremble so when we were at the barrier? And how pale you are, Sue!"

"I saw Richard amongst the people on the other side."

"Ah—did you?"

"He is evidently come up to Jerusalem to see the festival, like the rest of us, and on that account is probably living not so very far away. I don't think he saw me, though he must have heard you speaking to the crowd. But he seemed not to notice."

"Well, suppose he did? Your mind is free from worries about him now, Sue?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I am weak. Although I know it is all right with our plans, I felt a curious dread of him—an awe, or terror, of influences I don't believe in. It comes over me at times like a sort of creeping paralysis, and makes me so sad."

"You are getting tired, dear. We'll go on at once."

They started in quest of the lodging for her, and at last found something that seemed to promise well, in a spot which to Jude was irresistible—though to Sue it was not so fascinating—a narrow lane close to the back of a college, but having no communication with it. The little houses were darkened to gloom by the high collegiate buildings, within which

life was as far removed from that of the people in the lane as if they had been on opposite sides of the globe; yet only a thickness of wall divided them. Two or three of the houses had notices of rooms to let, and the new-comers knocked at the door of one, which a woman opened.

"Ah—listen!" said Jude, suddenly, instead of addressing her.

"What?"

"Why, the bells! What church can that be? The tones are familiar."

Another peal of bells had begun to sound out at some distance off.

"I don't know!" said the landlady, tartly. "Did you knock to ask that?"

"No; for lodgings," said Jude, coming to himself. "For these three relations of mine."

The householder scrutinized Sue a moment. "We haven't any to let," said she, shutting the door.

Jude looked discomfited and the boy distressed. "Now, Jude," said Sue, "let me try. You don't know the way."

They found a second place hard by; but here the occupier, observing not only Sue, but the boy and the small child, said, civilly, "I am sorry to say we don't let where there are children," and also closed the door.

The small child squared its mouth and cried silently, with an instinct that trouble loomed. The boy sighed. "I don't like Christminster!" he said. "Are the great old houses jails?"

"No; colleges," said Jude; "which perhaps you'll study in some day."

"I don't care to," the boy rejoined.

"Now we'll try again," said Sue. "Leaving Kennetbridge for this place is like coming from Caiaphas to Pilate!"

There was one other house of the kind, and they tried a third time. The woman here was more amiable, and came to terms with them, though her price was rather high for their pockets. But they could not afford to be critical, since Jude was not minded to go into the suburbs; and in this house Sue took possession of a back room on the second floor, with an inner closet-room for the children. Jude staid and had a cup of tea, and was pleased to find that the window commanded the back of one of the colleges. Kissing all three, he went to get a few necessities and look for lodgings for himself.

When he was gone, Sue sat by the window in a reverie, watching the rain.

Her quiet was broken by the noise of some one entering the house, and then the voices of a man and woman in conversation in the passage below. The landlady's husband had arrived, and she was explaining to him the incoming of the lodgers during his absence.

His voice rose in sudden anger. "Now who wants a woman here?—and didn't I say I wouldn't have children? The hall and stairs fresh painted, to be kicked about by them! How do you know who she is? Taking in a family like this, when I said a single man!"

The wife expostulated; but, as it seemed, the husband insisted on his point, for presently a tap came to Sue's door, and the woman appeared.

"I am sorry to tell you, ma'am," she said, "that I can't let you have the room, after all. My husband objects, and therefore I must ask you to go. I don't mind your staying over to-night, as it is getting late in the day; but I shall be glad if you can leave early in the morning."

Though she knew she was entitled to the lodging for a week, Sue did not wish to create a disturbance between the wife and husband, and she said she would leave as requested. When the landlady had gone, Sue looked out of the window; finding that the rain had ceased, she proposed to the boy that, after putting the little one to bed, they should go out and search about for another place, and bespeak it for the morrow, so as not to be so hard driven then as they had been that day.

Therefore, instead of inspecting her boxes, which had just been sent on from the station by Jude, they sallied out into the damp though not unpleasant streets, Sue resolving not to disturb her cousin with the news of her notice to quit while he was perhaps worried in obtaining a lodging for himself. In the company of the boy she wandered into this street and into that; but though she tried a dozen different houses, she fared far worse alone than she had fared in Jude's company, and could get nobody to promise her a room for the following day. Every householder looked askance at such a woman and child inquiring for accommodation in the gloom.

"I ought not to be born, ought I?" said the boy, with misgiving.

Thoroughly tired at last, Sue returned to the place where she was not welcome, but where at least she had temporary

shelter. In her absence Jude had left his address; but she adhered to her determination not to disturb him till the next day.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SUE sat looking at the bare floor of the room, the house being merely an old town-cottage, and then she regarded the scene outside the uncurtained window. At some distance opposite, the outer walls of Sarcophagus College—silent, black, and windowless—threw their four centuries of gloom and decay into the little room she occupied, shutting out the moonlight by night and the sun by day. The outlines of Rubric College also were discernible beyond the other, and the tower of a third further off still. She thought of the strange operation of a simple-minded man's ruling passion, that it should have led Jude, who loved her and the children so tenderly, to place them here in this depressing purlieu, because he was still haunted by his dream. Even now he did not distinctly hear the freezing negative that those scholared walls had echoed to his desire.

The failure to find a lodging had made a deep impression on the boy—a brooding undemonstrative horror seemed to have seized him. The silence was broken by his saying, "Mother, *what* shall we do to-morrow?"

"I don't know," said Sue, despondently. "I am afraid this will trouble your father."

"I wish father was quite well. Then it wouldn't matter so much."

"It wouldn't!"

"Can I do anything?"

"No. All is trouble, adversity, and suffering!"

"It would be better to be out o' the world than in it, wouldn't it?"

"It would almost, dear."

"It is because of me, isn't it, that you can't get a good lodging?"

"Well—people do object to children sometimes."

"Then if children make so much trouble, why do people have 'em?"

"Oh—because it is a law of nature."

"But we don't ask to be born."

"No, indeed!"

"And what makes it worse with me is that you are not my real mother, and you needn't have had me unless you liked. I oughtn't to have come to 'ee—that's the

real truth! I troubled 'em in Australia, and I trouble folk here. I wish I hadn't been born!"

"You couldn't help it, my dear."

"I think that whenever children be born that are not wanted they should be killed directly, before their souls come to 'em, and not allowed to grow big and walk about."

Sue did not reply. She was doubtfully pondering how to treat this too reflective modern child.

He got up, and went away into the closet adjoining her room, in which a bed had been spread on the floor. There she heard him say, "If we children were gone, there'd be no trouble at all!"

"Don't think that, dear!" she cried, rather peremptorily. "But go to sleep."

The following morning she awoke at a little past six, and decided to get up and run across before breakfast to the inn which Jude had informed her to be his quarters, to tell him what had happened before he went out. She arose softly, to avoid disturbing the children, who, as she knew, must be fatigued by their exertions of yesterday.

She found Jude at breakfast in the obscure tavern he had chosen as a counterpoise to the expense of her lodging; and she explained to him her homelessness. Somehow, now it was morning, the request to leave the lodgings did not seem such a depressing incident as it had seemed the night before, nor did even her failure to find another place affect her so deeply as at first. Jude agreed with her that it would not be worth while to insist upon her right to stay a week, but to take immediate steps for removal.

"You must all come to this inn for a day or two," he said. "It will not be so nice for the children, but we shall have more time to look round. There are plenty of lodgings in the suburbs—in my old quarter of Beersheba. Have breakfast with me, now you are here, Sue? There will be plenty of time to get back and prepare the children's before they wake. In fact, I'll go with you."

She joined her cousin in a hasty meal, and in a quarter of an hour they started together, resolving to clear out from Sue's too respectable lodging immediately. On reaching the place and going up stairs she found that all was quiet in the children's room, and called to the landlady in timorous tones to please bring up the

teakettle and something for their breakfast. This was perfunctorily done, and producing a couple of eggs which she had brought with her, she put them into the boiling kettle, and summoned Jude to watch them for the youngsters while she went to call them, it being now about half past eight o'clock.

Jude stood bending over the kettle with his watch in his hand, timing the eggs, so that his back was turned to the little inner chamber where the children lay. A shriek from Sue suddenly caused him to start round. He saw that the door of the room, or rather closet, which had seemed to drag upon its hinges as she pushed it back, was open, and that Sue had sunk to the floor just within it. Hastening forward to pick her up, he turned his eyes to the little bed spread on the boards. No child was there. He looked in bewilderment round the room. At the back of the door were fixed two hooks for hanging garments, and from one of these the form of little Jude was suspended by a piece of box-cord round his neck, while from the other hung the body of the younger child in a similar manner. An overturned chair was near the elder boy, and his glazed eyes were staring into the room; but those of the baby boy were closed.

Letting Sue lie, he cut the cords with his pocket-knife, and threw the boys on the bed; but the feel of their bodies in the momentary handling seemed to say that they were dead. He caught up Sue, who had fainted, and put her on the bed in the other room, after which he breathlessly summoned the landlady and ran out for a doctor.

When he got back Sue had come to herself, and the two helpless women, bending over the children in wild efforts to restore them, and the pair of little corpses, formed a scene which overthrew his self-command. The nearest surgeon came in, but, as Jude had inferred, his presence was superfluous. The children were past saving, for though their bodies were still warm, it was conjectured that they had been hanging more than an hour. The probability held by the parents later on, when they were able to reason on the case, was that the elder boy, on waking, looked into the outer room for Sue, and finding her absent, was thrown anew into the fit of aggravated despondency that the events of the day

before had induced in his morbid temperament. Moreover, a piece of paper was found upon the floor, on which was written, in the boy's hand, with the bit of lead-pencil that he carried,

"Done because we are too meny."

At sight of this Sue's nerves utterly gave way, an awful conviction that her discourse with the boy had been the partial cause of the tragedy throwing her into a convulsive grief which knew no abatement. They carried her away, against her wish, to a room on the lower floor; and there she lay, her slight figure shaken with her gasps, and her eyes staring at the ceiling, the woman of the house vainly trying to soothe her.

They could hear from this chamber the people moving about above, and she implored to be allowed to go back, and was only kept from doing so by the assurance that if there were any hope, her presence might do harm, and the thought that it was necessary to take care of herself for Jude. Her inquiries were incessant, and at last Jude came down and told her there was no hope. As soon as she could speak she informed him what she had said to the boy, and how she thought herself the cause of this.

"No," said Jude. "It was in his nature to do it. The doctor says there are such boys springing up amongst us—boys of a sort unknown in the last generation—the outcome of new views of life. They seem to see all its terrors before they are old enough to have staying power to resist them. He says it is the beginning of the coming universal wish not to live. He's an advanced man, the doctor; but he can give no consolation to—"

Jude had kept back his own grief on account of her, but he now broke down; and this stimulated Sue to efforts of sympathy, which in some degree distracted her from her poignant self-reproach. When everybody was gone, and she had been allowed to see the children, and the house was silent, and they could do nothing but await the coroner's inquest, a subdued, large, low voice spread into the air of the room from behind the heavy walls at the back.

"What is it?" said Sue, her spasmodic breathing suspended.

"The organ of the college chapel. The organist practising, I suppose. It's the anthem from the Seventy-third Psalm: 'Truly God is loving unto Israel.'"

"Oh! . . . It is irritating! . . . There is something external to us which says, 'You sha'n't!' First it said, 'You sha'n't learn!' Then it said, 'You sha'n't labor!' Now it says, 'You sha'n't love!'"

"It is bitter of you, dear Sue!"

"But it is true." She sobbed again.

"They have done no harm. Why should they have been taken away, and not I?"

There was another stillness, broken at last by two persons in conversation somewhere without.

"They are talking about us, no doubt," moaned Sue. "'We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.'"

Jude listened. "No—they are not talking of us," he said. "They are two clergymen of different views, arguing about the eastward position. What a satire their talk is on our importance to the world!"

"What a satire our experience is on their subject!" Then another silence, till she was seized with another uncontrollable fit of grief. Thus they waited, and she went back again to her room. The comprehensive maternity that was instinct in her—possibly precursive of the future of her sex—had made her love the unprotected children as her own; and the baby's frock, shoes, and socks, which had been lying on a chair at the time of his death, she would not now have removed, though Jude would fain have got them out of her sight. But whenever he touched them she implored him to let them lie, and burst out plaintively at the woman of the house when she also attempted to put them away.

Jude dreaded her dull apathetic silences almost more than her paroxysms.

"Why don't you speak to me, Jude?" she said, after one of these. "Don't turn away from me. I can't bear the loneliness of being out of your looks."

"There, dear; here I am," he said, putting his face close to hers.

"Yes. . . Oh, my comrade, our intended union—our two-in-oneness that was to be as soon as we felt sure of ourselves—is now stained with blood!"

"Shadowed by death—that's all."

"Ah! but it was I who incited him, really, though I didn't know I was doing it! I talked to the child as one should only talk to people of mature age. I said the world was against us, that it was better to be out of life than in it at this price, and he took it literally."

"Why did you do it, Sue?"

"I can't tell. It was that I wanted to be truthful. I couldn't bear deceiving him as to the facts of life. Why was I wiser than my fellow-women? Why didn't I tell him pleasant untruths instead of realities? It was my want of self-control, so that I couldn't conceal things."

"But, dear, your plan was a good one for the majority of cases; only, in our peculiar case it chanced to work badly, perhaps."

"And I was just making the other darling a new frock; and now I shall never see him in it, and never talk to him any more!... My eyes are so swollen that I can scarcely see; and yet little more than a year ago I called myself happy! We said—do you remember?—that we would make a virtue of joy. I said it was nature's intention, nature's law and *raison d'être*—which civilization had taken upon itself to thwart. What dreadful things I said! And now Fate has given us this stab in the back for being such fools as to show our independence!"

She sank into a quiet contemplation, till she said: "It is best, perhaps, that they should be gone. Yes—I see it is. Better that they should be plucked fresh than stay to wither away miserably!"

"Yes," replied Jude. "Some say that the elders should rejoice when children die in infancy."

"Well—you may say the boy wished to be out of life, or he wouldn't have done it. It was not unreasonable for him to die; it was part of his incurably sad nature, poor little fellow. But then the other—how unfair to take away his little life!" Again Sue looked at the hanging little frock, and at the socks and shoes. "I am a pitiable creature, I suppose," she said, "to fuss like this about an unknown child. I am driven out of my mind by things! What ought to be done?" She gazed at Jude, and tightly held his hand.

"Nothing can be done," he replied, heavily. "Things are as they are, and will be brought to their destined issue."

She paused. "Yes! Who said that?" she asked, wearily.

"It comes in the chorus of the Agamemnon of Æschylus. It has been in my mind continually since this happened."

"My poor Jude—how you've missed everything!—you more than I, for I did get you. To think you should know

that by your unassisted reading, and yet be in poverty and despair!"

The jury duly came and viewed the bodies; the inquest was held; and next arrived the melancholy morning of the funeral. Accounts in the newspapers had brought to the spot curious idlers, who stood apparently counting the window-panes and the stones of the walls. Sue had declared that she would follow the two little ones to the grave, but at the last moment she gave way, and the coffins were quietly carried out of the house while she was lying down. Jude got into the vehicle, and it drove away, much to the relief of the landlord, who now had only Sue and her luggage remaining on his hands, which he hoped to be also clear of later on in the day, and so to have freed his house from the exasperating notoriety it had acquired during the week through his wife's unlucky admission of these strangers. In the afternoon he privately consulted with the owner of the house, and they agreed that if any objection to it arose from the tragedy which had occurred there, they would try to get its number changed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SUE was convalescent, and Jude had again obtained work at his old trade. She was in other lodgings now, in the direction of "Beersheba," and not far from the ceremonial church of Saint Silas.

Jude occasionally called to see her, and at those times they would sit silent, more bodeful of the direct antagonism of things than of their insensate and stolid obstructiveness. Vague and faint imaginings had haunted Sue, in the days when her intellect scintillated like a star, that the world resembled a stanza or melody composed in a dream: it was wonderfully excellent to the half-aroused intelligence, but hopelessly absurd at the full waking; that the First Cause worked automatically like a somnambulist, and not reflectively like a sage; that at the framing of the terrestrial conditions there seemed never to have been contemplated such a development of emotional perceptiveness among the creatures subject to those conditions as that reached by thinking and educated humanity. But affliction makes opposing forces loom anthropomorphous; and those ideas were now exchanged for a sense of Jude and herself fleeing from a persecutor.

"We must conform!" she said, mournfully. "All the ancient wrath of the Power above us has been vented upon us, His poor creatures, and we must submit. There is no choice. We must. It is no use fighting against God."

"It is only against man and senseless circumstances," said Jude.

"True!" she murmured. "What have I been thinking of? I am getting as superstitious as a savage. . . . But whoever or whatever our foe may be, I am cowed into submission. I have no more fighting strength left, no more enterprise. I am beaten, beaten! We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men!"

"I feel the same!"

"What shall we do? You are in work now; but remember, it may only be because our responsibility for that boy's state of mind is not known. Possibly if they knew our full connection with the ghastly tragedy, our conversations before the child, they would turn you out of your job, as they did at Aldbrickham."

"No—they would hardly do that. However, I think that we ought to overhaul our position a little, and regard not only facts, but appearances."

"Yes. So do I. I go further. I am chastened out of all independent opinion, and kiss the rod."

Jude fell into thought. "I have seemed to myself lately," he said, "to belong to that vast band of men shunned by the virtuous—the men called reckless. It amazes me when I think of it. I have not been conscious of it, or of any wrongdoing, particularly towards the boy or you, whom I love more than myself. Yet I am one of those men. I wonder if any other of them are the same purblind, simple creatures as I?"

"No, no, Jude," she said, quickly. "Don't reproach yourself with being what you are not. If anybody is to blame, it is I."

"But I supported you in your resolve to leave Phillotson; and without me perhaps you wouldn't have urged him to let you go."

"I should have, just the same. As to ourselves, the fact of our not having had the courage to marry yet is the saving feature in our acquaintanceship. We have thereby avoided insulting, as it were, the solemnity of our first marriages."

"Solemnity?" Jude looked at her with

some surprise, and was conscious that she was not the Sue of their earlier time.

"Yes," she said, with a little quiver in her words, "I have had dreadful fears, a dreadful sense of my own insolence of action. I have thought—that I am still his wife!"

"Whose?"

"Richard's."

"Good God, dearest!—why?"

"Oh, I can't explain! Only the thought comes to me."

"It is your weakness—a sick fancy, without reason or meaning. Don't let it trouble you. Our probationary shilly-shallying engagement, or rather my trying time of waiting while a woman's feelings turn from friendship to love, are almost over; and then you've got to marry me!"

Sue sighed uneasily, and did not explain her sigh.

As a set-off against such discussions as these there had come an improvement in their pecuniary position, which earlier in their experience would have made them cheerful. Jude had quite unexpectedly found good employment at his old trade almost directly he arrived, the summer weather suiting his fragile constitution; and outwardly his days went on with that monotonous uniformity which is in itself so grateful after vicissitude. People seemed to have forgotten that he had ever shown any awkward aberrancies; and he daily mounted to the parapets and copings of colleges he could never enter, and renewed the crumbling freestones of mullioned windows he would never look from, as if he had known no wish to do otherwise.

There was this change in him, that he did not often go to any service at the churches now. One thing troubled him more than any other—that Sue and himself had mentally travelled in opposite directions since the tragedy; events which had enlarged his own views of life, laws, customs, and dogmas had not operated in the same manner on Sue's. She was no longer the same as in the independent days, when her intellect played like lambent lightning over conventions and formalities which he at that time respected, though he did not now.

On a particular Sunday evening he came in rather late to see her. She was not at home, but he waited till she returned, when he found her silent and meditative.

"What are you thinking of, little woman?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh, I can't tell clearly! I have thought that we have been selfish, careless, even impious, in our courses, you and I. Our life has been a vain attempt at self-delight. But self-abnegation is the higher road. We should mortify the flesh—the terrible flesh—the curse of Adam!"

"Sue!" he murmured. "What has come over you?"

"We ought to be continually sacrificing ourselves on the altar of duty. But I have always striven to do what has pleased me. I well deserved the scourging I have got. I wish something would take the evil right out of me, and all my monstrous errors, and all my sinful ways!"

"Sue—my own too suffering dear!—there's no evil woman in you. Your natural instincts are perfectly healthy; not quite so impassioned, perhaps, as I could wish, but good and dear and pure. And, as I have often said, you are absolutely the most ethereal, unfleshy woman I ever knew to exist without inhuman sexlessness. Why do you talk in such a changed way? We have not been selfish, except when no one could profit by our being otherwise. You used to say that human nature was noble and long-suffering, not vile and corrupt, and at last I thought you spoke truly. And now you seem to take such a much lower view."

"I want a humble heart and a chastened mind, and I have never had them yet."

"You have been fearless, both as a thinker and as a feeler, and you deserved more admiration than I gave. I was too full of narrow dogmas at that time to see it."

"Don't say that, Jude. I wish my every fearless word and thought could be rooted out of my history. Self-renunciation—that's everything! I cannot humiliate myself too much. I should like to prick myself all over with pins and bleed out the badness that's in me!"

"Hush!" he said, pressing her little face against his breast as if she were an infant. "It is terror at that fearful event that has brought you to this! Such remorse is not for you, my sensitive plant, but for the wicked ones of the earth—who never feel it!"

"I ought not to stay like this," she

murmured, when she had remained in the position a long while.

"Why not?"

"It is indulgence."

"Still on the same tack! But is there anything better on earth than that we should love one another?"

"Yes. It depends on the sort of love; and yours—ours—is the wrong."

"I won't have it, Sue! Come, when are certain marriage lines to be signed in a vestry?"

She paused, and looked up uneasily. "Never!" she whispered.

Not knowing the whole of her meaning, he took the objection serenely, and said nothing. Several minutes elapsed, and he thought she had fallen asleep; but he spoke softly, and found that she was wide-awake all the time. She sat upright, and sighed.

"There is a strange, indescribable perfume or atmosphere about you to-night, Sue," he said. "I mean not only mentally, but about your clothes also. A sort of vegetable scent, which I seem to know, yet cannot remember."

"It is incense."

"Incense?"

"I have been to the service at St. Silas', and I was in the fumes of it."

"Oh—St. Silas'."

"Yes. I go there sometimes."

"Indeed! You go there!"

"You see, Jude, it is lonely here in the week-day mornings, when you are at work, and I think and think of—of my—" She stopped till she could control the lumpiness of her throat. "And I have taken to go in there, as it is so near."

"Oh, well—of course I say nothing against it. Only it is odd, for you. They little think what sort of chiel is among them!"

"What do you mean, Jude?"

"Well—a sceptic, to be plain."

"How can you pain me so, dear Jude, in my trouble? Yet I know you didn't mean it. But you ought not to say that."

"I won't. But I am much surprised."

"Well—I want to tell you something else, Jude. You won't be angry, will you? I have thought of it a good deal since the children died. I don't think I ought to—become your wife."

"What! . . . But you *are* going to? Of course we were afraid of the ceremony, and a good many others would

have been in our places, with such strong reasons for fears. But experience has proved how we misjudged ourselves, and overrated our infirmities. I wonder you don't say it shall be carried out instantly! You certainly *are* going to be my wife, Sue? What do you mean by what you said?"

"I don't think I am. I don't think it is in the power of the law to make me!"

"But suppose we *had* gone through the ceremony when we intended? Would you feel that you were then?"

"No. I should not feel even then that I was. I should feel worse than I do now."

"Why so—in the name of all that's perverse, my dear?"

"Because I am Richard's."

"Ah—you hinted that absurd fancy to me before!"

"It was only an impression with me then; I feel more and more convinced as time goes on that—I belong to him, or to nobody."

"My good heavens—how we are changing places!"

"Yes. Perhaps so."

Some few days later, in the dusk of the summer evening, they were sitting in the same small room downstairs, when a knock came to the front door, and in a few moments there was a tap at the door of the room. Before they could open it the comer did so, and a woman's form appeared.

"Is Mr. Fawley here?"

Jude and Sue started as he mechanically replied in the affirmative; for the voice was Arabella's.

He formally requested her to come in, and she sat down in the window-bench, where they could distinctly see her large outline against the light, but no characteristics that enabled them to estimate her general aspect and air. Yet something seemed to denote that she was not quite so comfortably circumstanced nor so bouncingly attired as she had been during Cartlett's lifetime.

The three attempted an awkward conversation about the tragedy, of which Jude had felt it to be his duty to inform her immediately, though she had never replied to his letter.

"I have just come from the cemetery," she said. "I inquired and found the child's grave. I couldn't come to the funeral—thank you for inviting me, all

the same. I read all about it in the papers, and I felt I wasn't wanted.... No—I couldn't come to the funeral," repeated Arabella, who, seeming utterly unable to reach the ideal of a catastrophic manner, fumbled with reiterations. "But I am glad I found the grave. As 'tis your trade, Jude, you'll be able to put up a handsome stone to 'em."

"I shall put up a head-stone," said Jude, drearily.

"He was my child, and naturally I feel for him."

"I hope so. We all did."

"The other that wasn't mine I didn't feel so much for, as was natural."

"Of course."

A sigh came from the dark corner where Sue sat.

"I had often wished I had mine with me," continued Mrs. Cartlett. "Perhaps 'twouldn't have happened then! But of course I didn't wish to take him away from your wife."

"I am not his wife," came from Sue.

"I am his cousin and friend."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Arabella. "I thought you were married by this time, since he's got well again."

Jude had known from the quality of Sue's tone that her new and transcendental views lurked in her words, but they were naturally missed by Arabella. The latter, after being obviously surprised by Sue's avowal, recovered herself, and went on to talk with intolerable bluntness about "her boy," for whom, though in his lifetime she had shown no care at all, she now exhibited a ceremonial mournfulness that was apparently sustaining to the conscience. She alluded to the past, and in making some remark appealed again to Sue. There was no answer: Sue had invisibly left the room.

"She must be a bit cold-hearted to hold out so long against you," resumed Arabella, in another voice. "Why should she do that?"

"I cannot inform you," said Jude, shortly.

"She is, isn't she? She once told me so."

"I don't criticise her."

"Ah—I see. Well, my time is up. I am staying here to-night, and thought I could do no less than call, after our mutual affliction. I am sleeping at the place where I used to be barmaid, and to-mor-

row I go back to Alfredston. Father is come home again, and I am living with him."

"He has returned from Australia?" said Jude, with languid curiosity.

"Yes. Couldn't get on there. Had a rough time of it. Mother died of dys—what do you call it?—in the hot weather, and father and two of the young ones have just got back. He has got a cottage next the old place, and for the present I am keeping house for him."

Jude's former wife had maintained a stereotyped manner of strict good-breeding now that Sue was gone, and limited her stay to a number of minutes that should accord with the highest respectability. When she had departed, Jude, much relieved, went to the stairs and called Sue, feeling anxious as to what had become of her.

There was no answer, and the carpenter who kept the lodgings said she had not come in. Jude was puzzled, and became quite alarmed at her absence, for the hour was growing late. The carpenter called his wife, who conjectured that Sue might have gone to Saint Silas' Church, as she often went there.

"Surely not at this time o' night?" said Jude. "It is shut."

"She knows somebody who keeps the key, and she has it whenever she wants it."

"How long has she been going on with this?"

"Oh, some few weeks, I think."

Jude went vaguely in the direction of the church, which he had never once approached since he lived out that way years before, when his young opinions were more mystical than they were now. The spot was deserted, but the door was certainly unfastened; he lifted the latch without noise, and pushing the door to behind him, stood absolutely still inside. The general silence seemed to contain a faint sound, explicable as a breathing or a sobbing, which came from the other end of the building. The floor-cloth deadened his footsteps as he moved in that direction through the obscurity, which was broken only by the faintest reflected night-light from without.

High overhead, above the chancel steps, Jude could discern a huge, solidly constructed Latin cross, as large, probably, as the original it was designed to commemorate. It seemed to be sus-

pended in the air by invisible wires; it was set with large jewels, which faintly glimmered in some weak ray caught from outside, as the cross swayed to and fro in a silent and scarcely perceptible motion. Underneath, upon the floor, lay what appeared to be a heap of black clothes, and from this was repeated the sobbing that he had heard before. It was his Sue's form, prostrate on the paving.

"Sue!" he whispered.

Something white disclosed itself; she had turned up her face.

"What—do you want with me here, Jude?" she said. "You shouldn't come! Why did you?"

"How can you ask?" he retorted, in quick reproach, for his full heart was wounded to its centre at this attitude of hers toward him.

"Why do I come? Who has a right to come, I should like to know, if I have not? I, who love you better than my own self—better—oh, far better—than you have loved me! What made you leave me to come here alone?"

"Don't criticise me, Jude—I can't bear it! I have often told you so. You must take me as I am. I am broken by my distractions. I couldn't *bear* it when Arabella came—I felt so utterly miserable I had to come away. She seems to be your wife still, and Richard to be my husband!"

"But they are nothing to us."

"Yes, dear friend, they are. I see marriage differently now. What—what shall I do? I am such a vile creature—too worthless to mix with ordinary human beings!"

"This is terrible!" said Jude, almost in tears. "It is monstrous and unnatural for you to be so remorseful when you have done no wrong!"

"Ah—you don't know my badness!"

He returned, vehemently: "I do! Every atom and dreg of it! You make me hate Christianity, or mysticism, or sacerdotalism, or whatever it may be called, if it's that which has caused this deterioration in you. That a woman poet, a woman seer, a woman whose soul shone like a diamond—whom all the wise of the world would have been proud of if they could have known you—should degrade herself like this! I am glad I had nothing to do with Divinity—damn glad—if it's going to ruin you like this!"

"You are angry, Jude, and unkind to me, and don't see how things are."

"Then come along with me, dear, and perhaps I shall. I am overburdened, and you too are unhinged just now." He put his arm round her and lifted her; but though she came, she preferred to walk without support.

"I don't dislike you, Jude," she said, in a sweet and imploring voice. "I love you as much as ever. Only—I ought not to love you—any more. Oh, I must not any more!"

"I can't own it."

"But I have made up my mind that I must not be your wife. I belong to him—I sacramentally joined myself to him for life. Nothing can alter it!"

"But surely we are fit to be man and wife, if ever two people were in this world. Nature's own marriage it would be, unquestionably."

"But not Heaven's. Another was made for me there, and ratified eternally in the church at Melchester."

"Sue, Sue!—affliction has brought you to this unreasonable state. After converting me to your views on so many things, to find you suddenly turn to the right—about like this—for no reason whatever, confounding all you have formerly said—through sentiment merely! You root out of me what little affection and reverence I had left in me for the church by acting so. . . . What I can't understand in you is your extraordinary blindness now to your old logic. Is it peculiar to you, or is it common to Woman? Is a woman a thinking unit at all, or a fraction always wanting the remainder? How you argued that marriage was only a clumsy contract—how you showed all the objections to it—all the absurdities! If two and two made four when we were happy together, surely they make four now? I can't understand it, I repeat!"

"Ah, dear Jude, that's because you are like a totally deaf man observing people listening to music. You say: 'What are they regarding? Nothing is there.' But something is."

"Well—that is a hard saying from you, and not a true parallel. You threw off old husks of prejudices, and taught me to do it; and now you go back upon yourself. I confess I am utterly stultified in my estimate of you."

"Dear friend, my only friend, don't be hard with me! I can't help being as I am, and I am convinced I am right—that

I see the light at last. But, oh, how to profit by it!"

They walked along a few more steps, till they were outside the building, and she had returned the key. "Can this be the girl," said Jude, when she came back, feeling a slight renewal of elasticity now that he was in the open street—"can this be the girl who brought the pagan deities into the Christian city; who mimicked Miss Fontover when she crushed them with her heel? Where are dear Apollo and dear Venus now?"

"Oh, don't, don't be so cruel to me, Jude, and I so unhappy!" she sobbed. "I can't bear it! I was in error—I cannot reason with you. I was wrong—proud in my own conceit. Arabella's coming was the finish. Don't satirize me; it cuts like a knife!"

He flung his arms round her and kissed her passionately there in the silent street, before she could hinder him. They went on. "Jude," she said, "would you mind going home now?"

"I'll do whatever you wish. But let me go to your door."

He went. She put her hand in his and said, "Good-night."

"But Sue!" He had bent his face to hers.

"You said you would do as I wished."

"Yes. Very well! . . . Perhaps it was wrong of me to argue as I have done. If you can't conscientiously marry again, I cannot make you."

"I am so glad you see that much, at any rate."

"But surely you love—you have loved me?"

"Yes. But I want to let it stop here."

"But people in love can't go on forever like this!"

"Women could; men can't, because they—won't. An average woman is in this superior to man."

"As you will. But human nature can't help being itself."

"Oh yes—that's just what it has to learn—self-mastery."

"Well—if either were to blame for our unconventional doings it was not you, but I."

"Don't let us say any more about it. Jude, will you leave me to myself now?"

"Yes. . . . But Sue," he burst out—"my old reproach to you was, after all, a true one. You have never loved me as I love you—never—never! Yours is not a passionate heart—your heart does not



"I OUGHT NOT TO BE BORN, OUGHT I?" SAID THE BOY."

burn in a flame! You are, upon the whole, cold—a sort of fay or sprite—not a woman.”

“At first I did not love you, Jude, that I own. When I first knew you I wanted you to love me. I did not exactly flirt with you, but that inborn craving which undermines some women’s morals almost more than unbridled passion—the craving to attract and captivate, regardless of the injury it may do the man—was in me; and when I found I had caught you I was frightened. And then—I don’t know how it was—I couldn’t bear to let you go—possibly to Arabella again—and so I got to love you, Jude. But you see, however it ended, it began in the selfish and cruel wish to make your heart ache for me without letting mine ache for you.”

“And now you add to your cruelty by leaving me without hope.”

“Ah—yes! The further I flounder, the more harm I do!”

“Well—never mind; don’t grieve,” said Jude, generously. “I did suffer, God knows, about you at that time; and now I suffer again. But perhaps not so much as you. The woman mostly gets the worst of it in the long-run!”

“She does.”

“Unless she is absolutely worthless and contemptible. And you are not that, anyhow.”

She drew a nervous breath or two. “Now, Jude—good-night—please!”

“Good-night! Then the veil of our temple is to be rent from this hour?”

She looked at him, and wept silently. “You don’t see that it is a matter of conscience with me, and not of dislike to you,” she brokenly murmured. “Dislike to you! But I can’t say any more—it breaks my heart—it will be undoing all I have begun!”

“Very well,” he said, and turned to go.

“Oh, but you shall kiss me!” said she. “I can’t—bear—”

He clasped her, and kissed her weeping face as he had scarcely ever done before, and they remained in silence, till she said, “Good-by, good-by!” And then gently pressing him away, she got free, trying to mitigate the sadness by saying: “We’ll be dear friends just the same, Jude, won’t we? And we’ll see each other sometimes—yes!—and forget all this, and try to be as we were long ago?”

Jude did not permit himself to speak, but turned and went along the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVOLUTION OF THE COW-PUNCHER.

BY OWEN WISTER.

TWO men sat opposite me once, despising each other so heartily that I am unlikely to forget them. They had never met before—if they can be said to have met this time—and they were both unknown to me. It happened in a train by which we journeyed together from Leamington to London. The cause of their mutual disesteem was appearance; neither liked the other’s outward man, and told him so silently for three hours; that is all they ever knew of each other. This object-lesson afterward gained greatly by my learning the name and estate of one of these gentlemen. He was a peer. He had good rugs, a good umbrella, several newspapers—but read only the pink one,—and a leather and silver thing which I took to be a travelling-bag beside him. He opened it between Banbury and Oxford, and I saw, not handkerchiefs and ivory, but cut-glass bottles with stoppers. I noticed further the

strong sumptuous monogram engraved here and there. The peer leisurely took brandy, and was not aware of our presence. But the point of him is that he garnished those miles of railroad with incomparably greater comfort than we did who had no rugs, no cut glass, no sandwich-box, no monogram. He had understood life’s upholstery and trappings for several hundred years, getting the best to be had in each generation of his noble descent.

The enemy that he had made, as a dog makes an enemy of a cat by the mere preliminary of being a dog, sat in the other corner. He wore a shiny silk hat, smooth new lean black trousers, with high boots stiff and swelling to stove-pipe symmetry beneath, and a tie devoid of interest. I did not ascertain if the pistol was in his hip pocket, but at stated intervals he spit out of his window. By his hawk nose and eye and the lank strength of his chin

he was a male who could take care of himself, and had done so. One could be sure he had wrested success from this world somehow, somewhere; and here he was, in a first-class carriage, on a first-class train, come for a first-class time, with a mind as complacently shut against being taught by foreign travel as any American patriot of to-day can attain or recommend, or any Englishman can reveal in his ten-day book about our continent and people. Charles Dickens and Mark Twain have immortalized their own blindness almost equally; and the sad truth is that enlightenment is mostly a stay-at-home creature, who crosses neither ocean nor frontier. This stranger was of course going to have a bad time, and feel relieved to get home and tell of the absence of baggage-checks and of the effete despot who had not set up the drinks. Once he addressed the despot, who was serenely smoking.

"I'll trouble you for a light," said he; and in his drawl I heard plainly his poor opinion of feudalism.

His lordship returned the drawl—not audibly, but with his eye, which he ran slowly up and down the stranger. His was the Piccadilly drawl; the other made use of the trans-Missouri variety; and both these are at bottom one and the same—the Anglo-Saxon's note of eternal contempt for whatever lies outside the beat of his personal experience. So I took an observation of these two Anglo-Saxons drawling at each other across the prejudice of a hundred years, and I thought it might come to a row. For the American was, on the quiet face of him, a "bad man," and so, to any save the provincial eye, was the nobleman. Fine feathers had deceived trans-Missouri, whose list of "bad men" was limited to specimens of the cut of his own jib, who know nothing of cut-glass bottles. But John gave Jonathan the light he asked, and for the remainder of our journey ceased to know that such a person existed.

Though we three never met again, my object-lesson did not end when we parted at Paddington. Before many seasons were sped the fortunes of the nobleman took a turn for the scandalous. He left cut glass behind him and went to Texas. I wish I could veraciously tell that he saw the stranger there—the traveller between whose bird-of-freedom nostrils and the wind his luxurious nobility had passed

so offensively. But I do know that his second and more general skirmish with democracy left both sides amicable. In fact, the nobleman won the Western heart forthwith. Took it by surprise: democracy had read in the papers so often about the despot and his effeteness. This despot vaulted into the saddle and stuck to the remarkably ingenious ponies that had been chosen with care to disconcert him. When they showed him pistols, he was found to be already acquainted with that weapon. He quickly learned how to rope a steer. The card habit ran in his noble blood as it did in the cowboy's. He could sleep on the ground and rough it with the best of them, and with the best of them he could drink and help make a town clamorous. Deep in him lay virtues and vices coarse and elemental as theirs. Doubtless the windows of St. James Street sometimes opened in his memory, and he looked into them and desired to speak with those whom he saw inside. And the whiskey was not like the old stuff in the cut-glass bottles; but he never said so; and in time he died, widely esteemed. Texas found no count against him save his pronunciation of such words as bath and fancy—a misfortune laid to the accident of his birth; and you will hear to-day in that flannel-shirted democracy only good concerning this aristocrat born and bred.

Now, besides several morals which no pious person will find difficult to draw from the decline and fall of this aristocrat, there is something more germane to my democratic contemplation: after all, when driven to flock with Texas, he was a bird of that wild feather. That is the object-lesson; that is the gist of the matter. Directly the English nobleman smelt Texas, the slumbering untamed Saxon awoke in him, and mindful of the tournament, mindful of the hunting-field, galloped howling after wild cattle, a born horseman, a perfect athlete, and spite of the peerage and gules and argent, fundamentally kin with the drifting vagabonds who swore and galloped by his side. The man's outcome typifies the way of his race from the beginning. Hundreds like him have gone to Australia, Canada, India, and have done likewise, and in our own continent you may see the thing plainer than anywhere else. No rood of modern ground is more debased and mongrel with its hordes of encroaching alien ver-

min, that turn our cities to Babels and our citizenship to a hybrid farce, who degrade our commonwealth from a nation into something half pawn-shop, half broker's office. But to survive in the clean cattle country requires spirit of adventure, courage, and self-sufficiency; you will not find many Poles or Huns or Russian Jews in that district; it stands as yet untainted by the benevolence of Baron Hirsch. Even in the cattle country the respectable Swedes settle chiefly to farming, and are seldom horsemen. The community of which the aristocrat appropriately made one speaks English. The Frenchman to-day is seen at his best inside a house; he can paint and he can play comedy, but he seldom climbs a new mountain. The Italian has forgotten Columbus, and sells fruit. Among the Spaniards and the Portuguese no Cortez or Magellan is found to-day. Except in Prussia, the Teuton is too often a tame, slippered animal, with his pedantic mind swaddled in a dressing-gown. But the Anglo-Saxon is still forever homesick for out-of-doors.

Throughout his career it has been his love to push further into the wilderness, and his fate thereby to serve larger causes than his own. In following his native bent he furthers unwittingly a design outside himself; he cuts the way for the common law and self-government, and new creeds, politics, and nations arise in his wake; in his own immense commonwealth this planless rover is obliterated. Roving took him (the Viking portion of him) from his Norse crags across to Albion. From that hearth of Albion the footprints of his sons lead to the corners of the earth; beside that hearth how inveterate remains his flavor! At Hastings he tasted defeat, but was not vanquished; to the Invincible Armada he proved a grievous surprise; one way or another he came through Waterloo—possibly because he is inveterately dull at perceiving himself beaten; when not otherwise busy at Balaklava or by the Alma, he was getting up horse-races, ready for sport or killing, and all with that silver and cut-glass finish which so offends our whistling, vacant-minded democracy. Greatest triumph and glory of all, because spiritual, his shoulders bore the Reformation when its own originators had tottered. Away from the hearth the cut-glass stage will not generally have been attained by him, and in

Maine or Kentucky you can recognize at sight the chip of the old rough block. But if you meet him upon his island, in the shape of a peer, and find him particular to dress for dinner seven days of the week, do not on that account imagine that his white tie has throttled the man in him. That is a whistling Fourth-of-July misconception. It's no symptom of patriotism to be unable to see a man through cut glass, and if it comes to an appraisement of the stranger and the peer, I should say, put each in the other's place, and let us see if the stranger could play the peer as completely as the nobleman played the cowboy. Sir Francis Drake was such a one; and Raleigh, the fine essence of Anglo-Saxon, with his fashionable gallant cloak, his adventure upon new seas, and his immediate appreciation of tobacco. The rover may return with looted treasure or incidentally stolen corners of territory to clap in his strong-box (this Angle is no angel), but it is not the dollars that played first fiddle with him, else our Hebrew friends would pioneer the whole of us. Adventure, to be out-of-doors, to find some new place far away from the postman, to enjoy independence of spirit or mind or body (according to his high or low standards)—this is the cardinal surviving fittest instinct that makes the Saxon through the centuries conqueror, invader, navigator, buccaneer, explorer, colonist, tiger-shooter; lifts him a pilgrim among the immortals at Plymouth Rock, dangles him a pirate from the gallows on the docks of Bristol. At all times when historic conditions or private stress have burst his domestic crust and let him fly out naturally, there he is, on Darien's peak, or through Magellan, or across the Missouri, or up the Columbia, a Hawkins, a Boone, a Grey, or a nameless vagrant, the same Saxon, ploughing the seas and carving the forests in every shape of man, from preacher to thief, and in each shape changelessly untamed. And as he has ruled the waves with his ship from that Viking time until yesterday at Samoa, when approaching death could extract no sound from him save American cheers and music, so upon land has the horse been his foster-brother, his ally, his playfellow, from the tournament at Camelot to the round-up at Abilene. The blood and the sweat of his jousting, and all the dirt and stains, have faded in the long sunlight of



John R. Smith

THE LAST CAVALIER.

tradition, and in the chronicles of romance we hear none of his curses or obscenity; the clash of his armor rings mellow and heroic down the ages into our modern ears. But his direct lineal offspring among our Western mountains has had no poet to connect him with the eternal, no distance to lend him enchantment; though he has fought single-handed with savages, and through skill and daring prevailed, though he has made his nightly bed in a thousand miles of snow and loneliness, he has not, and never will have, the "consecration of memory." No doubt Sir Launcelot bore himself with a grace and breeding of which our unpolished fellow of the cattle trail has only the latent possibility; but in personal daring and in skill as to the horse, the knight and the cowboy are nothing but the same Saxon of different environments, the nobleman in London and the nobleman in Texas; and no hoof in Sir Thomas Mallory shakes the crumbling plains with quadruped sound more valiant than the galloping that has echoed from the Rio Grande to the Big Horn Mountains. But we have no Sir Thomas Mallory! Since Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Cooper were taken from us, our flippant and impoverished imagination has ceased to be national, and the rider among Indians and cattle, the frontiersman, the American who replaces Miles Standish and the Pathfinder, is now beneath the notice of polite writers.

From the tournament to the round-up! Deprive the Saxon of his horse, and put him to forest-clearing or in a counting-house for a couple of generations, and you may pass him by without ever seeing that his legs are designed for the gripping of saddles. Our first hundred years afforded his horsemanship but little opportunity. Though his out-of-door spirit, most at home when at large, sported free in the elbow-room granted by the surrender of Cornwallis, it was on foot and with an axe that he chiefly enjoyed himself. He moved his log cabin slowly inward from the Atlantic, slowly over the wooded knolls of Cumberland and Allegheny, down and across the valley beyond, until the infrequent news of him ceased, and his kinsfolk who had staid by the sea, and were merchanting themselves upwards to the level of family portraits and the cut-glass finish, forgot that the prodigal in the backwoods belonged to them, and was part

of their United States, bone of their bone. And thus did our wide country become as a man whose East hand knoweth not what his West hand doeth.

Mr. Herndon, in telling of Lincoln's early days in Illinois, gives us a complete picture of the roving Saxon upon our continent in 1830. "The boys . . . were a terror to the entire region—seemingly a necessary product of frontier civilization. They were friendly and good-natured. . . . They would do almost anything for sport or fun, love or necessity. Though rude and rough, though life's forces ran over the edge of their bowl, foaming and sparkling in pure deviltry for deviltry's sake, . . . yet place before them a poor man who needed their aid, . . . a defenceless woman, . . . they melted into sympathy and charity at once. They gave all they had, and willingly toiled or played cards for more. . . . A stranger's introduction was likely to be the most unpleasant part of his acquaintance. . . . They were in the habit of 'cleaning out' New Salem." Friendly and good-natured, and in the habit of cleaning out New Salem! Quite so. There you have him. Here is the American variety of the Saxon set down for you as accurately as if Audubon himself had done it. A colored plate of Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham should go on the opposite page. Nothing but the horse is left out of the description, and that is because the Saxon and his horse seldom met during the rail-splitting era of our growth. But the man of 1830 would give away all that he had and play cards for more. Decidedly nothing was missing except the horse—and the horse was waiting in another part of our large map until the man should arrive and jump on his back again.

A few words about this horse—the horse of the plains. Whether or no his forefathers looked on when Montezuma fell, they certainly hailed from Spain. And whether it was missionaries or thieves who carried them northward from Mexico, until the Sioux heard of the new animal, certain it also is that this pony ran wild for a century or two, either alone or with various red-skinned owners; and as he gathered the sundry experiences of war and peace, of being stolen, and of being abandoned in the snow at inconvenient distances from home, of being ridden by two women and a baby at once, and of being eaten by a bear, his wide range of contretemps brought him a wit sharper



A SAGE-BRUSH PIONEER.

than the street Arab's, and an attitude towards life more blasé than in the united capitals of Europe. I have frequently caught him watching me with an eye of such sardonic depreciation that I felt it quite vain to attempt any hiding from him of my incompetence; and as for surprising him, a locomotive cannot do it, for I have tried this. He relishes putting a man in absurd positions, and will wait many days in patience to compass this uncharitable thing; and when he cannot bring a man to derision, he contents himself with a steer or a buffalo, helping the man to rope and throw these animals with an ingenuity surpassing any circus, to my thinking. A number of delighted passengers on the Kansas Pacific Railway passed by a Mexican vaquero, who had been sent out from Kansas City to rope a buffalo as an advertisement for the stock-yards. The train stopped to take a look at the solitary horseman fast to a buffalo in the midst of the plains. José, who had his bull safely roped, shouted to ask if they had water on the train. "We'll bring you some," said they. "Oh, I come get," said he; and jumping off, he left his accomplished pony in sole charge of the buffalo. Whenever the huge beast struggled for freedom, the clever pony stiffened his legs and leaned back as in a tug of war, by jumps and dodges so anticipating each move of the enemy that escape was entirely hopeless. The boy got his drink, and his employer sent out a car for the buffalo, which was taken in triumph into Kansas City behind the passenger train. The Mexican narrated the exploit to his employer thus: "Oh, Shirley, when the train start they all give three greata big cheers for me, and then they give three mucha bigger cheers for the little gray hoss!"

Ah, progress is truly a wonder! and admirable beyond all doubt it is to behold the rapid new square miles of brick, and the stream rich with the contributions of an increased population, and tall factories that have stopped dividends just for the present, and long empty railroads in the hands of the receiver; but I prefer that unenlightened day when we had plenty of money and cheered for the little gray hoss. Such was the animal that awaited the coming of the rail-splitter. The meeting was a long way off in 1830. Not the Mexican war, not the gold on the Pacific

in '49 (though this, except for the horse, revealed the whole Saxon at his best and worst, and for a brief and beautiful moment waked once more the American muse), not any national event until the war of the rebellion was over and we had a railroad from coast to coast, brought the man and his horse together. It was in the late sixties that this happened in Texas. The adventurous sons of Kentucky and Tennessee, forever following the native bent to roam, and having no longer a war to give them the life they preferred, came into a new country full of grass and cattle. Here they found Mexicans by the hundred, all on horses and at large over the flat of the world. This sight must have stirred memories in the rail-splitter's blood, for he joined the sport upon the instant. I do not think he rode with bolder skill than the Mexican's, but he brought other and grittier qualities to bear upon that wild life, and also the Saxon contempt for the foreigner. Soon he had taken what was good from this small, deceitful alien, including his name, *Vaquero*, which he translated into Cowboy. He took his saddle, his bridle, his spurs, his rope, his methods of branding and herding—indeed, most of his customs and accoutrements—and with them he went rioting over the hills. His play-ground was two thousand miles long and a thousand wide. The hoofs of his horse were tough as iron, and the pony waged the joyous battle of self-preservation as stoutly as did his rider. When the man lay rolled in his blankets sleeping, warm and unconcerned beneath a driving storm of snow, the beast pawed through to the sage-brush and subsisted; so that it came to be said of such an animal, "A meal a day is enough for a man who gets to ride that horse."

The cow-puncher's play-ground in those first glorious days of his prosperity included battle and murder and sudden death as every-day matters. From 1865 to 1878 in Texas he fought his way with knife and gun, and any hour of the twenty-four might see him flattened behind the rocks among the whiz of bullets and the flight of arrows, or dragged bloody and folded together from some adobe hovel. Seventy-five dollars a month and absolute health and strength were his wages; and when the news of all this excellence drifted from Texas eastward, they came in shoals—Saxon boys



WHAT AN UNBRANDED COW HAS COST.

of picked courage (none but plucky ones could survive) from South and North, from town and country. Every sort and degree of home tradition came with them from their far birthplaces. Some had known the evening hymn at one time, others could remember no parent or teacher earlier than the street; some spoke with the gentle accent of Virginia, others in the dialect of baked beans and codfish; here and there was the baccalaureate, already beginning to forget his Greek alphabet, but still able to repeat the two notable words with which Xenophon always marches upon the next stage of his journey. Hither to the cattle country they flocked from forty kinds of home, each bringing a deadly weapon.

What motlier tribe, what heap of cards shuffled from more various unmatched packs, could be found? Yet this tribe did not remain motley, but soon grew into a unit. To begin with, the old spirit burned alike in all, the unextinguished fire of adventure and independence. And then, the same stress of shifting for self, the same vigorous and peculiar habits of life, were forced upon each one: watching for Indians, guarding huge herds at night, chasing cattle, wild as deer, over rocks and counties, sleeping in the dust and waking in the snow, cooking in the open, swimming the swollen rivers. Such gymnasium for mind and body develops a like pattern in the unlike. Thus, late in the nineteenth century, was the race once again subjected to battles and darkness, rain and shine, to the fierceness and generosity of the desert. Destiny tried her latest experiment upon the Saxon, and plucking him from the library, the haystack, and the gutter, set him upon his horse; then it was that, face to face with the eternal simplicity of death, his modern guise fell away and showed once again the mediæval man. It was no new type, no product of the frontier, but just the original kernel of the nut with the shell broken.

This bottom bond of race unified the divers young men, who came riding from various points of the compass, speaking university and gutter English simultaneously; and as the knights of Camelot prized their armor and were particular about their swords, so these dusty successors had an extreme pride of equipment, and put aside their jeans and New York suits for the tribal dress. Though each

particle of gearing for man and horse was evoked from daily necessity, gold and silver instantly stepped in to play their customary ornamental part, as with all primitive races. The cow-puncher's legs must be fended from the thorny miles of the Rio Grande, the thousand mongrel shrubs that lace their bristles together stiff over the country—the mesquite, the shin-oak, the cat's-claw, the Spanish-dagger; wide-spreading, from six inches to ten feet high, every vegetable vicious with an embroidery of teeth and nails; a continent of peevish thicket called *chaparral*, as we indiscriminately call a dog with too many sorts of grandfathers a cur. Into this saw-mill dives the wild steer through paths and passages known to himself, and after him the pursuing man must also dive at a rate that would tear his flesh to ribbons if the blades and points could get hold of him. But he cases his leg against the hostile *chaparral* from thigh to ankle in chaps—leathern breeches, next door to armor: his daily bread is scarcely more needful to him. Soon his barbaric pleasure in finery sews tough leather fringe along their sides, and the leather flap of the pocket becomes stamped with a heavy rose. Sagging in a slant upon his hips leans his leather belt of cartridges buckled with jaunty arrogance, and though he uses his pistol with murderous skill, it is pretty, with ivory or mother-of-pearl for a handle. His arm must be loose to swing his looped rope free and drop its noose over the neck of the animal that bounds in front of his rushing pony. Therefore he rides in a loose flannel shirt that will not cramp him as he whirls the coils; but the handkerchief knotted at his throat, though it is there to prevent sunburn, will in time of prosperity be chosen for its color and soft texture, a scarf to draw the eye of woman. His heavy splendid saddle is, in its shape and luxury of straps and leather thongs, the completest instrument for night and day travel, and the freighting along with you of board and lodging, that any nomad has so far devised. With its trappings and stamped leather, its horn and high cantle, we are well acquainted. It must stand the strain of eight hundred sudden pounds of live beef tearing at it for freedom; it must be the anchor that shall not drag during the furious rages of such a typhoon. For the cattle of the wilderness have often run wild for three, four,

and five years, through rocks and forests, never seeing the face of man from the day when as little calves they were branded. And some were never branded at all. They have grown up in company with the deer, and like the deer they fly at the approach of the horseman. Then, if he has ridden out to gather these waifs from their remote untenanted pastures and bring them in to be counted and driven to sale, he must abandon himself to the headlong pursuit. The open easy plain with its harmless footing lies behind, the steep valley narrows up to an entering wedge among the rocks, and into these untoward regions rush the beeves. The shale and detritus of shelving landslides, the slippery knobs in the beds of brooks, the uncertain edges of the jumping-off place, all lie in the road of the day's necessity, and where the steer goes, goes the cow-puncher too—balancing, swaying, doubling upon his shrewd pony. The noose uncoiling flies swinging through the air and closes round the throat—or perhaps only the hind leg—of the quarry. In the shock of stopping short or of leaning to circle, the rider's stirrups must be long, and his seat a forked pliant poise on the horse's back; no grip of the knee will answer in these contortions; his leg must have its straight length, a lever of muscle and sinew to yield or close vise-like on the pony's ribs; and when the steer feels that he is taken and the rope tightens from the saddle horn, then must the gearing be solid, else, like a fisherman floundering with snapped rod and tangled line, the cow-puncher will have misfortunes to repair and nothing to repair them with. Such a thing as this has happened in New Mexico: The steer, pursued and frantic at feeling the throttle of the flung rope, ran blindly over a cliff, one end of the line fast to him, the other to the rider's saddle horn, and no time to think once, much less twice, about anything in this or the next world. The pony braced his legs at the edge, but his gait swept him onward, as with the fast skater whose skate has stuck upon a frozen chip. The horse fell over the mountain, and with him his rider; but the sixty-foot rope was new, and it hooked over a stump. Steer and horse swung like scales gently above the man, who lay at the bottom, hurt nearly to death, but not enough to dull his appreciation of the unusual arrangement.

It is well, then, to wear leathern armor and sit in a stout saddle if you would thrive among the thorns and rocks; and without any such casualty as falling over a mountain, the day's common events call for uncommon strength of gear. Not otherwise can the steer be hooked and landed safely, and not otherwise is the man to hoist resisting beeves up a hill somewhat as safes are conducted to the sixth story, nor could the rider plunge galloping from the sixth story to the ground, or swerve and heavily lean to keep from flying into space, were his stirrup leathers not laced, and every other crucial spot of strain independent of so weak a thing as a buckle. To go up where you have come down is another and easier process for man and straps and everything except the horse. His breath and legs are not immortal. And in order that each day the man may be hardily borne over rough and smooth he must own several mounts—a "string"; sometimes six and more, either his own property, or allotted to him by the foreman of the outfit for which he rides. The unused animals run in a herd—the *ramuda*; and to get a fresh mount from the ramuda means not seldom the ceremony of catching your hare. The ponies walk sedately together in the pasture, good as gold, and eying you without concern until they perceive that you are come with an object. They then put forth against you all the circus knowledge you have bestowed upon them so painfully. They comprehend ropes and loops and the law of gravity; they have observed the errors of steers in similar cases, and the unattractive result of running inside any enclosure, such as a corral; they strategize to keep at large, and altogether chasing a steer is tortoise play to the game they can set up for you. They relish the sight of you whirling impotent among them, rejoice in the smoking pace and the doublings they perpetrate; and with one eye attentive to you and your poised rope, and the other dexterously commanding the universe, they will intertangle as in cross-tag, pushing between your design and its victim, mingling confusedly like a driven mist, and all this with nostrils leaning level to the wind and bellies close to the speeding ground. But when the desired one is at last taken and your successful rope is on his neck, you would not dream he had ever wished

for anything else. He stands, submitting absent-mindedly to bit and blanket, mild as any unconscious lamb, while placidity descends once more upon the herd; again they pasture good as gold, and butter would not melt in the mouth of one of these conscientious creatures. I have known a number of dogs, one crow, and two monkeys, but these combined have seemed to me less fertile in expedient than the cow-pony, the sardonic cayuse. The bit his master gave him, and the bridle and spurs, have the same origin from necessity and the same history as to ornament. If stopping and starting and turning must be like flashes of light, the apparatus is accordingly severe; and as for the spurs, those wheels with long spikes cease to seem grotesque when you learn that with shorter and sharper rowels they would catch in the corded meshes of the girth, and bring the rider to ruin. Silver and gold, when he could pay for them, went into the make and decoration of this smaller machinery; and his hat would cost him fifteen dollars, and he wore fringed gloves. His boots often cost twenty-five dollars in his brief hour of opulence. Come to town for his holiday, he wore his careful finery, and from his wide hat-brim to his jingling heels made something of a figure—as self-conscious and deliberate a show as any painted buck in council or bull-elk among his aspiring cows; and out of town in the mountains, as wild and lean and dangerous as buck or bull knows how to be.

As with his get-up, so it went with his vocabulary; for any manner of life with a rule and flavor of its own strong enough to put a new kind of dress on a man's body will put new speech in his mouth, and an idiom derived from the exigencies of his days and nights was soon spoken by the cow-puncher. Like all creators, he not only built, but borrowed his own wherever he found it. *Chaps*, from *chapparajos*, is only one of many transfers from the Mexican, one out of (I should suppose) several hundred; and in *lover-wolf* is a singular instance of half-baked translation. *Lobo*, pronounced *lovo*, being the Spanish for wolf, and the coyote being a sort of wolf, the dialect of the southern border has slid into this name for a wolf that is larger, and a worse enemy to steers than the small coward coyote. *Lover-wolf* is a word anchored to its district. In the

Northwest, though the same animal roams there as dangerously, his Texas name would be as unknown as the Northwest's word for Indian, *siwash*, from *savage*, would be along the Rio Grande. Thus at the top and bottom of our map do French and Spanish trickle across the frontier, and with English melt into two separate amalgams which are wholly distinct, and which remain near the spot where they were moulded; while other compounds, having the same Northern and Southern starting-point, drift far and wide, and become established in the cow-puncher's dialect over his whole country. No better French specimen can be instanced than *cache*, verb and noun, from the verb *cachar*, to conceal. In our Eastern life words such as these are of no pertinent avail; and as it is only universal pertinence which can lift a fragment of dialect into the dictionary's good society, most of them must pass with the transient generation that spoke them. Certain ones there are deserving to survive; *cinch*, for instance, from *cincha*, the Mexican girth. From its narrow office under the horse's belly it has come to perform in metaphor a hundred services. In cinching somebody or something you may mean that you hold four aces, or the key of a political crisis; and when a man is very much indeed upper-dog, then he is said to have an air-tight cinch; and this phrase is to me so pleasantly eloquent that I am withheld from using it in polite gatherings only by that prudery which we carry as a burden along with the benefits of academic training. Besides the foreign importations, such as *arroyo* and *riata*, that stand unchanged, and those others which under the action of our own speech have sloughed their native shape and come out something new, like quirt—once *cuerta*, Mexican for rawhide—is the third large class of words which the cowboy has taken from our sober old dictionary stock and made over for himself. Pie-biter refers not to those hailing from our pie belt, but to a cow-pony who secretly forages in a camp kitchen to indulge his acquired tastes. Western whiskey, besides being known as tonsil varnish and a hundred different things, goes as benzine, not unjustly. The same knack of imagery that upon our Eastern slope gave visitors from the country the brief, sure name of hayseed, calls their Western equivalents junipers.



THERE WAS NO FLORA McIVOR.

Hay grows scant upon the Rocky Mountains, but those seclusions are filled with evergreens. No one has accounted to me for *hobo*. A hobo is a wandering unemployed person, a stealer of rides on freight-trains, a diner at the back door, eternally seeking honest work, and when brought face to face with it eternally retreating. The hobo is he against whom we have all sinned by earning our living. Perhaps some cowboy saw an Italian playing a pipe to the accompaniment of the harp, and made the generalization: oboe may have given us hobo. Hobo-ken has been suggested by an ingenious friend; but the word seems of purely Western origin, and I heard it in the West several years before it became used in the East. The cow-puncher's talent for making a useful verb out of anything shows his individuality. Any young strong race will always lay firm hands on language and squeeze juice from it; and you instantly comprehend the man who tells you of his acquaintances, whom you know to be drunk at the moment, that they are *hell-ing* around town. Unsleping need for quick thinking and doing gave these nomads the pith of utterance. They say, for instance, that they intend *camping on a man's trail*, meaning, concisely, "So-and-so has injured us, and we are going to follow him day and night until we are quits." Thus do these ordinary words and phrases, freshened to novelty by the cow-puncher's wits, show his unpremeditated art of brevity, varying in aptness, but in imagination constant; and with one last example of his fancy I shall leave his craft of word-making.

It is to be noted in all peoples that for whatever particular thing in life is of frequent and familiar practice among them they will devise many gradations of epithet. *To go* is in the cattle country a common act, and a man may go for different reasons, in several manners, at various speeds. For example:

"Do I understand you went up the tree with the bear just behind you?"

"The bear was not in front of me."

Here the cowboy made ordinary words suffice for showing the way he went, but his goings can be of many sorts besides in front of and behind something, and his rich choice of synonyms embodies a latent chapter of life and habits. To the several phases of going known to the pioneer as *vamose*, skip, light out, dust, and

git, the cowboy adds, burn the earth, hit, hit the breeze, pull your freight, jog, amble, move, pack, rattle your hocks, brindle, and more, very likely, if I knew or could recall them; I think that the observer who caught the shifting flicker of a race or a pursuit, and said brindle first, had a mind of liveliness and art.

It may be that some of these words I have named as home-bred natives of our wilderness are really of long standing and archaic repute, and that the scholar can point to them in the sonnets of Shakespeare, but I, at least, first learned them west of the Missouri.

With a speech and dress of his own, then, the cow-puncher drove his herds to Abilene or Westport Landing in the Texas times, and the easy abundant dollars came, and left him for spurs and bridles of barbaric decoration. Let it be remembered that the Mexican was the original cowboy, and that the American improved on him. Those were the days in which he was long in advance of settlers, and when he literally fought his right of way. Along the waste hundreds of miles that he had to journey, three sorts of inveterate enemies infested the road—the thief (the cattle-thief, I mean), who was as daring as himself; the supplanted Mexican, who hated the new encroaching Northern race; and the Indian, whose hand was against all races but his own immediate tribe, and who flayed the feet of his captives, and made them walk so through the mountain passes to the fires in which he slowly burned them. Among these perils the cow-puncher took wild pleasure in existing. No soldier of fortune ever adventured with bolder carelessness, no fiercer blood ever stained a border. If his raids, his triumphs, and his reverses have inspired no minstrel to sing of him who rode by the Pecos River and the hills of San Andreas, it is not so much the Rob Roy as the Walter Scott who is lacking. And the Flora McIvor! Alas! the stability of the clan, the blessing of the home background, was not there. These wild men sprang from the loins of no similar father, and begot no sons to continue their hardihood. War they made in plenty, but not love; for the woman they saw was not the woman a man can take into his heart. That their fighting Saxon ancestors awoke in them for a moment and made them figures for poetry and ro-

mance is due to the strange accidents of a young country, where, while cities flourish by the coast and in the direct paths of trade, the herd-trading interior remains mediæval in its simplicity and violence. And yet this transient generation deserves more chronicling than it will ever have. Deeds in plenty were done that are all and more than imagination should require. One high noon upon the plains by the Rio Grande the long irons lay hot in the fire. The young cattle were being branded, and the gathered herd covered the plain. Two owners claimed one animal. They talked at first quietly round the fire, then the dispute quickened. One roped the animal, throwing it to the ground to burn his mark upon it. A third came, saying the steer was his. The friends of each drew close to hear, and a claimant thrust his red-hot iron against the hide of the animal tied on the ground. Another seized it from him, and as they fell struggling, their adherents flung themselves upon their horses, and massing into clans, volleyed with their guns across the fire. In a few minutes fourteen riders lay dead on the plain, and the tied animal over which they had quarrelled bawled and bleated in the silence. Here is skirmishing enough for a ballad. And there was a certain tireless man in northern New Mexico whose war upon cattle-thieves made his life so shining a mark that he had in bank five thousand dollars to go to the man who killed the man who killed him. A neighborhood where one looks so far beyond his own assassination as to provide a competence for his avenger is discouraging to family life, but a promising field for literature.

Such existence soon makes a strange man of any one, and the early cow-punchers rapidly grew unlike all people but each other and the wild superstitious ancestors whose blood was in their veins. Their hair became long, and their glance rested with serene penetration upon the stranger; they laughed seldom, and their spirit was in the permanent attitude of war. Grim lean men of few topics, and not many words concerning these; comprehending no middle between the poles of brutality and tenderness; indifferent to death, but disconcerted by a good woman; some with violent Old Testament religion, some avowing none, and all of them uneasy about corpses and the dark. These

hermited horsemen would dismount in camp at nightfall and lie looking at the stars, or else squat about the fire conversing with crude sombreness of brands and horses and cows, speaking of *humans* when they referred to men.

To-day they are still to be found in New Mexico, their last domain. The extreme barrenness of those mountains has held tamer people at a distance. That next stage of Western progress—that unparalleled compound of new hotels, electric lights, and invincible ignorance which has given us the Populist—has been retarded, and the civilization of Colorado and silver does not yet redeem New Mexico. But in these shrunk days the cow-puncher no longer can earn money to spend on ornament; he dresses poorly and wears his chaps very wide and ungainly. But he still has three mounts, with seven horses to each mount, and his life is in the saddle among vast solitudes. In the North he was a later comer, and never quite so formidable a person. By the time he had ridden up into Wyoming and Montana the Indian was mostly gone, the locomotive upon the scene, and going West far less an exploration than in the Texas days. Into these new pastures drifted youths from town and country whose grit would scarcely have lasted them to Abilene, and who were not the grim long-haired type, but a sort of glorified farm hand. They too wore their pistols, and rode gallantly, and out of them nature and simplicity did undoubtedly forge manlier, cleaner men than what our streets breed of no worse material. They galloped by the side of the older hands, and caught something of the swing and tradition of the first years. They developed heartiness and honesty in virtue and in vice alike. Their evil deeds were not of the sneaking kind, but had always the saving grace of courage. Their code had no place for the man who steals a pocket-book or stabs in the back.

And what has become of them? Where is this latest outcropping of the Saxon gone? Except where he lingers in the mountains of New Mexico he has been dispersed, as the elk, as the buffalo, as all wild animals must inevitably be dispersed. Three things swept him away—the exhausting of the virgin pastures, the coming of the wire fence, and Mr. Armour of Chicago, who set the price of beef to suit himself. But all this may be summed up

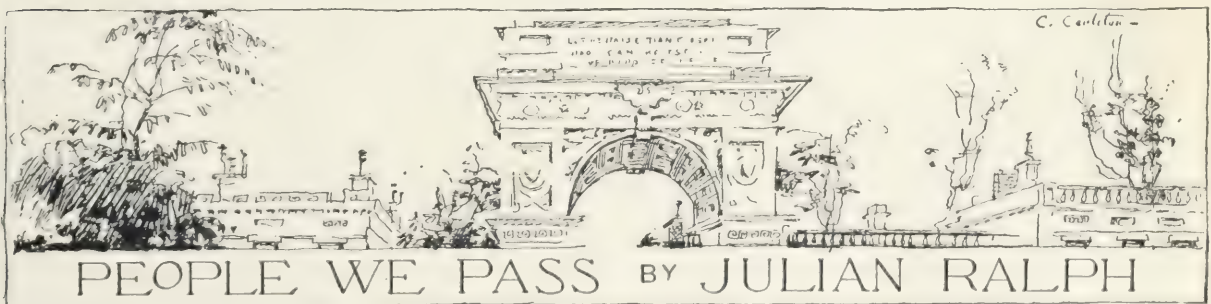


THE FALL OF THE COWBOY.

in the word Progress. When the bankrupt cow-puncher felt Progress dispersing him, he seized whatever plank floated nearest him in the wreck. He went to town for a job; he got a position on the railroad; he set up a saloon; he married, and fenced in a little farm; and he turned "rustler," and stole the cattle from the men for whom he had once worked. In these capacities will you find him to-day. The ex-cowboy who set himself to some new way of wage-earning is all over the West, and his old courage and frankness still stick to him, but his peculiar independence is of necessity dimmed. The only man who has retained that wholly is the outlaw, the horse and cattle thief, on whose grim face hostility to Progress forever sits. He has had a checkered career. He has been often hanged, often shot; he is generally "wanted" in several widely scattered districts. I know one who used to play the banjo to me on Powder River as he swung his long boots over the side of his bunk. I have never listened to any man's talk with more interest and diversion. Once he has been to Paris on the proceeds of a lengthy well-conducted theft; once he has been in prison for

murder. He has the bluest eye, the longest nose, and the coldest face I ever saw. This stripe of gentleman still lives and thrives through the cattle country, occasionally goes out into the waste of land in the most delicate way, and presently cows and steers are missed. But he has driven them many miles to avoid live-stock inspectors, and it may be that if you know him by sight and happen to be in a town where cattle are bought, such as Kansas City, you will meet him at the best hotel there, full of geniality and affluence.

Such is the story of the cow-puncher, the American descendant of Saxon ancestors, who for thirty years flourished upon our part of the earth, and, because he was not compatible with Progress, is now departed, never to return. But because Progress has just now given us the Populist and silver in exchange for him, is no ground for lament. He has never made a good citizen, but only a good soldier, from his tournament days down. And if our nation in its growth have no worse distemper than the Populist to weather through, there is hope for us, even though present signs disincline us to make much noise upon the Fourth of July.



PETEEY BURKE AND HIS PUPIL.

I HAVE said before that all who lived in the Big Barracks tenement in Forsyth Street worshipped Doctor Whitfield's daughter—the beautiful, patient, deserted mother who kept house for the shabby-genteel doctor in that crowded human hive. Yet it was a wonder that she was liked by the Burkes, on the second floor back (uptown side). Petey Burke's way of forever insisting that his mother and sister admire "Miss" Whitfield, as he did, idolatrously, must certainly have distressed them if the doctor's daughter had not proved herself worthy

of adoration by her constant kindness and self-sacrifice toward the ruder folks around her. Petey's father—long gone from earth—had been an upper servant in a nobleman's house in the old country, and his respect for good-breeding was so strong that it descended in full force to his children. The consequence was that Petey Burke grew up to be the tidiest lad in the Barracks colony—always in black, and as neat and sober as an undertaker. And his sister Norah (a pretty, stunted little thing, like a dwarfed tree of Japan) seemed to the boys of the block as exquisite as a confection. Neither Petey nor Norah held aloof from the rude, hearty

life around them, but Petey carried himself like a leader, and Norah was the only girl who could keep the men and boys around her and at a distance besides. As one of the lads expressed it, "She's de on'y girl a feller wants to maul, and she's de on'y one a feller can't."

Petey gave no credit to his father for Norah's genteel appearance and pretty ways. He ascribed them, and even her irreproachable morals, to the influence of Doctor Whitfield's daughter, transmitted through himself. While his mother drank beer in the kitchen, proof against every influence but that of her peasant training, her children felt the impetus of New World conditions, and soared far beyond her sphere, and beyond even her understanding—a common miracle of our social system. Petey took his mother's place as the guide and instructor of his sister.

Norah Adeline Burke was nearly seventeen, and was already first helper to the Head of Department of the Made-up Millinery Room in one of the great shopping stores. That is proof of her remarkable natural taste—that and the fact that she was often successful in trimming hats and bonnets as stylish as any the shop turned out. And, as is the case with American shop-girls of far lower grade, she dressed with as good an imitation of the fashions as many a woman of greater pretensions—a difficult thing, because the girls who do it have to find cheap goods that will do duty as the bases of styles which are created with cloths made only in high-priced patterns. The reader would never have taken her for what she was if he saw her on the way to the shop with a silk bag on her arm, such as ladies carry, and two or three fat, well-bound books under one elbow, to make believe she was going to the Normal College two hours ahead of time. The carrying of these school-books was a trick that was not copied from "Miss" Whitfield. Therefore it was gravely displeasing to Petey.

"Norah," said he, once, "them books 'll queer you dead 's long as yer carry 'em; that's straight. You'll never get no rich feller; an' if yer was to catch a shoe-black for your 'steady,' he'd be a rank no good. Der reason is because—say, Norah, der doctor's daughter wouldn't lug dem books around if she was in your place, an' you know it. She wouldn't, 'cause it ain't up-an'-up; 'tain't honest an' square—see? It's narting but a bluff, and it

shows you ain't on de level. De doctor's daughter wouldn't make out she's any-ting but what she is. Den why don't yer quit, sis? Come, now, girl, what's eating you to make yer do sich a t'ing?"

"Petey, why shouldn't I? Miss Reilly fetches school-books to her work," says Miss Norah; "and so do plenty others. Maggie Hurley does too, and you're the only one that's sore about it."

"Say, Norah, you give me a pain. Miss Reilly! and Maggie Hurley!—you've got to trot out something better than them tarriers if you're goin' to put up agin de doctor's daughter. And say, I seen you lookin' at a gang in de street coming home yesterday—de gang dat was mon-keying wid de drunken man. Now, girl, I've told you many's de time dat *she* don't never look at annyting in de street—not if a house fell down over de way, she wouldn't give it de satisfaction to t'row one eye at it. All de jays an' dudes looks at her wherever she goes. She's so tony dat she lives like she was on de stage in de tee-ayter wid dead crowds piping her off der hull time—see? But she looks straight ahead, till some one tries fer to catch her eye from de front, and den she looks at der sidewalk. She kin see all she wants to widout seemin' to; and so kin you, Norah, unless you 'ain't got no respect fer yerself and yer out on de mash."

"That 'll do, now, Petey Burke. Ain't you terrible? You're the only one on the block that doesn't respect me."

"F'what's ailing you, Petey?" cried the old mother from an inner room. "Norah darlin', f'what's he sayin' to oo?"

"He—he called me out of my name, mother," said the girl, sobbing; "and that's not the first time. Trying to make me better than a saint, and yet calling me worse than I am."

In an instant Petey was down beside the sofa on which his sister sat, with his black button head in her lap.

"Soak me one, sis," he said; "yes, sure; on de side of me head. . . . Oh, but dat was a Peter Hickey! Now you feel better. Dere's a cream-drop fer you" (kissing her with a clumsy show of tenderness). "You know I'm dead-gone on you, Norah; and fer a girl dat's born poor, dere ain't no lady dat's in it wid you."

"I never look at any man out-of-doors, Petey."

"If I t'ought you would," said Petey, "I wouldn't take you out and buy you

de best ring you kin git off de biggest jeweller in de Bowery—and dat's what I'm a-goin' to do to-night, Norah; I'm a farmer if I don't. See?"

"A ring, Petey! Are you? You're the best brother in the ward. But—but, Petey, I'd rather have you trust me than have a diamond from you."

With the doctor's daughter, whom he saw as often as he could pluck up the needed courage to sidle into her front room, fumbling his hat in his hand, he never tried, as others did, to talk what was called "tony talk," or "blooded English." He was perfectly natural in his speech with her.

"I got ter talk tough," he explained; "der boys wouldn't take no other kinder talk. We all study it like we used ter study 'rit'mertic in school, an' de one dat's on to de latest words is de one dat leads de mob, y'understand."

He saw her almost as frequently as did Mr. Fletcher, the rich but bashful mill-owner of the neighborhood, who hoped to win her love—the same Mr. Fletcher who once upon a time told Cordelia Mahoney truly that he knew no woman, and never had known one, except the dead mother who left him a boy on a Vermont hillside. For quick wit and unceasing alertness there are not many of Petey's equals, even in that abnormally sharp street-bred population. Therefore one day when he was bidden to come in and found "Miss" Whitfield's eyes red from weeping, and a photograph lying in her lap, he stole such a look at the portrait as he passed behind her chair that he thought he should never forget the pictured man's features.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Burke, or for any one in the house?" she asked.

"I gues I'm the one to be askin' ef I



C. Caulton

"SAY, NORAH, YOU GIVE ME A PAIN."

kin do sump'n fer you. What's gone agin you, ma'am? I didn't know you ever could look anyways 'cept sunshiny."

"Oh yes, Mr. Burke; I am only a woman, with a woman's share of trouble."

"Ef dat mug—scuse me, ma'am, dat face you're a-lookin' at—ef it queers you like dat, why don't you chuck it?"

"That would do no good," said she, with a sad smile; and then she added, not knowing why her habitual reserve should so break down (but friends were few with her): "That is my husband. I do not often look at it, but whether I do or no, it means life-long unhappiness, just the same."

"Is he er—did he er—"

"He left me—a month after we were married; before baby was born."

"Say, he's a—well, English ain't in it to tell what he is! I should t'ink you'd be so dead sore on him—say, I'd be so hot in de collar I couldn't cry. Scuse me, but hain't you got de stuff fer to pay no lawyer to git you quit of him?"

"I don't believe in divorce," she said, rising and putting the photograph away;

"but I never speak of him—or of myself—as a rule. I cannot tell why I have done so to you."

"Hol' on, ma'am," said Petey. "Do you know where he is—does he do anny-t'ing fer you?"

"No," said she, in answer to both questions. "There, now, tell me how I can be of service to you."

"I der want nartin'—dat's straight. I just t'ought yer wouldn't mind my comin' in, and mebber you'd give me some good talk, like you did oncet."

She was ten years older than Petey, and hers was such innate dignity that she risked nothing in displaying a kindly feeling for her rude admirer. "I cannot help you," said she, stopping before him to arrange his hair with the light touch that a sister might bestow upon him. "You will never be anything but a good man when you are grown up. You will always be kind to your mother, and guard your sister, and keep good companions and good habits. That is all—except always to be sure of your own self-respect—and you will not find that too hard to do."

Petey repeated these simple rules for an honorable life to his sister as if he had originated them. "Norah," said he, "I'd bank all I ever get dat you'll be a dead lady. All you got to do, Norah, is ter do de square act wid mother, an' be up-and-up wid me, an' don't monkey wid no tough mob of girls nor no crooked fellers. Dat's der hull shootin'-match, 'cept yer've got ter be square wid yerself and really b'leeve yer as good as yer let on."

She seemed to be in no need of so much advice, so frank and proud was her appearance. "Petey," said she, "any one would think you wanted me to catch a Vanderbilt, but if I minded you I'd be such a saint that none but the priests would look at me."

His admiration for his sister seemed lost in his efforts to have her copy Miss Whitfield. Yet it was his sister that he truly loved.

"It's as bad for folks to have too much money," said he, "as it is to be rotten poor. De best folks is de half-wayers, what has to fight fer whatever dey git. Dat's where you come in, Norah; you got ter keep boosting yerself over de crowd, or you'll climb back into de gutter wid de mob dat's satisfied wid bein' walked over." He glanced proudly at his sister's

neat boots and gloves, peculiar in the neighborhood, and flattered himself that he had led Norah to value many such little but important marks of good-breeding. "Y'ain't blooded like *she* is," he said, "but yer nee'nter give it 'way. Make a big bluff at what you ain't got, every time! Say, girl," he said, "I'm all broke up over what I've got on to. Mr. Fletcher 'll never tie up wid Miss Whitfield. He comes one in a box like a dollar seegar, and them two was like a pair of lips, made to come together—but it don't go—see? She's got a husband what ain't no more dead dan me 'n you are. And she won't never get no divorce—she told me so on the d. q."

"Is that her misery?" Norah asked. "Ain't it terrible? Of course she won't get a divorce. That's like putting on your shoes out in the street—to a lady. But she ain't like me. I wouldn't eat my heart out for the best man going."

"Yes, yer would," said he. "If you git de double cross put on you, yer'll take it like it was medicine. But I'm dead sorry fer Mr. Fletcher. He don't tog up in a silk dicer an' patent-leathers to call on de doctor—not on your life he don't."

Poor Fletcher! He had already learned that the sole woman he had known well or ever loved—except his mother—was not a widow, or of a mind to free herself from the wretch who had so misused her. He was brooding over his disappointment at his office desk one day, when Petey bolted in and startled him with a volley of questions.

"Say, Mr. Fletcher, what's de name of de mug what de doctor's daughter's married to?—an' where is he?—and what's his lay—'cause he's a crook, of course; ain't he?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I ain't askin' fer no harm. I can't give you no talk now. Tell me—quick's yer can."

"I only know—the doctor told me," said Fletcher—"that he is a very sad rascal—bad in every drop of his blood. His name is Jensen. He had nice connections in Cincinnati, where she was at school, and he married her and beat her and robbed her and left her. It's years since they've heard—"

"Keerect!" shouted Petey, and bolted out of the door. Straight to a grand house on the north side of Washington Square he ran, and straight to the area



"PETEY LOUNGED ACROSS THE STREET ON THE PARK SIDE."

door. He had seen enter that house, by the front door, a man who bore the face of the photograph over which he had seen the doctor's daughter crying. Very adroitly he wormed from the servant-girl at the basement door the little she knew of the caller abovestairs. She said that he was Mr. Holbrook, and that on "Tuesday come wan week" he was to marry Miss Grandish, "the mather's daughter." For this information Petey rewarded the maid with a startlingly sudden kiss, and then cleverly dodged the blow with which she meant to take her revenge. Petey lounged across the street, on the park side, until in an hour the

man for whom he waited came out by the Grandish's door. Then Petey ran over, caught up with the man, and said in his ear, "Hello, Jensen!" The man started and all but stopped; then his nerve came back, and he quickened his pace, as if to ignore the boy.

"I said, 'Hello, Jensen!'"

Instantly the man turned and seized Petey by the throat.

"You nee'n't to do dat; you wouldn't lose me if you left go of me."

The man raised his cane to strike the lad across the face. Petey did not flinch.

"What good 'll dat do yer," he asked, "s'long as I'm on to you?" The man

dropped his arm and released the lad. Then Petey did what a street boy's training made it impossible for him to resist. He pushed up against the well-dressed man, shoved out his chin like a bully, and tried to press his face close up to that of the man he threatened. "A-a-h," he snarled, "why don't yer soak me? Never mind me bein' littler; hit me; g'on, I dare yer!"

Jensen, for it was "Miss" Whitfield's husband, stepped back, and asked, "In God's name, how do you know me, and what d'yer want?"

Petey was prompted to reply, "I've got all I want," but a new idea seized his quick brain, and he said, "I was t'inking who'd give de most fer what I know—you er Mr. Grandish?"

"—— you! I'll kill you."

"Oh yes; I *don't* think," said Petey. "You'll try ter get friends wid me, more likely."

"Who are you? What do you know?"

"My name's Petey Burke. You often read about me in de paper—me an' der Mayor and Mr. Depew. I want you to cough up a hundred, or I'll tell Mr. Grandish what I know. Goo'-by; I'll chase meself over to ol' man Grandish's stoop, and wait dere till you bring me der hundred. Say, it's t'ree o'clock now; I'll split at five if I don't git de boodle."

Petey sauntered back to the Grandish house and seated himself on the stoop. "A hundred 'll come in pat to de doctor's daughter," he thought. "It 'll be her own, too; some of what he stole. 'N' I won't tell ole Grandish. I kin promise dat. I'll let it go wid tellin' de police. Ole Grandish don't cut no ice wid me."

Half an hour passed, and Miss Grandish came out, dressed for the street. She looked curiously at the black-eyed, bright-faced tenement lad, wondering why he sat on her stoop. He glanced at her; then looked at her point-blank with wide-eyed admiration. He admitted to himself that she had a degree of youthful, rosy vigor that had gone from the doctor's daughter, and yet she was just as "fine a lady," he thought.

"Are you Miss Grandish?" he inquired.

"I am. Why do you inquire?"

"Oh, miss, don't t'ink I'm loony, but *do* tell me—are you the one that—that—"

"I am the only young lady here," said she.

"Then," said Petey, "I am de best friend you got in de world. Your father ain't in it wid me. Hully gee! I pretty near slipped a cog dat time. Don't be a-scared dat I'll forgit you. You'll see me chasin' meself back here like I'd left a di'mond pin and come back fer it. So long, miss."

Miss Grandish fancied she had held that interview with a lunatic licensed vender who spoke English words without arranging them in English order. Petey strode away, talking to himself.

"Money kin come too high sometimes, de same as Dutch cheese," he said. "I guess de doctor's daughter der want no hundred dat 'll leave anoder girl in de same hole as she's in."

Petey lived on the people, and did little or nothing for his keep. He was a lieutenant and favorite of "Sheeny Mose," the State Senator, who got him a place that was a sinecure in the sheriff's office at three dollars a day. It was too bad to demoralize so honest a lad, and to teach him that (as he would have said) "public office is a private snap"; but politics of the machine kind are demoralizing a large fraction of the population in this and many other ways. Having "a pull" in politics, he went at once to Police Headquarters, and, with a knowledge born of long acquaintance with the place, went straight to the "Rogues' Gallery," in the semi-courtroom of the "chief," where the detectives' prisoners are arraigned to give their "pedigrees." The "gallery" is a great black-walnut book against the wall, and its leaves are wooden hinged frames full of photographs. Petey turned over a score of leaves, and then suddenly his eyes brightened, and he studied a particular picture as a bachelor might study the face of a girl that a fortune-teller had declared would one day become his wife. Presently he closed the great book and walked straight into the awesome presence of the chief of detectives. Thirty seconds afterwards that great man was listening eagerly to what Petey had to tell him.

A week later Petey called upon "Miss" Whitfield and gave her a copy of an evening newspaper. "Read that, miss," he said. "I always wanted to show yer dat I would do anyt'ing I could fer you. You'll cry over dat picture some more, I *don't* t'ink."

The beautiful and kindly face was turned upon the staring head-lines of the news-

paper, and presently she caught their meaning, and recoiled as if she had been struck. "Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed. "*He?* Arrested—shot! Where is he, Peter Burke? What has been done with him?"

"He's in de hospital, ma'am," said Petey.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"He was collared in de house where he was sparkin' a girl he was a-goin' to marry. He made a lep for de winder, an' he got a hole in his back dat looks as if he'd been plugged wid a baseball."

The doctor's daughter sank upon the lounge and buried her face in her hands.

"I found him, miss," said Petey; "I re-cog-nized him by de photo dat made you cry; it's all in de paper."

"You? You did this? Oh, Peter, why *did* you do it?"

"Why, miss? Say—aren't you—glad?"

"Glad?" she cried, almost hysterically; "glad to have my baby's father arrested—shot down by the officers—publicly disgraced! Oh, Peter, why must *you* have dealt me this blow?"

Petey never knew how he left her presence—a guilty, shocked, and shrinking creature, much more ashamed than he had been proud earlier in the day. He went straight to his sister.

"Norah," said he, "I kin give you a pointer. You must always speak low an' soft an' quiet. I know you do; you ne'enter say a word. But what I mean is, can you do it all de way t'rough? 'Cause yer got to, sis. Never mind if your heart's broke, or if a man hits you—never mind if you're all tore up an' crazy—you must talk as if your mouth was chuck full of butter. You der want ter be no tarrier, sis, and holler like a foreman at a fire; de t'oroughbreds never do it—see?"

Two days after this, at the hospital, Petey was allowed to visit the wounded man, and there he found the doctor's daughter seeking her husband to befriend him.

"I made a bad break, miss," he whispered to her; "and I'm dead sore on me-self and want to make myself solid again. D'ye t'ink you could give him dese wid-out any one getting on to you? They're files and a saw, so's he kin cut his way out when he's in de cooler. Don't be scared; you ne'enter bother. I can pass 'em to him. Oh, you t'ink you'd be sus-

picioned? No? You t'ink it ain't right; de law should be respected? Shoot de law!—let de law look out fer itself. I mustn't give 'em to him? You're 'way off, miss, but whatever you say goes furder wid me dan de pull of a cable-car."

The wounded man opened his eyes as his wife left Petey and approached his cot. It was by a great effort that Jensen raised himself upon one elbow and glared at the woman whom he had so cruelly wronged.

"Is it you, you —!" He called her a fearful name. "You are at the bottom of this. I might have guessed it. Come closer. Ah, you know me; I'd leave you a mark you'd carry to your grave — you —!" And then the wretch cursed her so fearfully that it seemed as if never did evil tongue and wicked heart pour forth more bitter venom.

"Scuse me, ma'am," said Petey, striding up to the wretched wife, as she stood with her head bent beneath the torrent of abuse. "You can't stay and hear any more of that. Come wid me, miss; you *must*—or I'll choke him to death in an-oder second. You're an angel, miss, and you don't know what he's a-sayin', but I do, and I can't stand it."

"He is my husband—"

"Come away, miss. You got to. Don't shame a tough feller like me by letting me know you stood and heard such talk as dat."

Out in the hallway she again restrained him. "If he grows worse," said she, "my place is by his side. Do you not understand that he is my husband—that we each took the other for better or worse?"

"I can't understand nothing, miss," said Petey, "except that you an' me don't sagaciate no more'n if you was de Queen of Peru an' I was a Chinaman; but go 'way—dat's right—an' I'll post you every day."

When Petey returned to the sick-ward he met the house surgeon. "Strange," said the doctor, "but that villain's wife seems a perfect lady!"

"Seems?" said Petey. "Hully gee! She's finer'n silk, and harder to beat dan a china egg."

"Jensen will not live the night out," said the doctor. "He can't. No man wounded as he is ever lived so long as he has already."

"If I had a hundred, doctor, I'd give it to you fer just thinking what you say."



"MISS GRANDISH CAME OUT, DRESSED FOR THE STREET."

"I am certain of it."

"Oh, but that's dandy!" said Petey.
"Say, that's a bird, that news is."

A week passed, and then, at the same hour that a slender young woman in deep mourning laid an inexpensive wreath upon a new-made nameless grave in Greenwood, Petey Burke revealed to his sister more of his discoveries in the genteel world above him.

"I met dat Grandish girl, Norah," said he, "and mebbe she ain't blooded! She's a dead t'oroughbred, or I'm a farmer. Says I, 'I'm the lad dat told you I was de best friend you had.' Says she, 'I know you, an' I wish I could see an officer; I'd hand you over.' Dat's what I got fer not lettin' her imitate a woman committing bigamy. As for de doctor's

daughter, she looks at me cross-eyed, as if I was a blast wid de fuse lighted. She don't say nartin ugly—wisht she would—but she talks to me 's if I was a corpse, an' she was bending over me an' t'inking what a dead failure I made of life."

"Poor Pete!" says Norah. "Both those women were in love."

"Dat's just de size of it," said Petey. "An' now let me give you sump'n straight. Bote o' dem women is dead ladies, blooded to de heels, and dey never shake a husband or a lover or a friend. Dat's a curve you want to get on to, Norah. If you should git engaged to de best man dat ever said his prayers, you want to try yerself wid him. Set yerself to t'inkin' mean about him. Make out he's a sneak dat collars overcoats an'

lifts door-mats in de brownstone deestrick. When he sash-shays in of an evenin' make yourself b'leeve dat he's chasin' himself for his life, an' dat de coppers is lined up on de sidewalk layin' for him to come out. And, say, Norah, when you really b'leeve de worst dat you can t'ink agin him, I tell yer what you do: walk

right up an' put your two cute little arms around his neck, and says you, 'Ole man, dere ain't nartin' kin queer you wid your Norah.' Tell him cobbler's wax ain't in it wid a lady for stickin' to what she likes. 'Cause dat's what I found out about t'oroughbreds, Norah, and what dey do you kin make a bluff at."

ARABIA—ISLAM AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

BY WILLIAM H. THOMSON, M.D.

ONCE in its history the world came near being overwhelmed by armies of Arabs. But for the early death of their leader 'Abd er Rahman in the battle, the Saracen horsemen might have carried the day against the German warriors of Charles Martel on the plain of Tours, as they had done in all great battles with the Christians before, and in all human probability would have caused the French, English, and German races to become true Moslems, and to go on pilgrimages to kiss the Caaba of Mecca. Such a wide and continuous empire as that which the Arabs then founded the world has never seen, for at one time the Caliph Waleed at Damascus could receive on the same day despatches from his generals who had crossed the Pyrenees into France and the Indus into Hindostan. But their deeds then resulted in much greater and more lasting changes than those of mere military triumphs; for who can measure the effects of a *religious* conquest, or foretell when they will pass away? Most empires of old were but political in their sway, and therefore leave little to tell of their departed greatness but ruins of stone, but the civilized world has not yet fully learned how complete, and, still worse, how permanent, the work of Mohammed has been. Statesmen may now strive to make of the Moslem of Constantinople, of Calcutta, or of Algiers a man of progress in our sense of the word, but a weary experience will teach them that the tough Ishmaelitish thistle cannot be made to bear figs, or even to grow with fewer prickles.

It has always seemed to many writers one of the great enigmas of history how a race which never before had been politically conspicuous in the world suddenly should have shown such marvellous power, for no one previously had thought of looking for world-conquerors

from Arabia's sandy deserts more than for snow-storms. And to this day the causes of its wonderful spread are scarcely better understood by many modern writers than by the monkish chroniclers of the seventh century, who could trace the clouds of Saracens only to the mouth of the Great Pit. This ignorance, however, is due to the scanty acquaintance of the Western world with the great storehouse of Arabic literature, which in mere extent is quite equal to English literature itself. One of its most attractive departments is in the history and in the poems of the four centuries which preceded the birth of Mohammed. This pre-Islamic literature, especially its poetry, was always to me more attractive than the productions of post-Mohammedan times. It is so free in its spirit, and breathes such a fresh air of originality and vigor, that in comparison with most later Moslem literature it suggests all the difference between the poems of Homer among the Greeks and the stiff pedantic odes written by the Alexandrine sycophants of the Ptolemys. I have thought, therefore, that some preliminary account might be interesting of the story of the Arabs before Mohammed, with a few facts of their great extension then both in territories and in numbers, which will serve to illustrate how even this apparently wholly unexpected overflow of the world in reality had been accumulating its volume for many generations before.

Arabia comprises a wide region, which in its southern and central portions abounds with tracts of quite fertile country, extending inwards to a great tableland, which can also sustain a large population, and which possesses one of the healthiest climates in the world. It is fringed, however, all around its long coasts with stretches of sand, which at irregular intervals pass deep inland, un-

til the great Dahna, or desert, is reached, which separates the fertile southern district of Yemen, the ancient Sheba, from the table-land, above mentioned, of the Nejd. Then to the north mountainous and stony deserts, with other stretches of sand, and occasionally fine oases here and there, extend likewise far to the east over to the valley of the Euphrates. This extensive country, therefore, has always afforded opportunities for settlements, with large towns and rich productions, separated, however, by open, treeless, and often rugged wastes, where none but nomads can live. A natural result of such a combination of physical elements has been that its people have been divided up into numerous distinct communities, inhabiting cities, with both trade and agriculture, while between them have roamed great numbers of tent-dwelling tribes, who, besides living on their flocks and herds, have always regarded it as their hereditary privilege to raid the caravans of the city dwellers. Moreover, the cities have never been really united under one government, but are from their position inclined to an independence and jealousy of each other, which, likely as it is from their physical conditions, yet for Arabs is wellnigh inevitable under all circumstances. Real Arabs are congenitally disposed to disagree. One of their famed poets, Ibn el Werdi, says, "No man can fail to have his enemy, though he should try living on a mountain-top." Another, El Tugraki, equally distinguished, uttered words often quoted both for their beautiful rhyme in the original and for their sentiment: "Love of peace takes all the life out of a man. If you incline thereto, set up a ladder to heaven and scramble thence, or find where you can mope in some underground cellar." The Arab disposition in fact is at bottom not unlike their great national animal the camel's. When you bid a camel to get up he objects, when you order him to start he objects, and when you order him to halt he again objects, showing that he really objects on principle.

As might be expected, these national traits show themselves in that faithful mirror of a people's true life, its language. A richer language does not exist for the names of external objects in nature, showing that its people are the children of the open air as no other race is. There is a quaintness and vivacity of

expression in it which no other tongue can excel, and in its grammatical structure it can be made the vehicle of the most compressed utterance that can be imagined. But when the words are put to use you are struck with the inexhaustible richness of idioms expressive of a taunting, sarcastic, ironical, and mocking nature. That was a true Arab's answer which Job gave to his lecturing friends: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!" So the Bedouin when he meets a stranger in the desert addresses his hapless victim, "My dear nephew, your aunt [*i. e.*, my wife] wants your garment, for her aged limbs are cold." When an Arab wishes to express dissatisfaction with you, he simply says, "*Subhan Allah*"—"God is to be glorified"—but the verb is in the Arabic subjunctive, and hence means that God is to be glorified although—The ellipsis to be supplied, of course, is, although He made you! So when a man returns from a journey his friends meet him with the salutation, "*El hamdulillah bis selame*,"—"Praise to God, we see your face in peace." But often the same greeting awaits a servant who has been too long on an errand.

From ancient times the race has been divided into two great divisions—the larger, the Joktanides, or sons of Joktan, mentioned in Genesis as a grandson of Shem, and the Maadis, who in the main claim to be descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham. The Joktanides had their chief abode in Sheba, or Yemen, in the southern part of Arabia, while the Ishmaelitish tribes have had Mecca and the western part of Arabia as their chief district. Between these two divisions there has always existed a perennial enmity, which is borne witness to in all Arabic literature and in all countries where the Arabs have settled. The southern and more ancient branch has been devoted to trade and commerce, as they have always been expert navigators, and especially slavers, from the times of the Pharaohs down to Emin Pasha and H. M. Stanley. The northern or Ishmaelitish tribes have been rovers of the desert and founders of empires and dynasties ever since their great leader Mohammed, but before him they produced many poets and champions whose deeds and prowess bear the same relation to Arab song that the Homeric heroes did to the Greek world. In the fourth century B.C., or

thereabouts, however, a strange event took place — strange at least to us, with our usual conception of Arabia — of a marvelous freshet or flood, which destroyed the famous city of Seba, the Sheba of the Bible. This city was largely built on a great dam to hold the water for irrigating its wide fertile plains, and when this gave way the surrounding country, we are told, became so impoverished that no less than eight large tribes concluded to migrate. The first of these, the tribe of Ghassan, went north, and took possession of the broad plains which skirt the east of Syria. Here they multiplied and built many cities, including Palmyra, Bozrah, Salchad, and Es Salt; and in after-times they maintained a changeable relationship with the Roman government, at times in alliance with the Romans and at others rebelling against them, as they saw fit. Quite often they established their sway in Damascus itself. The kings of this tribe bore the family name of Hareth, which meets us in the New Testament under the Græcised form of Aretas (2 Cor., xi. 32). As many of the kings of this tribe adopted the religion of the Jews, we can well understand the peril of the apostle Paul after his conversion, as he tells us, from the king's guard, as well as how he was able previously to take letters from the High Priest in Jerusalem to Damascus that would enable him to arrest and imprison the followers of the new faith, but which would have been impracticable for him had Damascus then been under a Roman governor. Moreover, St. Paul's retiring afterwards from Damascus to Arabia (Gal., i. 17) was excellent policy, for the safest refuge from one Arab is to go to another Arab. This tribe in after-years gave an emperor to Rome in the person of Philip the Arabian, who was born at Bozrah.

Another division which migrated at the same time was the great tribe of Azd, which settled along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, in the neighborhood of the ancient Babylon. For several centuries before, the plains of Mesopotamia had been desolated by the wars which followed upon the decay of the Persian Empire and the temporary rule of Alexander's successors, and hence the Azdite Arabs had room there to multiply and to found the flourishing kingdom of Hira, which is celebrated in many an

Arabic poem for the richness of its palaces and its fragrant paradiselike gardens of Khourank and Tedeere, where beautiful women and brave horsemen abounded in number like the birds which made every tree melodious, or the gazelles which like wind sped over the plain. I may remark that in Arabic to write in the cadence of lyrical poetry is termed "gazelling." Here also rose the two great university cities of Coofe and Bussora, where in after Mohammedan times two rival schools of learned grammarians existed, to the abiding wretchedness of all Arabic students thereafter. The Arabs claim to have twenty-five thousand books on grammar in their language, and many a page of these disquisitions will be found to cite how the doctors of Coofe contradict their excellent friends of Bussora as to how the *fetha* or the *kesra* should be used in each word. The reason for this extraordinary development of the study of grammar is the religious dogma that Arabic is the divine language, because every word, letter, vowel, and vowel point in the Koran came direct from the Almighty by the archangel Gabriel. The grammar of the Koran, therefore, must be infallible to the last dot, and for reasons as profound as the foundations of the universe. But the proof of this weighty proposition requires more rules to make all exceptions fit into primary principles than the maze of cycles by which Ptolemaic astronomy tried to harmonize the courses of the stars. Now it is a curious fact that hardly any human resentments seem so fierce as those stirred up between experts about the proper use or pronunciation of words. Even among English purists such contests are rarely gentle or suave, but among Arabs the heat of the collision between grammarians on vowel points is simply tremendous, with not uncommonly certain religious allusions to *post-mortem* suffering.

But to return to the tribe of Azd. It was due to their ancient settlement and extension in this region, which in time acquired the famous name of Irak, that the centre of gravity of the Mohammedan world shifted there from Ghassanide Syria, and induced the Caliph Almansur to move his capital from Damascus to the city which he founded, and which he wished to name Ez Zoura, but which the people persisted in calling Baghdad, to the great disgust of orthodox Moslems, as

that means the city of Bagh, the old heaven god of the Azd tribe.

Another tribe, called the Sons of Becr, migrated further north, and founded a city which they called the Homes of Becr, or Diarbekir, as it is now known. This tribe came into intimate relations with their neighbors, the Partho-Persians of the Chosroes times. They furnished many horsemen to the Chosroe kings in their wars with the Romans, and gradually extended their settlements into the heart of Persia itself, with their special quarters at the city of Hamadan. This city in after-times produced many Arabic authors and poets; but one of them, who seems to have been without honor in his own country, says:

"Hamadan is my town: would I could speak of
its worth;
But how can I sing of the meanest of all
places,
Where the children in ugliness resemble the
parents,
While the parents in intellect resemble the
children?"

When the Moslem appeared with his sword, and the cry of one God against the dual gods of the old Persian religion, Persia succumbed almost without a struggle. Only a few of the adherents of the ancient faith testified their devotion to it by remaining in the land, while the most of them emigrated to India, where they founded small communities, now known as Parsees. But the fact is that Persia had become largely Arabic in her population for several generations before the Mohammedan invasion.

Another Arab tribe migrated to Egypt and the Soudan, where they have ever since remained the same wild horsemen, down to our own day, when General Wolseley concluded not to risk pushing on to Khartoom on their account. It was the ancestors of these brave savages who assisted 'Amr Ibn El 'As to overthrow the Roman Christian rule in Egypt with only eighteen hundred horsemen, which the Caliph Omar sent with him to bring the ancient land of Musr under the sway of Islam, where it still remains.

The old proverb that you have to live with people a year and a day before you can really know them is well exemplified by the prevailing ignorance among us of the true character of Mohammed and of Mohammedanism. Hence the idea is not uncommon about Mohammed that he was a kind of enthusiast who had grasped a

sublime idea, that of one God, and then got others to share his enthusiasm, and impose it upon great races and peoples who would not otherwise have worshipped the true God. By some Mohammed is even regarded as a high religious reformer in an age when Christianity had become greatly corrupted, and who, moreover, put an end to idolatry in his own country. How near such impressions are to the truth will appear better after an examination of the field on which Mohammed worked, and then a brief review of the facts of his own life, which illustrate how he himself worked that field.

First, to appreciate the origin of Islam as a religious system, we should begin by taking into account the great influence of Judaism in moulding its central conception. This is due to the fact that, at the time of Mohammed, Arabia was the home of numerous wealthy and influential tribes of Jews, who had settled in Arabia from ancient times, many of them for over a thousand years, as they had migrated there when Nebuchadnezzar had desolated their Judæa home. Though still remaining Jews in religion, yet otherwise they became thorough Arabs in customs and in life, building flourishing towns and famous castles, and they also had their celebrated warriors and poets, like the best of the original Arab tribes, with, moreover, the true Arabic pride of lineage. One of the finest examples of pre-Islamic poetry, so admitted by Moslems themselves, is the ethical ode of the chivalrous Jewish Emir Samoel. But, unhappily, the Jewish tribes contracted to the full the Arab taste for quarrelling with each other, and it was a constant occurrence to find their leading clans endeavoring to compass the destruction of their rivals—a trait for which they paid the full penalty, as we shall see, when Mohammed came upon the scene. The monotheism of the Jews had for ages exerted a powerful influence upon the Arab mind, and hence this, with a rather confused admixture of rabbinical traditions, is to be recognized in the composition of the Koran to a far greater extent than the influence of the teaching of the New Testament. Christianity, in fact, never found a congenial soil in the Arab field, notwithstanding that the Church tried to cultivate it for six centuries, and the reason is not far to seek. If there be anything dearest to the typ-

ical Arab it is the sweets of revenge, and always it has been regarded as a mark of high breed or blood to be able to nurse the flame of vengeance for years unchanged, until the opportunity comes for its satisfaction. Hence the commonness of names of places in the Arab world with the termination *thar*, or blood-feud vengeance, as memorials of such scenes, one of which is familiar to us in the name of Gibraltar, the mountain of revenge, whose great frowning rock well implies its appropriateness rather than other etymologies which have been suggested for the name.

In the unhappy story of Christian degeneracy and persecution of heretical sects which marked the history of the Christian Church in the fifth and sixth centuries we find that a number of curious Christian sectaries, with erratic theological or metaphysical dogmas, were driven to take refuge in the Arabian deserts. Among them was a monk or anchorite named Bahyra, who is reputed to have taught Mohammed some of his peculiar views, which we find embodied in the Koran as coming direct from the Almighty by the archangel Gabriel, including some of the absurd legends about the miracles wrought by Jesus while he was yet an infant.

Another important element in the teachings of Mohammed he derived from a class of recluses—or meditative philosophers, as they might be called—who dealt with the problems of religion in a somewhat eclectic fashion. They constituted a brotherhood which in its main features reminds us of Josephus's account of the Jewish sect of Essenes. They prayed three times a day, after various ablutions and forms, all of which Mohammed copied and enjoined on all Moslems. They also wrote poems and religious discourses, the latter in a sort of rhymed prose. Of the specimens of these productions which have come down to us some breathe a high order of moral elevation of tone. So honorable did the name of this sect of Hanyfs, as they were termed, become in Arabia that Mohammed at first assumed the name himself, saying that he was a Hanyf; but afterwards, as his claim to be a prophet was not acknowledged by them, he changed his praises to curses. It was from this quarter, however, that Mohammed obtained one of the greatest sources of his power. To the Arab ear nothing

is so captivating as the musical jingle of his native language when it is made to rhyme. In fact it is to this race that we really owe the introduction of rhyme into modern poetry, through the troubadours and romance-singers of the Middle Ages, who were servile imitators of the Arab minstrels of Spain. From them, in turn, the Church adopted rhyme in her Latin hymns, to meet the popular taste which had become so established. Now I venture to say that the mighty sway of the Koran over its votaries lies in its extraordinary musical cadence. Even the critical scholar of Germany, England, or France finds himself unable to resist the charm of its ringing sentences when impressively intoned by the Moslem at his stated daily readings. Translate this book, however, into another language, and the whole of this charmed spell vanishes into pure nothing. We happen to have, either in Sale's or Palmer's translation of the Koran, all that could be desired by a reader in English to judge for himself; and I challenge any one to read the thing through, or even to read it consecutively for three hours, without feeling more wearied by its vapid, monotonous, and hopeless poverty of ideas than is possible with any other widely known book in the world.

The greater number of the tribes of Arabia in Mohammed's day, however, if they had any religion at all, were little better than fetich-worshippers, each tribe having its own idol or god, which in many cases was originally typified in some peculiar tree or rock in their territory, around which they built rude shrines, and to which they made pilgrimages. From time immemorial, however, there was one fetich which the whole race seemed to regard as peculiarly sacred, and that was the Caaba, or sacred stone of Mecca. It is probable that this stone was an aerolite, which, falling from heaven in the presence of spectators, became ever after an object of superstitious veneration, just as the stone of Diana of Ephesus became the centre of worship for the Greek world. Meantime the clan to which Mohammed belonged had held for several generations the lucrative office of stewards of this great national shrine, and to encourage the flocking of pilgrims to the Caaba, from which the aristocratic families of Mecca derived the great part of their revenues, they admitted with

great impartiality representative figures of all the idols of the various tribes from one end of Arabia to the other, so that each man might feel at home when he arrived there for his devotions.

We have come now to the story of that remarkable man who has done so much to change the face of the world. Born an orphan, his father having died before his birth, and losing his mother also when he was only six years of age, he grew up under the care of his uncle, Abu Thaleb, and though in the main he owed his protection in after-life to that uncle, yet, like all orphans in the ancient world, Mohammed's early life was full of many bitter experiences. As he grew up he had no marked excellencies of physique, and, moreover, was subject to attacks of a nervous disorder of a hystero-epileptic kind, in which he would fall and lose consciousness, followed by turns of hallucinations, of which afterwards he made good account by claiming that they were visits of the prophetic afflatus, during which he received direct revelations from the Almighty by his messenger, the archangel Gabriel. Nor is it at all necessary to inquire whether originally at the outset of his career he was or was not sincere in regarding himself as a medium of communication from God of a new revelation of His will, for the true date of the Mohammedan religion is not the beginning of Mohammed's preaching to his fellow-townsmen of Mecca, but from the date of the Hejra, or flight from Mecca, as we shall soon see. After a youth spent in the humble capacity of a keeper of goats on the bare hills about Mecca, when he had many an hour on his hands for the exercise of his imagination, he was sent as a young man to direct the caravans of his uncles and relatives of the Koreish tribe to Damascus and the cities of Syria, and which experience was invaluable to him afterwards when he took to the business of raiding caravans. While still a young man he had the fortune to inspire a wealthy widow named Khadijah with such an affection for him that she proposed marriage and was accepted, though she was some fifteen years older than he was. While she lived Mohammed had no other wife, and of the three sons and three daughters born to him by her, one son received the name of 'Abd Monah, *i. e.*, servant of Monah, a heathen god, which shows that at that

time, at least, Mohammed was an idolater, like the other Meccans. The three sons, however, all died in infancy, but the three daughters survived to give to their progeny, no matter how far removed from the original stock, the right to wear the green turban, the favorite color of the Prophet. In the course of years, however, Mohammed began to be visited with a nervous restlessness, of which both he and his personal companions give us many strange accounts, but which are the origin of the veneration with which Moslems regard insane people as subjects of inspiration. At length he definitely made up his mind to announce himself as commissioned by the Almighty to start a new religion in the earth, and forthwith to put on the garb and assume the name so sacred to Shemitic ears of Nebi, or prophet. His work, he proclaimed, was to overthrow the worship of idols among his countrymen, and to substitute that of Allah Taalah, God the Exalted, according to his conception of the Deity. His first convert was naturally his devoted wife, and the second was his brave and chivalrous cousin 'Ali, who was in the future to be such a great figure in the Mohammedan world. When he commenced, however, to go in the highways to preach the new gospel, his Mecca fellow-citizens were much amused, and received his harangues with all the ironical compliments which only Arabs can give to perfection. Among a number of these gibes which have come down to us we may cite one which in Arabic is a good imitation of the sonorous alliteration of the Koran sentences:

"Saith our Prophet:

"When it lightens and it thunders,
And the wind blows the shutters,
And the roof leader sputters,
Know ye that it is raining!"

Gradually, however, he commenced to attract converts, until the movement began to have a serious look. His one theme was damnation, and all through the Koran the changes are rung with amazing iteration of the torments of hell-fire on all unbelievers in him, and how much that fire will literally hurt. The physical terrors of the Day of Judgment are depicted with a detail of particulars of which only those who dip into the Koran can form any idea. Other ideas about the mercy or goodness of God are few and far between, for it is found that the

term *El Rahman* the Merciful applied to the Deity so constantly by Mohammed is always inseparable from the acceptance of Mohammed's mission and for the assurance of Moslems alone, for mercy to unbelievers is never once mentioned.

Now the self-interest of all influential Meccans was soon arrayed against this new prophet, for the success of his mission involved the casting out of all the tribal deities from the Caaba sanctuary, and then what would become of the great pilgrimages on which the Meccans so largely depended for their money? Arab persecution from such motives could not be very gentle, in the nature of things, and Mohammed and his followers were called upon to endure many insults, and sometimes bodily injuries, such as all mobs are likely to inflict. At one time a large man named Abu Jahal laid hands on the Prophet himself in the street, and, as the latter was so much the inferior of his assailant in physique, he was pushed against the wall and nearly choked to death. Nevertheless, the converts grew in numbers until, some men of influence joining it, the crisis of opposition was steadily approaching after ten long years of struggle, when an event happened which changed the whole character of the movement.

On the day when the pilgrims to the Caaba assembled in the valley of Mina to throw stones at the Evil One, as all Moslems still do—for Mohammed changed these old customs as little as possible—Mohammed came suddenly upon a group of six pilgrims. Of what tribe are you? he asked. Of the tribe of the Khazrijes. Then you are allies of the Jews? Yes. Then let us sit down and talk. These Khazrijes were from the Yemenite city of Yethreb, now called *El Medina er Russoul*, or the City of the Prophet; and being Yemenites, they were hereditary haters of Mecca and the Meccans. To them Mohammed confided his mission as a prophet, and also his woes from his fellow-citizens of Mecca. Then come to Yethreb and be our prophet, and we will yet enable you to get even with this Meccan rabble, was the reply. After this conference the Khazrijes returned to their city, and soon prevailed upon a large party to come with the next pilgrimage to interview Mohammed. He met them by night and took them into the fellowship of Islam, or men who submit to God, as he now called his Church. This fellow-

ship was then cemented by an oath, which is called to this day by Moslems the woman's oath, because it did not bind the believers then to fight with the sword for their faith. The next year the attendance from Yethreb was larger yet; and now it was that Mohammed saw his opportunity for a great change, namely, to get away from Mecca, and after casting in his lot with his new converts, to adopt new measures accordingly. The Meccan aristocracy soon became fully aware of this secret arrangement, and with the thorough understanding of each other, in which Arabs are never deficient, they clearly perceived what this new movement of the Prophet meant. They simply foresaw that which actually happened, namely, that he was going to identify himself with their ancient and bitter enemies, and thus make it very dangerous for their caravans. It was agreed, therefore, that prevention was better than cure, and that he must be put an end to without delay. But when they came to his house they found that the bird had flown.

Mohammed had made a *Hejra*!

Islam most fittingly chooses this event as the true era of its birth, for it really did not exist before. That event both originated it and gave it all those distinctive principles and characteristics which so sharply separate it from every religion on earth, presenting always and everywhere the same peculiar and specific features belonging to it alone, and which rigidly prevent it from the slightest assimilation with any other religious or ethical system. Hence it would be as unjust to confound it with the Unitarianism which is more or less professed in Christian countries, whether as a denominational or as a philosophical system, as it would be to class the Mormons as a Christian sect. Islam without the Mohammed after the *Hejra* would be as non-existent as Christianity without Christ. From the date of the *Hejra*, Mohammed himself became a changed man, in his conduct at least, and both he and his religion must be judged accordingly.

Before the *Hejra*, Mohammed, in keeping with his precarious position in Mecca, inculcated patience and resignation to the inevitable as a token of the believer's submission to the will of Allah. They should do so, however, only as all subjects should bow to the commands of their absolute sovereign, and not, like Job, on account

of the intrinsic merit of the thing itself. But let Allah only indicate that they need not longer maintain such a passive attitude, and immediately they might act accordingly. The Hejra was taken as such an indication. The Moslem was now free, and forthwith the angel Gabriel made frequent visits to the Prophet, bringing an entirely *new* series of articles to add to the progressive revelation of the Koran. In spite of the confused edition of that book, as it was finally reduced to its present form by his amanuensis Zeid, who originally took down Mohammed's utterances on bits of paper and on palm-leaves, without thought of systematic arrangement, we yet easily can discern by internal evidence the portions which precede the Hejra from the much more practical and important portions after that event. These latter unmistakably indicate the progressive growth of the sentiments natural to a military prophet, and are very different from the utterances of a hard-pressed and unarmed religious leader. Gabriel at Yethreb (Medina) was not the Meccan Gabriel by any means. Now Gabriel revealed the great doctrine that the sword is the key both of heaven and of hell. Before in the world the sword had been the chief instrument for gaining political dominion, now it was to be the very life of theology. It was to be drawn against all mankind as the best instrument for making them worship God. Henceforth the merit of fighting for the faith with physical weapons surpassed all other merit whatsoever. A drop of blood shed in the cause of Allah and of Mohammed was to be of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. All Moslems slain in battle were martyrs of God, who on that account would forgive at once every sin that they had ever committed, however wicked and cruel they had been before; and angels would usher them into the eternal Ferdouse, where every Arab imagination of sensual pleasure would be gratified, and the martyr would find himself in the arms not of the weak women of earth, but with the far more attractive spouses of Allah's garden, the beautiful dark-eyed houris; for, as Mohammed says, Allah hath caused delight to come from females and from fragrant flowers, and of these Ferdouse shall never want!

As soon as Mohammed ensconced himself at Yethreb he set about organizing

his followers for operations. It was first necessary to weld them together by deepening their faith in supernatural guidance, and hence the prophet's interviews with Gabriel became incessant and particular. Every question, great or small, was decided only after counsel with the angel. If it were asked whether or no a plundering expedition should be undertaken, in what way the booty was to be divided, whether a whole tribe was to be put to death, what prayer and ceremonies should be used in Moslem worship, whether or no the Prophet should add a new wife to his bevy, Gabriel at once gave the necessary instructions. Mohammed's first care was to build his first mosque—rather a modest structure of burnt tiles with a roof of palm leaves, which leaned over and formed a veranda supported by palm-tree trunks. Around a court on one side of the mosque habitations were erected for his thirteen wives as they arrived one after the other. He changed his wife every day, and lived for the day in the quarters of the wife thus honored.

After six months' repose, occupied in making political and religious ordinances, Mohammed then proceeded to make open war upon his native city by attacking its caravans. The reasons of this policy were all-powerful—the desire of avenging his own injuries, of securing booty for the maintenance of his indigent companions in exile, and, above all, of keeping the spirit of the young religion in constant activity. Medina did not lie in the direct line of march of the caravans from Mecca to Syria, and a three days' march was necessary to cut across their track. After some unsuccessful attempts, at length several caravans were plundered, and one rich column of a thousand camels, led by Abu Sophyan, on its return from Syria, ran a similar risk, when the Meccans marched with a thousand men to its support. Mohammed met them with only 324 combatants. The Ansār, or his body-guard of first believers, fought desperately. Mohammed had a cataleptic attack in the field, but recovering, he threw handfuls of dust at his enemy, and crying out that three thousand angels were coming at the enemy, his men wrought such marvels that they utterly routed the Meccans, and Mohammed had the satisfaction of being presented with the severed head of his old life-long enemy Abu Jahal. He exclaimed the present was

dearer to him than the choicest camel in Arabia, fell on his knees, and thanked God for His mercies.

This was Mohammed's first victory, the sacred field of Badr, and just as it is clear that the certainty of material aid from Yethreb changed the whole character of his system of religious ethics, so this first victory of Badr was followed by new and striking developments of his character. Considering the importance of the subject as it has affected and still affects the world, we cannot, in estimating the man himself, and the influence of his personal example upon his followers to the farthest generations, ignore his after-conduct, as so many do who continue to represent him as the religious reformer which he claimed to be before the Hejra and before Badr. We might as well judge Tiberius and Nero by the stories of their soft-heartedness in early life. The world at this very hour is reaping the fruits of the battle of Badr in deeds of atrocity, which are in no way different from those which Mohammed himself committed soon after he had taken this first taste of blood. Assassination of individuals, often with the darkest treachery, and wholesale massacre of prisoners who had surrendered to him, marked his whole subsequent career. Thus, immediately after Badr, he began with perpetrating two cold-blooded murders, the one on a woman, and the other on an old man, against neither of whom had he any other cause of complaint than that they had attacked him in satirical verses. The woman's name was Asma, one of old Arabia's many poetesses. "Who will rid me of this woman?" he inquired among his disciples. This ominous question became habitual with him thereafter whenever he wanted to make way with an enemy. A man of her tribe made the offer, who then entered her house at dead of night, and finding her sleeping with a babe lying across her breast, he removed the child, and stabbed the mother so that the sword pierced through her backbone. The murderer joined the Prophet at the mosque for morning prayer at daybreak; he told him what he had done, and on expressing fears lest her kindred should attempt to avenge the murder, Mohammed replied, "Two goats will not butt together about her." Turning to the congregation, he said, "Behold a man who has served God and his Prophet well!" The murder of

the old man was equally cruel. He was a Jew, and against the Jews Mohammed nursed a feeling of hatred which knew no rest till he had compassed the destruction of the whole race in northern Arabia. This was simply due to the fact that they treated his supernatural claims with contempt, and resorted instead to the dangerous Arab pastime of making fun of him in verses, with mournful and terrible results, as the sequel showed.

There were three tribes of Jews settled in Medina, each in a separate quarter by themselves, unfortunately also separated from all concert with each other by those characteristic Shemitic feuds, whose fierceness was the astonishment of the Romans in their siege of Jerusalem under Titus. Immediately after Badr he commenced with the first of these Medina tribes, the Beni Kainoka, laying siege to them as they shut themselves up in the large quadrangular fortified houses in which the Jews lived within and without the city, where they stood a siege of fifteen days, at the end of which time they were compelled to surrender. The lives of the men, seven hundred in number, would inevitably have been forfeited had not 'Abdallah ibn Obay, the noblest chief in Medina, personally interfered in their behalf, and by threats compelled Mohammed to abstain from killing them. He, however, confiscated all their property, and distributed their rich spoils of silver and gold, in the workmanship of which they excelled, among his followers as a foretaste of the profits of the Faith.

Mohammed now gave his followers permission to kill a Jew wherever they met one, and not long afterwards he proceeded to destroy the second of the Jewish tribes, the Nadhyrites. His pretext for attacking the Nadhyrites was that Gabriel had revealed to him that they meant to assassinate him! Their brave defence, however, and the probable assistance of some allies, led Mohammed—as he was, moreover, now seriously threatened by the last move of the Meccans against him—to allow them more favorable terms than he did to the Beni Kainoka, and they departed with their arms and property, leaving Medina forever. Meantime the Meccan attack on Medina failed altogether, and then, as they retired, Mohammed saw his opportunity open to destroy the one remaining Jewish tribe in Medina, the unfortunate Beni Coraitza. This tribe

claimed to be descended from Aaron, and was the most powerful and cultured of the three tribes. The Coraitza, like its sister tribes, was shut up in its quadrangular fortress, where they stood a siege of twenty days, until they were reduced to every extremity of famine. The unfortunate people asked in vain for permission to follow their brethren, the Beni Nadhyr, into exile; Mohammed refused to hear of anything else but surrender at discretion.

Meantime the Coraitza within their fortified quarters were going through all the agonies and useless discussions and resolves of despair. They obtained an interview with a chief of the 'Awj, an old ally, but as he visited them he was so overcome by the spectacle that he could utter no word, and significantly drew his hand across his throat as a sign of what they must expect. One desperate man then said, "Let us kill our wives and children, and then fall on our foes and die like men." But no resolution could be made; the men sullenly awaited their destiny, while the children wept and cried, and the women rent their hair. At length they gave themselves up. They might all have purchased their lives with apostasy; three or four only did so. The 'Awj, their allies, now besought that their lives should be spared. Mohammed asked them if they would be satisfied with the decision of one of their number. They said yes, and he named Saad, one of their number. Now Saad had been severely wounded during the siege, and was, as Mohammed well knew, in a state of fury against the Coraitza. Mohammed sent for him, and sat by him as he proposed to him the decision of the fate of the Coraitza. Saad said first to his tribe, "Will ye swear to be bound by my decision?" The 'Awj answered, "Yes." Then said Saad, "The men shall be executed, and their wives and children sold as slaves." Mohammed cried out with rapture, "It is a decision dictated by God from the height of the seventh heaven!" The men, six hundred in number, had their hands bound behind their backs, and were confined in one of their immense houses; the women and children were confined in another; both were provided with dates for their food, and passed the night in reciting psalms and in prayer. The next morning Mohammed went to the market-place and ordered deep graves to be made. When these were finished,

the men were led to the brink, one by one, with their hands tied behind their backs, their heads were hewn off with sabres, and they were thrown into the pits. The slaughter lasted the whole day, and was carried on by torch-light.

Such was the beginning of the long series of religious massacres which history has to record against Islam. If in our day we read with horror of the periodical slaughter of whole communities of Greek, Syrian, Bulgarian, and Armenian Christians, and ascribe them to the "unspeakable Turk," we are really doing the Turk injustice if we suppose such wickedness to spring alone from the savage instincts of his Tartar race. The Turk in this does not differ from any other Mohammedan people, as impartial investigation into the terrible history of the Mohammedan world will show. We in this country have no conception of the state of abject terror and under what life-long insult and oppression all non-Mohammedan people live in Mohammedan lands, unless they are protected by Christian powers, and the reason is that the great exemplar for every Moslem is his revered Prophet Mohammed, who was himself a cold-blooded assassin, and a deliberate plotter of the wholesale murder of prisoners. It is impossible, therefore, not to condemn in the strongest terms the failure of so many of our writers about Mohammed to portray his character in its true light by showing how he illustrated by his bloody and often cowardly deeds what his nature was when he had the power to do as he pleased. It is wonderful how his great imposture of a divinely commissioned teacher of the worship of one God seems to cause many so to ignore his own revelation of himself from the day of the Hejra that to most readers these facts in his career come like surprises. But it should be remembered that every item in Mohammed's biography we owe entirely to the writings of admiring followers. Not one of these grievous details comes from an enemy, and I only wish that I had the space to cite some of the practical commentaries by Mohammedan writers on these doings of their Prophet, to show how his conduct, to a far greater degree than his theology, has been the inspiration of the Moslem throughout the ages.

After Mohammed had thus destroyed the last remnant of the Jewish tribes in

Medina, he set to work to summon his increasing converts to the tempting prize of capturing the great and rich Jewish city of Chaibar, in the north of Arabia, sixty days' journey from Medina. He had no complaint against Chaibar, except that some of the exiled Beni Nadhyr had found refuge and honorable treatment there. For this his invectives against the people of Chaibar in the Koran were so vehement and bitter that to this day throughout the Mohammedan world the epithet "a Chaibar Jew" is the synonym for everything despicable. The real motive, however, on his part evidently was plunder, as his penetrating genius had by this time perceived that nothing was causing his religion to make such rapid strides among his own race of native robbers as the reports of his rich rewards in booty to converts. He commenced operations by having the chief of the city secretly assassinated by one of those devotees whose constant appearance is a feature of Mohammedan history, which, curiously enough, had its most signal manifestation in the assassination of two of Mohammed's immediate successors—the great 'Ali and Omar—not to mention the assassination of Othman, the third caliph, by a mob. The Chaibarites were terror-stricken by this event, and tried vainly to propitiate the Prophet by negotiations. Mohammed, with fair pretences, invited the successor of the murdered chief to come to confer with him at Medina, and then had him, with thirty of his followers, waylaid and murdered on the road. He then marched against the place, and took it after a month's siege. The property of the whole population was confiscated, though their lives were spared, with the exception of one man, who was put to death because Mohammed coveted his wife. The revenues derived from the spoils of Chaibar were very great, and by a most politic distribution of these he was enabled to seduce whole tribes of savage Bedouins and adventurers to his standard, and to form the army which established the ascendancy of his faith.

It was thus that Mohammed now sprung forward to unite the whole Arab race in a mission literally to raid the nations in the name of God! Tens of thousands of warriors, from motives different enough from those of the converts of Pentecost, flocked to the standard of this wholly new herald of the Deity, until, at the head

of one hundred and fourteen thousand armed men, he returned to present himself at Mecca to ask of the Meccans what they thought of him *now* as a prophet. It was a solemn moment in the world's history. But just at that juncture his own health gave way, and he succumbed to an attack of fever, induced, as he believed, by a dose of poison from his enemies. His last words, according to some of his Mohammedan biographers, were an impassioned prayer that all Christians and Jews might be wiped off from the face of the earth.

Meantime he left behind him as remarkable a body of apostles—or, as they are termed in Moslem literature, the Companions of the Prophet—as ever any leader got together. The first thing they did was to prepare to fly at each other's throats, and soon they rent the Moslem Church with the most terrible strife of blood. The struggle began on the question, on whom of this band should the succession or Caliphate of the Prophet be conferred? For two years this question was held in abeyance by the selection of the venerable Abubecr, the uncle of Mohammed, who also was one of his earliest converts. On Abubecr's death, however, it broke out afresh between the claims of Othman, Omar, and 'Ali. By superior dexterity both Othman and Omar displaced 'Ali for a time, and thus initiated the great split of Islam, which has lasted till now, between the Sonnites and the Sheeites, the latter, or adherents of 'Ali, comprising mainly the Eastern or Persian, and the Sonnites the Arab and Turkish Mohammedans. The Sheeites so detest the names of Abubecr, Othman, and Omar, to whose political ability Islam really owes its conquests in the world outside of Arabia, that a constant guard has to be maintained about their graves in Medina to prevent some Persian fanatic from insulting the last resting-place of these pillars—the Jameses, Johns, and Peters—of the Moslem Church. Every year, I was told, some misguided Sheeite there pays with his life the penalty of his devotion to the cause of 'Ali.

It remains for us now to remark that no one can form a fair estimate of Islamism unless he appreciates first to the full its really distinctive doctrines, and secondly the practical commentary on those doctrines which is afforded by the life and conduct of the founder of that religion,

who is quite as much the revered pattern for shaping one's sentiments and conduct in this world as Jesus is to most Christians. In no Mohammedan country would a man's life be safe for one hour who would suggest that Mohammed's acts after the Hejra were not the doings of a divinely commissioned and dearly beloved apostle of God. In no Moslem book that has ever been written is there the faintest intimation of the kind, but just the reverse, and never in history has the powerful teaching of example been more illustrated in results.

On the other hand, we cannot fail to note the wonderful evil which has been wrought in the world by Mohammed's extraordinary caricature of the Christian doctrine of justification by faith. Beyond all other doctrines this is the chief cornerstone of the Moslem Church. By the shrewdest possible insight, Mohammed perceived that this doctrine could be made excellently to subserve his designs simply by divorcing it from its essential Christian accompaniments. As he initiated a religion of the sword, he saw that that one fact dispensed with the necessity of faith being true faith at all. What answered his purposes equally well was the acknowledgment of the lips, when, as a result of such acknowledgment, the man had to enter the ranks. Once in the ranks, and the usual behavior of a conscript would follow. However unwilling conscripts may be, yet their position when under fire is necessarily that of being exposed to destruction unless they can destroy the—now to them—enemy. Sooner or later that enemy becomes a settled enemy of theirs, and remains so. It has been, therefore, the unvarying experience of history that after a Moslem victory those who have embraced Islamism to save their lives have afterwards, themselves and their descendants, been the bitterest enemies of those countrymen of theirs who remained true to their former religion, whether Christian, Parsee, or Hindoo.

More powerful still is the welcome discovery of Islam that men can become very religious at no cost whatever to the old Adam, but rather with a complete retention of every animal impulse and its consecration to the service of the faith. Human pugnacity is the oldest of human characteristics, but to find this fed to the utmost by religion one must live where Islam prevails. The sacred duty of ev-

ery Moslem is to make the unbeliever uncomfortable daily. I knew a Moslem once mistake three native Christian young men to be Moslems because they happened to wear turbans, and he accordingly gave them the ordinary salutation, "*Es, salaam aleikum.*" His attention being soon directed to his mistake, he returned enraged, and said: "You Nazarene dogs, return to me my peace! You to have peace upon you, when you are to be burned everlastingly!" A corpulent non-Moslem shopkeeper sitting comfortably at his bazar shop was thus addressed by a Moslem passer-by: "What a log for hell-fire you will make!" Many a native Christian has told me that as he approached a grave Moslem in the street he has received the sign, or else has had the word uttered, "*Shemmil!*"—that is, "Pass on my left!" because at the judgment day the left is to be the allotted place for all Nazarenes. These are not isolated instances, but the daily experience of millions of our fellows who are under the yoke of this Ishmaelitic religion.

On the other hand, *el emān*, or faith, having effected such a compromise between God and the natural man, Islam pays a tribute to the Deity which no other religion even approaches for its ceaseless asseveration. The name of Allah is on the Moslem's lips so incessantly that a great part of colloquial Arabic is now made up of some pious phrase or other. As you pass through the crowded bazar a loud call sounds in your ears! "*Allahu ke-reem!*"—"God is bountiful!" That means bread to sell. "O Thou Compassionate!" shrieks a man behind you, and you turn to find that he carries a board on his head with sesame cakes. "Eat and thank your Lord!" announces fig paste. The bazar, in fact, seems to be one continual Business Men's Prayer-meeting. But, examined more closely, this unceasing lip service turns out to produce the most practical denial of all true goodness among men. Morality in any sense, whether according to Greek, Roman, Chinese, Hindoo, Jewish, or Christian standards, is in no way essential; for the simple confession that "there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the apostle of Allah," is the open sesame of heaven; while, on the other hand, however good and true a man may be, yet if he be an unbeliever, not as regards God, but as regards Mohammed, he is for Gehennum

only. The result of all this is sufficiently illustrated by citing one historical fact which no one can contradict, and it is this: that at no time nor in any age has human life been what we would call safe from a violent death in a Mohammedan land. It is true that in some quarters during the days of the Arabian Caliphate the old Arab love of literature asserted itself, and a degree of civilization was attained, which bore fruit in many permanent benefits to mankind. It shone brightly also by contrast with the then general darkness of Europe. But in the palmiest days of Haroun al Raschid or of Al Maimoun the whole Arab world was deluged with blood and assassination, only to show, as the Italy of the Borgias did, that you may have some developments of art, of literary genius, and of civilization even in eras of prevailing violence. But the day of Arab civilization was, after all, short; the sword was too certainly its evil genius, and so its work has continued ever since to render every country where Islam rules alone a constantly increasing scene of desolation. To this day it remains true that no roads are ever kept up in a Mohammedan region. No man, either now or ever before, went from one Mohammedan city to another unless he carried arms or joined a cavalcade. It is not safe at present to travel alone for a mile's space in the Moslem world beyond the reach of some Christian occupying power. No traveller can tread the soil of Mecca or visit the ruins of Yemen but at the peril of his life, nor in northern Africa except where the French are, nor in Tartary except where the Russians are. Wherever Islam reigns unchecked, whether in Arabia, Afghanistan, or Morocco, this uniform but natural outcome of the religion founded by a highwayman is the fruit by which this tree is to be judged.

What, therefore, is the real Eastern question so far as Turkey is concerned? The naked fact is that in that empire, notwithstanding that the cannon of Europe are turned upon it from every side, millions of our fellow-men are ever under the shadow of death simply because they bear the Christian name. While living in Syria, as a young man, I daily heard native Christians speak in bated breath of the dread that such slaughter awaited them, and, only four years after I left them, more than twenty of my

own acquaintances, some of them intimate friends, were slain in cold blood, along with multitudes of their people, in the massacres of Sidon, Hasbeiya, and Damascus. These massacres were all planned, as investigation by the European powers proved, by the authorities at Constantinople, and were carried out by the active co-operation of commissioned officers and soldiers of the Turkish army. But the Syrian massacres of 1860 were not isolated outbreaks due to political disturbances any more than the massacres of the Greeks in 1822, of the Nestorians in 1850, or of the Bulgarians in 1876. One must learn for himself by a residence in the Turkish Empire what a strange world Islam is—strange because so foreign to our habitual states of thought and of feeling that we find it difficult to imagine how such scenes of fiendish cruelty can be enacted. Hence the first reports of them are always received by our public with total incredulity, or at least with the belief that they must be greatly exaggerated. But to a sincere Moslem no Christian has a right to live unless he has paid the *kharaj*, or escape-money of Koran law from decapitation. Notwithstanding all the protests of European powers, no Christian's testimony is yet receivable in a Turkish court against a Moslem, and I have known of repeated instances where a Christian, in order to secure justice on account of the most flagrant acts of oppression or of personal violence from a Moslem, has had to hire some other Moslem to testify for him. Meantime the native Christian populations under the Turk have been, during this generation, steadily increasing in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, simply because they eagerly strive for a share in the civilization of their more fortunate brethren of the West. The Moslem, on the other hand, is by his religion absolutely shut out from any such share. Of nothing is he on principle and so proudly ignorant as about anything which interests the infidel dogs of the West. Tell him in Arabic about the great Washington, and from the similarity of sound he thinks that you are talking about Joshua the son of Nun. Everywhere, therefore, he is losing ground compared with the Christians, and growing poorer, while the Christian is growing richer and wiser than he. To some extent the blight of polygamy is responsible for this. An

Arab proverb makes a woman say to her husband, "May you never have but a mat to sleep upon!"—that is, may you never be rich enough to afford another wife. I have known of instances where Moslem women have sold things out their houses to keep their husbands poor, rather than be displaced or removed from their children by a younger wife or concubine. The Christian woman, on the other hand, knows that she can never be cast out from her home, for divorce could only be obtained by apostasy, and hence her interest is ever, in Arab phrase, "to build the house up." In fact, no real peace can exist in the hareem. Children born in it learn from their mothers to hate intensely as the earliest of all lessons. The hareem is the natural birthplace of Absaloms, as all history shows.

Weighted as he thus is, the Moslem has to witness the despised Christians before him rapidly outstripping him in every respect. It is this which fills him with fury, and prompts him to those acts which we are so apt to regard as the most insane policy which he could adopt. But the fact is that the Sultan, as the Caliph or successor of the Prophet, can no more become what we term a civilized ruler than the Pope could become a Congregationalist or a Quaker. For in the world of Islam religion is everything and country is nothing. The very idea of country is non-existent, and a Turk would no more think of patriotism in our sense of the word, or of dying for his country, than of dying for his meridian of longitude. So universal, on the contrary, is religion the one thing in a man's life that as regards its commonest incidents people are mentioned always according to their sects. To parallel this in our country, our newspapers should print in their local columns such items as that a row-boat was capsized in the harbor with two Baptists, one Episcopalian, and one Jew in it, when they were run into by a sloop whose captain and crew were Presbyterians; or that a Catholic policeman arrested the Unitarian gripman of a Brooklyn trolley-car for running over a Methodist child. The Sultan, therefore, is revered throughout the empire as the head of Islam by about one half the population, and equally feared and detested by the other half for that very reason. Meantime the Sultan is restricted by his

religious position from adopting any course which would offend the great literary caste of the Ulema, or doctors of the Koran, whose settled policy is to disable and weaken the Christian population in every way possible.

In accordance, therefore, with the normal rule, it is now the turn and the fate of the Christian Armenians of Turkey to be led forth to the slaughter. Hitherto this race has been comparatively spared this frequent visitation of the Christian populations of the empire, owing both to their more than ordinary submissiveness to oppression, and to the fact that as a religious sect they have not been especially connected with European coreligionists, such as the Greek Christians with Russia and the Catholics with France. As a race the Armenians are among the most industrious and inoffensive people in the world. Their habits of thrift, in fact, have made them in commerce and in finance correspond in the East to the Jews in Europe, and for generations they have been the chief fiscal agents of the Turks both in government positions and in the business concerns of the empire. Their original country of Armenia is the mountainous land of Ararat about the head-waters of the Euphrates, and, as Assyrian inscriptions show, they now represent one of the most ancient and unchanged races of the world, and of Aryan rather than of Shemitic affinities. In comparison with their Persian, Koordish, and Turkish neighbors, their towns and villages have always shown to the greatest advantage in everything, with the result that they have been perennially plundered whenever they seemed to be growing too comfortable. But as a Christian sect it has been their misfortune to inherit the disabling allegation of heresy on account of their ecclesiastical forefathers having refused, apparently by mistake, to ratify the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, from not being able to understand the doctrine of some of those decrees—an error which moderns will hardly regard as inexcusable. Meantime, without allying themselves or intriguing with foreign powers, the Turks have never ruled over a more faithful class of subjects than they, not once having a rebellion against their Ottoman masters to be recorded against any section of the race from the time that they were brought under their sway. But they have been pros-

pering too much, and as many of them, especially in their scattered communities in the cities of the empire, have caught some of the spirit and incentive to progress of Europe and America, the word has gone forth from the old conclave of Islam's real rulers, the Ulema of Constantinople, that the Armenian is to be suppressed in true Moslem fashion.

With such facts in view, it may well be asked, how is this Eastern Question to be settled? Putting the new wine of modern civilization into the old leathern bottle of Islam can result only in bursting said bottle. This incurable form of barbarism either must be left to complete its work of destroying the fairest regions of the globe, or civilization must destroy it by the use of its strong arm. Successive partial amputations in the case of Greece, Servia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Bosnia have speedily resulted in wonder-

ful benefit to the parts so removed, but only to leave the virus more active than ever in the corrupting body. Now, the best course is to amputate Armenia also, by erecting it into another province like Bulgaria, with a Christian governor. This would be no injustice to the Moslems of that region, for to them even the worst modern Christian government would be better than the rule of Haroun al Raschid himself. Constantinople itself might be erected into a free city under the joint protectorate of the European powers, and the rest of the empire be adjusted to the restraints of European direction, as Egypt has long been under the Khedive dynasty. But to leave the Turk with title to the sword of Mohammed will only further illustrate the remark of a great British statesman, who knows the East well: "The world is yet to know what a power for mischief Islam is!"

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

OUR sympathetic connection with the earth on which we live is distinctly brought out by an earthquake. There is a kind of terror in the word itself; perhaps nothing in all juvenile geography brings this out so much as the descriptions of one, with illustrations of falling houses, gaping earth, and fleeing, panic-stricken men and women. This appeals to the imagination like the fervid preacher's pictures of the Last Judgment, but personal experience of an earthquake is quite another thing. One realizes then not only the feeble, fleeting tenure of human life, but the unsubstantiality of creation itself. The fluttering soul which had tied itself to matter as something solid and enduring, had perhaps fancied that the soul itself was material, or somehow a manifestation of matter, is shocked to find that the solid globe itself (the one permanent thing in experience) is but a poor trembling thing, in which little trust can be put in the final break-up. It is living, sensitive, pulsating, like ourselves, and consequently liable to dispersion, if not dissolution. It is, besides, full of a kind of human energy and periodic

rage, like the French nation, and like that nation in war, marks its fits by ruins, shattered towers, and castles and fortresses turned into heaps of stone. But the most solid monuments that man can build, and which defy for centuries his own passion for destruction, the earthquake in a few seconds of superhuman force reduces to ruin. Indeed, man's pride in his craft and strength, his consciousness of superiority cultivated for hundreds of years, are shattered in a few seconds of time when the earth takes a notion to move a little. And in these few seconds man is put into complete sympathy with the trembling earth, and shakes in his own soul with a fear from which there is no refuge in all the universe. There are certain sanctuaries to which he can flee from crime, and even from *ennui*, and find protection if not repose, but in these seconds of disaster the churches themselves are the least secure refuges. The houses and sanctuaries that man has built for shelter from the elements become the most dreaded instruments of destruction. This one fact, which is a blow to human vanity, shakes one's confidence in all stability.

The psychological aspect of the earthquake has not been enough studied, nor have I the scientific knowledge to attempt it. But I was at an earthquake in Florence in May, and could see what a field was offered for the student of mental phenomena as affected by material causes. The relation was evident, and the connection not so obscure as the coincidence of certain atmospheric conditions with the trembling of the earth. It is difficult to understand why an internal disturbance, deep in the bowels of the earth, should be attended by oppressive and peculiar atmospheric conditions. The day before the evening of the shock was cloudy, with a heavy oppressive atmosphere, but not warm. Rain did not fall, except spasmodically and grudgingly now and then, but the clouds were thick and stuffy and low, and yet the outlines of the hills were all visible in a dense haze. If it should rain, it seemed as if it might rain ashes or muddy water. It was an atmospheric condition to inspire one with an undefined dread of some calamity. It may not, however, have been extraordinary, and but for the calamity in the evening it would not have remained in the mind. I went to the little town of Prato that day, and on the return train I heard some Italians talking about the strange feeling in the air, and one of them said—so it would be in English—"It looks as if the weather were going to have a fit." That was exactly what happened, apparently, at nine o'clock in the evening; at least the earth had a fit, in sympathy with the atmospheric conditions—a sort of epilepsy. We were sitting in an inner salon in the Villa Landor, the very thick walls of which had stood for nearly five hundred years, when there was a report like that of an explosion, the firing of a cannon, and a little like the rumble of a heavy freight-train, and instantly it seemed as if the house were taken up, taken in hand by some monstrous demon clutch, and shaken violently. There was no undulatory motion, no wavelike movement of the earth underneath, such as is commonly felt in earthquakes in civilized countries, but just a fierce shake, as if it were determined to reduce the house to a heap of ruins. The walls were heard to crack and grate in all directions, and plaster fell from ceilings and from sides. This lasted for something over five seconds, and then

there was perfect quiet. Two seconds more of that vigorous shaking might, and probably would, have brought the tower down through the house (as happened at the Villa Gherardo), and tumbled the walls in a mass. As it was, nothing fell except plaster, but the walls of every room in all the stories were cracked.

The affair was so soon over, and was so out of experience, that the mind was unable to feel much apprehension. I confess that I am more afraid of it now, after the lapse of two months, than I was then. It seemed to me, indeed, that when the earth was drunken like that, it was the time for the soul to remain calm and unshaken, and coolly look out for the safety of one's personal body from any chance falling rubbish. At any rate, and probably from want of experience, we were not in the least, nervously or otherwise, demoralized. The affair was over, and the house stood; but would there be another shock in the next moment, or in half an hour, or towards morning, or not at all? In those few seconds our relations to the earth had permanently changed; confidence was gone, and perhaps could never be perfectly restored. We realized then that the anticipation of danger is, for most people, greater than its actual presence. Thousands of persons that night in Florence, and in all the villas round about, slept, if they slept at all, in the open air, in carriages, or under temporary shelter—anywhere away from walls. There were slight shocks during the night and morning, but nothing that I felt, and a week or ten days after there were recurring agitations, one lasting as long as three seconds, but the main damage was done that Saturday night. The material damage was very considerable, and was estimated at over eight millions of francs, at least three thousand houses in the city of Florence being more or less injured, and some neighboring villages ruined, Galluzzo badly hit, and Grassano almost shaken into heaps, and half a dozen people buried in the ruins. But the material damage is slight compared to the psychological injury. The mind that has come in contact with an earthquake has to a certain extent lost its tone. The world can never again be exactly the same towards it, and the aspect of the place where this contact was experienced is essentially altered.

Of all places in Italy, Florence was considered to be the least liable to a panic of this sort. Tuscany was not an earthquake country. It might feel sympathetic waves of shocks elsewhere, but locally it was solid and sound. But in this case Florence was the centre of the disturbance. The disorder was in the roots and deep foundations of her hills and the charming valley of the Arno. Hereafter one suspects treachery under the smiling aspect of city and villas and terraces and rose-covered walls. Something is lost out of the lives of those who dwell there—that serene trust which was felt, for instance, in the dome of the cathedral. If the earthquake could crack that, and set the tower of Giotto swinging, what can be counted as secure? Neither the contadino's house, nor the palace of the padrone, nor the walls even that support his olive-planted terraces.

I have heard men say that the more experience one has of earthquakes the more he dreads them, and that in time his nerves become as shaken and uncertain as the quaking earth on which he walks. It would seem to be the one danger the repetition of which does not bring indifference or fatalistic acquiescence. But I fancy it is a good deal a matter of temperament, as it is about fear in battle—some soldiers never go into a battle without alarm. I was told by a person who had lived much in Crete, which is the home of earthquakes, where he had experienced a shock at least once in two weeks, that he never was at all demoralized. That it is to have an unshaken soul. Usually I should say that the mind much acted upon by earthquakes would not be hardened and braced up as by war, but would become timid and flabby. A man can endure an earthquake now and then, and be even cheerful about it, but to be in constant apprehension of one is likely to shake the stoutest heart, and, in fact, to effect some sort of change in the mind itself. There is no instrument yet invented for measuring the seismic action of the soul, as there is of the earth, nor for calculating the changes produced in it by this trembling of the earth we are considering. But the student would doubtless find that the minds of people subject to earthquake are essentially different from the minds of those undisturbed by this direful influence.

II.

They say in Venice that an earthquake there cannot disturb them much, because of their foundations of mud and slime. However this may be, and however it can be reconciled with the fact that in a late alarm thousands of people spent the night in trying to sleep in St. Mark's Square, the habitual gayety and *insouciance* of Venice remain undisturbed by any quakes, political or earthy. Venice seems to be a city detached from responsibility for the conduct of the rest of the world and for its own. It is not cold-hearted; it likes sympathy, especially if that sympathy is expressed by the rich tourist in prodigality, but it does not concern itself greatly about what is going on elsewhere in the world. It is easily whipped up into an enthusiasm and into a fête, but I should say that its sympathy with the rest of Italy is well expressed by the slight tenure of its earthy connection. It is one of the few places left in the world where one can get by easy transition some of the disturbing currents and agitations of modern life. The blow of the newspaper and the telegraphic news is softened there. Indeed, the newspaper almost loses its dreadful disturbing power. One hears of the rest of the world only in distant echo, and only half believes in what is so faintly heard. It is the most restful place in Europe, and yet one is not there drugged into repose, nor does he fall into sluggishness and *ennui*. Indeed, all the faculties of enjoyment, the apprehensions of beauty, the susceptibilities to the gentle influences of life, are especially awake. The hurry and bustling cares of the world being laid aside when one steps from the railway train into a gondola, Nature has a chance to assert her real power to charm, the charm that there is in physical existence, but in this case a charm heightened by a thousand appeals to the higher sensibilities, the attractions of art and historic association, and placid, winning surroundings. We see how enjoyable life might be if we could eliminate the artificial anxieties we create for ourselves in the struggle to better our condition continually. The Venetians may not be commendable for some of the sturdy and heroic qualities we prize, but their patient acceptance of very moderate means of living, not to say of poverty, their happy temperament, and their contentment with

the simple conditions of life, make us for the time stop and reflect whether our rush and restlessness are the best we can get out of our allotted days.

Venice is still the city of pleasure and enjoyment. In essentials I do not find it much changed from one decade to another. There are, to be sure, steamers whistling, and making a swash against the gondolas as they go by; there are more, and more pretentious, hotels; there are more palaces turned into antiquity shops—indeed, the whole city is a sort of antiquity bazar, a tarnished jewel-box; there are smarter shops to tempt strangers, and there are yearly more travellers of the sort that are indifferent to the real charm of the place; and yet Venice is as fascinating as ever. In fact, there is a kind of pathos in its lovely constant decay that adds the needed touch to its deliciousness. It might not have been so agreeable in the pride of its patrician splendor. I can fancy it insolent then, and overpowering, and even the lines of palaces and towers less beautiful before time had softened all the colors into harmony. As the pictures of the great artists who painted its beauty and its nobility in their glory have gained richness of tone by age, so the city itself has mellowed into a dream of beauty, and the lapsing waters along the disintegrating foundations of wharves and palaces whisper continually a soothing enchantment. At any rate, it is much easier for me to fall into this spirit than to arouse myself to any active regret over the lost grandeur. Still, it is untrue to say that Venice is doing nothing to add to the pleasure of its visitors. Since I saw it the Academy has been wholly renovated and rearranged, with such admirable taste and judgment that it is now one of the very best lighted and best arranged galleries in Europe. Its unsurpassed treasures can now be seen to the best advantage. It is one of the least wearisome of galleries. I cannot speak too highly of the labors of the committee who have had this renovation in charge. Many of the great works of Tintoretto, Titian, Carpaccio, Bonifacio, Paul Veronese, and other masters there I never properly saw before. The gallery is a wonderful surprise to those who were familiar with it in former years.

Whether the weather smiles or frowns—and all the continent this year has been

in the sulks—the Venetian strives to make every day a holiday and every night a festival. If the gayety is forced a little, or has a commercial aspect, we will not think so. If the illuminated boats in the Grand Canal, with bands of floating serenaders, are too visibly for the entertainment of strangers, and not the spontaneous expression of a gay moonlight sentiment, we will not believe it. The nights are just as beautiful as ever; the lines of illumination, the outlines of the palaces and bridges, the lights and shadows in the water, the gliding gondolas, the spectral aspect of all distant objects, the muffled sounds of oars and voices, are the same that have lived for years in memory. In our artificial way of speech we can say nothing more descriptive of it all than that it is like a scene in the opera. The scene is set for the serenaders, and if the singing and the accompaniment are not always as good as the scene, they have a charm they would lack elsewhere. And when the tenor gondolier, the favorite of the moment, steps from his boat and retires into the recess of the colonnade opposite the Grand Hotel and sings an operatic air in accompaniment and response to the instrumental band in the middle of the stream—the lovely voice floating out into the night as from some mysterious seclusion—it does seem as if the operatic heaven were not very far from that place.

III.

What, then, is the spirit of a people so solicited by pleasure? It is not wise to moralize too much at the opera, but one wonders how much of the spirit of the once free and haughty Venice remains. How much sympathy has it with the struggles of united Italy? It hated Austria, although the Austrians brought to it good bread and taught it how to make coffee, but how much patriotism for the new order has replaced its hatred of the old? It is difficult to imagine Venice enthusiastic in a war for a principle, or taking a vital interest in great political questions. The historic consciousness of the different communities making up united Italy would be an interesting study. They all go back on individual and separate lines of glory and memory, and live much in their past, and cherish to a considerable degree the hatreds and prejudices and rivalries of other centuries. But there is present in all a Roman or pagan memory,

which Carducci recalls in his poems. I saw the other day in Verona a spectacle that vividly revived the Roman Empire. The scene was in the vast Roman amphitheatre, one of the largest and the best-preserved existing. The occasion was a fête on the completion of works to resist the inundations of the Adige, and the Prince of Naples, with a large suite, was in attendance. I saw all the seats of the vast amphitheatre and all the passages and platforms packed with people, from the arena to the circular sky-line. When the prince made his entrance, moving down to the decorated royal box from an upper passage, the whole mass broke into cheers, and was animated by the waving of handkerchiefs. At the moment the arena was empty, except for the band and the chorus-singers, but at a signal the two iron gates were opened, and black streams of people poured in from two sides, a compact mass flowing in like two rivers, and gradually widening and spreading until the streams met and the whole ground was covered. Then there was the spectacle of a vast bowl packed with human beings. There might have been a hundred thousand, there could not have been less than eighty thousand, in sight. The hum of the multitude was like the roar of the sea, its acclaim like a storm. The young prince is hardly the type of an imperial Cæsar, yet no Roman emperor ever saw a vaster assembly in that place, and the sight carried one back to the days of Roman triumphs and gladiatorial shows. It was easy to fancy that this Italian

crowd would have welcomed a fight of wild beasts and gladiators, or any other pagan spectacle.

A few days later I witnessed another scene, as contrasted as two civilizations can furnish. It was in the old church of St. Lawrence at Nürnberg, the church which contains that exquisite work of the mediæval time, the "Sacrament House," by Adam Krafft. It was a religious service of one of the trade guilds, held at eight o'clock in the morning—a yearly fête, participated in by peasants from the country and city people of all conditions. This vast edifice was also packed with people, very sober and earnest people, full of faith in the worship they were engaged in. There was no "performance," there was no "spectacle," so called; but when the great organ pealed from the loft the entire congregation stood and sang in unison the stately hymn, "Komm, heiliger Geist, Herrgott!" There was a sound for you of great solemnity and meaning. I noted that the men of the congregation, old and young, were stalwart, strong men, with fine heads, and the women were of the sober sort whom St. Paul commends. It was like the gruff roll of thunder underground when the congregation repeated together the creed, "I believe in God the Father," etc. It was perhaps an irreverent thought that came to me at the moment, but I thought that people who prayed like this would fight! And I had a vision of the soul, the power, the unconquerable spirit of Germany.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of July.—The Cuban revolution continued with increased vigor. President Cleveland, June 12th, issued a proclamation forbidding citizens of the United States to aid the insurgents.

The Harlem Ship-Canal, uniting the waters of the Hudson with Long Island Sound, was formally opened June 17th.

The revival of business through this country led to a voluntary advance of wages by a large number of manufacturers.

The Baltic Ship-Canal, extending from Kiel to Brunsbüttel, and connecting the Baltic with the

North Sea, was opened June 20th with an imposing demonstration, in which all the great navies of the world were represented.

Lord Rosebery and his cabinet resigned their portfolios June 22d. Lord Salisbury accepted the premiership, and announced his cabinet June 28th. Parliament was dissolved, and the election, which began on the 12th, showed decided Conservative gains.

OBITUARY.

June 18th.—At London, Lord Colin Campbell, aged forty-two years.

June 24th.—At Eastbourne, England, Thomas Henry Huxley, the scientist, aged seventy years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE INTER-STATE BEAU COMPANY (LIMITED).

AN INTERVIEW.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"HOW do you do? I am very glad to see you," said the President of the Inter-State Beau Company (Limited), when I called upon him at his office to make a few inquiries as to the nature of his enterprise. "I suppose you have come to apply for a position in our corps?"

"Well," I began, "I don't know—"

"You needn't be at all embarrassed about saying so if you have," said the President, kindly. "You are a very good-looking young man; you have good style, and I judge from your countenance that you are a person of good habits—in short, quite the kind of man we desire to employ. What is your occupation?"

I resolved to humor him in his mistake. Perhaps I could find out more by falling in with his error than by telling him directly that I had been sent by the editor of the *New York Daily Eagle* to ferret out the mystery of the advertisement which had appeared in that morning's edition. It certainly was a novel advertisement, running as follows:

HOTEL-KEEPERS: TAKE NOTICE!
THE INTER-STATE BEAU COMPANY (LIMITED)
IS READY FOR BUSINESS.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. SEND FOR
PARTICULARS.

Then followed the address of the company. Further down the column a "Want" advertisement was inserted, stating that this same corporation, through its President, desired to employ three hundred youths of good address for the summer months, and inviting young men of irreproachable character to call between the hours of ten and twelve. No further details were given. No statement as to the salary to be paid was made, nor was anything said about the duties to be performed, other than that these latter were of a light and agreeable nature.

"My occupation," I replied, "is generally that of a writer, but in the last two or three months my success has seriously interfered with my making a living."

"Your reply," the President said, with a smile, "is very puzzling, but it is equally pleasing. If you can sustain a conversation of some hours with remarks of that sort, you are just the kind of man we want. You are what I may call a piquer of curiosity. May I ask what you mean?"

"Certainly," said I. "I am very prolific in my writing, and I have written so much that my market is stocked up for a year to come. Consequently I can find no market for the

things I am writing now. I have spent all the money I have received for my articles, with the result that I am face to face with bankruptcy."

The President eyed me narrowly. "Could you—ah—write a poem to a girl's eyebrow—sort of dash it off in a moment?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied, taking out my pencil and pad. "What's her name?"

"Ha, ha! I think you're the very man. Ah—say, her name is—Alice."

"Do you want a quatrain, a sonnet, or what?" I asked.

"Oh—for the test a quatrain will do," said the President.

"What is the color of her hair?" said I.

"Make it red," laughed the President.

"That's easy," said I, beginning to scribble, and in a moment I handed him this verse:

When I gaze on thy auburn brow,
It brings to mind the glory, Alice,
Above thy starlike eyes, I vow,
Of the Aurora Borealis.

The President read it, and slapped his knee in ecstasy. "You are worth a mint!" he said, unguardedly.

"A mint what?" said I, equally unguardedly, thinking of a certain beverage in which the word julep figures conspicuously. The President frowned, and asked, anxiously,

"You—ah—you don't indulge in—in strong drink, sir?"

"Not often," said I, perceiving my mistake. "Sometimes when I need stimulant I take it, but not as a habit."

"Good!" he said, his face clearing. Then he tapped a bell, and when the office-boy appeared, he bade him clear the centre of the room and take up the rug. The boy did so, disclosing a highly polished wood floor.

"Turn on number three of the music-box, John, and ask Miss Snedeker to step here," continued the President.

The boy went to the corner, to a small box, turned a crank, and in a moment the inspiring strains of the "Washington Post March" filled the room. Simultaneously the clicking of a type-writing machine in an adjoining room ceased, and an attractive-looking young woman appeared in the doorway.

"Do you dance?" the President asked of me.

"Well, rather," I replied.

"Miss Snedeker is our Vice-President," said the President, presenting the young woman.

"This gentleman, Miss Snedeker, has applied for a position with us. In many ways

he seems remarkably attractive. If you find that he is a good dancer, I think we might contract for his services for the months of July and August, and take the refusal of them for September."

The music-box rattled merrily on, and Miss Snedeker put herself in the attitude of one who was willing to dance. The floor was perfect, and I quickly took the hint.

"May I have the pleasure?" said I, "or would you rather sit it out on the stairs?"

The lady giggled, and said she'd be delighted to dance, and in a moment we were two-stepping about the room in a most inspiring fashion. She danced divinely. I am said to do the same. The music-box was unwearying; the President was entranced. Hence it was that it seemed as if that dance were destined to last forever. Happily for the future, however, Miss Snedeker was not of a too enduring nature, and she finally succumbed.

"He's all right," she said, breathlessly, as we stopped, and the President turned off the music-box. "We can't make any mistake contracting with him. I never had such a dance."

"Then Mr.—ah—" said the President.

"Jarley," said I, giving an assumed name.

"Then, Mr. Jarley, you may consider yourself engaged. July at Bathmere-by-the-Sea; August at the Old-Man-of-the-Mountain House."

"As what?" I asked. "You haven't let me into the secret of that yet."

"As a beau," rejoined the President. "We provide beaux for the summer hotels. You have doubtless observed that there are few men and many girls at the summer hotels. It is our mission to remedy this defect. We expect the hotel proprietors to subscribe to our output. We intend having on hand constantly from one hundred to three hundred accomplished young men like yourself, who will be despatched as ordered to the various hotels of this country, where they will appear to be precisely what they are—paid beaux, and nothing else. There will be no deception in the matter, and our business will be carried on on the coupon system. Hotel proprietors who subscribe to our service will receive our weekly commutation-books, which they will sell or give away, as they choose, to the young ladies that wish them. Here is one of the books which will show you in a moment the whole scheme."

He handed me a pretty little book about the size of a pocket diary, bound in white cardboard. The cover was stamped in fancy blue letters to this effect:

THE INTER-STATE BEAU COMPANY
(LIMITED).

WEEKLY COMMUTATION-BOOK.

\$5 00.

GOOD ONLY BETWEEN 189...,
AND 189 ..

ISSUED TO MISS

Within were four pages, perforated into twelve coupons. One of the pages I reproduce:

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1. | Book No. 3012. Coupon I.
This Coupon entitles bearer to one lancers with Beau named on back.
Good Only This Week. |
| 2. | Book No. 3012. Coupon II.
This Coupon entitles bearer to one Moonlight Walk with Beau named on back.
Good Only This Week. |
| 3. | Book No. 3012. Coupon III.
This Coupon entitles bearer to one conversation on stairs subject to be stated four hours in advance, with Beau named on back.
Good Only This Week. |

On the back of each coupon was stamped a name—that of the beau for whose services the subscriber had duly paid. The other coupons provided for such summer diversions as rowing on mountain lakes or bathing in the ocean, games of croquet, tennis, muggins, or, as in the case of special books got up for older ladies, whist, and conversations on church matters; the baiting of fish-hooks, or the reading aloud of any books the subscribers might desire; the holding of worsted while the subscriber wound it into a ball, and so on. There were coupons, in the various styles of book, covering almost every known emergency in summer-hotel life where a beau's service might be considered desirable, even to one coupon which when presented would insure a flirtation with one of the company's beaux which would force a hesitating young man not in the employ of the company into declaring his intentions to the subscriber or her parents forthwith.

There were but two things in the book which I did not like. One was the warning printed on the inside of the cover, "Pay no money to beaux," and immediately beneath it: "Subscribers becoming engaged permanently to the beaux of this company do so on their own responsibility. We do not guarantee their promises."

"It is a great scheme, sir," said I, when the full import of the enterprise burst upon my mind. "May I ask what my remuneration would be?"

"The expenses of the summer vacation paid in full, and ten per cent. of the subscriptions received for your actual services, payable on the 1st of October. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said I, as I rose up. "My full name and address is Augustus Jarley, 24 Union Place, Orange, New Jersey. You may send the contract there, and I will sign it."

"Very well," said the President, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I'll send you the papers tomorrow morning. Please remember to be

ready to start for Bathmere on July 1st. I'll book you, as I have said, for the Old-Man-of-the-Mountain House for August. The proprietors of those hotels are both interested in my scheme, and have already subscribed for ten of our most accomplished cavaliers each."

And with a bow to Miss Snedeker I went out.

Whether Augustus Jarley ever received his papers or not I do not know. I never heard his name before, nor have I heard it since, and as

for 24 Union Place, Orange, New Jersey, so far as I know there is no such address, but I am going to the Old-Man-of-the-Mountain House in August just the same, to see whom they have got in my place. If the plan appears to work successfully, I may give up literature and become a professional beau myself.

There is no doubt in my mind about my having the fascination required to do the work quite to the Queen's taste, as the saying goes.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR STONEHENGE.

PROFESSOR STONEHENGE is a valuable instructor of youth in the Blank University. That the professor is absent-minded we need not say, after stating that he has held a mathematical chair in the said university for twenty years, for was it not the worthy and learned President of this same institution of learning who stood himself in the hall and put his umbrella to bed, or did something like this, to the great and permanent enrichment of undergraduate humor? But this is a true story of Professor Stonehenge, and happened only on the ever-attractive "other day."

It appeareth, then, that Professor Stonehenge was, some time ago, elected secretary of the Palæozoic Fossil Club, an association of scientific gentlemen connected with the university. It was found necessary recently to communicate with each member of the club, and get from him an expression of opinion on a certain question. This work naturally devolved on the secretary, Professor Stonehenge. As it was a matter of the first importance (relating, if we mistake not, to nothing less than a fossil footprint), it was decided by the president of the club that a stamped envelope directed to the secretary be enclosed in each letter to facilitate the reply of the member addressed. Professor Stonehenge prepared the communications in his private office, connected with his lecture-room at the college. He folded the circulars of inquiry carefully, directed the fifty envelopes to the members, and an equal number to himself, taking care to keep each in a separate pile, so that no mistake might occur. A loitering student mooning about in the lecture-room pretends to have heard the professor making short but well-considered remarks to himself about the beauty of order and system. This may be simply an invention of the enemy, but certain it is that a few minutes later, when the professor hurried from his private room, after hastily finishing the work of preparing the circular letters and dropping them in a letter-box, he took occasion to rebuke an indolent Freshman for the disorder into which he had allowed his notes to fall, closing with the observation that man without the habit of system in his work was like a ship lacking steering apparatus.

The professor finished his lecture, relaxed his mind over certain problems in trigonometry, tarried awhile in the library, and then walked home. His wife met him at the door with a troubled face. "The postman," she said, in a serious voice, "has just left fifty letters for you, and they all seem to be addressed in your own handwriting. What *does* it mean?"

Investigation showed it meant that the professor had enclosed the wrong envelopes, and had sent himself fifty appeals concerning the burning question of fossil footprints.

H. C.

PATRIOTIC TO THE LAST.

A COUPLE of Englishmen, *en route* for Rome, were joined by an American, whose blatant patriotism first amused, then bored them. No matter what was admirable, rich, or rare, there was always something in America to eclipse it, according to our countryman. The Britishers determined to teach the Yankee a lesson, and taking advantage of the chronic thirst of their companion, they plied him with all the liquor that he could be induced to absorb, and then proposed a visit to the Catacombs. Before they reached their destination they were obliged to guide his errant steps between them, and at length, overcome by drowsiness, the American begged to be left alone to lie down at his ease. When sounds as of a discharge of musketry issued at regular intervals from the nose of the prostrate patriot, his companions concluded that he was dreaming of the Fourth of July, and would therefore be oblivious of anything nearer at hand. Producing a sheet, purloined from their hotel and until now carefully concealed, they wrapped the sleeper like a mummy in its folds, and then left him to "do" the Catacombs on their own account.

Returning an hour later, they found him still sleeping. One of them then drew from under his coat a tin fish-horn, and blew upon it a blast that only elicited a grunt and produced a fluttering of the eyelids of the sleeper. A second blast, however, longer and louder, brought him to a sitting posture, with eyes wide open and senses all alert. A moment of bewilderment, and then he exclaimed, joyously: "Gabriel's trump! Resurrection day! First man up! Hurray! America still ahead!"



WHAT HE NEEDED.

"Maude, I—I have something to say to you—but I—I am really afraid to say it."
 "Well, wait a minute; I'll tell my brother Willie to bring you a pail of sand. Willie!"

THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.

WHATEVER may be the truth or the falsity of the stories that are told of the scarcity of funds in a country editor's pocket or the scarcity of food in his stomach, the stories are always told, and neither the progress of education nor the growth and development of the press seems to have any effect upon the crop. One of the latest comes from Kentucky, where the mountain editor, at least, rarely develops into a Cæsus or an Apicius, and this one is concerning a mountain editor. A subscriber had remembered him very kindly, and a day or two later a visitor called at his office.

"Can I see the editor?" he inquired of the grimy little "devil" roosting on a high stool.

"No, sir," replied the youth on the stool. "He's sick."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Dun'no'," said the boy. "One of our subscribers give him a bag of flour and a bushel of pertaters t'other day, and I reckon he's foundered."

RHYMES IN A LIBRARY.

I.

ON READING JOE MILLER.

"SURPRISING, indeed," a late visitor said,
 While rummaging through all my library's nooks,
 As Miller's collection of jestings he read,
 "How many new jokes we can find in old books!"

II.

THE BOOK-BORROWER CIRCUMVENTED.

He borrowed first, and then this bookish loan
 He ne'er restored unto my empty shelf.
 I told him he could keep it for his own,
 And then I winked—and borrowed it myself.

B.

NOT AN ORATOR.

A MOUNTAIN member of the Kentucky Legislature had fallen into the hands of the legislative wags. He couldn't make a speech, and of course they were not to be satisfied until they had forced him to make an attempt at it. The occasion finally came, when, in response to a unanimous call, he took the floor.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, in a shaking voice, "I don't know how to make a speech. I never made one in my life, and as I stand here before this distinguished body now, my pants are rattling like the leaves of the forests," and at this point his trembling knees gave way under him and he sank into his chair. W. J. LAMPTON.

A PAINFUL NECESSITY.

BRIDGET O'HOOIHAN, an elderly Irish cook, had been induced to go to a quiet little suburban town to live in a wealthy gentleman's family. Two weeks after her arrival she declared her intention of returning to the city.

"Why do you leave us, Bridget?" asked her mistress, in a grieved tone. "We pay you the very highest wages."

"Ye do, ma'am, an' yer a perfect leddy. Oi'm not lavin' troo anny fault av de fam'ly, but this place is such a dead old place, wid no chance to do annything loively in it, that, begorry, oi have to mek up a pack o' lies iv'ry toime oi go to confession, or oi'd have nothing to confesh!"



ALWAYS A WINNER.



NAUTCH DANCER.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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HINDOO AND MOSLEM.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

FROM the earliest period of which any historic record has survived, when the Vedic literature first took shape, through the following ages which saw the rise and fall of Buddhism, the final triumph of the Brahminic faith, and the successive Mohammedan invasions, down to the present day, India has been the battle-ground of antagonistic creeds. The first followers of the Prophet found a country which had long enjoyed an advanced stage of civilization and culture, but which, divided into many states and harassed by internecine dissensions, was unable to oppose an effectual barrier to their progress. When the flood of Mussulman conquest, stamping out on its way the worshippers of fire, and pouring down through the passes on the north, had spread over the Punjaub, a dynasty of Mohammedan kings succeeded the Hindoo monarchs of Delhi, and prepared the ground in a manner for the formation of the great Mogul Empire. From the writings and memoirs of Bernier, Sir Thomas Roe, and other early travellers, and aided by the study and inspection of the numerous existing remains and monuments of that epoch, we may form some idea of its pomp and luxury, unparalleled in modern times, and recalling in many features the splendor of the ancient monarchies of the Euphrates Valley. This last great period of Mussulman ascendancy, beginning with the reign of the Emperor Baber, the so-called founder of the Empire of the Moguls, the contemporary of Suleyman the Magnificent and François I., and extending into the following century when Shah Abbas reigned at Ispahan, and European travellers returning from Persia told marvellous tales of its sumptuous court, culminated in the

reign of Shah Jehan at Delhi and Agra. Previous to the foundation of this empire, the occasional inroads of the Moguls are stated by Elphinstone to have been "the greatest calamity that had fallen on mankind since the Deluge, as they had no religion to teach, no seeds of improvements to sow, nor did they offer an alternative of conversion or tribute." One invasion followed another from Genghis Khan to Tamerlane, until the advent of Baber, the first of the Tartar monarchs, who began his reign in 1526. He is now believed to have been "the most admirable, though not the most powerful, prince that ever reigned in Asia." With great administrative capacity, he was at the same time a soldier and an athlete, a scholar and a poet.

With Shah Jehan the Mogul power may be said to have reached its climax. After Aurungzebe the decadence began, and the invasion of the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, gave it a blow from which it never recovered. Then followed the rise of the Sikh confederacy, and the ascendancy of the Mahrattas.

During all this time nothing approaching a complete fusion of the two races, a blending of the Hindoo and Moslem elements, has taken place, but in many respects the ways and customs of each have been more or less modified by the intimacy and contact of daily life, so that it is not always easy to distinguish the one from the other by any outward sign. Even in the matter of religious observances the lines of demarcation have been somewhat softened, and, to quote from Mr. Baines* and the illustrations which he gives: "In many instances where the two forms of faith exist more

* J. A. Baines, Census Commissioner for India, 1891.

or less in numerical equality side by side, the Brahmin officiates at all family ceremonial, and, as it has been put by a local writer, the convert to Islam observes the feasts of both religions and the fasts of neither. This state of thought is very much like that described by Lady M. Wortley Montagu as existing among the Makedonian Arnauts of her time, who, living between Christians and Mohammedans, and 'not being skilled in controversy, declare that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is the best, but to be certain of not rejecting the truth they very prudently follow both. They go to the mosque on Friday and to the church on Sunday, saying for their excuse that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true Prophet, but which that is they are not able to determine in this world.'"

Compare with this the following experience in the present generation as having occurred in the eastern plains of the Punjab: "A traveller entering a rest-house in a Mussulman village found the head man refreshing the idol with a new coat of oil, whilst a Brahmin read holy texts alongside. The pair seemed rather ashamed at being caught in the act, but, on being pressed, explained that their moollah (priest) had lately visited them, and being extremely angry on seeing the idol, had made them bury it in the sand. But now the moollah had gone they were afraid of the possible consequences, and were endeavoring to console the god for his rough treatment."

The scientific and ethnological side of the caste question has been exhaustively treated, but a stranger, even after he had digested the mass of erudition which has been accumulated on this subject, would still find difficulty in distinguishing one subdivision from another, and even in many instances in discriminating between Hindoos and Mohammedans. On the other hand, there is such a marked difference between certain of the main divisions, whether religious or racial, as between a Baboo and a Rajpoot or a Sikh, a Bania from Ahmedabad and a Mahratta, that after having once noted their principal characteristics one is in no danger of forgetting them for evermore. Certainly no races of Europe can show such marked divergence of type as those of Hindostan. Then there is always the "caste mark," which is, or should be, daily painted on

the forehead of every self-respecting Hindoo, and this may take the form of a dab of red paint, a circle or ellipse, a slender crescent, or a round dot of gold, and the foreheads of certain holy men are decorated with white stripes. The "grand cordon" of the Brahmin, which elevates him above all lower castes, is the white thread passing over his right shoulder, and which is as much a mark of distinction as the rosette of some European order in contrast with the rank and file wearing a simple knot of ribbon, or the lower orders who have no such distinguishing mark. And there is also another way of distinguishing the members of some of the more prominent castes, and that is by the form of their turbans, and in some cases by slight variations of costume, such as the coats or jackets fitted tightly around the chest with a curved flap, which, in the case of Hindoos, is fastened on the right side, and with Moslems on the left. The inexhaustible variety of shape and color among the turbans and caps is a striking element in the picturesqueness of Indian street life, and one which gives to the streets of Bombay the vivacity of an endless carnival. For in other Eastern countries all head-gear is fashioned more or less after one or two prescribed models. Among the Mahrattas alone there are several startling variations, and the turban, if one may call it so, worn by the nobles and grandees is shaped like a double-ended canoe, with some resemblance also to a cocked hat adorned with a gold-lace cockade, and the rakish Mahratta fashion of wearing it seems to embody something of the character of this once dashing race of freebooters who raided India for so many years. To attempt the most inadequate description of these varied fashions, or to portray them by a series of illustrations, would take the space of more than one article, and the stranger can hardly pass a day in any of the great centres without seeing at least one or two turbans of unfamiliar forms, and as for their color, the tints in the most liberally assorted box of pastels would convey but a feeble notion of the infinitude of gradations which they display. These distinguishing marks of caste have invaded even the more democratic province of Islam, and certain fashions in which the Mussulman turban is worn are quite as distinctive as are the Hindoo head-coverings.

In Ahmedabad we first noticed a curiously plaited white turban built around a skull-cap of delicate and subdued tints: a number of men wearing these turbans and long "kuftans" of white linen were coming out of a house where a great festival had been given—a dinner of a hun-

friendly offices of Hadj Mohammed, a Mussulman who kept an outfitter's shop under our hotel. Among the usages of the purely Mussulman community we recognize much which is already familiar to us in other Eastern countries, and quite as much which is strictly local, and



THE MOOLLAH.

dred covers. We found it impossible to procure one of these turbans in Ahmedabad, as they were worn only by a certain order of Mussulmans in or near Bombay, and upon arriving in that city we at once set out on a quest among the turban-makers' shops. The special fabricant of this peculiar style of head-dress, when we found him, proved to be a little weazen-faced Moslem who sat perched in a window looking out into the bazar, and from the "gharry" we watched the opening of negotiations by the servant who represented us. But he was unfortunately only a low-caste Hindoo, and his advances were received with disdain by the arrogant Moslem hatter, who refused to enter into any financial transaction with him whatever, but we finally obtained the coveted turban through the

there exists also the still more interesting borderland where the two great creeds seem to have reached the point of mutual tolerance, if not of ultimate fusion. Every shrine or place of pilgrimage held in honor by the disciples of the Prophet, and nearly every unfrequented or abandoned mosque, is confided to the guardianship of an ancient Mussulman, often a relic by descent of some heroic ancestor, who camps out with his family in a secluded corner of its cloisters. Here he leads a peaceful and ruminative existence, passing the long hot afternoon in a shady corner under the spreading branches of an ancient fig-tree or "peepul," droning aloud from the Koran to his pupils, with an occasional pull at his bubbling water-pipe by way of interlude, or a brief nap on his straw carpet. And

while the venerable moollah slumbers, the monkeys or "langurs" let themselves cautiously down from the branches overhead and investigate the frugal contents of his larder, or gambol about the tank, while the swarms of green parrots keep up a riotous clamor among the leaves overhead. Ranking below the village menials in the graduated series of castes come the gypsies of India, who occupy pretty much the same position in the social scale that they do in other countries, while they follow similar callings. In point of numbers, and in relative prominence as compared with other castes, they are hardly important enough to be mentioned at all except for the vagueness and mystery surrounding their origin.* Many of them are tinkers, jugglers, and sorcerers, and although I have never seen it stated that snake-charming was among their vocations, a party of swarthy wizards who entertained us with a basketful of cobras at Ahmedabad had all the salient features of their confrères on the Albaycin at Granada. The village barber and his wife have a position above that of many other castes, owing to the variety and importance of their social functions. Hindoos alone have many different ways of wearing their hair, and we found amusement and edification at Seharunpoor in watching a row of these barbers seated on the ground, with their cases of tools beside them, as they operated on the heads of their constantly changing clientèle. Both Hindoos and Moslems are alike charitable to their poorer brethren, particularly to those who are bound by religious vows to lead a life of mendicity. The Mussulman khansamah at a dâk bungalow treasures up what is left of wasteful Christian dinners, and distributes it to his needy co-religionists on Fridays, when they assemble in force. Many and various were the races represented in these gatherings at Amritsar, notably those of northern descent, long-haired Beloochees, Afghans, and other waifs from over the border, all eager to profit by this semi-official bounty. One can hardly live a day in India without assimilating some new fact bear-

* Some years ago, at a dance given by a band of Andalusian gypsies, I noticed their marked resemblance to low-caste Hindoos, not only in feature but in the quality of their skin and hair, and a Spanish acquaintance seemed firmly convinced of their Indian origin. This is also the theory of Mr. Baines, who finds many arguments to support it.

ing upon the endless subdivisions and infinitesimal gradations of caste, and as in the literary, artistic, and social worlds of other hemispheres, the principal divisions, which would seem at first sight to the uninitiated outsider to consist of pretty much the same sort of people, are found, when attentively examined, to exhibit unexpected divergences, and to be composed of hostile units all animated by a common tendency to cluster together, to form nuclei, and then to subdivide again.

II.

The Hindoo globe-trotter takes delight, not altogether free from a spark of malice, in pointing out the beam in the eyes of other Aryan brothers which has been thought to exist only in his own. "You too have caste," said one of the Hindoos at the Chicago Fair, "but your caste is founded on money alone." In a recent book about England and the English, written by a Hindoo, the author, who had heard Englishmen talk about the baneful effects of caste in India as if they had none in England, says, "A poor man there is a Sudra*; and a rich man, a lord, a peer, a Brahmin, a born legislator, statesman, and everything else." And yet, upon the whole, he is a "friendly critic," as the *Times of India* reviewer assures us, who found much to admire in British institutions. With the spread of education among subordinate castes, the supremacy of the Brahmin, and the exclusive monopoly in matters intellectual which he formerly enjoyed, are rapidly waning. The class which seems to have made the most capital out of the new order of things is the somewhat loosely defined but widely distributed portion of the Hindoo population known as Bengalis or Baboos. When they are conservative enough to cling to the primitive costume of their forefathers, which was evidently not designed to foster the vice of vanity among its wearers, there is little difficulty in distinguishing them from other subjects of the Queen-Empress. These orthodox Baboos wear nothing on their heads to cover their close-cropped shocks of black hair, although they usually carry a white cotton umbrella; their principal garment is a long piece of white drapery called a "dhotee," leaving their arms and legs bare, and worn something after the fashion of a Roman toga. Other

* The lowest and most degraded caste.



HINDOO AND MOSLEM BARBERS.

characteristic features of their costume are the low patent-leather shoes, and white socks which have a tendency to hang down, leaving visible large surfaces of fat brown shanks, as these people are inclined to be of full and portly habit. Gold-rimmed spectacles often add a touch of modern "actuality" to this somewhat archaic costume.

There is a prevalent belief among the more progressive members of this class that a European costume, or, what is more common, a sort of compromise between the dress of the undisguised Baboo and the Englishman, is the first step in the direction of worldly success. As a recent critic remarks, "In as small a matter as getting off a tram-car, I have repeatedly observed that Baboos in coats and trousers risk their lives in a flying leap, while others in dhotee and bare feet insist on the car stopping before they trust their precious persons to the ground." Whatever may be his dress, he runs no risk of being mistaken for a member of any of the military

castes, and in case of war it would probably never occur to the ruling powers to raise an army from amongst this industrious and prolific section of the community. But in a country where everything has been specialized from the very beginning, no one seems to respect this class the less on account of its pacific disposition. And yet some of their severest critics may be found among their own order. One of their pundits with a historic name lately remarked, "You can no more make a gentleman out of a Bengali than carve a fine image out of rotten wood." And as a general thing the Bengali will rely more on the word of an Englishman than on that of his fellow-countrymen. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that these people represent much of the brain and intelligence of native India. They edit papers and are born agitators, criticising the policy of the government, and saying whatever it pleases them to think upon political matters in their societies as well



HINDOO WOMEN, SUBURBS OF BOMBAY.

as in their journals, for they are usually endowed with the gift of volubility and rapid utterance, and freely express their minds in "hifalutin" and more or less Shakespearian English. With the steady progress of modern ideas and education the examples of Baboo English which once delighted Anglo-Indian readers are becoming rarer, and we may never have another book equal to the well-known biography of Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee.* A gentleman who has been for

* The writer cannot do better than quote the opening lines of this remarkable work for the instruction of those not familiar with the author's style. "The Memoir of the late Hon'ble Justice Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee. "Let me hold my *Penna* after a few months, to write the memoir of the individual above-named: but quid agis? if any one put me such a query, I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurley-burley, and say—a fool of myself! As a spider spins web for its own destruction, or as when the clown who was busy in

many years connected with the management of one of the northern railways does not think that they are actually supplanting Europeans, but that, on the contrary, they are often elbowed out by "poor whites," a class which formerly did not exist, the sons of Europeans, or "Eurasians," for the most part laborers and mechanics, when they can find employment. On the other hand, fewer Europeans now fill the posts of station-masters, engine-drivers, or guards, and natives trained for the work are rapidly replacing them. Natives, particularly the Baboo class, now hold a larger number of official appointments than was formerly the case, in accordance with recent official decisions. My informant thinks that they are excellently organized for office and routine work, though not reliable in case of emergencies, and personally he would rather employ a native for any post worth under 100 rupees a month than a European, as he can procure a better stamp of man in a native at that price. But these adaptive and versatile Hindoos are rapidly crowding out Europeans from minor clerkly employments, since they can make a better appearance on less money. Among their ranks may be found journalists, politicians, and scribes of every description, advocates, attorneys, and judges. Many have achieved distinction at the bar, in politics, and in literature. The poetess Toru Dutt, whom Edmund Gosse calls a "fragile, exotic blossom of song," was the daughter of the Baboo Govin Chunder

digging a grave for "Ophelia," was asked by Hamlet, "Whos grave's this Sirrah?" said, "Mine Sir," so in writing one's memoir I am as if to dig my own grave in it. To write one's memoir, or to write in such a way as the literary public may fall in love with, is a task difficult in the extreme, especially of such a man as the late Hon'ble Justice Mookerjee. He was no poet that I may put some such writing in print, full of poetical thoughts, which the public did not see, or recite some such stirring events, as induced him to write into measured lines some such subjects, which the public are already in possession of and thereby please them."

An official while in town left a pony in charge of a native subordinate, from whom it escaped. The native explained the matter in a letter to his "sahib": "I have the honour to report that the little horse, since your honour's departure, has assumed a devil-may-care attitude and has become violently obstreperous. This morning at 6 A.M. the said little horse eloped from my custody but, with the favour of Heaven he may return."

Dutt, and before the age of twenty she had attained such a mastery of French that her romance *Le Journal de Mlle. d'Arvers* received much commendation in Paris, and her ancient ballads and legends of Hindostan are full of passages which few would wish to see changed, and which show a wonderful mastery of English verse. Without falling into the error of judging a race by rare exceptions and of "booming the Baboo" prematurely, it is evident that he is having a chance for the first time in history, and that he is not backward in making the most of it.

III.

One of the vital problems of government in India to-day is the maintenance of harmony between the two principal

religious factions. This is by no means a new question, but one which has taken many different forms since the days of the tolerant Akbar, who, although surrounded by fanatical priests and followers, showed himself to be far freer from race prejudice than some monarchs of the present day, and the latest development of this problem, reduced to its lowest terms by the press of India, is the "Cow Question," or "cow vs. pig." These two peaceable animals have been dragged into the controversies between the disciples of Mohammed and of Brahma, where they have been made to play, not merely the part of animate symbols, but that of active participants in the frequent local outbursts of religious frenzy. Some years ago one of the first of many



HINDOOS AT A VILLAGE WELL.

similar *émeutes* was caused by the discovery of a live pig in the sacred precincts of the great mosque at Delhi. To the stranger, forced to be content with general impressions, and lacking the time or perhaps the disposition to look beneath the surface, the chief cause of contention between the partisans of the two great creeds might appear a trivial matter; but the real question lies deeper, and is not to be treated in either a facetious or a zoological vein. Far from seeing anything laughable in the aspect which these dissensions have taken of late, the local press inclines to treat the matter with great seriousness—and with good reason, since the immediate cause of the mutiny has again been admitted, after all, to have been the greased cartridges smeared with animal fat, objectionable alike to Hindoo and Moslem. While the cow is the more serious cause of these lamentable differences of opinion, and will always remain a *casus belli*, the pig is dragged into the conflict, and most unwillingly, by the Hindoos, to be used with never-failing success as a weapon of offence against their adversaries, and oftentimes as a missile. The Mussulman sees no reason why he should be debarred from eating beef by the prejudice of the Hindoo, but wherever the Hindoo is numerically strong enough he will prevent him. On the other hand, a Hindoo writer in the *Tohfa-i-Hind*, in descanting on the evils of cow-killing, says: "To kill such a highly useful animal to supply one day's food (for a few men) is downright folly, and those who destroy such an animal for the purpose of food deserve to be regarded with abhorrence. Besides, cow's flesh is most injurious to health. The writer has got a large number of ancient books on medicine, written by Mohammedans, in his possession, in which cow's flesh is distinctly condemned as deleterious and productive of leprosy. Her blood, too, is described as a deadly poison in its effect. Again, in the old books on cookery, of which, too, the writer possesses a goodly lot, modes of preparing food of the flesh of other animals are given, but nowhere cow's flesh is mentioned. All this clearly shows that cow's flesh cannot be used by man without doing great injury to his body." This thorough-paced vegetarian is firmly convinced that cow-killing was introduced into India under British rule, in proof of which he points

to the spread of leprosy, and what he calls the increasing spread of famines.* The feeling amongst Hindoos against the wanton destruction of these sacred animals by their gluttonous adversaries and former tyrants has reached such a height than an "anti-cow-killing" league has been formed, and is rapidly growing in strength. A riot caused by this sentiment occurred last year at Gazipoor, but serious consequences were averted by the prompt action of the authorities. A number of Hindoos, convicted of having caused the disturbance, appealed from the judgment of the chief magistrate of Benares, sentencing them to a term of imprisonment, and the main facts were again stated in court. One Wazir Ali, the "zemindar" or head man of a village, and a Mussulman, as his name implies, was about to give a feast to celebrate the marriage of his daughter. But the local butcher would not sell him any beef on account of the feeling among the Hindoos, who are in the majority in that province. Then Wazir Ali bethought himself of his own cow, but not being discreet enough to keep his nefarious design to himself, the Hindoos got wind of it, and spread the news throughout the neighborhood. Some of them ran to the next village, shouting: "Cows are going to be killed in Mau to-day, at Wazir's house. All go to the temple of Mahabir. Whoever does not go, let him be held guilty of eating cow." When an armed crowd had collected, numbering between two and three thousand Hindoos, Ram Gulam Lal and a Brahmin were deputed to go to Wazir Ali and tell him that if he killed his cow "his house would be looted, and he himself probably killed."

Wazir Ali, at a loss for some way of feeding his guests, proposed to kill a buffalo calf if he could find one, and appealed to the local authorities to protect him in this exercise of his civil rights. But the mob had determined to prevent him from killing either cow or buffalo, and threatened to loot the village; some one was heard to say that British rule would not last three years, but upon the arrival of the representatives of the law and the display of force, the ringleaders were arrested and the mob finally broken up and dispersed. Opinions differ as to the extent to which the "cow-protection" movement is responsible for the late dis-

* *Times of India*, March 12, 1894.



SNAKE-CHARMER.

turbance in Bombay. That it was one of the causes seems to be generally admitted. In this instance the agitation had been fermenting for several weeks previous to the outbreak, and the police were ready. In the list of resolutions issued by the local government of Bombay a few months after the riot some of these causes are alluded to, and there are many

curious facts which give an idea of the prevailing character of these religious or semi-religious disturbances and the course which they usually take. There had been a growing ill feeling between the two factions, which had manifested itself in various ways, and, as the Commissioner of Police reports, the causes of the final outbreak "were both predisposing and



BELOOCHEE.

immediate." He had with much difficulty prevented the leaders of the "Cow-Protection Society" from parading thousands of these domestic animals through the streets on the occasion of their anniversary in April. A rival society was formed for the purpose of preaching the same views with greater energy, and their agents obtained a large plot of land where they intended to sequester all the cattle which they had intercepted and purchased on the road to Bombay. "Pictures and pamphlets illustrating the sanctity of the cow and the sin of slaughtering it were also sold and distributed over the Presidency, but chiefly in Bombay." The secretary of one of these societies went to the commissioner and urged him to prohibit the practice of slaughtering cattle, which had existed for centuries in Bombay, but he naturally refused to interfere.

In spite of all the precautions taken, and the vigilance of the authorities, hostilities broke out, as had been anticipated, on a Friday,* and in the vicinity of the Jumma Musjid. When the crowd of Mussulman worshippers, which was unusually large, numbering over a thousand, began to leave the mosque at one o'clock, after the noonday prayers, it was evident that there was a concerted movement among them, which presently developed into a

* August 11, 1893.

tumultuous rush towards the Masuti Temple. Notwithstanding the efforts of a large number of law-abiding Mussulmans, aided by the police, to quell the excitement, sticks were brandished, stones thrown, and with loud shouts of "Din! Din!" the mob attacked the Hindoo shopkeepers, rushing down the neighboring streets and assailing the police and mounted "Sowars" with their clubs and with volleys of stones and tiles. In the meantime other riots had broken out in various quarters, and as the bands of infuriated Mussulmans were driven from one street to another, or dispersed by the police and the troops which had now been called out to aid them, they would again unite and attack the hated cow-protectors and all who stood in their way. Detachments from the Bombay Volunteer Light Horse Artillery and Rifles, and also from the Marine Battalion, as well as several other strong bodies of native troops, now came to the rescue, and guns were posted at the intersections of streets. For several days the tumult raged, not, it would seem, in one continuous battle, but in a series of riots followed by intervals of quiet, and again breaking out afresh. Hindoo temples and Mussulman mosques were desecrated, idols were broken, stables where cattle were kept set on fire, and even the poor buffaloes, which partake of the sanctity of the cow only in



AFGHAN.

a remote degree, did not escape; shops were looted, crowds of Mussulmans, escorting the biers containing their dead, were assaulted in their turn by the Hindoos. And so the struggle went on until the arrival of fresh troops from Poona finally put an end to it. Among the most desperate combatants were bands of "Seedy boys" and Pathans; even Maharrattas were dragged into the fray, but in no instance known was any European attacked, unless a member of the police force or a soldier. Over fifteen hundred rioters were arrested, of which number the Mohammedans were largely in excess, and in some instances heavy sentences of imprisonment were imposed. In summing up the causes of this disturbance, some months later, the Governor "considered that one of the main causes of the outbreak was the infections spread by the riots which had broken out in other parts of India, and especially those at Prabas Pathan."*

Mussulmans are quite well aware that the tender sentiments of the Hindoos in regard to cows are of old standing, and also, on the other hand, that in all stations where Englishmen reside the supply of beef is regularly forth-coming, although precautions are always taken to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the Hindoos. It appears also from the reports that no amount of foresight could have averted the uprising, but, at the same time, a stronger display of military force at the outset might have prevented much violence. And here we touch upon a tender point, for it seems that in England there is a party which is always ready to decry any resort to arms or any unnecessary manifestation of force in India.

* "The beginnings of the disturbance were seen at Prabas Pathan, a village in the Junagadh territory in the vicinity of the famous shrine of Somnath, where during the "taboot procession" an onslaught upon the Hindoos was made by the Mussulmans, in which eleven were killed and many injured. The incident naturally created much excitement in Bombay amongst both Hindoos and Mohammedans, and meetings were held by the respective communities, at which subscriptions were raised for defraying the cost of prosecution and defence in the judicial proceedings that were to follow the riots, and to relieve the feelings of the victims."—*Times of India*, January 1, 1894.

Now we come to another class of disturbances, of a more purely religious, or rather sectarian, character, in which the cow is relegated to the background and the pig plays the part of the spark which explodes the magazine. Yeola, the scene of the latest riot, is a town where the Hindoo part of the population far outnumbers



PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER, LAHORE.

the Mohammedan section. According to the Hindoo version of this affair, the misunderstanding first began on September 15, 1893, when, as has been the custom from time immemorial, the Hindoos are wont to take their idol in procession, accompanied by bands of musicians playing the deafening music which is thought to appease his wrath, but which is peculiarly irritating to Mussulman ears, and after promenading him through the town with much pomp and ceremony, sitting in state in a towering car, gorgeous with red and gold, they conduct him to the temple. Unfortunately for the idol and his faithful followers, the procession was made to pass the Patel's mosque, where a strong body of fierce descendants of the Prophet was lying in ambush, eager to swoop down on the noisy infidels.* The Hindoos say that the principal magistrate, who happened to be a Mohammedan, the only other magistrate in authority having

* In these religious processions each sect delights to parade through the enemy's part of the town, and it is only by the exercise of much diplomacy on the part of the local authorities that collisions are prevented.

left the village, then showed himself and obliged the procession to take another route, which allayed the excitement for the moment, but gave great cause of offence to the Hindoos. As succeeding events proved, the outbreak was only postponed, and the measures taken at the time were injudicious, and satisfactory to neither party. The Dussera festival was to take place shortly, and as more trouble was apprehended by the local authorities, a number of orders and proclamations were issued, some of which appear to have conflicted with each other, and did not produce the anticipated effect. The procession was ordered not to pass any mosque between the 10th and the 17th of October, but was allowed to pass certain specified mosques at given dates and hours. Furthermore, no musical instrument except a gong should be played within fifteen paces on each side of a mosque. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, were not to assemble in their mosques "for any unlawful purpose" at these times, or their mosques would be locked up. This mea-

sure, as might have been expected, gave umbrage to the Mohammedans.

These various attempts on the part of the local powers to smooth matters over seem also to have grievously annoyed the Hindoos, for their most important ceremony on the day of Dussera, which fell this year on October 15th, did not take place at all. On this occasion they assemble in Balajee's temple, and take the idol out for an airing in the suburbs of the town. Although the temple was protected by a detachment of soldiers, the managers of the procession complained that their god Balajee had been insulted and deeply injured by the derisive yells and cries of the Mussulman roughs and irreverent small boys, that the ceremony was useless without the customary music of horns and tomtoms; and, furthermore, that if they could not start when they were ready, they would not go at all. Their state of mind was further aggravated when it was found that the stone bull had been removed from his accustomed place of honor in the temple of

Shree Trimbakeshwar, and, to crown all, the Mohammedans had forcibly entered by night the most sacred shrine and place of pilgrimage in Yeola, the tomb of the founder of the city, removed the god, and thrown him in the ditch. It was not until months after these incidents that the actual uprising occurred.

Without attempting to further unravel the conflicting statements of either side, or trying to make them correspond, which is the business of the local chronicler, this, briefly, is what happened. While the excitement was spreading and the agitators on both sides were diligently laboring, the accursed pig was discovered in the Patel's mosque, and under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. The pig had been cut in two, in order to defile the mosque in the most thorough manner, and, wild with excitement, the Mussulmans were rushing about and crying out for vengeance, when it was found that the mosque was on fire. Now their frenzy became uncontrollable, and they hurried in a body to



FAKIR, TWILIGHT.

the Moolhidar Temple, where they massacred a cow within the holy enclosure, and in a manner exasperating to Hindoo feelings. While this was going on the fire in the mosque, which had been kindled with cans of kerosene, was gaining ground, and the men who were working to extinguish it were pelted with volleys of stones from natives posted on the opposite house-tops. They were ordered to refrain by those in authority, but upon their refusing to do so they were fired on by the police with blank cartridges, and then dosed with buckshot. Other mosques and houses of Mohammedans were now on fire, the local magistrates began to arrive, and then fresh bodies of police and the volunteers. The tumult was finally quelled, but after it had lasted for seven hours, during which time much destruction of property had taken place, and considerable loss of life. The pig story is now discredited by some of the Hindoo journalists, who are anxious to prove that their enemies were the aggressors in every instance.

"The Gaurakshina Sabha," as the cow-protection society calls itself,* was established ostensibly for the protection and improvement of cattle, and so long as it occupies itself with its original object, it cannot fail to be of great utility in a country where animals are often overworked and ill used, in spite of the belief that human souls may be incarnate in their bodies. But while men of position on both sides and social leaders are alike interested in the maintenance of peace and order, there is evidence which strengthens the belief that professional agitators have been travelling from place to place, using the name of this or of other

* In Behar.



A FAKIR, BENARES.

societies to further their designs, and devising new schemes by which they expect to profit at the expense of their dupes.

A Bengal Rajah who was recently interviewed, and invited to address a meeting on the subject of the cow-protection movement, declined to do so, but stated in the course of conversation his belief that "the cow question was the political question of the day"; and also "that cow-protection, and the protection of all our temples and religious institutions, religious rites and interests, depend on the peace of the country, and those who foolishly try to play with the foundation-stone in the shape of the peace of our society is a self-destroyer, and, in my



YOUNG NAUTCH GIRL.

opinion, worse than a person who commits suicide." Another opinion on this subject, delivered by a Parsee while on a recent visit to America, is worth recording.* He says that "the riots in India were not directed against British domination at all. All the leading business men, the educated classes, and even the great middle classes of Indians are warm adherents of British rule and policies of government. It is difficult to make people understand the true cause and exact scope of those riots who know little of the intricate lines of religious and secular thought and life in that country. The question which agitates India to-day is not some great problem of internal government, but the cow question."

Above all this tumult of misguided and over-zealous religionists, and calmly superior, the government of India sits, majestically enthroned and armed like Jove, with an ample supply of thunderbolts with which to strike the erring of either creed. In the address of the late Viceroy at Agra, he affirms the strict neutrality of the government—"a neutrality not based on indifference," but upon an equal respect for both the great historic religions of India, and he also declares "that the government of India is under a two-fold obligation. We owe it to the whole community, British and Indian, to secure the public safety, and to protect the persons and property of the Queen's subjects from injury and interference. We are

* *Baltimore American.*

also bound to secure to both the great religious denominations freedom from molestation or persecution in the exercise of their religious observances. The law secures to the Mohammedans the right of following the ritual which has been customary for them and for their forefathers, while it secures to the Hindoos protection from outrage and insult, and for this reason forbids the slaughter of cattle with unnecessary publicity, or in such a manner as will occasion wanton or malicious annoyances to their feelings. Let both sides understand clearly that no lawless or aggressive conduct on their part will induce us to depart by an inch from this just and honorable policy. Do not let it be supposed that the slaughter of kine for the purpose of sacrifice, or for food, will ever be put a stop to; we shall protect the religions of both sides alike, and we shall punish according to the law any act which wantonly outrages the religious feelings of any section of the community. Let it also be clearly understood that we shall not permit any disturbance of the peace, and that wherever violence is exhibited, we shall not be afraid to put it down by force."

The accounts of affairs in India published by the Continental journals, and particularly those in which sectarian riots or other local disturbances are referred to,* are seldom trustworthy, since the prevailing jealousy of England, and the fact that she has so far succeeded in maintaining a stable government for the heterogeneous millions of India, which in itself is a grievance, leads them at times to misrepresent facts, and often to exaggerate local disturbances of comparatively little importance. When the enormous aggregate of the population is considered, it is easy to understand that far greater causes would be necessary in order to pervade all classes with discontent, to interfere with the regular working of the judicial machinery, and to imperil the peace of the whole empire.

IV.

A figure which adds much to the joyous aspect of life in India, and, like the hump-backed cow, the crow, and the vulture, is part of its strictly local color, is

* "It is shrewdly imagined by the government that the anti-cow-killing society is only a cloak for a lot of disaffected Hindoos to work under."—*Note by a member of the jury during the trial of the rioters.*

the itinerant fakir. The fact that he seems to take himself very seriously does not prevent him at times from being indescribably grotesque. Of all the children of Aryan stock he is the most conservative, unchanged and unchanging, and even in India, where in these days one is seldom out of hearing of the locomotive whistle, he is an anachronism. Buddha, after the great renunciation, was the first to wear the yellow of whom we have any authentic tradition, and whenever the fakir appears in history, no matter at what date, he is always exactly the same figure that we meet to-day, plodding along the road on his way to a shrine. The fakir who conversed with the Emperor Jehanghir,* treating him as an

* "I found him sitting on his throne, and a Beggar at his feet, a poore silly old man, all asht, ragd, and patcht, with a young roague attending on him. With these kind of professed poore holy men, the countrey abounds, and are held in great reverence, but for workes of chastisement of their bodies and voluntary sufferings, they exceed the brags of all heretiques or Idolaters. This miserable wretch,

equal, to the great scandal of the English ambassador, wore a crown of peacock's feathers, like one who used to hang about the palace of the Seths in Ajmeer. The famous interview between the Emperor and the fakir is depicted in an ancient cloathed in rags, crowned with feathers, covered with ashes, his Majestie talked with about an hour, with such familiaritie, and shew of kindnesse, that it must needs argue an humilitie not found easily among kings. The Beggar sate, which his sonne dares not doe; he gave the King a Present, a Cake, asht, burnt on the Coales, made by himselfe of coarse graine, which the King accepted most willingly, and brake one bit and eate it, which a daintie mouth could scarce have done. After he took the clout, and wrapt it up, and put in the poore mans bosome, and sent for one hundred Rupias, and with his owne hands powred them into the poore mans lap, and what fell besides gathered up for him: when his collation of banqueeting and drinke came, whatsoever he tooke to eate, he brake and gave the Begger halfe, and after many strange humiliations, and charitirising, the old Wretch not being nimble, he tooke him up in his armes, which no cleanly body durst have touched, imbracing him, and three times laying his hand on his heart calling him father, he left him, and all us and me in admiration of such a vertue in a heathen Prince."—SIR THOMAS ROE.



FAKIRS AT BENARES.



FEAST OF GANESHA, BENARES.

Hindoo miniature, where they are both seated, facing each other, on the roof of a little pavilion rising from the water; a boat is fastened at the door below.

His usual and unique garment is a long strip of flimsy cotton of a faded orange hue, which is wound about him, leaving his legs and arms bare, and they as well as his face are gray with dust and ashes. Long strings of beads and rosaries, amulets, charms, feathers, brass chains, and gewgaws give him the appearance of an ambulating junk-shop. Stripes of white paint diversify his solemn countenance, and he is often burdened with a heavy

volume of Holy Writ, which is sometimes in a very good condition, with a new and "puckah" binding. A thick and shaggy shock of hair is part of the fakir's stock in trade, and when he has not enough to start business with, he ingeniously pieces it out with some brown substance having the nature or appearance of a "jute switch." It is usually gathered up on the nape of the neck after the present mode among European ladies, and it is then twisted into a series of knots on the top of the head. Lengthened out artificially, it is frequently wound about the fakir's head like a turban, tinted with

henna, and its bulk is further augmented with strings of wooden beads, cowries, brass chains, or whatever he happens to have on hand. A few wear their hair closely cropped, and when it descends to the shoulders only it is anointed with oil or grease, and then powdered with dust, in order to give it that peculiar matted appearance so highly prized. There are others, of exalted pretensions, who cover their heads with a tall pointed cap or helmet of some sort, hung around with bells and other metallic articles which jingle; and now and then we meet one wearing, like Jehanghir's friend, a tall nodding crown of peacock feathers, which is remarkably effective in frightening horses.

But the fakir sitting alone by the roadside in the solemn twilight ceases to be merely grotesque; hardly distinguishable from the dust but for the faded color of his drapery, motionless, and seeming to gaze fixedly at something invisible to profane eyes, he is a startling and unearthly figure, and any right-minded horse would refuse to pass him in the dusk. The fakir is always a seductive object to paint, for what could be more discreetly decorative than his scheme of color, the quiet opposition of his blue-gray skin like an elephant's hide, and the washed-out orange of his garment; but however lovingly he may be studied, he will always look like an unfinished sketch, slightly "out" in its values, or, to be more precise, like a sculptor's "maquette" of clay, and will never be likely to find much favor as a subject in the world of commercial art. It is not an easy matter to show on canvas that the reason why his face has no modelling, scarcely any reflected lights, is because of the opaque coating of clay, to which is also due the remarkable texture of his dyed hair, and that the reason why he appears, at first sight, to wear tan-colored kid gloves is because the gray dust has been washed off in some sacred tank.

Fakirs almost invariably pose well, and are singularly docile and accommodating as models, the inexhaustible stock of patience required in their vocation making it easy for them to keep the same position. Every one knows the oft-told tale of the saint who sat for sixteen years with one arm upraised until it stiffened in that position like the dead limb of a tree, and the nails grew into the palm of his hand; and the other, who placed a pinch of earth on the end of his outstretched tongue,

planted a seed therein, and sat until the seed sprouted and the leaves appeared. In spite of the fact that their vows forbid them to touch the coin of the realm, they are not averse to receiving it in the gourds or little buckets which they usually carry. One who belonged to a sect distinguished above all others for saintliness was draped and turbaned with yellow, and carried a slender wand which he never laid down. Having consented to pose, he took up a position in the sunlight, and was carefully instructed not to move. While he sat his lips moved incessantly, and he never ceased to repeat prayers or charms; but one of his hands having got out of position at the critical moment, I rose to replace it. At my approach he shrank backward with an expression of horror, but, fortunately before I had touched him, it was explained to me that the contact of an unsanctified hand would put ages of penance between him and the happy goal which was now so near.

An ascetic with whom we had the honor of a personal interview had invented an original method of attaining that elevation of spirit, through maceration of the flesh, which all must compass before they may hope for endless rest. We saw him on the road from Ajmeer to the sacred lake of Poscha, dwelling alone in the wilderness. The fine road by which we descended a steep declivity among the hills made an abrupt turn at the bottom of the slope, and the driver had to rein in his horses, which were rearing and plunging at the sudden apparition of a small white tent, and a silent figure squatting at the entrance. With three broad white stripes chalked across his forehead, and hair toned to the deep and streaky bronze hue so prevalent at the Concours Hippique, he was like a Japanese monster carved from a knot of wood. Just inside the tent stood an elaborate iron bedstead, and there was neither mattress nor sheet to conceal the frame-work of the structure, with transverse bars thickly planted with long iron spikes, on which, for eight hours of the twenty-four, the fakir was accustomed to stretch his emaciated body. At that moment he was taking a rest, and his eyes, the only signs of life in his wooden countenance, were fixed on us. The bedstead had been constructed in Ajmeer at the expense of one of his disciples, a wealthy Hindoo merchant. This valley was the play-ground of divers

striped and spotted brutes of the cat family—to such an extent that iron-barred refuges for goats and goatherds had been built at intervals along the road, and we have often since thought, with a certain uneasiness, of the lonely fakir, whose only defence was his sanctity, and wondered whether he had been rewarded with the martyr's crown.

When the hot wind of April was at its height in Benares, a few weeks later, and the mercury daily stood at 100° or 110° Fahr., with an upward tendency, while it marked 159° in the sun (according to the *Pioneer*), we could not but admire the fortitude of another devotee whom we daily saw at the boat-landing on the Ganges. His idea of self-abasement was imaginative and Dantesque. From a sort of gallows on the bank of the river, in a spot at once exposed to the full power of the sun, the reflected heat from the calcined bank, and the burning wind which swept the dust and parched leaves into whirling eddies, he hung suspended by his heels, with his face covered by a figured prayer-cloth. With each oscillation of the dangling figure, as it slowly swayed to and fro, its head passed within a foot of a hot fire made of the pungent flapjacks with which the Hindoo cooks his rice. Another, whose aspect denoted the highest degree of self-immolation, galloped down the road, mounted on a frightened cow, past the verandas of Clark's Hotel. A shred of yellow cloth concealed but little of his dusty anatomy, wasted by vigils and long fasting, and he waved a tattered umbrella as he tore past, yelling at the top of his voice. For the daring simplicity and originality of his "make-up" he deserved the academic palms of his order.

Benares is the principal gathering-place of this motley tribe of zealots and ascetics, and hither they troop during the spring festivals from all quarters of India. Along the roads leading to the Holy City they march, incrustated with clay and dust, and many of them carry a primitive sort of umbrella made of fan-palm leaves, which seems to cause them much embarrassment when not actually in use, since they cannot shut it up, and it is always in the way.

When one drifts down the Ganges in the morning, along the crowded stone steps of the "Ghats," rising in graded terraces like the seats of the Coliseum to the great palaces and temples above, the

boat passes close to the little platforms of plank built out from the steps over the swirling current; and here, on these platforms, sheltered under huge tentlike umbrellas of straw matting, sit rows of "holy men" and saintly Brahmins in rapt meditation and silent ecstasy, occasionally unbending for a little friendly gossip. Here they glory in the happy ending of their pilgrimage, and enjoy what must be the nearest approach to perfect beatitude vouchsafed to man, for they have arrived at their goal, and they have no baggage to distract their thoughts from pious meditation, no huge overland trunks nor bundles of wraps to worry them, no hotel bills to pay, no care for the morrow, for what they shall eat or where they shall sleep, and the more ragged and unkempt they are, the more shall they find admiring disciples and worshippers among the fair, who shall pay a worthy tribute of "pice" for their wisdom. The brave apostles of other creeds may well feel disheartened at the utter hopelessness of making proselytes among them, for what greater bliss could they offer in exchange for this? If it be so ordained that they are to die on these steps, among hurrying feet, in the full glare of the sun, and exposed to the burning wind, they shall pass away in perfect content, sure that their souls will attain the long-coveted rest without first undergoing probation in any inferior form of animal life. "Die at Benares, or die on hereditary land," is a saying held in repute among orthodox Hindoos, for this is their Mecca.

V.

Festivals, religious and profane, some of which might be qualified by both adjectives, fairs, pilgrimages, and religious gatherings, follow each other in endless succession. Always rich in pictorial interest and incident, they are nowhere seen to better advantage than at Benares, and in the spring-time, when the religious exaltation of Holy Week and the seductions of the Carnival are happily blended, when the pious Rajah comes to spend a week or two in his palace looking down on the sacred stream, when he is carried in a gilded palanquin to the sound of music, and placed in a peacock-hued barge under awnings of gold brocade—for this period of purification is often followed by a pilgrimage in alien and philistine garb to Vichy, or other distant shrines

held in repute among Hindoo princes. This season of spring-time at Benares has nothing in common with that of other climes, for the last green leaf is scorched and shrivelled by a wind like the breath of a blast-furnace.

On the occasion of the "Holi," when white-robed crowds sprinkle each other and everything else, their doorways, their sacred cattle, and the very ground, with magenta-colored powder, and when, in the red after-glow, torches and lanterns are just lighted, all reflected in the broad reaches of the Ganges, and with the high palace walls and soaring temple spires rising above, the scene becomes the wildest, most crimson-tinted saturnalia imaginable, phantasmagoric and unreal. At this season also the festival of Ganesha takes place, lasting for several days, when it is almost impossible for love or money to hire a boat, for everything that floats is engaged to take part in the procession of boats, and each one, newly swept and garnished, the hurricane-deck provided with an awning, carpeted, furnished with chairs, tables, and even the household god in an illuminated shrine, is engaged for the duration of the fête by some wealthy Hindoo, and filled with his friends. Even our own boatman, whom we had hired by the week, stipulated to be let off at this season, as there was always a chance of making a fabulous sum out of some native capitalist arriving at the last moment. It was our good fortune to see a Nautch dance under the most favorable conditions, given by the Maharajah of Benares, for the benefit of some friends who had staid on in spite of the heat, for this occasion. We were driven down to the landing-place in the cool of the evening, for the mercury had fallen gradually with the cessation of the wind to somewhere in the nineties. Here, on the steps, the secretary of the prince was waiting, accompanied by his two sleepy little boys, some men with torches, and a bearer with a silver staff, who made way for us through the closely packed throng: the boat resembled a small river steamer, with an upper deck sufficiently furnished, lighted by lanterns, and propelled by two paddle-wheels, which, from motives of economy, were turned by coolies with handspikes, instead of by steam-power. Up the stream, the whole length of the city front, we moved slowly among the swarm of illuminated boats, an integral part of the long defile, and

yet not of it. By the light which shone from the tiers of palace windows, from the doors of temples and shrines, from the flashing of fireworks and the gleam of hurrying torches along the steps, it was evident that all Benares, with the exception of the favored few in the boats, had poured out upon the ghats. From the nearest boats floated strange music and the voices of the Nautch girls; most of these boats are constructed something after the fashion of a Nile boat, but without masts and sails; the greater part of the hull is taken up by the cabin, with a row of windows on each side, provided with wooden blinds, and the roof of this cabin serves as a promenade-deck, shaded by an awning. These upper decks were brilliantly hung with lanterns, and crowded with revellers, musicians, and dancers. From a passing boat with closely shuttered windows, through which the light streamed out, came the concert of sound which usually accompanies the last stages of revelry; the boat was manned by a party of the Rajah's retainers, and in response to a hail from the secretary, some bottles of champagne, cakes, and ices were passed out from the closed cabin. The curiosity of the ladies as to what was going on inside of that cabin elicited only a polite but evasive response from the secretary.

The heated, lifeless air of the night, and the strange odors wafted from the steaming water, the monotonous throbbing of the paddles, and the flickering of a myriad lights on the crowded shore, all tended to produce a hypnotic, semisomnolent condition of mind and body, and we should have been well content to drift on thus forever—but a turn of the river brought in sight the gleaming pavilion of canvas built out on floating barges, where the spectacle was to take place. The tent was already densely packed with Hindoo spectators, a line of statuesque torch-bearers stood around a long carpet, and at the end of the carpet lay a pile of cushions under a canopy, all of gold-worked crimson velvet. This was the Rajah's place, but as he had sent word that he could not be present, the music struck up when our party had seated themselves in a row of chairs on a raised platform at the right. Then the dancing began—dances by several bayaderes, and single dances accompanied with song or recitative, ending with a performance by the court actors. After a preliminary ballet, in which two

or three took part, a dainty little personage came forward—graceful, gazelle-eyed—enveloped in a filmy cloud of black and gold gauze, which floated airily about her; she was the living incarnation of the Nautch, as interpreted by the sculptors of Chitor: from the air of laughing assurance with which she surveyed her assembled subjects, it was evident that she was accustomed to homage and sure of conquest. She held her audience absorbed and expectant, by the monotonous and plaintive cadence of her song, by long glances full of intense meaning from half-closed eyes, and by swift changes of ex-

pression and mood, as well as by the spell of "woven paces and of waving arms." One may see many a Nautch without retaining such a vivid impression; much of its force was owing, no doubt, to the fitness of the place and the charm of strange accessories, the uncertain glare of the smoking torches, the mingling of musky odors with the overpowering scent of attar of roses, and of wilting jasmine flowers; these perfumes were intensified in the close air of the tent by the heat of the night—the prelude to the fiercer heat which comes with the morning and the rising of the hot wind.

THE COUPONS OF FORTUNE.

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

"DO you see that man?" I heard one lounge whisper to another, as they stood just outside of the Equivalent Building. "He must be worth millions. They say he spends hours every day shut up in a safe-deposit vault cutting off coupons. There he goes, with a bundle of papers tucked under his arm."

"He looks shabby enough," said the second lounge. "If I was worth millions I'd be toney, I can tell you."

"Pooh!" said the other. "He don't have to dress. If you've only got the tin, dress ain't nowhere. Now me and you, we have to keep in the style, Tom." The speaker gave a pull to a dirty red worsted scarf tied around an equally dirty neck, and both men laughed.

I turned from them and looked after the millionaire, who had halted in the doorway. He was shabby enough, in all truth; his trousers were frayed at the bottom, and his coat was shiny at the seams; his linen was not over-clean, and his hat was a nondescript article hardly any better than that of the average tramp. But as he turned I saw a lean sallow face with hollow cheeks, a black mustache, and piercing black eyes, and I darted forward instantly.

"You?" I said.

He stopped, surveyed me from head to foot, and then broke into a broad smile and held out his hand.

"Put it there!" said he. "Well, I *am* glad. I just thought I was going to have good luck to-day! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm only passing through the

city," I replied. "I've been South on business, and I'm now on my way back to Michigan. I don't go till the twelve-o'clock train to-night, and am just killing time in the interval."

"You'll have to kill it with me, then," said he. "No, I'll take no denial. My time is at your disposal, my dear Christopher, quite at your disposal, after I have taken a few papers to the bank. It is almost three o'clock now. Come!"

We stepped off together into the surging throng that sweeps up and down lower Broadway. The sun sparkled, but the air was keen, and I noticed that my companion shivered, although his overcoat was buttoned to the throat.

"You feel the cold," said I, rather inanely.

"Yes," said he. "I suppose it is hard for me to overcome the fact that I was once from the South, though I have certainly lived in many climes since then—many climes. Suppose we sit down here in City Hall Park for a few minutes. I know a nice sunny spot sheltered from the wind. It is three o'clock already, so I will not go to the bank to-day. It is quite a study to sit here and see the people pass if you are not used to it. Well, Kit, I *am* glad to see you!"

He threw the bundle of papers down on the seat beside him, and turned to me.

"This isn't much like the old days in the mines, is it?" said I. "To think of you, Belmont Shand, a millionaire; it's wonderful!"

"Wonderful," assented he, gravely. "But what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm in the lumber business," said I.

"Making anything?"

"Sometimes—just now, a little. Of course it's uncertain, and there's such an awful lot of sharks in the business up my way; they'll cheat you out of your eye-teeth. And now, Shand, tell me of yourself. It's like a fairy tale."

"Exactly what I think," said he.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

He grinned enigmatically, and waved his hand with a sweeping gesture toward the City Hall. "'The splendor falls from castle walls and snowy summits old in story,'" said he. "It's what you have a right to expect. I'll tell you the history of my life, old boy, but, first and foremost, have you any money with you?"

"Certainly," said I, with some little dignity.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, take me to a restaurant and fill me up with something, for I'm empty clear down to my boot heels, and then I'll tell you all you want to know. No, only a word now—how much are you good for?"

"Delmonico's!" cried I, and thither against the wind we went.

We ordered a royal feast, and ate it with a will. It was not until the coffee and cigars were brought that Shand leaned back in his chair and began to really talk.

"Now I live!" said he. "I've been no better than a mummy for the last month or two. To start off, Kit, I'll confess, what you are perhaps beginning to suspect, that I am no more a millionaire than you are, or indeed not a fiftieth part as much. People give me the title, and I accept it. Well, here goes.

"There's no need to tell you of everything that's happened since we left the mines. I've had my ups and downs, and a couple of years ago I went on the stage for a while. I nearly made a hit there, for when we were playing in Montreal a little French girl with a large fortune fell in love with me, and Barkis was willin', as you may well believe; but her parents and guardians were not, and she wasn't of age. They tucked her off to school in a convent, and the company I was with busted up, and we were left stranded in Canada without a cent. I worked my way down some way, and had the luck to be pushed off a car while in motion, and had two fingers cut off and my ankle

broken. I was awarded damages against the company while I was in the hospital, and with five hundred dollars in my pocket came on here to New York. I got in with a fellow who had some cash and more experience, and we started a land improvement company."

"The dickens you did!" said I, much astonished. "Where was the land?"

Shand grinned and waved his hand. "Don't interrupt," he said. "We called it the Græco-Northern Land Improvement Company. Special inducements for Greek colonists, you know. You'd be surprised to find how many Greeks there are in the city—you'd really be surprised—and there's no particular provision made for 'em anywhere. As for the land, that was in North Dakota: there's plenty of it there; I've seen it, and it needs improvement, if any spot on earth does! We had maps and prospectuses until you couldn't rest. We took an office just off Broadway—swellest thing you ever saw—and hired a box in the safe deposit in the Equivalent Building, to put our valuable papers in, for Jim was bound to do everything up in style. Jim and I rolled around in cabs, and treated all the Greeks we could get hold of, and made up to the consul, but the plan didn't work worth a cent. If you'll believe it, we didn't sell a single share—no, not one! And Jim got discouraged, and lit out—I don't blame him, because he *had* to—and the office and the cabs and the general richness were things of the past. Everything fleets, especially with me—you can just bet it fleets. The amount of past I've got behind me would make another man howl; but I ain't proud of it, not a bit. There's nothing mean about *me*."

"Was the little French girl pretty?" said I, irrelevantly.

"No, she wasn't much for looks," said Shand, puffing meditatively at his cigar. "Rather small, and dark, and pimply; not much on looks, I should say. But she had soul, I'm blest if she hadn't. She vowed to be true to me ever. But then I vowed to be true to her, for that matter."

"Well, how do you live now?" I asked.

"There you come to the point. Among all the things that fledged there was one that remained—the box in the safe deposit. The rent was actually paid for that, for a year. I sort of forgot about it until cold weather set in, along about Christmas-time. Then one day I thought I'd

go in and look at the papers; I'd never been there but once before. I tell you it felt good after what I'd been living through to get into a warm *rich* place, all soft carpets and sliding-doors, and be bowed into a little room all by your lone self, and have your box of valuables set down on the table in front of you, as if you were a lord at least. When that little door was shut I sat down on the leather-covered chair, and leaned my arms on the blue blotting-pad on the table, and stretched my legs until they touched the wall, and I felt *good*.

"After a while I unlocked the box. It was full of all sorts of trash, worthless stocks and bonds; there wasn't a thing could be made out of them. I took up the scissors that lay on the table and cut off a couple of coupons just to make it seem real.

"I didn't know how long I could stay, but I came the next day and made inquiries. I said I had a great many coupons to cut off, and other business to transact, and asked that I should not be disturbed. I found that I could stay for any reasonable time, and that no one was ushered into the compartment while I was there. I have lengthened my time gradually, so that sometimes I am in it nearly the whole day. If it were not for that I am sure that I should have frozen, and died for want of sleep."

"What!" cried I, in horror. "Have you no place to go to?"

"None that I am aware of," said my friend, coolly. "There have been nights when I've found a warm corner in a doorway or a beer-saloon or a police station, and there have been nights that I have had a bed, when I had the price; but, as a rule, I train for a walking-match a good part of the night. It ain't till nine o'clock in the morning that I take my high-priced slumber in that blessed safe-deposit vault, with the door locked, and the gas lighted, and the wagons rumbling overhead, and the heat melting into your bones, with just the least smell of sewer to remind you that you're mortal. I usually leave before the banks close, but I have been known to go back again, when business was urgent. And I had been twenty-four hours without food when I met you, old fellow, and *let's* have a drink on the strength of it."

We had the drink, and then another. I asked him about his plans. He con-

fessed frankly that he had none, although he had tried more than once to get another place on the stage.

"Don't you want a trusty follower?" he asked. "Some one to take charge of your future for you? Or, if not as a protector, as a page?"

I laughed, and we both puffed at our cigars awhile in silence. Then he began talking again. I learned that his overcoat, which had not relaxed from its military strictness, covered nothing but a shirt collar and a neck-tie, "pinned on a piece of brown paper," as he condescended to explain.

I fitted him out with some clothing afterwards at a shop near by, and we went to the theatre in the evening. I finally parted from him on my way to the Grand Central Station, leaving ten dollars with him, a small sum, but all that I could spare. He promised to "sleep like a Christian that night," at any rate.

"But I shall not give up the safe deposit," he said, when I suggested his giving it a wide berth for the present. "Bless your soul, I couldn't afford to let my reputation rest, even for a day! I shall be there at my regular time tomorrow. I'm not afraid of too much rest."

Poor old Shand! His past life might not bear very close inspection, but he had done me many a good turn in days gone by. I wrung his hand at parting, and he promised to write to me.

As I was about to board my train I passed a stream of people just disembarked from one. A young lady and an elderly woman somehow arrested my attention. They had stopped, and were standing a little apart from the others. The woman was very large and stout, and seemed to be half crying; she was expostulating with the young lady, who was small, with a dark, homely little face. The latter gesticulated wildly, while her eyes roved around in anxious expectancy; she cast a backward glance over her shoulder, and wrung her hands. Her companion put a large portmanteau down on the pavement, and both stood waiting and irresolute, evidently not knowing where to proceed. They were plainly foreigners, and the young lady was handsomely dressed.

Obeying the impulse of the moment I took off my hat, and stepping up to the young lady, asked in French if I could be of any use.

She turned to me with a perfect torrent of thanks, and with a volubility which almost put me at fault. Could I direct her to a hotel suitable for ladies? A friend whom she had hoped to find awaiting her was, it appeared, not there; she had sent him word, but had addressed the letter to a number given her two years before.

I told her the name of a good hotel near by, finding that she could speak English enough to make herself understood, and then, moved by a sudden inexplicable impulse, I followed just as she was about to disappear through the doorway that led to the street.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," I said; "it is an impertinence, but was the name of the gentleman you expected here to meet you Belmont Shand?"

Mademoiselle burst into tears, and clasped her hands. "Monsieur is an angel of light!" she cried. "It is his name."

"I have but a moment, mademoiselle," said I. "My train starts immediately. I cannot give you Mr. Shand's address, for unexplainable reasons. Mademoiselle can speak some English? Then if she will go down Broadway to-morrow morning about nine o'clock to the Equivalent Building (to which any one will be glad to direct mademoiselle), and will wait there for a short time, Mr. Belmont Shand will not fail to make his appearance. Adieu, mademoiselle, I am charmed to be of service, even so slight!" And with that I turned and rushed for my train, and in an instant was whirled away from the scene of this little drama.

I did not get any letters from Shand, in spite of his promise, and a month afterwards, passing through the city again, I could find no trace of my friend at the Equivalent Building or anywhere else. My mind reverted to the incidents here recorded quite often for a while, and my wife, to whom I related the story, occasionally broke a silence by saying that she wished she could hear something further of Mr. Shand, and whether the young lady ever found him. Gradually, however, it all faded from our minds.

It was six or seven years afterwards that we went abroad. One day, in Paris, as we were walking in the Boulevard, my wife clutched my arm.

"There is a gentleman over there staring at you so, dear," she said. "He is

very distinguished-looking. Do you suppose he thinks that he knows you?"

I followed the glance of her eyes. A tall man, with black hair, mustache, and imperial, and very piercing black eyes, stood regarding me attentively. He was very handsomely dressed, with an order of some kind on his coat. As I met his gaze he stepped forward and held out his hand; then he grinned, and I knew him.

"Belmont Shand!" said I, in wonder.

"Yes," said he. "It's paralyzing, I know, but try and bear up under it."

I introduced him to my wife, and then we stood still, staring at each other.

"Are you—" I began, when he interrupted me with the well-remembered wave of his hand.

"I'm everything your fancy ever painted," he said. "Wooded and married and all. Bless your soul, Kit, you can't draw it too strong!"

"Then mademoiselle found you?" I hazarded.

"I should say she did," he returned, gravely. "She's never lost me since. I'm hers for life." He jingled the coins in his pocket with a reflective air. "It was a pretty close shave, though, for her father had followed Marie and tracked her to the Equivalent Building, where she was waiting for me with her maid. I tell you I grasped the situation when I caught sight of *him*, and, pushing the two women in front of me, we entered the building. Her father rushed after, but we had already disappeared below. The iron doors were opened for me, and in a few seconds we three were safely locked in a compartment in the safe-deposit vaults.

"Marie was of age and had come into possession of her fortune. It didn't take *me* long to settle things. I had noticed in our hasty entrance a clergyman who spent a good part of his time in there, for he was a man of wealth. I believe he has since been made a bishop. I got the attendant to haul him out of his compartment, and he married us then, and there."

"And afterwards?" said I.

"Oh, afterwards we skipped by a side entrance and took the steamer for Havre, and—here we are! Well, Kit, I don't yearn for home worth a cent. If you're agreeable, we'll let the dead past bury its dead, and as to anything else, you can just ask Marie!"

AT THE SIGN OF THE BALSAM BOUGH.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

IT has been asserted on high philosophical authority that woman is a problem. She is more: she is a cause of problems to others. This is not a theoretical statement. It is a fact of experience.

Every year, when the sun passes the summer solstice, the

"Two souls with but a single thought,"

of whom I am so fortunate as to be one, are summoned by that portion of our united mind which has at once the right of putting the question and of casting the deciding vote, to answer this conundrum: How can we go abroad without crossing the ocean, and abandon an interesting family of children without getting completely beyond their reach, and escape from the frying-pan of housekeeping without falling into the fire of the summer hotel? This apparently insoluble question we usually solve by going to camp in Canada.

It is indeed a foreign air that breathes around us as we make the harmless, friendly voyage from Point Levis to Quebec. The boy on the ferry-boat who cajoles us into buying a copy of *Le Moniteur*, containing last month's news, has the address of a true though diminutive Frenchman. The landlord of the quiet little inn on the outskirts of the town welcomes us with Gallic effusion as well-known guests, and rubs his hands genially before us while he escorts us to our apartments, groping secretly in his memory to recall our names. When we walk down the steep quaint streets to revel in the purchase of moccasins and water-proof coats and camping supplies, we read on a wall the familiar but transformed legend, *L'enfant pleurs, il veut son Camphoria*, and recognize with joy the truth that no infant who weeps in French can impose any responsibility upon us in these days of our renewed honey-moon.

But the true delight of the expedition begins when the tents have been set up in the forest back of Lake St. John, and the green branches have been broken for the woodland bed, and the fire has been lit under the open sky, and, the livery of fashion being all discarded, I sit down at a log table to eat supper with my lady Greygown. Then life seems simple and

amiable and well worth living. Then the uproar and confusion of the world die away from us, and we hear only the steady murmur of the river and the low voice of the wind in the tree-tops. Then time is long, and the only art that is needful for its enjoyment is short and easy. Then we taste true comfort, while we lodge with Mother Green at the Sign of the Balsam Bough.

I.—UNDER THE WHITE BIRCHES.

Men may say what they will in praise of their houses, and grow eloquent upon the merits of various styles of architecture, but, for our part, we are agreed that there is nothing to be compared with a tent. It is the most venerable and aristocratic form of human habitation. Abraham and Sarah lived in it, and shared its hospitality with angels. It is exempt from the base tyranny of the plumber, the paper-hanger, and the gas-man. It is not immovably bound to one dull spot of earth by the chains of a cellar and a system of iron pipes. It has a noble freedom of locomotion. It follows the wishes of its inhabitants, and goes with them, a travelling home, as the spirit moves them to explore the wilderness. At their pleasure new beds of wild flowers surround it, new plantations of trees overshadow it, and new avenues of shining water lead to its ever-open door. What the tent lacks in luxury it makes up in liberty; or rather let us say that liberty itself is the greatest luxury.

Another thing is worth remembering—a family which lives in a tent never can have a skeleton in the closet.

But it must not be supposed that every spot in the woods is suitable for a camp, or that a good tenting-ground can be chosen without knowledge and forethought. One of the requisites, indeed, is to be found everywhere in the St. John region; for all the lakes and rivers are full of clear cool water, and the traveller does not need to search for a spring. But it is always necessary to look carefully for a bit of smooth ground on the shore, far enough above the water to be dry, and slightly sloping, so that the head of the bed may be higher than the foot. Above all, it must be free from big stones



“THE LIVERY OF FASHION BEING ALL DISCARDED.”

and serpentine roots of trees. A root that looks no bigger than an inch-worm in the daytime assumes the proportions of a boa-constrictor at midnight—when you find it under your hip-bone. There should also be plenty of evergreens near at hand for the beds. Spruce will answer at a pinch; it has an aromatic smell; but it is too stiff and humpy. Hemlock is smoother and more flexible; but the spring soon wears out of it. The balsam-fir, with its elastic branches and thick flat needles, is the best of all. A bed of these boughs a foot deep is softer than a mattress and as fragrant as a thousand Christmas-trees.

Two things more are needed for the ideal camp-ground—an open situation, where the breeze will drive away the flies and mosquitoes, and an abundance of dry fire-wood within easy reach. Yes, and a third thing must not be forgotten; for, says my lady Greygown,

“I shouldn’t feel at home in camp unless I could sit in the door of the tent and look out across flowing water.”

All these conditions are met in our favorite camping-place below the first fall in the Grande Décharge. A rocky point juts out into the river and makes a fine landing for the canoes. There is a dis-

mantled fishing-cabin a few rods back in the woods, from which we can borrow boards for a table and chairs. A group of cedars on the lower edge of the point opens just wide enough to receive and shelter our tent. At a good distance beyond ours the guides' tent is pitched, and the big camp-fire burns between the two dwellings. A pair of white birches lift their leafy crowns far above us, and after them we name the place *Le Camp aux Bouleaux*.

"Why not call trees people?—since, if you come to live among them year after year, you will learn to know many of them personally, and an attachment will grow up between you and them individually." So writes that *Doctor Amabilis* of woodcraft, W. C. Prime, in his book *Among the Northern Hills*, and straightway launches forth into eulogy of the white birch. And truly it is an admirable, lovable, and comfortable tree, beautiful to look upon and full of various uses. Its wood is strong to make paddles and axe-handles, and glorious to burn, blazing up at first with a flashing flame, and then holding the fire in its glowing heart all through the night. Its bark is the most serviceable of all the products of the wilderness. In Russia, they say, it is used in tanning, and gives its subtle, sacerdotal fragrance to Russia-leather. But here, in the woods, it serves more primitive ends. It can be peeled off in a huge roll from some giant tree and fashioned into a swift canoe to carry man over the waters. It can be cut into square sheets to roof his shanty in the forest. It is the paper on which he writes his woodland despatches, and the flexible material which he bends into drinking-cups of silver lined with gold. A thin strip of it wrapped around the end of a candle and fastened in a cleft stick makes a practicable chandelier. A basket for berries, a horn to call the lovelorn moose through the autumnal woods, a canvas on which to draw the outline of great and memorable fish—all these and many other indispensable luxuries are stored up for the skilful woodsman in birch bark.

Only do not rob or mar the tree unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread abroad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds

of the air. Nature never made a more excellent piece of handiwork. "And if," said my lady Greygown, "I should ever become a dryad, I would choose to be transformed into a white birch. And then, when the days of my life were numbered, and the sap had ceased to flow, and the last leaf had fallen, and the dry bark hung around me in ragged curls and streamers, some wandering hunter would come in the wintry night and touch a lighted coal to my body, and my spirit would flash up in a fiery chariot into the sky."

The chief occupation of our idle days on the Grande Décharge was fishing. Above the camp spread a noble pool, more than two miles in circumference, and diversified with smooth bays and whirling eddies, sand beaches and rocky islands. The river poured into it at the head, foaming and raging down a long chute, and swept out of it just in front of our camp in a merry, musical rapid. It was full of fish of various kinds—long-nosed pickerel, wall-eyed pike, and stupid chub. But the prince of the pool was the fighting ouananiche, the little salmon of St. John.

Here let me chant thy praise, thou noblest and most high-minded fish, the cleanest feeder, the merriest liver, the loftiest leaper, and the bravest warrior of all creatures that swim! Thy cousin, the trout, in his purple and gold with crimson spots, wears a more splendid armor than thy russet and silver mottled with black, but thine is the kinglier nature. His courage and skill compared with thine

"Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

The old salmon of the sea who begot thee, long ago, in these inland waters, became a backslider, descending again to the ocean, and grew gross and heavy with coarse feeding. But thou, unsalted salmon of the foaming floods, not landlocked, as men call thee, but choosing of thine own free will to dwell on a loftier level, in the pure, swift current of a living stream, hast grown in grace and risen to a better life. Thou art not to be measured by quantity, but by quality, and thy five pounds of pure vigor will outweigh a score of pounds of flesh less vitalized by spirit. Thou feedest on the flies of the air, and thy food is transformed into an aerial passion for flight, as thou springest across the

pool, vaulting towards the sky. Thine eyes have grown large and keen by peering through the foam, and the feathered hook that can deceive thee must be deftly tied and delicately cast. Thy tail and fins, by ceaseless conflict with the rapids, have broadened and strengthened, so that they can flash thy slender body like a living arrow up the fall. As Lancelot among the knights, so art thou among the fish, the plain-armored hero, the sunburnt champion of all the water-folk.

Every morning and evening Greygown and I would go out for ouananiche, and sometimes we caught plenty and sometimes few, but we never came back without a good catch of happiness. There were certain places where the fish liked to stay. For example, we always looked for one at the lower corner of a big rock, very close to it, where he could poise himself easily on the edge of the strong downward stream. Another likely place was a straight run of water, swift, but not too swift, with a sunken stone in the middle. The ouananiche does not like crooked, twisting water. An even current is far more comfortable, for then he discovers just how much effort is needed to balance against it, and keeps up the movement mechanically, as if he were half asleep. But his favorite place is under one of the floating islands of thick foam that gather in the corners below the falls. The matted flakes give a grateful shelter from the sun, I fancy, and almost all game-fish love to lie in the shade; but the chief reason why the ouananiche haunt the drifting white mass is because it is full of flies and gnats, beaten down by the spray of the cataract, and sprinkled all through the foam like plums in a cake. To this natural confection the little salmon lurking in his corner plays the part of Jack Horner all day long, and never wearies.

"See that *belle brou* down below there!" said Ferdinand, as we scrambled

over the huge rocks at the foot of the falls; "there ought to be salmon there *en masse*." Yes, there were the sharp noses picking out the unfortunate insects, and the broad tails waving lazily through the foam as the fish turned in the water. At this season of the year, when summer is nearly ended, and every ouananiche in the Grande Décharge has tasted feathers



THE LUXURY OF A FRENCH COOK.

and seen a hook, it is useless to attempt to delude them with the large gaudy flies which the fishing-tackle-maker recommends. There are only two successful methods of angling now. The first of these I tried, and by casting delicately with a tiny brown trout-fly tied on a gossamer strand of gut, captured a pair of fish weighing about three pounds each. They fought against the spring of the four-ounce rod for nearly half an hour before Ferdinand could slip the net around them. But there was another and a broader tail still waving disdainfully on the outer edge of the foam. "And now," said the gallant Ferdinand, "the turn is to madame, that she should prove her fortune. Attend but a moment, madame, while I seek the *sauterelle*."

This was the second method: The grasshopper was attached to the hook, and casting the line well out across the pool, Ferdinand put the rod into Greygown's hands. She stood poised upon a pinnacle of rock, like patience on a monument, waiting for a bite. It came. There was a slow, gentle pull at the line, answered by a quick jerk of the rod, and a noble fish flashed into the air. Four pounds and a half at least! He leaped again and again, shaking the drops from his silvery sides. He rushed up the rapids as if he had determined to return to the lake, and down again as if he had changed his plans and determined to go to the Saguenay. He sulked in the deep water and rubbed his nose against the rocks. He did his best to treat that treacherous grasshopper as the whale

served Jonah. But Greygown, through all her little screams and shouts of excitement, was steady and sage. She never gave the fish an inch of slack line; and at last he lay glittering on the rocks, with the black St. Andrew's crosses clearly marked on his plump sides, and the iridescent spots gleaming on his small, shapely head. "*Une belle!*" said Ferdinand, approvingly, as he administered the *coup de grâce* with the handle of the net, "and it is madame who has the good fortune. She understands well to take the large fish—is it not?" Greygown stepped demurely down from her pinnacle, and as we drifted down the pool in the canoe, under the mellow evening sky, her conversation betrayed not a trace of the pride that a victorious fisherman would have shown. On the contrary, she

insisted that angling was an affair of chance—which was consoling, though I knew it was not altogether true—and that the smaller fish were as pleasant to catch, and better to eat, after all. For a generous rival commend me to a woman. And if I must compete let it be with one who has the grace to dissolve the bitter of defeat in the honey of a mutual self-congratulation.

We had a garden, and our favorite path through it was the portage leading around the falls. We travelled it very frequently, making an excuse of idle errands to the steamboat-landing on the lake, and sauntering along the trail as if school were out and would never keep again. It was the season of fruits. Nature was reducing the decorations of her table to make room for the banquet. She offered us berries instead of blossoms.

There were the light coral clusters of the dwarf cornel set in whorls of pointed leaves; and the deep blue balls of the



THE CAMP ON THE ISLAND.

Clintonia borealis (which the White Mountain people call the bear-berry, and I hope the name will stick, for it smacks of the woods, and it is a shame to leave so free and wild a plant under the burden of a Latin name); and the gray, crimson-veined berries for which the Canada May-flower had exchanged its feathery white bloom; and the ruby drops of the twisted-stalk hanging like jewels along its bending stem. On the three-leaved table which once carried the gay flower of the wake-robin there was a scarlet lump like a red pepper escaped to the forest and run wild. The partridge-vine was full of rosy provision for the birds. The dark tiny leaves of the creeping snowberry were all sprinkled over with delicate drops of spicy foam. There were a few belated raspberries, and, if we chose to go out into the burnt ground, we could find blueberries in plenty.

But there was still bloom enough to give that festal air without which the most abundant feast seems coarse and vulgar. The pale gold of the loosestrife had faded, but the deeper yellow of the golden-rod had begun to take its place. The blue banners of the fleur-de-lis had not quite vanished from beside the springs, and the purple of the asters was appearing. Closed gentians kept their secret inviolate, and bluebells trembled above the rocks. The quaint pinkish-white flowers of the turtle-head showed in wet places, and instead of the lilac racemes of the purple-fringed orchis, which had disappeared with midsummer, we found now the slender braided spikes of the lady's-tresses, latest and lowliest of the orchids, pale and pure as nuns of the forest, and exhaling a celestial fragrance. There is a secret pleasure in finding these delicate flowers in the rough heart of the wilderness. It is like discovering the veins of poetry in the character of a guide or a lumberman. And to be able to call the plants by name makes them a hundredfold more sweet and intimate. Nam-



SEATED ON BUNDLES OF CAMP EQUIPAGE.

ing things is one of the oldest and simplest of human pastimes. Children play at it with their dolls and toy animals. In fact, it was the first game ever played on earth, for the Creator who planted the garden eastward in Eden knew well what would please the childish heart of man when He brought all the new-made creatures to Adam "to see what he would call them."

Our rustic bouquet graced the table under the white birches, while we sat by the fire and watched our four men at the work of the camp—Joseph and Raoul chopping wood in the distance; François slicing juicy rashers from the fitch of bacon; and Ferdinand, the *chef*, heating the frying-pan in preparation for supper.

"Have you ever thought," said Greygown, in a contented tone of voice, "that this is the only period of our existence when we attain to the luxury of a French cook?"

"And one with the grand manner, too," I replied, "for he never fails to ask what it is that madame desires to eat to-day, as if the larder of Lucullus were at his disposal, though he knows well enough that the only choice lies between broiled fish and fried fish, or bacon with eggs and a rice omelet. But I like the fiction of a lordly ordering of the repast.

How much better it is than having to eat what is flung before you at a summer boarding-house by a scornful waitress!"

"Another thing that pleases me," continued my lady, "is the unbreakableness of the dishes. There are no nicks in the edges of the best plates here; and, oh! it is a happy thing to have a home without bric-à-brac. There is nothing here that needs to be dusted."

"And no engagements for to-morrow," I ejaculated. "Dishes that can't be broken, and plans that can—that's the ideal of housekeeping."

"And then," added my philosopher in skirts, "it is certainly refreshing to get away from all one's relations for a little while."

"But how do you make that out?" I asked, in mild surprise. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Oh," said she, with a fine air of independence, "I don't count you. You are not a relation, only a connection by marriage."

"Well, my dear," I answered, between the meditative puffs of my pipe, "it is good to consider the advantages of our present situation. We shall soon come into the frame of mind of the Sultan of Morocco when he camped in the Vale of Rabat. The place pleased him so well that he staid until the very pegs of his tent took root and grew up into a grove of trees around his pavilion."

II.—KENOGAMI.

The guides were a little restless under the idle régime of our lazy camp, and urged us to set out upon some adventure. Ferdinand was like the uncouth swain in *Lycidas*. Sitting upon the bundles of camp equipage on the shore, and crying,

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new,"

he led us forth to seek the famous fishing-grounds on Lake Kenogami.

We skirted the eastern end of Lake St. John in our two canoes, and pushed up La Belle Rivière to Hebertville, where all the children turned out to follow our procession through the village. It was like the train that tagged after the Pied Piper in Hamelin. We embarked again, surrounded by an admiring throng, at the bridge where the main street crossed a little stream, and paddled up it, through a score of back yards and a stretch of reedy meadows, where the wild and tame

ducks fed together, tempting the sportsman to sins of ignorance. We crossed the placid Lac Vert, and after a carry of a mile along the highroad towards Chicoutimi, turned down a steep hill and pitched our tents on a crescent of silver sand, with the long, fair water of Kenogami before us.

It is amazing to see how quickly these woodsmen can make a camp. Each one knew precisely his share of the enterprise. One sprang to chop a dry spruce log into fuel for a quick fire, and fell a harder tree to keep us warm through the night. Another stript a pile of boughs from a balsam for the beds. Another cut the tent-poles from a neighboring thicket. Another unrolled the bundles and made ready the cooking utensils. As if by magic, the miracle of the camp was accomplished.

"The bed was made, the room was fit,

By punctual eve the stars were lit"—

but Greygown always insists upon completing that quotation from Stevenson in her own voice; for this is the way it ends—

"When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai."

Our permanent camp was another day's voyage down the lake, on a beach opposite the Point Ausable. There the water was contracted to a narrow strait, and in the swift current, close to the point, the great trout had fixed their spawning-bed from time immemorial. It was the first week in September, and the magnates of the lake were already assembling—the Common-Councilmen and the Mayor and the whole Committee of Seventy. There were giants in that place, rolling lazily about, and chasing each other on the surface of the water. "Look, m'sieu'!" cried François, in excitement, as we lay at anchor in the gray morning twilight; "one like a horse has just leaped behind us—I assure you, big like a horse!"

But the fish were shy and dour. Old Castonnier, the guardian of the lake, lived in his hut on the shore, and flogged the water early and late every day with his home-made flies. He was anchored in his dugout close beside us, and grinned with delight as he saw his over-educated trout refuse my best casts. "They are here, m'sieu', for you can see them," he said, by way of discouragement, "but it is difficult to take them. Do you not find it so?"

In the back of my fly-book I discovered a tiny phantom minnow—a dainty affair of varnished silk, as light as a feather—and quietly attached it to the leader in place of the tail-fly. Then the fun began.

One after another the big fish dashed at that deception, and we played and netted

go home, m'sieu'—that you have beaten the old Castonnier. There are not many fishermen who can say that. But," he added, with confidential emphasis, "*c'était votre sacré p'tit poisson qui a fait cela.*"

That was a touch of human nature, my rusty old guardian, more welcome to me than all the morning's catch. Is there



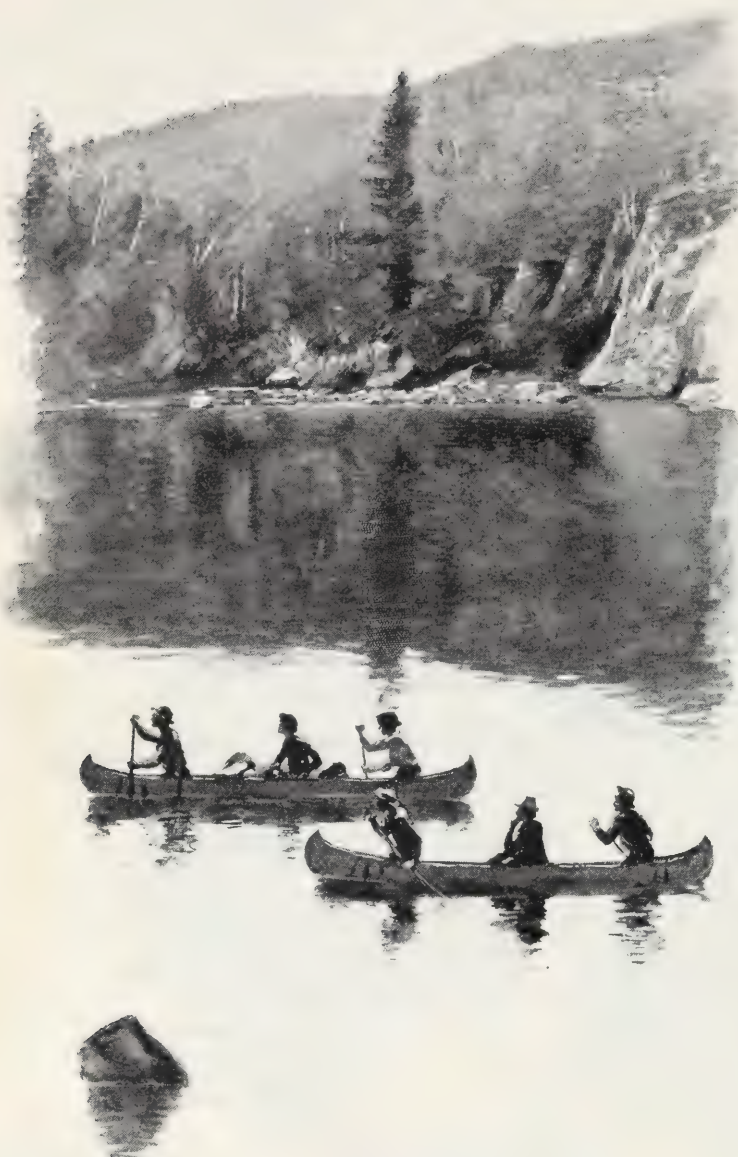
BESIDE THE STREAM.

them until our score was thirteen, weighing altogether thirty-five pounds, and the largest five pounds and a half. The guardian was mystified and disgusted. He looked on for a while in silence, and then pulled up anchor and clattered ashore. He must have made some inquiries and reflections during the day, for that night he paid a visit to our camp. After telling bear stories and fish stories for an hour or two by the fire, he rose to depart, and tapping his forefinger solemnly upon my shoulder, delivered himself as follows:

"You can say a proud thing when you

not always a "confounded little minnow" responsible for our failures? Did you ever see a school-boy tumble on the ice without stooping immediately to rebuckle the strap of his skates? And would not Ignotus have painted a masterpiece if he could have found good brushes and a proper canvas? Life's shortcomings would be bitter indeed if we could not find excuses for them outside of ourselves. And as for life's successes—well, it is certainly wholesome to remember how many of them are due to a fortunate position and the proper tools.

Our tent was on the border of a coppice



A BOAT-SONG.

of young trees. It was pleasant to be awakened by a convocation of birds at sunrise, and to watch the shadows of the leaves dance out upon our translucent roof of canvas. All the birds in the bush are early, but there are so many of them that it is difficult to believe that every one can be rewarded with a worm. Here in Canada those little people of the air who appear as transient guests of spring and autumn in the Middle States are in their summer home and breeding-place. Warblers, named for the magnolia and the myrtle, chestnut-sided, bay-breasted, blue-backed, and black-throated, flutter and

of great pileated woodpeckers with crimson crests are laughing loudly in the swamp over some family joke. Listen! what is that harsh creaking note? It is the cry of the Northern shrike, the stealthy butcher of the forest, who catches little birds and impales them on sharp thorns. At the sound of his voice the concert closes suddenly and the singers vanish into thin air. The hour of music is over; the commonplace of day has begun. And there is my lady Greygown, already up and dressed, standing by the breakfast table and laughing at my belated appearance.

But the birds were not our only musi-

creep along the branches with simple lisping music. Kinglets, ruby-crowned and golden-crowned, tiny, brilliant sparks of life, twitter among the trees, breaking occasionally into clearer, sweeter songs. Companies of redpolls and crossbills pass chirping through the thickets, busily seeking their food. The fearless familiar chickadee repeats his name merrily, while he leads his family to explore every nook and cranny of the wood. Cedar-waxwings, sociable wanderers, arrive in numerous flocks. The Canadians call them *récollets*, because they wear a brown crest of the same color as the hoods of the monks who came with the first settlers to New France. They are a songless tribe, although their quick reiterated call as they take to flight has given them the name of chatterers. The beautiful tree-sparrows and the pine-siskins are more melodious, and the slate-colored juncos flitting about the camp are as garrulous as chippy-birds. All these varied notes come and go through the tangle of morning dreams. And now the noisy blue-jay is calling "thief-thief-thief!" in the distance, and a pair

cians at Kenogami. French Canada is one of the ancestral homes of song. Here you can still listen to those quaint ballads which were sung centuries ago in Normandie and Provence. "*À la Claire Fontaine*," "*Dans Paris y a-t'une Brune plus Belle que le Jour*," "*Sur le Pont d'Avignon*," "*En Roulant ma Boule*," "*La Poulette Grise*," and a hundred other folk-songs linger among the peasants and voyageurs of these Northern woods. You may hear

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre—
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine!"

and

"Isabeau s'y promène
Le long de son jardin,"

chanted in the farm-house or the lumber-shanty, to the tunes which have come down from an unknown source, and never lost their echo in the hearts of the people.

Our Ferdinand was a perfect fountain of music. He had a clear tenor voice, and solaced every task and shortened every voyage with melody.

"A song, Ferdinand, a jolly song," the other men would say, as the canoes went sweeping down the quiet lake. And then the leader would strike up a well-known air, and his companions would come in with the refrain, keeping time with the stroke of their paddles. Sometimes it would be a merry ditty:

"My father had no girl but me,
And yet he sent me off to sea.
Leap, my little Cécilia."

Or perhaps it was:

"I've danced so much the livelong day,—
Dance, my sweetheart, let's be gay,—
I've fairly danced my shoes away,
Till evening.
Dance, my pretty, dance once more;
Dance until we break the floor."

But more frequently the song was touched with a plaintive, pleasant melancholy. The minstrel told how he had gone into the woods and heard the nightingale, and she had confided to him that lovers are often unhappy. The story of *La Belle Françoise* was repeated in minor cadences—how her sweetheart sailed away to the wars, and when he came back the village church bells were ringing, and he said to himself that Françoise had been faithless, and the chimes were for her marriage; but when he entered the church it was her funeral that he saw, for she had died of love. It is strange how sorrow charms us when it is distant

and visionary. Even when we are happiest we enjoy making music

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things."

"What is that song which you are singing, Ferdinand?" asks the lady, as she hears him humming behind her in the canoe.

"Ah, madame, it is the *chanson* of a young man who demands of his *blonde* why she will not marry him. He says that he has waited long time, and the flowers are falling from the rose-tree, and he is very sad."

"And does she give a reason?"

"Yes, madame—that is to say a reason of a certain sort; she declares that she is not quite ready; he must wait until the rose-tree adorns itself again."

"And what is the end—do they get married at last?"

"But I do not know, madame. The *chanson* does not go so far. It ceases with the complaint of the young man. And it is a very uncertain affair—this affair of the heart—is it not?"

Then, as if he turned from such perplexing mysteries to something plain and sure and easy to understand, he breaks out into the jolliest of all Canadian songs:

"My bark canoe that flies, that flies,
Holà! my bark canoe!"

III.—THE ISLAND POOL.

Among the mountains there is a gorge. And in the gorge there is a river. And in the river there is a pool. And in the pool there is an island. And on the island, for four happy days, there was a camp.

It was by no means an easy matter to establish ourselves in that lonely place. The river, though not remote from civilization, is practically inaccessible for nine miles of its course by reason of the steepness of its banks, which are long shaggy precipices, and the fury of its current, in which no boat can live. We heard its voice as we approached through the forest, and could hardly tell whether it was far away or near. There is a perspective of sound as well as of sight, and one must have some idea of the size of a noise before one can judge of its distance. A mosquito's horn in a dark room may seem like a trumpet on the battlements; and the tumult of a mighty stream heard through an unknown stretch of woods may appear like the babble of a mountain brook close at hand.

But when we came out upon the bald forehead of a burnt cliff and looked down we realized the grandeur and beauty of the unseen voice that we had been following. A river of splendid strength went leaping through the chasm five hundred feet below us, and at the foot of two snow-white falls, in an oval of dark topaz water, traced with curves of floating foam, lay the solitary island.

The broken path was like a ladder. "How shall we ever get down?" sighed Greygown, as we dropped from rock to rock; and at the bottom she looked up, sighing, "I know we never can get back again." There was not a foot of ground on the shores level enough for a tent. Our canoe ferried us over, two at a time, to the island. It was about a hundred paces long, composed of round coggly stones, with just one patch of smooth sand at the lower end. There was not a tree left upon it larger than an alder-bush. The tent-poles must be cut far up on the mountain-sides, and every bough for our beds must be carried down the ladder of rocks. But the men were gay at their work, singing like mocking-birds. After all, the glow of life comes from friction with its difficulties. If we cannot find them at home we sally abroad and create them, just to warm up our mettle.

The ouananiche in the island pool were superb, astonishing, incredible. We stood on the cobble-stones at the upper end and cast our little flies across the sweeping stream, and for three days the fish came crowding in to fill the barrel of pickled salmon for our guides' winter use; and the size of the "biggest fish" steadily mounted—four pounds, four and a half, five, five and three-quarters. "Precisely almost six pounds," said Ferdinand, holding the scales; "but we may call him six, m'sieu', for if it had been to-morrow that we had caught him, he would certainly have gained the other ounce." And yet, why should I repeat the fisherman's folly of writing down the record of that marvellous catch? We always do it, but we know that it is a vain thing. Few listen to the tale, and none accept it. Does not Christopher North, reviewing the *Salmonia* of Sir Humphry Davy, mock and jeer unfeignedly at the fish stories of that most reputable writer? But, on the very next page, old Christopher himself means on into a perilous narrative of the day when he caught a whole cart-load of

trout in a Highland loch. Incurrible, happy inconsistency! Slow to believe others, and full of sceptical inquiry, fond man never doubts one thing—that somewhere in the world a tribe of gentle readers will be discovered to whom his fish stories will appear credible.

One of our days on the island was Sunday—a day of rest in a week of idleness. We had a few books; for there are some in existence which will stand the test of being brought into close contact with nature. Are not John Burroughs's cheerful, kindly essays full of woodland truth and companionship? Can you not carry a whole library of musical philosophy in your pocket in Matthew Arnold's volume of selections from Wordsworth? And could there be a better sermon for a Sabbath in the wilderness than Mrs. Slosson's immortal story of *Fishin' Jimmy*?

But, to be very frank about the matter, the camp is not stimulating to the studious side of my mind. Charles Lamb, as usual, has said what I feel: "I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it."

There are blueberries growing abundantly among the rocks—huge clusters of them, bloomy and luscious as the grapes of Eschol. The blueberry is nature's compensation for the desolation of forest fires. It grows best where the woods have been burned away and the soil is too poor to raise another crop of trees. Surely it is an innocent and harmless pleasure to wander along the hill-sides gathering these wild fruits, as the disciples once walked through the fields and plucked the ears of corn, never caring what the Pharisees thought of that new way of keeping the Sabbath.

And here is a bed of moss beside a dashing rivulet, inviting us to rest and be thankful. Hark! There is a white-throated sparrow, on a little tree across the river, whistling his afternoon song,

"In linkèd sweetness long drawn out."

Down in Maine they call him the Peabody-bird, because his notes sound to them like *Old—mān—Péabody, péabody, péabody*. In New Brunswick the Scotch settlers say that he sings *Lōst—lōst—Kēnnedy, kēnnedy, kēnnedy*. But here in his Northern home I think we can understand him better. He is singing again and again, with a cadence that never wearies, "*Sweet—sweet—Cánada, Cána-*

da, Canada!" The Canadians, when they came across the sea, remembering the nightingale of southern France, baptized this little gray minstrel their *rossignol*, and the country ballads are full of his praise. Every land has its nightingale, if we only have the heart to hear him. How distinct his voice is—how personal, how confidential, as if he had a message for us!

There is a breath of fragrance on the cool shady air beside our little stream that seems familiar. It is the first week of September. Can it be that the twin-flower of June, the delicate *Linnæa borealis*, is blooming again? Yes, here is the threadlike stem lifting its two frail pink bells above the bed of shining leaves. How dear an early flower seems when it comes back again and unfolds its beauty in a St. Martin's Summer! How delicate and suggestive is the faint, magical odor! It is like a renewal of the dreams of youth.

"And need we ever grow old?" asked my lady Greygown, as she sat that even-

ing with the twin-flower on her breast, watching the stars come out along the edge of the cliffs and tremble on the hurrying tide of the river. "Must we grow old as well as gray? Is the time coming when all life will be commonplace and practical, and governed by a dull 'of course'? Shall we not always find adventures and romances, and a few blossoms returning, even when the season grows late?"

"At least," I answered, "let us believe in the possibility, for to doubt it is to destroy it. If we can only come back to nature together every year, and consider the flowers and the birds, and confess our faults and mistakes and our unbelief under these silent stars, and hear the river murmuring our absolution, we shall die young, even though we live long: we shall have a treasure of memories which will be like the twin-flower, always a double blossom on a single stem, and carry with us into the unseen world something which will make it worth while to be immortal."

ALONE IN CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ALL of us in America recollect the brilliant marriage of Miss Benedict to Tieh-li-chang, of the Chinese Legation at Washington. If we were curious about the Chinese, what better could we do than follow the consequences of that brilliant union, which took one of ourselves far behind the heavy curtains that hang between us and the ancient, undisturbed usages of the Chinese?

The sensation that Mr. Tieh made was great. His stately figure, his calm face with its babylike complexion, his splendid costumes of silk and satin—even the men recall the marked impression these caused him to make. Mr. Tieh came to Washington to give us satisfaction for a massacre of missionaries in China. He was sufficiently skilful to appease Uncle Sam with a large offer of money, and to satisfy his own home officials, who cared much less for money than for the primary purpose of Chinese diplomacy, which is to get out and keep out of trouble. That mission ended, he accepted a bribe and a promise of stock and commissions for interesting himself in a grand Yankee

scheme for building railroads in China. That was a mistake. He had been in Europe before being sent here. He had staid too long away from home, and had become poisoned with what we call progress. The calculations of those who had visions of 400,000,000 of Chinamen paying half a dollar a year in railway fares unsettled his judgment. Mr. Tieh wrote to his home office about the plan, and one of the leading statesmen there replied that he could not understand the scheme, and that it would be too much to ask him to study it for nothing. Thereupon Mr. Tieh told the American promoters that \$100,000 forwarded to Peking would arouse official interest in the scheme.

Quite properly, as affairs are managed under the present dynasty, he sent \$50,000 to China, and kept the rest for his trouble. Sanguine about the railway scheme, petted by society, courted by beauty, and praised by the leaders in our official life, Tieh was a very happy man. His satisfaction shone through his blandness, and sounded through his pretty phrases and laughter at the dinners he gave.

He rode about with Ethel, the daughter of "Carwheel" Benedict, of Pittsburgh, and fascinated her. A score of other foolish girls, more or less rich and beautiful, openly envied her. This urged her to feel secure in her judgment of the situation, and she became engaged to Mr. Tieh. The newspapers spread broadcast the tidings of this brilliant match, and presently the reading public was dazzled by the accounts of the grand wedding and the bewildering contents of the bride's twenty-one trunks.

But there was a jarring note that was never sounded in public; that rung in the ears of the most favored few between the betrothal and the wedding. That was the angry, absurdly violent opposition of "Carwheel" Benedict. He was nothing but a business man, as he said himself, though many declared him extraordinary at that. Having heard of the project to gridiron China with rails, he had concluded that the matter might some day closely concern him, so, very characteristically, he studied all that has been written about China as thoroughly as if he expected to make a bid for the purchase of that country. All the authorities agreed that the money in use by the people was the *cash* of infinitesimal value; that the modes of travel nearly everywhere were by barrow and boat; that the highways were rivers, canals, and footpaths; that the spirit of the people was opposed to progress; and that were reform to take root there a thousand revolutionary steps must precede railroad-ing.

"That Tieh is either a knave or a fool," said he. "What! build railroads in a country that has not yet got wagon roads? It is like giving a bicycle to a baby that has not learned to walk."

But when, at the end of his reading, his daughter wrote to him that she was engaged to Mr. Tieh, and was the envy of all smart society, and would like to be congratulated, he was furious. He ordered his daughter to break off the match. He sent her the Abbé Huc's travels in China, with certain pages turned down, and Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, and Smith's *Chinese Characteristics*, wherein other authors are substantiated in saying that a wife in China is variously called "my stinking woman" and "my dull thorn." He marked passages, he turned down page corners, and he grew more

and more angry with each passage that he called to her attention. In a few days he received her reply, on pink paper, scented. It said that he was the same dear old papa and he must think China a terrible place, but the books he had sent her were written about coolies and laborers, whereas her husband was a gentleman by nature and a nobleman in rank. The last half of Edith's letter was final and unanswerable, because it announced that Mr. Tieh was not likely ever to live in China, being a diplomat by profession, and, moreover, that if he were to go to the moon she must go with him, because she "loved him madly, distractedly," etc., etc., "and what would he have thought if her mamma's papa had written such a letter to mamma when mamma was engaged to him?" Mr. Benedict would accept no argument or any answer save a promise of obedience. He made desperate efforts to bring her to *his* senses, if I may coin an expression. But he only succeeded in wounding her spirit and her feelings. The unfortunate episode ended with the brilliant wedding, which the father did not attend, though all the other Benedicts were there.

The statesman in Peking who received the fee of \$50,000 was so pleased with the preliminary nibble at this great American scheme that he laid the project before everybody at court, taking great pains to have it understood that he had no interest in it, that it was Tieh's idea solely, and that Tieh was enthusiastic and had gone into the project heart and soul. Now, to propose the building of a railway in China is almost like proposing total abstinence from strong drink in Russia. It is nearly like proposing to establish the custom of kissing as a form of salutation in Japan. There is a little railway in China, but it is the toy of a single great man so deep in the favor of China's real ruler, the Dowager Empress, that he alone would dare to maintain it. And even he had to order the destruction of a second tiny railway, as soon as he had built it, outside of the province of Chihli, which he governs. As soon as the Empress and the several "boards" of her lieutenants in the government could recover from their surprise at the proposition they ordered Mr. Tieh home in disgrace. Because nobody likes to do disagreeable things in China and because the breaker of bad news is more than apt

to be credited with responsibility for that which he seems so eager to announce, no one told Tieh to come home.

The blow was softened by his being ordered to go to France, there to remain until the Chinese officials in Paris should receive important letters concerning his future duties. While Mrs. Tieh was left in London, her liege lord married again, this time taking for his second wife a French widow of means, an elderly woman, who lived quietly, and whose wedding in the country made no noise in the fashionable (or any other) world. Soon afterward the Chinese Minister at Paris delicately hinted that there was a rumor that Mr. Tieh was in deep disgrace at home over the railway project. And Tieh saw by the words and tone that the rumor had substantial basis. He speedily set sail from England for Ling-pu, his home, having both his wives on the steamer. He was graciously pleased to postpone introducing the French wife to the American one until the second day out, and we leave the reader to imagine the feelings of both—of the former Miss Benedict upon receiving the deep and cruel blow, and of the French woman upon discovering that she was not only one of two wives, but the second one—though she was not aware then that in China a second wife is no wife at all. Mr. Tieh took a state-room to himself, ordering his luggage moved out of his wife's cabin and the French woman's goods moved in. "Call her your maid; it will be only the truth," he said to his wife.

During the long voyage, by way of Suez and India, Mrs. Tieh did not once speak to the miserable French wife, though the French woman used to throw herself at the feet of the beautiful American and beg her forgiveness and friendship. Principally because of her contempt for Number Two, and to some extent because she had only a boarding-school, bowing acquaintance with French, Mrs. Tieh remained silent, wooden, apparently unconscious of the other's existence. She upbraided Tieh at first, but he warned her she would never cease to regret it if she presumed to question his conduct, with which no fault could be found by his people. He told her that he only married the second wife for her money. He assured her that such a wife was, in the eye of the Chinese law, a concubine, and, in fact, a servant. He said that only in

case of a certain peculiar and great misfortune on the part of a real wife could a second wife ever be raised to a respectable position in a Chinese household. He did not explain to her that this overwhelming ill luck might easily become her lot, since it consisted solely in the failure of a wife to gather children around her—male children, of course, for girls do not count. The situation was relieved at Shanghai, for the French wife was not allowed to rest there. While Mr. and Mrs. Tieh went to a hotel, she was hurried on to Ling-pu, to be installed in Mr. Tieh's walled mansion in the Chinese nine-tenths of the city. With her went a Chinaman, charged to obtain for his master and Mrs. Tieh a fine European house in the foreign quarter of Ling-pu.

The absence of the Number Two wife, the gallantry of Mr. Tieh, and, more than all, the charms of Shanghai, quieted the worst fears and doubts of the young bride. Shanghai is a gay deceiver. Its European bund, or business street, upon the water's edge, makes it seem the most pretentious small city in all the world. It gives to tens of thousands their first impressions of China—all false ones, for Shanghai is not a part of China, but is a republic by itself. As Mrs. Tieh saw to the unstrapping of her trunks in the great hallway of the semi-European, semi-tropical hotel, her spirits and her hopes came flying back. She looked over her trunks upon the palms and glorious flower beds of the hotel court. She looked into her trunks with half her mind wandering back to the first view she had of Shanghai—its noble harbor, dotted with homelike steamers and pretty men-of-war, before a noble avenue of stately merchant palaces. And then she saw her beautiful new gowns and her cherished store of bridal linen and lace, and she remembered her mother's handiwork in packing the boxes, the delighted exclamations of her girl friends as they handled and inspected the treasures. Remembrances of her first undimmed hopes swept into her mind, and with them came a golden prospect of parties and balls and choice society in this new, undreamed-of China, this Shanghai-China, which looked to her as civilized as London, and more beautiful even than Washington. After luncheon she went for a drive with her husband; upon the Bubbling Well Road they were going. Pretty name. Beautiful China! all sunshine and flowers and

beauty. Lord! what a whirl her mind was in!

Their carriage was a lordly victoria. Upon the box sat two servants in a pretty white livery of cotton, broadly bordered with red. The clothes they wore were of Chinese cut, and their braided pigtailed hung down behind almost upon the front seat of the carriage. Victorias, landaus, and cabs swept by upon the spick-and-span boulevard beside the water in stately procession. She saw the public flower-garden, the beautiful bay-side park, alive with Chinese nurses and barelegged English children; saw the pretty band-stand, the red-turbaned Sikh policemen, fierce and swart and seemingly eight feet high. She saw the colossal business houses and go-downs—not so tall as they would be in Chicago, but very broad upon the ground. She saw the huge inviting clubhouse, the English church, the more English city-hall, the endless lines and swarms of Chinese coolies trotting along, bearing burdens on bamboo poles, chanting as they walked and worked. And then the carriage turned into a side street full of very attractive modern European shops. Why! Shanghai was a little Paris transplanted to China, she thought. And she could not tell how much or how little was European, how much or how little was like the rest of China. Suddenly the little street of jewellers' shops, great furnishing shops, photograph galleries, and all the rest broadened into the wide "maloo," and became altogether Chinese—a fine boulevard bordered with low white and black and red shops, hung with lanterns, capped with roofs of black tiling, swarming with Chinamen. And they were not the spare, bullet-headed, aged-faced Cantonese that she had seen in America, but handsome, large, stout, pink-faced people, good to look upon. So she came to the race-course, and in the middle of a colony of inviting villas in bowery gardens saw the Country Club, with its tennis swards and pretty ladies sipping ices under spreading trees.

I fear she forgot the French wife, forgot the mysterious misfortune that might reduce her to shame in her own household, forgot everything except the jubilant letters she planned to send home about charming old China, the realm of the Son of Heaven—as seen in Shanghai. On and on rolled the carriage over the smooth hard road, under the trees beside

the villas set in parklike grounds. Presently she found herself overtaking carriage-loads of beautiful Chinese women, prettier far than the women of Japan, as she saw them, riding, for many are very beautiful until they are seen to try to walk. Mr. Tieh seemed proud to talk of them. He did not say that they were singsong girls, tea-house women, concubines—all slaves, and worse. She never could have guessed it, for in China all women appear modest and shy, and have babylike, calm faces. They wore splendid silks made into loose coats, little aprons, and broad trousers beautifully worked at the bottoms. Their dimpled faces were sometimes a trifle too much powdered, but their hair—that she really envied them. It was jet-black, and sleek and shining. In her coils, behind, each lady carried many pretty stick-pins of gold or silver or enamel; on the sides of each one's head, above each ear, were glorious ornaments of tiny pearls and jade-stones, in row upon row, making a fan-shaped mass that covered the whole side of the head. Many of these ornaments were made of tiny natural buds and flowers to imitate white pearls and green jade. Most of the women were bareheaded. A few wore a band of black silk over their brows, with a jade-stone button or two in front. Three miles out there was a group of tea-gardens, and into the gates of these the pretty China women drove.

A day dream lasts longer than a night dream. This one gradually melted away. Mr. Tieh staid away at night, and came back early in the morning with talk of having spent his nights dining in the company of singsong girls. He did not mean to be brutal; he intended to educate her in Chinese ways. He did not explain to her that Chinese gentlemen often dine in singsong houses, and that the feasts are innocent, as a rule, except for their surroundings. He allowed her to think what she pleased. The only ladies who called upon her or were kind to her were the wife of the hotel-keeper and her daughters. It seemed to her that they were sad in her presence, that they wanted to sympathize with her. Yet they were very lively when they talked to others. No Chinese men paid their respects to her; and of all the men in Shanghai, only the French Consul-General and an attaché of the American consulate visited her. Both were mar-

ried, but neither offered to make her acquainted with his wife. One of these men evidently pitied her, and one seemed not to respect her. She walked or rode alone among the shops. She cried more and more in her room, alone. She could not bear to look at her trunks. She left only one open—the one she used on board ship. The others she ordered strapped up. She thanked God she had not waited, but had written home when first she reached Shanghai.

Pride struggled against an acknowledgment of her worst fears, even to herself; but at last, weighted by the dread that she had lost caste among Europeans by her brilliant wedding, she asked the hotel-keeper's wife to be frank with her.

"I fear, my dear," said Mrs. Greatheart, "that you have separated yourself from other Europeans—white people, I mean, you know, dear. There is an impenetrable wall between the races. They meet only as traders and as masters and servants. You must be happy hereafter with your husband's people, and the more you reconcile yourself to your new life with them the more nearly happy you will be."

Sadly, grown ten years older in as many days, she settled herself in her new home in Ling-pu. It was a modern, European house, three stories high. The Chinese servants used the ground-floor. The parlors were one flight up. The two or three bedrooms were upon the top story. Mr. Tieh heaped the parlors with a magnificent collection of old bronzes and porcelain, robbing his Chinese home to make hers the finer. She could, even at first, appreciate the beauty of the lanterns and candelabra hanging from the ceiling in orderly rows, and the heavy carved chairs and tables of teak-wood seemed to her beautiful appointments. For these Tieh cared little, but over his jars and vases of hawthorn and *famille vert* and *sang de bœuf*, and over his "marble-stone landscapes," set in beautiful stands and frames, he was enthusiastic. He taught her their charms, their costly beauties. He remained not over-ardent or demonstrative, but polite, attentive, and reasonably considerate. An Englishman named Beebe, a prosperous tea-merchant, called, and Mrs. Tieh was not only invited down to help entertain him, but she returned his calls with her husband.

She saw that in permitting this he de-

ferred to European custom only where Europeans were concerned. He had many distinguished Chinese callers, whose coming and going she watched from her bedroom windows. They were mandarins of various ranks, who came with crashing gongs and banners and feathers and gorgeous red umbrellas of state. She saw their Falstaffian retainers trot up in straggling disorder. She saw them lean their great banners, fans, and tablets against the opposite wall, and squat about on their heels and dispute and chatter, while their master's Sedan chairs were set down and tilted up behind so as to half throw out each great visitor in his garish silks of peacock hues. A dream of all she had read of Eastern magnificence was destroyed—but she thought most of the fact that she was never called to welcome these distinguished friends.

Mr. Beebe was, like Mr. Tieh, a collector of ancient Chinese art works. When the Tiehs visited him they met his Chinese wife and her little half-caste boy and girl. It would be truer to say that Mrs. Tieh met them, for the mandarin ignored the woman. He gave her no character when he spoke of her.

"Even if I do her injustice," he said, "I wonder at her presuming to appear in her husband's reception-room when guests are there. If you were a Chinese woman, my dear, I would never appear in the streets with you, and many men in my place would not take meals with you or permit you to enter their apartments. You would have your own quarters, and your place would be with the women."

She stood on tiptoe and tried to look squarely into his bland face as she replied, "You will never try to make a Chinese wife of me, love, will you?"

"When our son is born I will make you to rank with a princess in Europe," he said, adding, "if I escape from Peking with my head."

While the two men were together, Mrs. Beebe brought tea for Mrs. Tieh, and sweetened cakes, and softly ingratiated herself into the good-will of the American, so soon to be all but friendless, alone, and forlorn in that wilderness of superabundant humanity. The China woman waited upon her husband and heard his commands in a way that impressed Mrs. Tieh as very peculiar. She moved softly about, like a cat, holding her eyes down and uttering no sound save of assent, even when

fault was found with her. She seemed anxious to efface herself from even her own consideration, to consider herself of no more consequence than her shoes, or her nationality. She lived only to serve her husband, and whether or not the old saying is true, that

"China is a land of flowers without scent,
Of men without hearts, and women without souls,"

she could not have been a truer, more devoted wife if she had heaped upon him those caresses which were evidently as foreign to her nature as sensation is to a statue.

"I belong to my husband," she once said to Mrs. Tieh; "I am different from you. He paid a great deal of money for me."

This was no explanation of her manners. The fact was that she bore herself exactly as all wives do and must, in China, whatever their origin or rank.

Mr. Tieh showed a very friendly interest in the elder of the Beebe children, a typical half-caste boy with narrow Asiatic eyes that shone with Western intelligence. For the girl, a queer little dark-faced creature who did not match her English frock, Tieh evidently cared not at all.

"How fortunate you are to have a son!" said he; "that is better than all the other things we love put together."

"But I am such a barbarian as to be equally fond of my daughter," Beebe replied. The mandarin shrugged his shoulders.

Mrs. Tieh noticed that the little half-caste girl was the one who was most frequently upon the father's lap and in his arms, yet the Chinese mother, all patience with the boy, was frequently unkind and unjust to the girl. She called to the boy, but pulled the girl rudely when she wanted her. She reproved the lad gently at times, but the girl was often cuffed. Sometimes, when the American woman held out her arms for the little girl, the mother pushed the child aside and offered her son to be petted. She stared when Mrs. Tieh persisted in fondling the gentle little girl. Thus, day by day, the bride of the brilliant Washington wedding learned the ways of the people among whom she was to end her life. She had been weeks in Ling-pu before she thought of opening her trunks.

And even then she did not open them.

"I want you to inquire about the Eu-

ropean physicians here," said her husband, one day. "Ascertain who is best among them, that I may send for him. It must be to the best that you will send if one is needed while I am in Peking. More and more do my countrymen admit that our knowledge of medicine is practically none at all, and that when serious illness overtakes us it is to your doctors that we must turn. Millions of our people—mandarins and peasants alike—are doctored every year by the medical missionaries. When a son is born to me I want the best doctor here to have charge of your health, and of the baby's also during his infancy."

"I do not like the English church here," said Mrs. Tieh. Not a soul that attended it had so much as bowed to her. "I have meant to ask you—may I continue to worship as a Christian, publicly, and may I try the mission services?"

"As you please," said Mr. Tieh. "I would be very glad if you could adopt my beliefs, but I am more liberal than the Christians. Worship as you like; about that I do not care, but that you should choose your doctor at once I am very anxious."

The selection of a physician having been made, he declared himself in readiness to go to the capital to meet his accusers and defend himself against the charges that had been lodged against him. With much ceremony, he brought his mother and his second wife and all the Chinese servants from his Chinese home to make the acquaintance of his wife. They came in a great procession, in Sedan chairs and on foot, and remained in the European house two days and nights, stowing themselves, as only Heaven knows and the Chinese can understand, in compact masses about the house at bedtime.

"As to my mother," Mr. Tieh said, in a light tone that did not altogether veil his seriousness, "you doubtless understand how we regard our parents—worship, them, I believe the Christians call our devotion. I told you, Mrs. Tieh, that one of the seven reasons for putting aside a wife was talkativeness. Disrespect to a husband's parents is another sufficient cause, and one that is unpardonable."

"I need not be told of my duty toward my husband's mother," said she. "Your custom is ours in that respect; it is almost universal."

For answer the mandarin put a hand



A SKETCH IN BUBBLING-WELL ROAD.

gently under his wife's chin and turned her face up to his as he said, "Give yourself a son to 'worship' you, and nothing can ever mar our jewelled happiness."

His mother was a typical old woman of that country, stout and slightly bald, with teeth that were pushed out beyond

her lips. She and the servants were upon such terms of intimacy that young Mrs. Tieh was astonished. The old lady and her women supped, gossiped, quarrelled, laughed, and played together as if all were on an equality. The old woman sat beside her daughter-in-law and studied

her, by sight at first, and then by feeling. Whatever she discovered and thought she prattled out to the servants. She pinched the young wife's face and neck and arms, and plucked at her dress, her collar and cuffs, and even her shoes. For two whole days the young American surrendered herself to this process, submitting at one time to an extraordinarily intimate examination of her person and clothing, also in the presence of the giggling, empty-minded servants. She even assisted and slightly encouraged the old woman, meaning to be dutiful, and realizing that she was merely the victim of purely infantile curiosity, such as would prompt a little girl to dress and undress a new doll. In America she had looked forward to showing her husband's mother the beautiful treasures of lace, lingerie, outer dress, and ornament in her trunks, but somehow she had lost interest in her trunks.

She had reason to console herself when she looked at the poor French wife, who came, still weeping, with the servants. She seemed worse off than the servants, and lower in the social scale. The old woman was harsh to her, the servants mocked at her and shoved her about, and, to her horror, Mrs. Tieh observed that she seemed continually under the influence of strong drink.

The visit over, Mr. Tieh bade adieu to both households, and began an absence that lasted nearly a year. His wife felt herself practically alone among the millions of China. Letters from him, almost telegraphically brief, told her at first that his life was in danger. His enemies were strong and high in favor, and bent upon his ruin and death. He could not get a hearing or a trial, but his money was being poured out in fees and bribes. Then came a messenger authorized to carry away full half of his collection of rare bronzes and porcelains. "You must decide what to keep," he said, "but for every piece you keep you must part with one. My Chinese house has already been emptied of all its ornaments. All my fortune has gone, and that which I got with my second wife must soon follow. I am being squeezed for the purchase of every privilege—even to obtain my rights. I may not have enough to buy my freedom, but I have made certain that I shall escape decapitation." There was neither word nor tone of rebellion or regret. He put the situation to her in all its base-

ness, yet philosophically. "Believe me," he wrote, "I am most concerned at being so long separated from you. In best English, 'I love you.' I pray for a son." She was not surprised at his plight. He had told her the Chinese axiom, "Better be thrown to the tigers than enter a court of justice." He had known men to have to spend a fortune to see the Emperor after the Emperor had commanded them to come to him. In a week of imprisonment at Peking, he said, he had known a disgraced official to spend 50,000 taels (\$65,000) for the necessary privileges of seeing friends, writing letters, and preparing to defend himself before his accusers.

Much of Mrs. Tieh's experience during her grass-widowhood the reader foresees. She was young and pretty, and the European men in Ling-pu—fifty or sixty in all—paid her marked attention. Their women overlooked her. Had she been of that disposition she might have floated along, more or less precariously, in an atmosphere of gallantry; she might have even forced herself into some of the homes of the merchants and officials. As it was, the indifference of the women cut into her soul. She was so forlorn, so lonely, yet she knew herself to be a proud and honorable woman, who, if she had blundered, had injured no one but herself. She could not conceive how the sisterhood of women could contain ones so cruel. She turned to the missionaries, after praying upon her bent knees that she might among them all find one, at least, upon whom she could shower the wealth of affection which was as strong in her as life itself.

Here she also met disappointment. Those in Ling-pu were not what she had imagined them. In her heart she coined a new phrase to account for them. They were "American peasants," she thought. They inhabited a choice little corner beyond the thick part of the city—still within the fortified walls, and yet among open fields and greenery. From a distance one could see their roofs and cloudlike trees peering over the walls that protected them and their pretty gardens, for they lived as we used to think—before the days of tenements—that all Americans must insist upon living, in elbow-room and comfort. She and the missionary women exchanged many calls, but their views and habits of life were not at all like hers. Not one of

the families was of the notable little band that holds up to the astute, ceremonious, and dignified Chinese true models of the refinement and intelligence of Christendom. These were American country folk, sent out upon a wave of enthusiasm upon a misunderstanding of the Chinese needs. Mrs. Tieh and they would have had almost nothing in common in America or England; they had little more in China.

Her best friends were Mr. and Mrs. Beebe, and presently Sam Beebe went away to England upon a long visit. Then

the strangely mated women consoled one another in so far as it was possible for a mere doll of a China woman to comfort and entertain a bright American. One great service Plumblossom Beebe did for Mrs. Tieh that the latter knew nothing of. She kept that lady's servants from insulting her. The Chinese, both high and low, are apt to show what disrespect they feel. They even study how to humiliate those whom they do not respect, and they have reason to pride themselves upon the ingenuity with which they devise means for expressing their contempt so that the



OLD JUNKS IN SHANGHAI HARBOR.

victim of it shall not suspect the indignities. They do not do this from cowardice, but to justify their contempt. They argue that to be insulted and not to know it is proof that no better treatment is merited. In a thousand ways the young American wife excited their criticism or contempt. She was a barbarian, primarily, and one who did not know their language. She appeared to them almost unsexed, because she did not live with women like all other women. She did not lounge with the servants, and smoke, and play dominoes and chess, and sip tea and chatter gossip and scandal—like a lady. She had a Sedan chair with bearers, but would not use it. Instead, she actually walked about the streets, like a coolie woman, among the shops and the men. All this was bad enough, but there was worse: she did forbidden, terrible things. She touched men-folk, and allowed them to touch her, just like—well, never mind what, but certainly not like a good woman. This they all knew. They had seen her shake hands with male callers at the front door, coming and going. She had been seen to permit Mr. Beebe to hold her hand while he (pretended?) to examine a ring upon her finger. They had—and this was next to being unspeakable—seen her kiss her husband—in public! But, after all, what could be expected of one whose only Chinese friends were “rice Christians”—pretended converts, who made believe they were Christians for the sake of getting “chow” and work and money from the “foreign devil joss-pidgin people”? So these servants waited upon her in ways that were intended to insult her—not properly dressed, without using the ceremonious language that they should. And she was unaware of the insults, and thus lowered herself still more in their minds. Gentle, doll-like Mrs. Beebe noted all this, and labored like a hero to correct it. She went among the servants, surreptitiously, and reasoned with them—storming like a virago more often than she trusted to logic or pleading. She knew the way to treat them, and things improved under her management. She told them, out of whole cloth, marvellous tales of the wealth of their mistress, of her high rank at home, her wonderful education and literary ability in her own country. On the other hand, she urged Mrs. Tieh to distribute presents among the servitors—presents that she

chose for Mrs. Tieh to purchase, and that caused all the humble friends of the servants to envy them.

But while Mrs. Tieh was unconscious of her own dishonor at home, she was also ignorant of any and every joy in life. She was the most miserable woman in China, except the French Number Two wife, who was drinking herself to death in Tieh's other house. She felt ill, and her melancholy preyed upon her. At last she opened her trunks and ransacked them. She took from one a purse that contained twenty-five golden double-eagles, and this she put in her pocket. She sent for a Shanghai newspaper, and studied the advertisements of the steamship departures. She took from various trunks a handsome present for each woman and girl in the missionary quarter. She had resolved to run away, to go straight to Pittsburg, and fling herself upon her knees before her father and admit her folly. But it would be a week before she could get a steamer.

Before that week was spent her plans were altered. Sunlight saw her no more. She kept in-doors, and a doctor was her daily visitor. Plumblossom Beebe slept, a half-hour at a time, beside her. Word was despatched to Peking, and the state prisoner sent back an enthusiastic letter calling down blessings upon his jadelike wife, and breathing fabulous prophecies about his son, his golden joy. So much stress was laid upon the event, so much excitement and congratulation went on in-doors, that the sick woman was afraid to think what might have been the situation had her offspring been a girl, to be ushered in with lamentation and regret.

She had been on her feet and about the house for something more than a fortnight when word came from her husband that what art treasures he still possessed must be sold to provide means for his mother and himself and herself. “I can turn to no one but you to sell the things as they must be sold, piecemeal,” he said. “It is not only that you alone will be interested in getting the most from them. You are the only one I know who will not rob me.” He told her what curio-dealers to go to, and he bade her never accept less than double the best offer the dealers made for each article she presented. She had her purse and its gold in her pocket. She remembered that when the baby was but three



SHE BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE CURIO-SHOPS.

days old she had asked for her common dress and had taken the purse from it, covertly, and had kept it thereafter under her pillow. Now that she saw the strait to which her husband had been reduced she thought only of clinging the closer to her little treasure. But with her baby in her arms in her Sedan chair, high above the shoulders of the antlike crowds

in the narrow dirty streets, she carried the porcelain, the bronzes, the marble-stone pictures, and the paintings, one by one, to the curio-dealers, who gather the solidified echoes of China's dead golden eras of past magnificence, and scatter them among the palaces of the newer world. She had no pride to lose. She did not care, perhaps because she knew

that no Europeans would be likely to hear of what she was doing. A maid rode behind her in another chair to do the chaffering, or sometimes Mrs. Beebe went as interpreter. And Mrs. Tieh not only became acquainted with the curiosities, which are among the most interesting shops in China, but she learned more Chinese than she had picked up in all other ways in a year.

She soon noticed that a typical curiosity-shop—there were three or four in Ling-pu—was distinguishable by the great and incongruous variety in its display. Such a shop would be fashioned like the others—an open room, with a railing across the front, with carved lions' heads on the gate posts, and with a counter bearing nothing except a show-case. But on the shelves and on the walls were goods such as were to be seen elsewhere only in private dwellings—jars, vases, bronzes, dishes, scroll pictures, marble-stone panels, gods, porcelain stools, carved ivory, and who can say what was not there in the lines of ornament and finery? In the little show-case at one end of the counter was a jumble of the little things that were on sale—mandarin hat buttons, seals, ear-rings, pendants, charms, snuff-bottles of every earthly thing that bottles may be made of, carved lacquer, carved ivory, carved bone and bamboo, carved beads. On the shelves were the ceramic treasures of those dead artificers who had no equals in the world. These were of white ware, solid or figured; of solid or figured blues or yellows or greens or crackle-ware; of streaked pottery, of sang de bœuf, cloisonné, five-color work, famille rouge, famille verte, hawthorn—all taking the forms of jars, bowls, ink-pots, plaques, panels, cups, flasks, and all mounted on carved stands of teak or in carved frames or in ingeniously fashioned boxes. Before the front railing stood the inevitable mob of staring Chinese, gathered to look on at the foreign woman, and not to be driven away, because they were within their rights. Behind the counter was the merchant, in what are called "long clothes" and an "official" cap. He wore round black-rimmed goggles, and on his right hand carried four long curled-up yellow finger-nails—from nine to a dozen inches long if straightened out—and a massive jade-stone ring on the joint of his thumb—to prove himself above the need to do manual labor.

If such a trader spoke pidgin-English, he disparaged whatever she offered, saying, "Ah, velly bad cargo—no belong olo—belong velly new," just as the next day he would offer the same article, with an admiring note made by sucking through his teeth, as "velly fine cargo; velly olo—no belong new, no belong cheap. You buy, my lose money." Once when she succeeded in getting a hundred dollars, gold, for a splendid great jar, two buyers from London came in, and secured it for twice and a half that sum. She heard one say to the other that they had not done well. "It won't fetch above a thousand at 'ome," he said, "and I 'ate to get less than ten times what I lay out on these things."

After a time Mr. Tieh returned—graver than before, but still a philosopher—neither angry nor cast down. He would sit for hours beside the cradle of his son, and when he spoke to his wife it was only about the boy. After a fortnight he told her, with that phlegm that distinguishes his race, that she must move to his mother's house, and that he meant to sell what was in the European dwelling. His ruin was complete, he said, and when she reached her new home with his mother she was shocked at its bareness. It had been sacked. The door to it was the gate in the wall. That opened upon a very large court, at one side of which was an elaborate Chinese garden. Facing the court was the reception hall, still as it should be, with its chairs—and a table between each pair—along either wall, with its raised dais and cushions at the head of the room, and its lanterns in rows overhead. The carving that bordered this open end of the house showed in what fine style the family had lived. But his apartments—his private reception-room and his bedchamber—were all but stripped. And when she came to the women's house, behind the second bare court, she saw that his people had indeed descended to poverty bordering upon want. Though she knew she must share not only that poverty but the life of his other women, she grieved for him. She felt her purse in her pocket. She hugged her baby boy almost spasmodically. She whispered to him that she was going to make him proud of her. And she sought her husband in his room and handed her purse to him, saying: "That is all I have. Take it. When it is gone there are all my

trunks full of finery that I shall never need again, and—perhaps—I can write to my people for help.”

“Thank you,” said he, quite calmly. “You need have no fear. I shall be richer than ever very soon. My friends and I will have our turn again.”

Now she was face to face with Chinese life—hand in hand with it. It was possible for her to accept this fate, because,

air came a wailing, heart-piercing voice, that cried continually:

“Come back! Come back!”

And from the ground, apparently from the front court, came the response, in a piercing, plaintive tone:

“I will come back! I will come back!”

For hours the two cries sounded without interruption, and with such a doleful effect that the American woman was



LITTLE FERRY-BOATS.

in heart and mind, she lived only for her baby boy. Relegated to the women's building, she lived with old Mrs. Tieh and the servant-women. She ate Chinese food, and followed the national customs in all things but three—she still wore her European dress, she had a bedroom to herself, and she ate with her husband and without being obliged to wait upon his mother. Of her many strange experiences, none, at first, was more strange than that which accompanied the death of the French woman. On the night when it was understood that the poor abused woman was certain soon to die, Mrs. Tieh was awakened by an unearthly noise above her head. From the upper

alarmed at first and then immeasurably saddened. Her alarm ceased when her husband came to her and said that the French woman was dying, and that he was infinitely glad, because all his bad luck—his recall from Paris, imprisonment, and ruin—dated from his marriage with her. He did not know that he had found his wife awake only because the ghastly sound without had disturbed her; that even then she was listening, not to him, but to the incessant calling and its never-ending echo:

“Come back!” “I will come.”

“What is it—that dreadful calling?” she asked.

“Oh, that?” he said. “Those are the

calls of my servants to the French woman's spirit. I see that you do not understand. This is a China custom. When a person is dying we do our best to prevent it in that way. Of the three spirits that inhabit each of our bodies, two leave it at death, one to go to heaven and one to remain in the house with the ancestral tablet. We call to the soul, the spirit that is to go to heaven, not to go. One servant goes upon the roof and calls, another goes to a distance and replies. It cheers the family to hear the response, 'I will come back.' At times it proves true—where the dying one recovers. I suppose it appears to you 'one piece foolo-pidgin,' as your merchants say."

"No," she said; "but it frightened me so."

The crushed spirit did not return in this case. It effected an escape from as wretched an existence as this earth can bring, for such was that of this poor old woman who had been victimized in body, soul, and purse. Precisely five weeks after her death a ceremonious banquet was prepared, and all the family gathered to receive a visit from her spirit, and to feast and toast it. A place was set for it at a separate table—a little table in a corner of the room. Dishes of all the food the others were to eat were on that table, with a samsu cup, chopsticks, everything that she should have had in life. The family assembled and sat by the feast and ate and listened. Whatever noise should occur—the creaking of a door, the nibbling of a rat, the snapping of the dried wood in any piece of furniture—was to be taken to indicate the noise of her arrival. Such is Chinese custom. Within half an hour after all had assembled, the little pet dog of the household came to the wall of that part of the house and scratched himself so that his leg knocked, knocked, knocked against the wood-work.

"She is here!" cried the old mother.

"Yes," said the rest, and all rose and turned toward the unoccupied table and emptied their cups of heated rice wine.

One other long interview did Mr. Tieh have with his wife after the talk on the night of the death-chant. It was when he came to her room at night and told her that he had been assiduously at work to restore himself to favor, and had succeeded. Again his poor unworthy feet were on the ladder of imperial favor, he

said. He was ordered to superintend some river improvement and bridge-building on the Soo-chow River. He would begin to pile up riches again, slowly from this post, but faster if he retained official favor. He could not take her with him, and he must be absent many months.

"I am sorry you told me this to-night," she said. "Had you come to-morrow—see here. These are what I would have worn."

She threw upon a table a complete suit of silken Chinese clothes.

"My apple blossom!" he cried. "My piece of priceless jade-stone! Are you going to be a Chinese?"

"Nothing less—nothing else!" she said, and kissed him. "I must not speak falsely to you. It is my boy who has won me to his country. I am completely won; I am his slave."

He murmured delight and approval. He was visibly surprised. She rattled on:

"I am going to learn your language, your classics, your best literature—for him. An aged missionary is to teach me."

"But," said he, frowning a little, "one thing he must not learn from you. He must not be taught to despise my—what shall I say—my superstitions. He must be wholly Chinese."

"He shall learn your beliefs from his mother also," she said. "No one else shall teach him anything; no one but you. I will study your religion as I never studied my own, and not until he is old enough to discriminate will I comment upon it."

"I will trust you," said the mandarin. "Fit him to be a scholar. That is the path to preferment and station. But what about your religion?"

"I must take care that he respects it," she said.

"More," said Tieh. "You will do much more. Teach him the life and sayings of your Jesus. That will accord precisely with the truest, wisest teachings of our philosophers. You will do him good by impressing the life of your great teacher upon his mind."

The story of the results of the brilliant wedding at Washington is told in so far as it concerns or connects with European interests. Mrs. Tieh became a China woman.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S HIGHLAND HOME.

BY J. R. HUNTER.

LORD BYRON, in his *Hours of Idleness*, was among the first in modern times to eulogize the scenic grandeurs of the Dee-side Highlands. To Ballaterich, on their eastern threshold, the poet, when some eight years old, was taken from Aberdeen to recover from an attack of scarlet fever, and, in all likelihood, to drink the waters of adjacent Pannanich, then in high medicinal repute. But the "Golden Age" on Dee-side—and there is good metallic reality in the expression—must be held to date from the advent of royalty, in 1848, when Queen Victoria and her Prince Consort, like the child Byron, sought, on distinguished medical advice, a sanatorium on the banks of the Dee. At that time the fame of Pannanich Springs was on the decline, and the tide of health and pleasure seekers had all but forsaken upper Dee-side, seeing that the wilds of Braemar, however grand and attractive their scenery, afforded but scanty, if any, accommodation to visitors, and Balmoral, now a household name in Britain, was, with its lands, the bare unfrequented shooting-box of a Highland laird or lessee. Thus, at an opportune

period, living personal attractions of the highest social order were added to the grand natural charms of the country. Public conveyances were established, hotels built, and general tourist accommodation, the outcome of a comparative and growing wealth, multiplied a hundred-fold; and now streams of loyal, imitative, and, it must be owned, inquisitive subjects, ever increasing with the years, roll past or linger on the flanks of the royal abode, at Ballater and Braemar.

Dee-side, as a whole, now ranks in tourist esteem with "The Lake Country" and "The Trosachs"; but the scope of this paper must be confined to Balmoral, its august owner, her life there, the rocks and glens and grand old hills that bind her widowed fancy to their sublime and rugged breast.

Balmoral may be said to lie in the centre of the Dee-side Highlands, walled round at varying distances by the frowning giants of the Grampian Mountains, the oldest and highest land in these isles; for.

"When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,"

the jagged and towering crest of "dark Loch-Na-Gar," which stands so close and grim a sentinel to the palace, was almost the first patch of earth to greet the realms of day. Old geologically, the Braes of Mar can boast of historical associations of comparative antiquity. What constitutes the woof of their history to-day was a-weaving a thousand years ago, when the old Scottish kings, whose names are scarcely heard of now—Kenneth the Grim, Malcolm II., the feeble Duncan and his murderer Macbeth of tragic fame, and Malcolm III. (Cean-Mohr, or Big Head),

of November—nearly five months in all. The May visit began since the decease of the Prince Consort.

In former times Balmoral and lands belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverey—a dozen miles up river—a wild, cattle-reaving, throat-cutting, cateran clan. From them it passed into the hands of the Earls of Mar, and formed a part of their great territorial forest. After the attainure of the thirty-ninth earl for the business of the '15, the government disposed of this part of Mar to the Earl of Fife, from whose trustees, again, Sir Robert Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, who was Premier, 1852-5, held a lease of it at his decease in 1848, when H.R.H. the Prince Consort purchased the reversion, and later the estate of 10,000 acres, for £31,500. The present magnificent castle was then reared in place of the old one, and all passed by will, at the Prince's death, to the Queen, who has since added, at a fabulous price, the great pine forest lands of Ballochbuie from Farquharson of Invercauld.

Her Majesty has set forth at length in *Leaves from our Journal of Life in the Highlands* her "first impressions" of Balmoral, in which, with a description of the old castle, we have a clew to what the royal pair were here seeking, and, as the sequel showed, so abundantly found. "It was so calm," she says,

"and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around, and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils."

Balmoral was in many respects a desirable purchase. All the "evictions" likely to be required to provide scope and pasture for red deer were already accomplished. There was no agricultural question to face, for there were not two hundred acres arable on the estate. The deer forest was in a fair state of productiveness, the river famous for its salmon,



MILLS NEAR BALMORAL.

had their hunting-grounds, and spent their hours of relaxation up among the mountains we mean to visit. History, as by common remark, is here repeating itself. For nearly fifty years the subject of our paper has been closely associated with the sorrows and joys of the British court. These same hilly solitudes of Mar, that may have deepened the piety of Cean-Mohr's saintly Margaret, now chain the almost undivided affections of Victoria the First. Balmoral is her home every year from the middle of May to that of June, and again from the latter end of August to the snows at the very close



LAWN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF BALMORAL.

the climate bracing, the situation lovely. There was but one item in the sum of desirability likely to prove unsatisfactory. That was the human subject; not the one on the Balmoral estate, for he amounted to nothing of a more independent value than a gamekeeper, but the poor, proud, idling Highlanders on the adjoining estates, that eked out a precarious living by whiskey-smuggling and stag-poaching. Polite in manner and profuse in loyalty, he loved not only his Queen, who honored his mountain fastnesses with her presence, but he had an almost equal attachment to her deer, game, and fish. There was but one way of obviating any unpleasantness on this head, and the Queen and her Consort wisely took it. The game laws were not invoked. The most expert poachers and smugglers were taken into the royal service, and became trusted and trustworthy dependents.* The remaining surplus population had perforce to seek new vocations beyond sea. Court atmosphere, influence, and

example have gradually metamorphosed the native character. The Queen, on her part, has left nothing undone that could educate, raise, and excite the native to higher aims than his own narrow glens and barren hills could inspire. Schools were built and maintained; a library was instituted; comfortable dwellings, in elegant profusion, took the place of turf cabins. In all these respects the Queen has proved a model land-owner.

As soon as Balmoral was fairly in hand, the adjoining, much larger, and more valuable estate of Abergeldie, with its castle, was leased from the Gordons of that house; and another property contiguous to that again, called Birkhall, and belonging to the same family, was purchased for the Prince of Wales out of the immense revenues accruing to him during his minority. The house on the Birkhall property is far too small for the Prince and his following, and when on Dee-side he always lives at Abergeldie Castle. The three properties, two owned and one leased, with the addition of Ballochbuie Forest, the finest and oldest wood in Scotland, stretch on the south side of the river Dee from Ballater on the east to within a short distance of Braemar on the west—about sixteen miles in all.

* It is but fair, however, to explain that among Highlanders even of the present day the habits of smuggling and poaching carry no moral taint. Forty years ago the odor of either contraband was the only proof of enterprise that the time and the country could afford.

With an average breadth of say five miles, this gives an extent of eighty square miles entirely devoted to recreation, in the shape of rock, hill, wood, and water, well stocked with red and roe deer, game, and fish. Of these the red deer are most highly prized, and are, as a rule, reserved for princely guests.

Now, with the palace as a starting-point and base for every excursion, and the river Dee, on which it is situated, with its parallel lines of excellent roads, as the main artery of communication, we shall endeavor to make some slight acquaintance with the main topographical features of Queen Victoria's Highland home.

Balmoral Castle is unique among her palaces. Situated on a gentle bend of the silvery Dee, and embowered among trees, with spacious lawns, dotted in turn with wooded knolls and lines of shrubbery, the castle rears its glistening snow-white proportions in regal, almost chill magnificence. The general plan is said to have been the Prince Consort's own. Its architecture is in the castellated Scottish baronial style, but it is the dazzling whiteness of the granite, the acme of finish and good taste everywhere apparent, the graceful, flowing, fairylike lines of its contour, with the regal coloring of the roof relieved by golden-tipped towers, that emphatically mark it as the home of majesty. A closer inspection lends an additional feeling of great strength and durability, which is enhanced by the immense blocks of native granite piled far and high in the walls, which are smooth as can be without polish, and jointed without a trace of lime or cement.

The view from the Queen's windows westward, or up river, is, in her own words, "exceedingly fine." First parterres played over by polished granite fountains, and guarded by couched red deer in bronze; then circular lines of terraces descending to half a mile of park in transverse undulations, bounded by the river, beyond which miles of billowy hill-tops fade away into the characteristic "blue" of the far-off Highlands. In front of the royal family's façade stretches a beautiful lawn with clumps of trees and shrubs, and an exquisite flower garden in the not far distant hollow, from which there starts up with almost perpendicular abruptness a hill clothed to the top with birches, through

the green foliage of which stream the warm yellow-browns of the moss, shaded here and there with darker tints of the purple heath.

On this hill, called Craig-Gowan, there is reared, after the Highland custom, an imposing and substantial cairn of dry stones in commemoration of every royal marriage in the family. Hence also blaze forth to all the country round bonfires in honor of any great national event. The first of these was for the fall of Sevastopol.

Immediately to the rear of Craig-Gowan rises the higher Craig-Lourachan (Foxes' Hill), capped by a large pyramid of dry dressed granite to the memory of Albert the Good. The idea, if nothing else about it, is Egyptian. It is a mere mole-hill compared with Cheops, but the workmanship and material are excellent. A built-in tablet, with an inscription ending in a text that has sorely exercised the narrow orthodoxy of a schismatic section of the Scottish Church, leaves to future generations no room for doubt as to the signification of the monumental pile. One, however, can imagine a Belzoni or a Layard from the antipodes, two thousand years hence, rifling its interior, and finding, to his prying disgust, nothing save a viscera of roadway macadamizing. Contrary to what one supposes down below, less difficulty is experienced in climbing the hill than in scaling its pyramid, which does not exhibit a stairlike arrangement of its successive courses. There is no rest for the sole of the foot on its inclined sides; no means of reaching its apex except by ladders. From the hill-top the view of the Dee Valley is pleasantly extensive, and of an August forenoon the Queen rides thither to "survey her empire and behold her home," to drink in the wild sweetness of her hills and their honey-scented heath, and—who can doubt?—to muse on the chastening sorrow of her life.

Looking around us from this "spectral mount," we turn at first a startled gaze to the cloud-kissing summit of by far the loftiest of the surrounding mountains, towering aloft to the southwest, in the gigantic dark blue mass of Loch-Na-Gar, streaked with eternal snows, gashed, pointed, pinnacled, and disembowelled where the rays of the morning sun are reflected from its glacier-polished ribs. Lofty and supercilious, while far excelling the minor heights clustering and

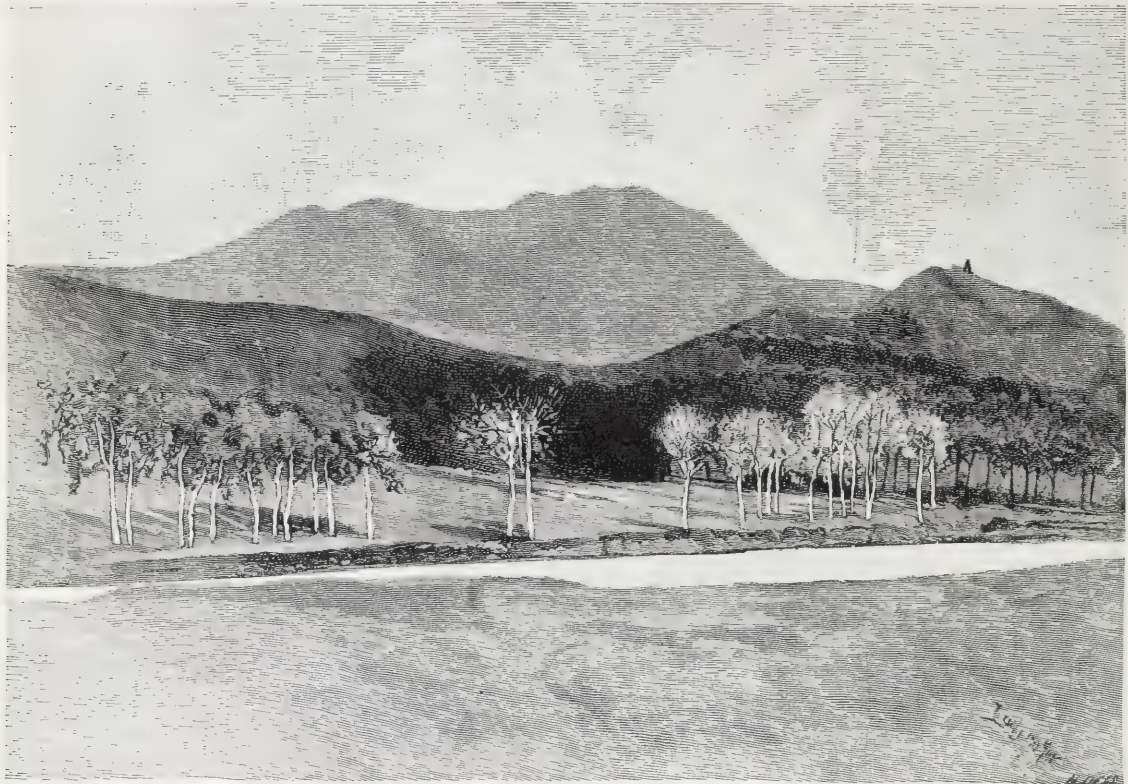


LOCH AVON.

clinging like buttresses at its base, Loch-Na-Gar stands a solitary sentinel to majesty—the grandest and most famous, though not the highest, of the Scottish Alps. The Queen at the end of her first week at Balmoral in 1848 made its ascent, reaching the summit, like many a one else, to find it enveloped in a drifting, drenching Scottish mist, which often so tantalizingly swoops down just as you reach the Cac-Cearn-Beag, shutting off

sea to the northeast and north, while across the Moray Firth we can descry the paps of far-off Caithness! All round from north to south on the west there is an unbroken sea of mountain-tops as high as the one whereon we stand. The fairer half of “bonnie Scotland” lies around.

Her Majesty in her “journal” records at some length this her first, and, if we mistake not, her last save one, ascent; but, strange to say, she makes no refer-

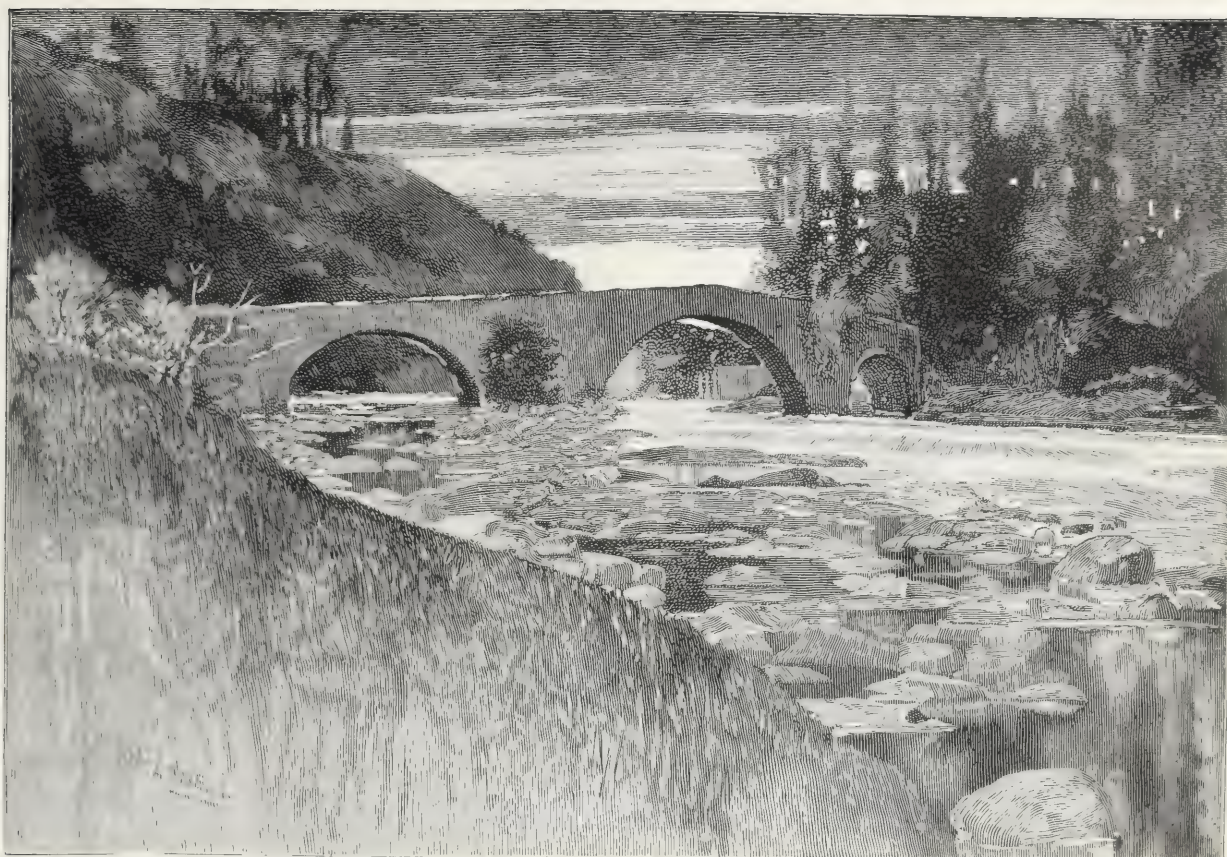


LOCH-NA-GAR.

the extensive enchanting panorama, and making a prolonged stay on the summit impossible, and the descent exceedingly dangerous. In such a mist the writer has often shuddered when he unwittingly strayed to within a pace or two of the fissured precipices and yawning gulfs with 1300 feet of sheer fall.

On a very clear day the view from its extensive summit is in keeping with the grand appearance, height, and extent of the mountain itself. Far as the shores of the Firth of Forth on the south, with Perth and Forfar shires mapped in near distinctness at our feet, our eye sweeps round, with the German Ocean and its white sails on the east, Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray shires hemmed in by the blue

ence to the poetic association one must feel in scaling the grand old hill that called forth Lord Byron's beautiful poem of “Loch-Na-Gar.” The poet spent several summers of his early youth down-river, as will have to be noted in the sequel, and the poem appeared in his *Hours of Idleness* (1807). Its sweet cadence and rolling numbers, breathing the wild, weird spirit and traditions of the hills, ought to have gone far in toning down the reckless, scorching abuse of Brougham's memorable, not to say brutal, review. The piece has been set to music, and is sung throughout much of Scotland, where it elicits a warmth of appreciation and patriotic feeling equalled only by “Auld Lang Syne.”



THE BRIDGE OF INVERCAULD.

In autumn the rifles of royal deerstalkers and the yelp of the pursuing stag-hounds often wake up the old echoes of the corries and glens that radiate from the base of Loch-Na-Gar. Their gloomy depths conceal ice-cold tarns and lakes, the largest of which, Loch Muick, three miles by one, with a tributary of the Dee issuing from it, lies south of Loch-Na-Gar. On its western shore the Queen has a lonely shieling, the Glassalt, three miles from the nearest habitation, and ten from Balmoral. There, with the slenderest of retinues, she spends a few days and nights both in summer and autumn. Higher up the glen becomes a deep gorge, down whose perpendicular sides with thunderous pother leap miniature Staubbachs from the lichen-covered tablelands stretching hither from the shoulders of Loch-Na-Gar. Still higher up we have as lovely a scene as in all Scotland, in the Dhuloch (Black Lake), with its threatening precipices, the home of the ptarmigan and eagle. Here we are as far as well can be from the busy haunts of men. We are alone with nature and nature's God, and the chilly, oppressive loneliness, changing into an indescribable

kind of awe, at first steals, then surges, through our being.

Returning to Balmoral and going up river, we have on the south side to Braemar eight miles of wood, six of which pass through the royal demesne to the Bridge of Invercauld. This forms a very fine private drive through the Ballochbuie pine forest, with the Queen's Swiss chalet erected five miles out on the haugh of Danzig, for a purpose similar to the Glassalt shiel. A little further on to the left is a series of fine waterfalls on the Garrawalt Burn. These are much frequented by the ladies and gentlemen attending the court, who come here of an afternoon to drink tea. They are also a morning and evening rendezvous of deerstalkers and their attendants. This Ballochbuie forest-land is said to have been given by an Earl of Mar to the Farquharsons of Invercauld in return for a tartan plaid. Some ten years ago it cost Queen Victoria £102,000!

From the Bridge of Invercauld to Braemar the road is public, with the Dee on the right, and on the left a continuous line of impending wooded rocks, such as the Lion's Face, staring down on the



ON DEE-SIDE.

princely mansion-house of Invercauld, all of surpassing picturesqueness, and rich in the legends that took root after the rebellions of the '15 and the '45. The line ends in Craig Coynach, named from one of the kings Kenneth, and whence Kenneth the Grim is said to have viewed his hounds in the chase, away back among the dim, dead centuries when Braemar as Kindrochit was even thus early the retreat of majesty in quest of relaxation from the toils of state. Craig Coynach overlooks Braemar, which is fast outgrowing village proportions, with two large hotels and much private accommodation for tourists, who come and go by some one of the three possible routes—by the one we have chosen, up river; the second by the Cairnwall Pass from Perthshire right across the Grampian chain, at right angles to the basin of the Dee, which it reaches by the valley of the Cluny. The

third is down river from the Linn of Dee, where two tracks, bridle-paths at best, converge, the one coming from the basin of the Spey in Inverness-shire through a pass among the most inaccessible of the Grampians, and reaching the Dee by a northerly tributary, the other from Blair Athole in Perthshire through Glen Tilt, a sub-tributary of the Tay, and afterwards by a southern affluent of the "infant Dee."

On a knoll at the foot of Craig Coynach, and near the present Castleton of Braemar, on the 6th September, 1715, John Erskine, the thirty-ninth Earl of Mar and last of his line, unfurled to the winds and the admiring eyes of the Highland chieftains and their assembled vassals a blue, gold-embroidered standard, and beneath its flappy folds proclaimed the Chevalier de St. George, better known as the Pretender, King James the Eighth.

"The Standard on the Braes of Mar
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gathering-pipe on Loch-Na-Gar
Is sounding loud and sairly.

The Hielandmen
Frae hill and glen,
In marshal hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids
And burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.

"Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure, and gallant Harry?

Macdonald's men,
Clan Ranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillivray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men
Of Callander and Airly."

What these old hills have heard and seen! Standing there, we listen with them to the sounds of the incipient revolt, to the noble's panegyric on the House of Stuart, to the lusty and prolonged cheers that rolled forth from Highland throats to the screams of the bagpipes. We think we see under the silken banner the pageantry of Highland warfare in the sea of blue bonnets, in the fluttering of tartan philibegs, and the flashing of claymores, when, see! the gilded ball drops from the standard-pole, and ere it reaches the ground every sound is hushed, every form stands still. The omen of defeat was confirmed on Sheriffmuir, fought on the 13th November following.

In the centre of the village is yet another relic of ancient royalty in the form of a ruined castle, said to have been a hunting-seat of Malcolm Cean-Mohr's.

Beyond Braemar the Dee Valley is bounded on both sides by wooded hills, overtopped in the distant background by Ben-a-Bourd, Cairn Toul, and Ben-Mac-dhui. At the base of the last-named are the Wells of Dee. These, on account of their remote inaccessibility, are visited by few. Most sight-seers stop at the Linn of Dee, seven miles above Braemar, where the carriage road ends. Between Braemar and the linn there are, on both sides of the river, secluded glens, rich in the

varied attractions of wood, loch, rock, and hill, ever responsive to the roar and plash of the never-absent waterfall, beneath which lie deep dark pools teeming with trout, and often salmon, and whither the stag in easy safety comes to quench his thirst and bathe his shaggy haunches. Such are the glens of Corriemulzie and Quoich with their linns, Glen Eye with its Colonel's Bed, and the Linn of Dee itself, where the whole volume of the river's waters comes boiling and tearing down with tremendous fury and a deafening, ceaseless roar.

The return journey to Balmoral, after reaching the Bridge of Invercauld, may



LOHN LOCH AND LOCH-NA-GAR.

be made by the public road on the north side of the Dee. This route loses nothing, but rather gains, in richness of scenic effect. Our first glimpse of the snow-white walls of the palace is again obtained from Cairnaquheen, the slogan and rendezvous of the Farquharson clan. Hence is taken the view of Loch-Na-Gar in our illustration, as being, in our humble opinion, by far the best. How often has the old mountain looked down on the Fiery Cross as it sped past Cairnaquheen with its message of war!

Taking a new departure from the castle, this time with the river, we must for conscience' sake note, about a mile distant, but on the north bank of the Dee, the church of Crathie, now about to be displaced by a new structure. The old church, built in 1806, is outside and inside of more than Presbyterian plainness. It is, however, comfortably seated for 1400, and while royalty is on Dee-side the attendance would tax the limits of a cathedral. On Sundays the Queen and the members of her family occupy one of the front pews in the gallery, the Prince of Wales and suite another, while in close proximity sit peasant and pauper; for the occupier of the meanest hut on the hills has a right to a sitting, and may thus rub shoulders with majesty in the house of God. The only interior ornamentation, apart from the red drapery of the pulpit and front gallery pews, is two windows of stained glass, the gift of her Majesty. One is a happy representation of King David posing as the sweet singer of Israel at his harp, and is inscribed to the memory of her dead husband, the Prince Consort, whose many talents embraced no mean musical genius. The other window contains a rather perk, not to say impudent, picture of St. Paul, having a book clasped to his breast with one hand, and a *sword* in the other. Why the great expounder apostle of ἀγάπη should be armed with a four-foot rapier, and that, too, with a "Lay on, Macduff," swagger, is not easy to understand. The destruction-breathing attitude might be natural in the case of Saul previous to a certain incident on the way to Damascus, but not in that of the converted Paul. The weapon appears to be at best an anachronism, which jars the more when we read below the figure that it is to the memory of the great and good divine Dr. Norman Macleod, whose life and conver-

sation were, equally with Paul's, at variance with the dictation of the sword. He and Dr. John Caird were, thirty years ago, her Majesty's favorite preachers in Scotland—the former plain and practical, the latter polished, philosophical, grandiloquent. Younger divines having the style of her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland, the cream of Scotch pulpit eloquence, still officiate in turns in what the Queen calls "The Kirk." Here she devoutly receives the sacrament of the Lord's Supper along with the parishioners, and manifests Presbyterian leanings that would have shed joy on the soul of old John Knox. But we must hurry down stream.

Choosing either side of the river (the north affords by far the finer views, since the south side, almost as far as we mean to go, is densely wooded), a mile or so below the church, we have, on the south side, but seen also from the north, the residence of the Prince of Wales, Abergeldie Castle.* It is a pretty extensive building, with no feature of interest in its patch-work of old and recent architecture. It is nevertheless prettily situated on the very brink of the river. Right in front of and close to the castle rises the fine wooded hill of Craig-Na-Ban, with much superstition and not a little poetry attached to it. About half-way up the track that leads to the top there is, or at any rate was, a bed of white heather, a rarity, from which, on the 29th September, 1855, the late Emperor of Germany, Frederick William, plucked a sprig, and handed it to his lady-love, the Princess Royal of England, preparatory to putting and pressing to a happy issue that question of questions. Happy twain! Princes and princesses have often had more prosaic betrothals.

Still going with the river, past much of interest, were space more elastic, we reach Ballater, a small town nestling in snowy cleanliness at the foot of the oak-covered Craigendarroch hill. It came into existence with the century, being built to house the large crowds that yearly flocked to try the healing powers of Pannanich. The town is the terminus of the Dee-side Railway, has two fine churches, an Albert Memorial Hall, a large hotel, and cottage barracks for the small body of Highland troops that acts as guard of honor to the Queen at the respectful distance of nine

* The only building with the least bit of picturesque in the whole place.



PROCESSION TO THE BALLROOM.



ABERGELDIE CASTLE.

miles from her person—a fact which tempts one to moralize, when he compares the absence of anything like military protection at Balmoral with the army of occupation at Peterhof. The Dee is bridged at Ballater, and a not unusual drive of an afternoon for the Queen or the Princess of Wales is to Ballater by one side of the river, crossing the Dee, and returning by the opposite bank.

There are a number of gentlemen's seats dotting the amphitheatre around, all finely situated, and some of them, like Glenmuick House, of considerable architectural pretensions. Near Glenmuick House a smaller mansion has taken the place of the old keep of Braikley, the scene in 1592 of a murderous foray by Farquharson of Inverey on the Baron of Braikley, in which the latter and his kinsmen were slain. It was feudal retaliation for the murder of the bonnie Earl of Moray by the Earl of Huntly, and was followed by a long train of bloody reprisals between the clans Gordon and Chattan. The occurrence is quaintly chronicled in a spirited ballad of the time, too long to be quoted here in full, called "The Baronne of Braikley." It begins:

"Inverey cam' down Dee-side whistlin' and playin'.
He was at brave Braikley's getts ere it was
dawin'.

"He rappit fu' loudlie, and wi' a great roar,
Cried, 'Come down noo, Braikley, and open the
door.'"

Braikley refused, when:

"Out spake his ladye, at his back where she lay,
'Get up, get up, Braikley, and face Inverey.'"

And later:

"'Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,
He wadna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.'"

Braikley was constrained to go out, and—

"First they killed ane, and syne they killed twa;
They hae killed gallant Braikley, the flower o'
them a'."

What impression the news of the "Baronne's" slaughter had on his false "ladye" may be learned from—

"She was rantin', and dancin', and singin' for joy,
And vowin' that night she would feast Inverey,"

Whereat we can exclaim:

"Wae to you, Kate Fraser, sad may your heart be,
To see your brave Baronne's blood come to your
knee!"

Then—

"Up spake her son on the nourice's knee,
'Gin I'll live to manhood, revenged I'll be.'
There's dool in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha'—
The Baronne o' Braikley is dead and awa.
What sichin' and sobbin' was heard in the glen,
For the Baronne o' Braikley wha basely was slain!
Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey
The Gordons may mourn him and ban Inverey."

The hills here begin to lose in height and bold and rocky outline, and in consequence the scenery becomes comparatively tamer. Wider reaches of cultivated land fill up the river basin as the hills recede. Ballater is, indeed, but six miles removed up river from the threshold of the Highlands. This is formed by a small stream, tributary to the Dee on its left bank, called the Burn of Dinnet. Insignificant as a watercourse, it has yet come to be regarded, like the Rubicon of old, as a boundary line between two worlds. Below it lie the fertile Lowlands of Aberdeenshire, above it the "swelling blue" of the Highlands.

Thither we shall not go, but proceed from Ballater, by the south or right bank of the river, past Pannanich, with its famed mineral waters, to Ballaterich, already mentioned as the scene of Lord Byron's summer sojourn in some of his early years. It is a farm-house, the position and surroundings of which can best be learned from the illustration. The hilly ground behind forms a sheep-run. Neither Ballaterich nor the views around have changed a whit since the youthful bard left them. Though a mere boy of not more than ten years of age at the date of his last visit, yet the wild Grampian scenes we have glimpsed at left an impression on his young memory that years of foreign travel failed to efface, evoked an inspiration that the storied scenes of Italy and Greece could not intensify, and endowed his poetry with a fervor that descended to the grave unchilled.

In his *Hours of Idleness*, published when he was nineteen, he immortalizes in "Loch-Na-Gar," "Morven of snow," "Dee's rushing tide," and "the rocks that o'ershadow Culblean," the four most prominent landmarks of his mountain home. His poem of "Loch-Na-Gar" has been already noticed. "When I wooed a young Highland-

er o'er the dark heath" is not inferior, though amatory, revealing his first passion and only pride—the one centred in Mary Duff, the other in "breasting the billows of Dee," to which he makes as pointed reference as when he afterwards swam the Hellespont. At Ballaterich the poet's bed, of the old-fashioned box or cupboard style, is still shown. A very old man's reminiscence of the young bard, and, judging by his after-life, a discriminating one, was that "he was a very taking lad, but not easily managed." He had also a boy's fondness for handling edge-tools, to the loudly expressed disgust of a neighboring joiner.

How deeply engraved on the poet's mind was his "beloved Caledonia" may be gathered from the following lines, culled from "The Island," written at Genoa a twelvemonth before his death, and when



IN THE PINE FOREST.

he had not visited the Highlands for more than a score of years:

"He who first met the Highland's swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not
mine,

Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-Na-Gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount.
Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
Forgive me, Phœbus! that my fancy stray'd;
The north and nature taught me to adore
Your scenes sublime, from those beloved before."

Due north of Ballaterich, across river, lie the high undulating expanses of the hill of Culblean, the scene of a battle in 1335 between the Baliol and David Bruce party.

These again lead up behind to the towering massive proportions of Byron's Morven, about 3000 feet high—a thousand feet lower than Loch-Na-Gar. Queen Victoria made its ascent in 1859 (see *Journal*). She says: "The view from it is more magnificent than can be described, so large and yet so near everything seemed, and such seas of mountains with blue lights, and the color so wonderfully beautiful. It was enchanting!" But not a whisper of poor Byron.

Did time permit, we might descend the eastern slopes of Morven and Culblean to the Burn of the Vat, and thence to lochs Dawan and Kinnord, the former, as Derana, a Roman camp eighteen hundred years ago, the latter rich in prehistorical remains of lake fortress, Crannop, and British canoes. Thither the usurping Macbeth of Shakespeare was fleeing when he was slain, some miles further down at Lumphanan, by Malcolm Cean-Mohr's lieutenant, Macduff, he "being of no woman born." This happened in the year of grace 1056, and a very particular account of it is given by Andrew of Winton, in his Cronykil, of how—

"O'er the Mounth they chased him there,
Intil the wood of Lumphanan,"
and how—

"This Macbeth slew they there,
Intil the wood of Lumphanan."

We have now gone south, west, and east, touching, however lightly, on the

most salient features of what may be called the Balmoral Highlands. Yet another stretch of country—that to the north—might have been in part explored; but since the scenery is of a less varied though still impressive character, and the Queen's estate does not extend north of the castle and the river Dee, we refrain, as we do from rehearsing all the wealth of association and legendary lore that still hang by traditional threads to the places we have visited. We shall instead endeavor to sketch, however imperfectly, the routine of her Majesty life at Balmoral.

Of her love for Balmoral she writes, under date of 13th October, 1856, "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dear Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out." Albert went the way of mortals; and thirty-four years of widowhood still find her paying a woman's devotion at this shrine of his memory. Besides, there can be no doubt but that during a connection of forty-seven years there has stolen over her the glamour of the hills. She loves her Grampians as the Switzer loves his Alps, and the mystic spell gathers vigor with the years.

When much state business has to be transacted, as councils held and audiences given, they occupy the earlier hours of the day. The non-abiding guests these bring have to be personally entertained at luncheon, and the remainder of the afternoon is taken up with a long drive, the longer the better, to tea.

On days when lunching out is contemplated, ponies in charge of gillies are despatched in advance to some spot from ten to twenty miles distant, where a bridle-path, or an old drove or smugglers' track, branches off the carriageway. There the ponies are mounted, each of which is led by a sturdy kilted Highlander over paths and grounds that pedestrians would not care to pass, over some hill, up some glen, across country, and away down some other valley, the whole party lunching and sketching by the still strand of some deep dark tarn, on the edge of a roaring linn, or on the top of some hill with wide prospect.

On the approach of evening a road is sought, where the carriage by preconcerted arrangement awaits, a fire is kindled, tea is made and drunk, then tracks are



BALLATERICH, WHERE BYRON LIVED.

made for home, which is reached after an eight or ten hours' outing, just as the full harvest-moon may be throwing a silvery radiance round it. These are delightful, healthful days, with little room for *ennui*.

In such expeditions the princes and gentlemen of the court now seldom or never share. They are out on the moors after grouse, angling on the river, or stalking the red deer on the hills. The keenest and most successful deer-stalkers were formerly the Prince of Wales, the Grand-Duke of Hesse, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The last-named, during an autumnal stay of three weeks previous to his marriage, shot fifty stags; but then he was an untiring walker and a deadly shot. He has been known to strip and swim far into the cold waters of the Dhuloch after a wounded stag, and, with the aid of the hounds, bring the carcass to the shore. The peril lay in the cramp-producing coldness of the water, and in the untoward circumstances of there being no boat on the loch, and none of his attendants that could have swum to succor him in need. Such dash and daring made him a great favorite with his henchmen, all of whom are Highlanders.

The Prince of Wales, also a good rifle-shot, has for several years been less adapted physically for the often extreme fatigues of stalking; but he enjoys to the full the tamer pastime of slaying a royal buck in the woods, which late in autumn are scoured by gangs of men, who drive the quarry towards an open space among the trees. Here a quick and steady aim

is more necessary even than in stalking, for the frightened deer speeds past like the wind, often affording but a mere glance of his hirsute form ere he disappears in the piny covert. Successful or unsuccessful in bringing down his animal, his Royal Highness is always in good humor. A frown is rarely seen on his countenance, and any retainer caught in a peccadillo is pretty sure of his forgiveness. His beaming good-nature, kind without being facile, his cordial hospitality, and unfeigned goodness of heart, render him a great favorite with rich and poor, with whom he is popularly known as "The Prince."

After a day's successful deer-shooting, one of the sights of the season at Balmoral or Abergeldie Castle, but chiefly at the latter, is a deer-dance, wherein the deer do not dance, but lie impassive and dead enough, head and tail, in numbers of two, three, or more, at the chief entrance. After the royal dinner—and the darker the night the better—long heavy torches, called "sownacks," made of splints of dry bog fir bound together with green birchen withes, are lighted and held aloft by a number of stalwart kilted Highlanders, a piper or two, splendidly radiant in tartan and silver, strike up a march, and the royal sportsmen, accompanied by all the princesses, ladies, and gentlemen of their suite, come forth into the lurid circle to view the trophies of the day. After inspection and remarks, a torch is handed to each of the princes, invariably dressed in full Highland costume, four or more of whom take their places at the



HIGHLANDERS' DANCE.

head of a long line of jägers, keepers, foresters, and gillies, each with a flaming torch, to dance a reel. The piper manipulates a strathspey and reel from his drones and chanter, and all foot the light fantastic "Highland Fling," with whoops and yells and wild hurrahs. To the quick pulsations of "Monymusk" and "Hulachan," tartan kilts and plaids, brawny limbs, and jewelled belts and dirks, fleet and whirl in wild yet measured confusion beneath the lines of scintillating flame. But the powers of muscle and lung soon flag on the dull gravelly surface that serves for dancing-floor. A bonfire is made of the "sownack" stumps, amid a chorus of cheers that resound far through the dark welkin. Jingling glasses are charged with the "strong wine" of the country, and emptied to toasts, by the dancers; then royalty seeks its bedchamber, the great clock overhead chimes forth some hour near midnight, and the grand spectacular display is over—for a night.

All the royal family are fond of dancing, and among the "events" of their sojourn in the Highlands, balls, to which tenantry and servants are all invited, have held a prominent place. As might be expected, life is gayer at Abergeldie than at Balmoral. At these balls all social distinctions are disregarded. The one fiat is "dance," which the Highlanders are not slow to do. Their dancing is characterized by much vigorous leaping, kicking, swinging, reeling, thumb-cracking, and interjectional "woochs."

Another occasion of merrymaking that comes with birthdaylike regularity is the

great Scottish festal night of Halloween, celebrated on the 31st October of each year. The mystic rites of that evening, so graphically portrayed by Burns, are somewhat in abeyance at Balmoral, but instead the Highland custom of robbing witch-spells of their terrors through the cleansing agency of fire may here be witnessed in all its pristine glory. Blazing "sownacks," carried round the castle literally in hundreds after sunset, constitute the purifying media, and form, especially at a distance, a sight that must be seen to be fully appreciated.

All these amusements are varied by the attendance of first-class concert and dramatic companies. There is no monotony. The tone of everything said and done, grave as well as gay, is decidedly healthy. Life goes "merry as a marriage bell," whose chimes bring to recollection the fact that Balmoral has ever afforded idyllic facilities for courtship. Besides the Imperial Prince of Germany, here the Grand-Duke of Hesse and the Marquis of Lorne wooed and won their brides. In each case there was far more wooing and fewer "reasons of state" than sentimental outsiders are in the habit of believing.

Royalty in its free, unassuming, and joyous intercourse with the Highland character of proverbial independence meets with no coarseness of feeling or action, no fawning formalities, no dissimulation, and no mistrust. The social gap between the monarch and the peasant is here bridged with a facility as graceful as cordial, that might well be imitated by the noble and commoner elsewhere.

SUNRISE ON MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN.

BY ALICE BROWN.

O SWIFT forerunners, rosy with the race!
Spirits of dawn, divinely manifest
Behind your blushing banners in the sky!
Daring invaders of Night's tenting-ground—
How do ye strain on forward-bending foot,
Each to be first in heralding of joy!

With silence sandalled, so they weave their way,
And so they stand, with silence panoplied,
Chanting, through mystic symbolings of flame.
Their solemn invocation to the light.

O changeless guardians! O ye wizard firs!
What strenuous philter feeds your potency,
That thus ye rest, in sweet wood-hardiness,

Ready to learn of all and utter naught?
 What breath may move ye, or what breeze invite
 To odorous, hot lendings of the heart?
 What wind—but all the winds are yet afar,
 And e'en the little tricky zephyr sprites,
 That fleet before them, like their elfin locks,
 Have lagged in sleep, nor stir nor waken yet
 To pluck the robe of patient majesty.

Too still for dreaming, too divine for sleep,
 So range the firs, the constant, fearless ones.
 Warders of mountain secrets, there they wait,
 Each with his cloak about him, breathless, calm,
 And yet expectant, as who knows the dawn,
 And all night thrills with memory and desire,
 Searching in what has been for what shall be,—
 The marvel of the ne'er familiar day,
 Sacred investiture of life renewed,
 The chrism of dew, the coronal of flame.
 Low in the valley lies the conquered rout
 Of man's poor, trivial turmoil, lost and drowned
 Under the mist, in gleaming rivers rolled,
 Where oozy marsh contends with frothing main.
 And rounding all, springs one full, ambient arch,
 One great, good, limpid world—so still, so still!
 For no sound echoes from its crystal curve
 Save four clear notes, the song of that lone bird
 Who, brave but trembling, tries his morning hymn,
 And has no heart to finish, for the awe
 And wonder of this pearling globe of dawn.

Light, light eternal! veiling-place of stars!
 Light, the revealer of dread beauty's face!
 Weaving whereof the hills are lambent clad!
 Mighty libation to the Unknown God!
 Cup whereat pine-trees slake their giant thirst,
 And little leaves drink sweet delirium!
 Being, and breath, and potion! living soul
 And all-informing heart of all that lives!
 How can we magnify thine awful name
 Save by its chanting: Light! and light! and light!
 An exhalation from far sky retreats,
 It grows in silence, as 'twere self-create,
 Suffusing all the dusky web of night.
 But one lone corner it invades not yet,
 Where low above a black and rimy crag
 Hangs the old moon, thin as a battered shield,
 The holy, useless shield of long-past wars,
 Dinted and frosty, on the crystal dark.

But lo! the east,—let none forget the east,
 Pathway ordained of old where He should tread!
 Through some sweet magic common in the skies,
 The rosy banners are with saffron tinct,
 The saffron grows to gold, the gold is fire;
 And led by silence more majestic
 Than clash of conquering arms, He comes! He comes!
 He holds his spear benignant, sceptrewise,
 And strikes out flame from the adoring hills.

THE GIFT OF STORY-TELLING.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHENEVER the annalist of English literature shall record the history of the year 1894, one of the most curious items he will have to set down in his account cannot but be the sudden success achieved in fiction by a mature practitioner of another art. To take all hearts by storm, *Trilby* had only to appear, and no sooner did she show herself than hundreds of thousands of readers lay prostrate at her incomparable feet. Irresistible as was Mr. Du Maurier's charming heroine, and however acceptable the tale of *Trilby's* misadventures may be as a reproduction of actual life, it is not a masterpiece of narrative art. Delightful as it is, full as it is of the freshness of youth and of the joy of living, it could easily be torn to pieces, as a story merely, were any critic hard-hearted enough for the hateful task. No one knows better than Mr. Du Maurier that his unpretentious romance is not *savamment filé*, as he might say himself. He has not studied fiction as an art diligently from his youth up; and it was late in life, and almost by accident, that he discovered his ownership of the gift of story-telling.

The gift of story-telling! This it is which Mr. Du Maurier has, and which he obviously did not know he had, or he would have revealed it earlier in his career. It is this gift of story-telling which Mr. Du Maurier has unexpectedly found himself to possess in a high degree that enables him so to enchant us with his tale that we overlook all the evidences of his inexpertness as a maker of romances. It is this native faculty of narrative which the writer of fiction must needs have as a condition precedent to the practice of his craft, and without some small portion of which the conscious art of the most highly trained novelist is of no avail.

This gift of story-telling can exist independently of any other faculty. It may be all that its possessor has. He might be wholly without any of the qualifications of the literator; he might lack education and intelligence; he might have no knowledge of the world, no experience of life, and no insight into character; he might be devoid of style, and even of grammar—all these deficiencies are as nothing if only he have the gift of story-telling.

Without that, he may have all the other qualifications and still fail as a writer of fiction. With that, even though without them, he may make sure of an audience whenever and wherever he shall choose to take up his tale.

In so far as the gift of story-telling exists independently, it is like the ability to make an effective speech, the knack of writing an actable play, the power of acquiring money; and its possession is no proof whatever that the possessor is abler than his fellows except in that one direction. That a man succeeds in anything is evidence that he had not mischosen his calling; that whatever his general intelligence may be, and however slight it may be, he has at least a full share of the special intelligence needed in the art in question (be that only the humble art of making money). Here we have an explanation of the surprise which has shocked us often on meeting the maker of an immense fortune when he revealed himself as a man of no great intelligence. It accounts for the disappointment we have felt on finding that the musician, the painter, the tragedian of high rank in his profession may be a man of no more than ordinary intellectual force.

A chance remark of a distinguished French comedian first suggested to me this simple explanation. I had met a member of the company, and I had found him almost stupid, although as a performer he was more than acceptable; and I asked my friend how this could be, that so dull a man should be so good an actor. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled, and answered: "Why not? It is just the same in the other arts." I was forced to admit that I had known musicians also who had nothing to recommend them but their music. "Painters too," he returned. "Look at M——, the greatest painter we have, and he's an old chump!" for so I venture freely to render the untranslatable French phrase *vieille ganache*. "It is the same in all the arts: to succeed in any of them one needs the intelligence of that art—one doesn't need any other intelligence."

A further consideration has led me to make a threefold classification of successful actors—first, those who have the his-

trionic faculty and nothing else; second, those who are intelligent, and who make their intelligence a substitute for the natural gift; and third, those few who, besides being born actors, are also men of intellect and character. Charles Lamb's friend Munden may be taken as the type of the actor who is an actor only. Munden must have been a great comedian; but it is only as a comedian that he was great; in the ordinary relations of life he was a very ordinary man. Macready, on the other hand, is an instance of the success with which a deficiency of the native histrionic faculty can be supplemented by force of character and by general intelligence. Macready was not a born actor; he was a made actor. Lewes—than whom there is no shrewder English dramatic critic—declares his belief that Macready would have made his way to the front either at the bar or in the Church quite as well as he did on the stage. But who could imagine Munden in any other calling than the comedian's?

A large majority of the actors of any time belong to the first of these classes; they act because "it is their nature to"; their readings and their gestures are right more often than not from unconscious intuition, not from any reason they could give. It is to this class Lewes was referring probably when he said that we are prone to overestimate the actor's genius, or, in other words, his native histrionic faculty, and to underestimate his trained skill.

Smaller and yet always well represented is the second division, men and women of little natural endowment for the theatre, making up for this deficiency by exceeding carefulness, by conscientious study, by sheer force of determination. These are the performers who are coldly praised as "scholarly." In London I once asked a friend who really understands the theatre what sort of an actor so-and-so was. "So-and-so?" he answered; "he is a most scholarly actor, understanding his art thoroughly; but sooner than see him act, I'd rather be all alone by myself in a dark room!"

The third class, consisting of those who have intellect and character and culture as well as a natural gift for their vocation, is as rare on the stage as it is in the studio or in the library; it must always be very rare everywhere. The typical actor having this double endowment was

David Garrick, who was at once the first tragedian of his time and the first comedian, who was the foremost manager and one of the leading dramatists, who wrote delightful light verse, and who held his own as a talker with the best men of the club, and who was altogether the marvel of the stage. In our own days it is not difficult to designate actors who have not only the histrionic faculty in a very high degree, but who have also, like Garrick, a full share of culture and character and intellect. Mr. Joseph Jefferson here in America, M. Coquelin in Paris, Herr Barnay in Berlin—these are among the first names that now come to mind.

A triple classification like this here attempted for actors can be made for all other artists—for painters, for sculptors, and for architects, for orators, for poets, and for dramatists. All fall into the three divisions—those with the special temperament, those with general ability, and the scanty few who have both the general ability and the special temperament. Turner, for example, was born to be a painter, and he knew nothing but how to paint; Washington Allston made himself a painter by indomitable perseverance; while Michael Angelo had ability of many kinds, and in a high degree. To turn from one art to another, Sheil was a born speech-maker, and Whitfield had the same gift of eloquence, but neither of them had anything to say which has survived; while Burke was the profoundest political thinker of his century, yet he had so little of the natural gift of the orator that his delivery of the speeches we still study emptied the House of Commons. Strangely infrequent is the power of impressing an immediate audience with words that will also abide after the interest of the occasion has departed. Daniel Webster achieved this triumph more than once, though he never equalled the pregnant simplicity of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, which carried away the listening thousands on the battle-field then, and is now cherished in the hundreds of thousands of memories.

Among the dramatists the second of these three classes is very small indeed. In the making of a play to please the broad public, to whom the dramatist must always appeal, temperament counts for far more than culture. Without the in-born dramaturgic faculty the ablest man of letters finds himself absolutely at a

loss. This dramaturgic faculty is wholly distinct from literary ability, and it sometimes is to be found in the possession of men having little or no tincture of literature. And this is why critics, trained to appreciate purely literary qualities, so often fail wholly to understand the success of a popular play, the literary defects of which are only too obvious; this is why they are so often forced to wonder at the failure of the brilliantly written comedy of a man of letters who happens to be without the dramatic temperament. It is the born playwright who has interested the broad public at all times; he has interested it none the less when he chanced also to have literature. As a substitute for the specific gift literary art was inadmissible, but as a supplement it was welcome. It is style alone that survives; and so most of the plays of the past which had the widest popularity have sunk out of sight, and their makers' names are forgotten.

Lamb calls Heywood a "prose Shakespeare"; and of all the early Elizabethan dramatists none was more acceptable to the play-goers of the period than Heywood; he had the dramaturgic faculty, he was a born playwright, but it was only now and again that he rose to the level of literature. Ben Jonson sought to make up for his lack of the natural gift by scholarship and energy and toil; and in most cases he had his labor for his pains, and he took his pay in contempt for those who refused to be amused by his hard work. Shakespeare had the native endowment, and he was the best "Shakescene of them all"—the most popular playwright of his time. That he was the hack dramatist of his theatre, patching up old plays to tempt the groundlings, and knowing every trick of the trade and up to every device of the craft, did not prevent him from being also the greatest of English poets. But it is not the abiding beauty of his verse, it is not his profound insight into human character, it is his native gift of play-making which contemporary play-goers recognized, and which keeps a third of his comedies and tragedies on the boards now nearly three hundred years after his death.

Just as one man succeeds in the theatre because he is a born playwright, despite his deficiency in all other qualities, so another man wins his way as a poet be-

cause he is a born lyricist. If he have but the gift of song, we have no right to expect from him anything else. From a songster it is absurd to demand thought; if he but give us melody, that is enough. A poet may be a literary virtuoso of incomparable technic, like Théophile Gautier, for example—a surpassingly skilful artist in words, and quite incapable of anything fairly to be called an original thought. His verse may be a marvellous instrument for the reproduction of tones and tints and delicate shades of sensation and emotion, and he himself may have a small mind and a little soul. There are those who have proclaimed Wordsworth to be a thinker as well as a poet, but they would be daring indeed who should set up such a claim for Tennyson, than whom the literary history of England records no more accomplished master of the art of verse. Yet the last of the laureates eagerly assimilated much of the best thought of his time, and thus nourished his stanzas and gave them substance and solidity. But the French poet who was Tennyson's contemporary and rival was less receptive; it might almost be said that Victor Hugo was as impervious to thought as he was to humor. He was a singer of lyrics, a painter of pictures in rhyme; just a poet and nothing else. As one of the acutest of recent French critics, M. Jules Lemaître, has put it, compactly, "A man for whom Robespierre, Saint-Just, and even Hébert and Marat, are giants, for whom Bossuet and De Maistre are odious monsters, and for whom Nisard and Mérimée are imbeciles, this man may have genius, but, beyond all question, genius is all he has." And yet no one has been ampler than M. Lemaître in praise of Hugo as a poet pure and simple. The author of *Odes et Ballades* was the greatest of French lyricists, making a stubborn and rebellious language soar and sing, and doing this easily, abundantly, unceasingly.

It was the gift of poetry that Hugo had, and Tennyson, just as Munden had the gift of comedy, as Sheil had the gift of eloquence, as Turner had the gift of painting—just as Mr. Du Maurier has the gift of story-telling. No doubt Mr. Du Maurier has other qualities also—a pleasant humor, for example, and broad sympathy; but these would all be of little avail if he had not also the gift of story-telling. The possessor of this precious birthright seems

to divine many of the secrets of the art of narrative almost intuitively, and he has no difficulty in holding our attention while he spins the yarn. However inexperienced he may be, he is rarely ineffective, and at his first attempt he often does easily and without effort what those who have not the gift must take thought to accomplish, and attain only after striving and straining.

As one glances down the long and interesting history of fiction, one can readily pick out the names of novelists belonging to one and another of the three classes. And yet the writer who has the gift of story-telling and nothing else, who has neither style nor humor nor the ability to create character, who is a spinner of yarns only, has no staying power, however immense his immediate popularity may be, drops into oblivion almost as soon as he ceases to produce. Perhaps there are no more typical specimens of the story-teller pure and simple than the late Ponson du Terrail in France (the historian of the misdeeds of Rocambole), and the late "Hugh Conway" in England (the author of *Called Back*). Perhaps it would be invidious to point out any living writers of tales belonging in this class; and yet the temptation to name names is wellnigh irresistible.

In the second division, containing those without the native faculty and yet with ability which they impress as a substitute for the gift, it is probably perfectly fair to include Dr. Johnson. *Rasselas* reveals no natural endowment for the craft of fiction; it is the result of main strength misapplied. Perhaps also Diderot is to be included in this class, for the author of *La Religieuse* had the gift of story-telling as little as he had the dramaturgic faculty. It may be unfair to Diderot, whose intelligence was alert and swift, to link his name with that of Johnson, who moved ponderously; and yet they are both examples of the inadequacy of intellect alone as an equipment for the practice of an art without some portion, however slight, of natural endowment. For the spinning of yarns, the intelligence alone will not suffice.

The two great contemporaries Boccaccio and Chaucer had both the gift of story-telling in fullest measure; they were also among the most accomplished and most intellectual men of their time. Boccaccio was a scholar; he was perhaps the

first Italian to study Greek; he was chosen to deliver the earliest course of lectures on Dante. Chaucer was also a scholar; he was a traveller and a man of affairs. Both of them were conscious artists, masters of the narrative art, treating the raw material they found ready to their hands with the utmost freedom, and understanding all the advantages of selection, unity, compression, variety, proportion, movement, and climax. Their tales can be studied to-day as masterpieces of craftsmanship. They had the gift of story-telling, and also the knowledge how best to put that having to usury, and how to make it return the fullest revenue.

The two great writers whose names come next in chronological sequence in the history of fiction are Rabelais and Cervantes. The Frenchman and the Spaniard had a profounder philosophy of life than the Italian and the Englishman, but they lacked the sense of art, as the most careless contrast would show. The tales of Boccaccio and of Chaucer are swift and beautifully proportioned, while the stories of Rabelais and Cervantes are slow and lumbering. The involute clumsiness of *Don Quixote*, considered merely as a specimen of narrative art, is indisputable; and the slovenliness of its structure, the negligence of the narrator, and his insufficient respect for the masterpiece which he had begotten unawares, are equally evident. But careless as is the scheme of *Don Quixote*, it is superior to the wilful and sprawling formlessness of the chronicle of *Gargantua*. The gift of story-telling, the sheer ability to hold the reader's attention by a string of adventures, put together almost at haphazard, and told almost as artlessly, this both Rabelais and Cervantes must needs have had.

There is no necessity now to attempt an analysis of this gift and a declaration of its constituent elements, even if it were possible to do so—which may be doubted. What is obvious enough is that it is sometimes accompanied by the keenest understanding of the principles of narrative art, and sometimes it is not so accompanied. Those who possess it may also possess knowledge and wisdom, or they may not possess these additional qualifications. But without some small share of this native faculty no novelist can hope to attain his purpose, no novelist and no historian.

The author of the *Short History of the*

English People once defined the novel as "history that did not happen"; and turning this happy suggestion inside out, we may call history "fiction that did happen." Macaulay deliberately desired to write a history of England which should be read as eagerly as the latest novel, and he had his wish. Probably Mr. Green was inspired by a similar motive, and he achieved a similar triumph. The novel which Motley once wrote, and the novel which Parkman once wrote, failed to find favor in the eyes of the general reader, and faded swiftly into oblivion; but who could deny the gift of story-telling to the historian of the siege of Antwerp, or to the historian of the conspiracy of Pontiac? Prescott had the gift also when he told the most marvellous of all true stories, the tale of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez and his companions. Froude had it, even if he lacked other indispensable qualities of the great historian; and—to take a long stride backward—Herodotus had it, even though he may have availed himself now and again of the novelist's other privileges. Xenophon revealed his possession of it more in his story of the retreat of the ten thousand, which was fact, than in his story of the training of Cyrus, which was fiction.

Of course it will not do to force the classification too rigorously; in art the hard and fast lines of science are impossible. None the less is it amusing to call the roll of English novelists, and, without insisting on an inexorable division of the sheep from the goats, to try and see which of them had this gift, and which of them had to make up for a deficiency of it by an abundance in other directions. Defoe, for instance, like Le Sage, was a story-teller above all things; he had this precious faculty in the highest degree, and perhaps he had little else. Swift had it in an equally full proportion, and he had many other things besides; indeed, the final proof of Swift's possession of this gift, were any needed, might be found in the fact that owing to it his bitter satire of his contemporaries, his misanthropic and malignant attack on humanity at large and for all time, survives now as a classic of childhood, and that the boys and girls of America in the nineteenth century read the travels of Captain Gulliver as innocently as they read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with no suspicion that beneath the surface of the

entrancing story there lies an evil allegory. This is a stroke of the irony of fate which Swift himself would appreciate.

Of the three great English novelists of the eighteenth century perhaps Smollett had the most of this faculty, and Richardson the least, although Fielding had a richer nature than either of the others, and a finer art, and therefore he got the utmost out of his having. Goldsmith's one attempt at fiction is engagingly artless and continually interesting; Goldsmith, like Irving, who resembled him in many other respects also, had his full share of this native faculty, though he did not cultivate it as carefully as Irving did. In like manner Cooper was a more conscientious workman than Scott, and he put his frame-work together better, inferior as the American romancer was to the Scottish master in richness of humor and in insight into human character.

Of the three great British novelists of the nineteenth century Dickens was the only one who was a true story-teller, having a far larger share of the native gift even than Thackeray, while George Eliot had less of it than almost any other of those who have become famous as writers of fiction. Dickens was a man of limited culture and of narrow intelligence—as his *Pictures from Italy* proves, and his *American Notes*—and he had absurd artistic ideals; but his was the faculty of telling a tale so that we cannot choose but hear. Thackeray, a more accomplished craftsman, was often a more careless artificer; he had a far finer intelligence than Dickens, and a deeper nature; but merely as a story-teller Dickens seems to me to be his superior.

George Eliot, like Tolstoi, another great writer who uses fiction as a medium for morality, strikes me always as not naturally a teller of tales, like Swift, for instance, and Goldsmith. In reading *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch*, as in reading *Anna Karénina*, we have a constant sense of effort, as though the authors were struggling with a consciousness that story-telling was not that for which they were born. That George Eliot and Tolstoi were not wholly devoid of the requisite endowment is evident from these books and their fellows; but the permanent value of George Eliot's writings and of Tolstoi's is not to be sought in their stories considered merely as stories. And if it were not that

the *Sorrows of Werther* had met with instant acceptance all over Europe, I should venture to suggest that great as Goethe was, his gift of story-telling was singularly small. There is nothing easy or spontaneous about *Wilhelm Meister*, as it is an effort of the intellect rather than a story. One might call it the first

tendenz-roman — the first novel-with-a-purpose—if one could make out clearly what its purpose was. Certainly one can see in *Wilhelm Meister* the ancestor of *Daniel Deronda* and of *Robert Elsmere* and of *John Ward, Preacher*—just as one can call Miss Austen the maiden grandmother of Mr. Howells.

RONZANO.

BY MONSIGNOR BERNARD O'REILLY.

DURING the spring and summer of two successive years it was my good fortune to occupy, at the gates of Bologna, and high up on the slope of a foot-hill of the Apennines, the palatial Villa Mare-scalchi. This sixteenth-century structure, with its beautiful grounds, had been twice the headquarters of the First Napoleon, in 1796-7, and when he came back to Italy, as Emperor, to receive the Iron Crown of the Lombard kings. From the gardener's cottage, a little above our villa, we could see, peeping out from between its cypresses and chestnuts, the Villa di Ronzano, the romantic summer residence of Count Giovanni Gozzadini and his wife, Countess Maria Teresa di Serego-Alighieri, both descendants of Dante.

A letter of introduction to the Count and Countess from a mutual friend soon brought us an invitation to Ronzano. The mountain or hill of that name is the highest among the spurs of the Apennines overlooking Bologna and its neighborhood. It is higher by some two hundred feet than our own, the Monte di San Benedetto of the old feudal times. Through the deep intervening valley runs the aqueduct built by Nero, and which, thanks to the enlightened zeal of Count Gozzadini, had just been thoroughly repaired, bringing its pure and wholesome waters into the squares and streets of Bologna. We were anxious to become acquainted with the noble possessors of Ronzano on account of the names they bore, and still more because they had made of their hill palace the cradle of science in Italy, a nursery of the arts and letters.

We started for Ronzano on a lovely morning in September, our gardener Angelo, in his picturesque peasant costume, leading our donkeys with a basket-chaise, the only vehicle suited to the steep mountainous roads. Every spot along the sunny

slopes before us, every winding path in the valleys beneath us, or among the maze of farm-houses, villas, and vineyards on the hill-sides, had been trodden in by-gone days by men and women whose names still live in song and story — statesmen, churchmen, soldiers, scholars, and artists.

All around us, bathed in the luminous haze of the autumnal weather, lie the spurs of the Apennines, with their interlocking vales and glens half hidden by a purplish-blue veil. The slopes on each side of our road are covered with vineyards, whose embroidered foliage only half conceals the large purple or golden clusters of the delicious fruit.

At a sudden turn of the road we reach the entrance-gate to the Villa di Ronzano. Angelo rings the bell, and a servant comes swiftly down the shady avenue and unlocks the gate. The carriage stops at what had been once the portal of the great mediæval monastery, and by the side of the church which had borne the name of St. Vincent Ferrer.

Count Gozzadini greets us warmly, the Countess entering while we are exchanging the first compliments. Already, as they assure us, they have been much interested in us, not only because we are Americans, but because of the literary labors which have brought us to Bologna. So we are taken into the large work-room of the illustrious pair.

While the Countess and my companion, Mrs. White, become absorbed in conversation, the Count kindly enters upon the subjects which specially concern me, listening in his quiet, modest way to my many questions, and answering me with great lucidity and directness.

Presently the Countess turns to me, and asks if we were personally acquainted with Longfellow. She had, she said, learned English in order to be able to

read his translation of the *Divina Commedia*. The question was prompted by what was, after her great love for her husband, the Countess's ruling passion—worship of her great ancestor, Dante Alighieri. She showed me a commentary on the “Purgatorio,” written in 1865 by her priest cousin, Count Paolo Perez, a copy of which, at her request, I sent to Longfellow. This soon brought from the latter a letter of thanks, which was very gratifying to the Countess.

Both she and her husband, at the time of our visit, were deeply engaged in completing the magnificent Etruscan Museum in Bologna, an enterprise of which they were the soul. For Count Gozzadini, if he cannot be justly called the parent of archæological science in Italy, certainly deserves the praise of being its most generous promoter, and was effectually assisted by his wife.

They were, in truth, wonderful workers. All around us, as we crossed the threshold of the venerable monastic pile which they had rescued from eighteenth and nineteenth century vandalism, were evidences of their intelligent zeal in restoring the great edifice and its church. The frescoed walls had been gradually stripped of the hard coating of whitewash and mortar overlying the Renaissance and seventeenth-century paintings.

The room was filled with the fragrance of roses, which were a special object of the Countess's culture. Bouquets of rare and beautiful specimens filled majolica vases on the mantel and the tables. And pieces of the Countess's embroidery adorn, here and there, the rich antique furniture.

The tables in this room, as well as that adjoining, had also many Etruscan relics, which the Countess was helping her husband to classify, and many others connected with the very buildings in which we were seated.

Taking us out into the great corridor of the Dominican convent, our hostess pointed, at one extremity, to the Church of the Madonna della Guardia, standing out, a mass of gray and gold, against the pale blue of the western sky, with a verdurous gulf between, over which rested the blue haze of noontide. Then, turning round to the east, we had at the other end of the corridor a view of the ancient church and hermitage of San Vittore, crowning another distant summit. They had an eye to the picturesque and the beau-

tiful, those mediæval builders. Along both walls of this corridor Count Gozzadini was slowly bringing to light the wall-paintings, overlaid in the beginning of the present century with whitewash and plaster, the work of the lay proprietor into whose hands the confiscated convent, with its church and grounds, had fallen.

The Countess would have us give one brief look at the church, so totally denuded of all its wealth of decoration by its former possessors. There, too, she and her husband were slowly and intelligently restoring the wall-paintings. One treasure she showed me, looking inquiringly into my face, and that was a small silver-gilt shrine or monstrance containing the head and other relics of a noble Bolognese maiden of the thirteenth century, whose romantic history, like that of her still more famous brother, was intimately connected with Ronzano. These two, sister and brother, were Diana and Loderingo d'Andalò, the latter the founder of the Frati Gaudenti, or White Knights of St. Mary, and whom Dante, in his “Inferno,” stigmatizes so cruelly and unjustly, as Count Gozzadini proves in his *Cronaca di Ronzano*.

I had read sufficiently about the D'Andalò and the White Knights—the peacemakers of Italy in the thirteenth and the two following centuries—to satisfy the Countess how deeply interested I felt in what she had shown me. She gave me the details of the strange story of romance, chivalry, religious devotion, and patriotic self-sacrifice connected with their present abode.

“Before I tell you who was the Diana d'Andalò whose relics I have just shown you,” said the Countess, “let me say that another noble Bolognese lady, Cremonina dei Piatesi, having lost, about the year 1140, her young husband, tore herself away from family and home, and founded here, a hermitage first, and a chapel, which soon grew to be a large monastery of Augustinian nuns. The top of Ronzano, like its declivities, was then covered with a dense growth of oak and chestnuts. A few years after Cremonina's arrival she was joined by a numerous band of her townswomen—friends or relatives probably, and probably also widows like herself, and disgusted with the world as they knew it in yonder troublous and stormy city.

"The numerous community which thus grew up under the motherly rule of Cremonina became a permanent establishment. It was at its most flourishing period in 1218, when the celebrated Spaniard, Dominick Guzman, first came to Bologna, and created by his preaching a great moral revival among the citizens and the many thousands of students at our university. The noble family of D'Andalò were then the leaders of the Ghibelline or Imperialist faction. Diana d'Andalò, by her beauty and the rank of her parents, could look forward to a matrimonial alliance with the noblest in the land. And, sooth to say, the hearts of both her father and mother were firmly set upon such an alliance.

"But the preaching of St. Dominick and the holy lives then led by St. Francis of Assisi and his first companions, who appeared in Bologna about the same time, stirred up in the hearts of the young of both sexes a great desire to practise monastic self-sacrifice. Diana d'Andalò caught the flame, and spoke to her parents of her purpose. Her father at once forbade her ever to entertain such a thought.

"Diana resolved to have her own way in a matter which involved her future. What followed is vividly characteristic of our society in the thirteenth century, its religious spirit, and its feudal manners. Diana, one day toward the end of July, set out for Ronzano in the company of a band of noble Bolognese maidens, who were going to pay a visit to their nun relatives in the convent here. No sooner had she entered the cloister than she asked for the monastic dress of the inmates, robed herself in it, and declared she would not go back to her family.

"This was a most unwise proceeding, as the sequel proved. Her father was filled with indignation, and determined that she must perforce return to her home. So he suddenly appeared at Ronzano at the head of his retainers, overcame the resistance made to his entrance, seized his daughter as she clung for protection to the altar, and dragged her forth with most unseemly violence.

"The spirited maiden suffered severely in this struggle, and was unable to leave her bed for months. Meanwhile public opinion in Bologna condemned the brutality of her parent, and expressed deep sympathy for Diana. No sooner, there-

fore, had she recovered from her injuries than she profited by the first opportunity to escape from her father's palace and fly again to Ronzano. This time she was not pursued. Apparently it was judged on all hands that the girl had a true vocation for a monastic life. And ere long she was permitted to return to Bologna, where she founded and governed the first convent of Dominican nuns. She so distinguished herself by her many virtues that our people and clergy, with one voice, called her, after her death, the Blessed Diana d'Andalò."

"There was no lack of this self-sacrificing spirit in the thirteenth century," the Count said, "although there was selfishness enough in the rivalry which prevailed between our free cities, and in the passions that armed, within each city, faction against faction."

"Who knows," I broke in, anxious to get at the story of the Frati Gaudenti and Ronzano, "but what you are going to tell me about Loderingo and his fellow-knights may prove to be a golden lesson for us in our free America?"

"I shall be all the more happy to comply with your wish," the Count replied, "that Loderingo and his associates offer one of the noblest types of patriotic devotion to be found in the history of any country. Your American poet Longfellow, in his noble version of the *Divina Commedia*, has given a wide currency in the New World to the wrong which our ancestor Dante Alighieri has inflicted on the reputation of Loderingo d'Andalò and his friend and companion Catalano Catalani. It is not because these two great and good men were monks that I am anxious to remove the stain left by Dante's verse, but because they and their followers should be counted among the noblest and most disinterested patriots of Italy.

"In 1266-7, some thirty years after the death of the Blessed Diana d'Andalò, her brother Loderingo, by many years her junior, obtained possession of the Augustinian Monastery of Ronzano, which had been abandoned during the incessant wars kept up in these parts between Guelphs and Ghibellines. Loderingo, whose family were the leaders of the latter, or Imperialist party, in Bologna, had founded, a few years before 1266—conjointly with Catalano Catalani, who was equally prominent among the Guelphs, or party of Ital-

ian independence—the Order of Knights of St. Mary, called White Knights from their white vesture. The people called them ‘Fрати Gaudenti,’ not from their white vesture and armor, but from the fact that the majority of them continued to be men living in the world, enjoying the comforts of family and home, while bound by a solemn vow of obedience to devote their swords and their lives to the purpose of making peace between the warring cities of their native land.”

“These soldier-monks,” I said, “did not, then, derive their appellation of Frati Gaudenti from the free and joyous life they led?”

“No,” replied the Count. “Their manner of living, up to Dante’s time, had been anything but ‘free and joyous.’ A number of them, like the two founders, the better to serve their country, and to devote themselves more absolutely to their professed object of quelling civic broils and mediating peace, had separated from their wives, with the full consent of the latter, and bound themselves together by the usual monastic vows of obedience to a common superior. They lived together like all monastic communities. Their number was increased by other unmarried gentlemen, knights, and clerics who wished to devote themselves to the same patriotic purposes. Besides these separate communities of White Knights there were still greater numbers who chose to reside in their own families, bound and ready, at any hour of the night or day, to arm and hasten whithersoever their services were required.

“Remember, this peace-making militia, whose houses and bands were soon to be found in all the principal cities of Italy, was composed of the members of the feudal nobility—of its very *élite*, in fact. You can thus estimate the mighty and beneficial influence which they exercised.”

“But why did they not, then, commend themselves to one who was so ardent a patriot as Dante?”

“You must not forget that Dante belonged in his early youth to the Guelph party, the really patriotic party in the estimation of many enlightened Italians. Why the great poet went over to the Ghibellines, the party of the German emperors, I shall not undertake to explain. But, like all changelings, Dante hated cordially the party he had forsaken. And my ancestor was a good hater.

“He studied law in our ancient University of Bologna at the very time that the White Knights of Ronzano were in the first period of their fame and influence, both merited by recent and unquestioned services. Dante must have seen frequently and known the two illustrious founders. He must have more than once visited Ronzano, to which the highest and noblest in all Italy then resorted for aid and counsel. He was familiar with every inch of the road over which you have travelled to-day between our hill-top and Bologna.”

“Why did he, then, consign Loderingo and Catalano to the company of the Hypocrites in Hell?” I asked.

“The reason is clearly explained in my history of Ronzano,” answered the Count. “In 1266, a year after the birth of Dante, Florence in her dire distress called the two soldier-monks, the founders of the Knights of St. Mary, to exercise jointly the office of Podesta, and to do in the ‘City of the Lily,’ what they had so happily achieved here in Bologna—restore peace and brotherly concord. Loderingo and Catalano declined the high office thus put upon them. They were natives of Bologna, and owed to their native city not only their utmost devotion, but the sacrifice of their lives if necessary. To pacify Florence was, they rightly thought, impossible; to attempt to administer its government while the Ghibelline Count Guido Novello kept within the city a large garrison of imperial German mercenaries was to undertake what no sane man judged practicable.

“Thereupon the Florentines appealed to the Pope (Clement IV.); and he, at their request, forthwith commanded the two great Frati Gaudenti to undertake together the functions of Podesta of Florence. They obeyed at once, in spite of their strong misgivings; organized a council of thirty-six citizens elected by the Florentine trades, thereby, in so far as they could, taking the administration out of the hands of the divided aristocracy. This was one of the political sins which Dante deemed to be unpardonable; for Dante was a thorough aristocrat. The other and far more heinous political crime, in his eyes, was the carrying out of a decree of the Council of Citizens enjoining the destruction of the palaces of the Uberti family, the leaders of the Ghibelline faction, and who were then in

open and armed rebellion against Florence. These palaces occupied the space adjoining the Piazza Vecchia and the Piazza of the Podesta, and now called the Square of San Firenze. It was then known by the name of the 'Gardingo,' and as such is mentioned in Dante's bitter verse. The decree not only made the destruction total, but forbade the Gardingo ever to be built upon.

"You remember," he went on, "that the grandest figure described in the 'Inferno' is Fazio degli Uberti, the head of this great faction. He is the very incarnation of aristocratic pride. Under him young Dante fought after he renounced the Guelphs."

"But does it not seem a strange contradiction in the great poet," I said, "to consign to the fiery tomb, in which he is to lie forever, the leader of his own faction? Towering pride could scarcely seem a sin so undeserving of mercy in the estimation of Dante, who was every whit as proud as the Uberti."

"I believe," replied our host, "that the crime of rebellion against Florence, and the frightful evils that followed the treason of the Florentine Imperialists, were the real reasons for which Dante judged these worthy of never-ending punishment."

"Besides the destruction of the Uberti palaces, the Pope, on his side, probably at the suggestion of the Florentines, commanded the two Podesta to expel from Florence Guido Novello and his German mercenaries. These had not been paid by the Ghibellines who had called them into the city, and they sturdily refused to quit it till the council paid them. The citizens at once rang the alarm-bells, summoning all good men to arms. The streets were filled by the marshalled trades guilds, armed for the struggle. On every side arose barricades. Guido Novello was not prepared for this. The Frati Gaudenti had evoked a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm against which he could not contend. So he and his men withdrew to Prato."

"Loderingo and Catalano had only accepted office for six months. Before the end of this short term they had succeeded in quelling the Ghibelline faction and in placing the city under a well-organized popular government. They recalled the Florentine exiles, and promoted matrimonial alliances between the hitherto hostile factions of Guelphs and Ghibel-

lines—a policy which had borne wonderful fruits, not only in Bologna, but in other cities where the government had been intrusted to the Knights of St. Mary. The leaders of both factions met in public assembly and pledged themselves to maintain peace and brotherly concord. It was no wonder, therefore, that when the two brother knights were preparing to return to Bologna a new order came from the Pope, bidding them to continue their labors some time longer.

"So highly were the services rendered by these great men to Florence thought of in Bologna that they had scarcely re-entered their cloistered retreat on Ronzano when the Bolognese once more chose them to govern their own city. It was a very critical period for the latter. The city was filled with armed nobles. There were continual conflicts, in which some of the combatants were slain and others grievously wounded. The Marquis of Este, it was said, was marching on Bologna at the head of the Guelphs of Modena, Reggio, and Parma. The Consuls called upon the Knights of St. Mary, beseeching them to save the commonwealth. The executive power was placed in the hands of Loderingo and Catalano, who were allowed to associate with themselves two of their brother knights, Michele del Pisore and Venetico Caccianemici.

"Loderingo and his associates at once convened all the heads of the nobility in the Communal Palace. Every man of position and influence, both in church and state, responded to this appeal. Who could resist the voice of these two heroic soldiers, themselves at one time the heads of the very factions that stained the city with murder? They had renounced home, family, and all worldly enjoyments to devote their time and energies to the pacification of Italy, while leading in their privacy a life of poverty, prayer, and self-sacrifice. Their very appearance in the streets in their white robes and armor among the armed crowds put a stop to broil and contention. Their very first words to the assembled nobles and citizens were interrupted by the acclamations of all present, professing their willingness to make every sacrifice for the sake of concord, blessed peace, and the independence of Bologna and its territory.

"Some years previously, in 1263, Lo-

deringo d'Andalò had been requested by the then Podesta of Bologna and its leading citizens to save the commonwealth from disruption and utter ruin. He consented to act with the chief magistrate. Every one of the Knights of St. Mary was summoned to the service of the city, and, together with the *élite* of both factions, volunteered to form a body of soldiers, who held themselves ready, at any hour of the night or day, to repress every outbreak, or to march to every point of danger from outside attacks. At their head Loderingo suddenly showed himself before Imola, which had risen in arms against Bologna. The Imolese were terrified into submission; and Loderingo, having redressed the wrongs of which they complained, and taken prudent measures against future rebellion, returned to Bologna, resigned his charge, and was glad to go back with his companions to the prayerful solitude of the cloister.

"Two years afterward, in 1265, the very year of Dante's birth, the war of factions broke out anew in Bologna, and with redoubled fury. By the advice of the illustrious Egidio Foscherari, whose tomb the traveller still sees on the square before the Church of San Domenico, the citizens again called Loderingo from his retreat, and appointed him and Catalano Catalani to exercise dictatorial power. The two Frati, says the Annalist of Bologna, Savioli, 'by laying aside all regard to the rank and political leanings of the contending factions, and by deciding every question in strict accordance with justice, brought about a wonderful change in our city. They settled many disputes and reconciled inveterate enemies. In a word, they brought back to Bologna tranquillity and security.'

"Among the many important reforms and regulations decreed by them were statutes protecting the independence of the judiciary, a revised criminal code, which, in advance of the opinion and practice of that age, almost entirely did away with capital punishment, and forbade the use of torture. They organized, moreover, a mounted guard of citizen soldiers, 1200 in number, who were to be always at the command of the magistrates to help these to maintain peace and order.

"In 1274 the knights of Ronzano rendered a still more precious service to Bologna, wasted by the most terrible civil war that had ever desolated it. But in

the interval these honored peace-makers increased their numbers to such an extent that nearly all the great cities of Italy asked for and obtained priories of the order. In the north of the peninsula they were known as the *Cavalieri di Maria*, or Knights of St. Mary."

"You have rendered a great service to historical truth," I said, "by thus retrieving the memory of patriotic citizens."

"I have in that endeavored to repair a great wrong done by my ancestor," was the simple answer.

"But was the vast edifice in which you live here the creation of the knights?" asked Mrs. White.

"No," replied her friend; "this monastic pile was built by the Dominicans in 1475 and the years immediately following that date. The Frati Gaudenti had long ceased to exist at that time. They disappeared with the last vestige of self-government in the cities which had given them a home. Even in their decline they had no share in the political corruption and servility which permitted our feudal nobles to become the absolute masters of Milan, Bologna, and Florence, as well as of Pisa and Genoa. The Dominicans did not leave a vestige of the ancient structure inhabited by the knights."

"And the vast and magnificent buildings erected here by the Dominicans have met with but little better treatment at the hands of our modern vandals," Count Gozzadini continued, addressing himself to me, while the ladies strolled about the grounds. "Not only were the ancient dwellings and church of the knights levelled to the ground, not only have we thus lost all trace of the burial-place of the two great brother knights, Loderingo and Catalano, but the entire surface of the hill around us was levelled, so as to become the site of the beautiful construction planned and completed here by the Bolognese architect Nardi. The vast cloister was surrounded inside and outside by deambulatories, or arcades supported by Corinthian columns. The church was covered exteriorly with rich marbles. The interior, besides the high altar and its spacious choir, had eight lateral chapels, richly decorated. The whole interior was covered with wall-paintings from the hands of the foremost artists in Bologna, and such as the fame of the Dominican Order drew from all Italy to this hill-top. This monastery was not only a

school for novices, but a favorite house of studies as well."

"So we stand on truly classic ground," I said, deeply interested.

"Yes," the Count replied; "and one of the first novices and most fervent students who were gathered together here, in what we can with all truth say was an enchanting sanctuary of piety, art, and learning, was *Jerome Savonarola*. He came to Ronzano from his native Ferrara yonder. From Ronzano he went to a scarcely more enchanting spot on the sunny slopes of Fiesole, and from there to Florence. The cloisters of Fiesole, San Marco, and Santa Maria Novella were no less the loved resort of scholars and statesmen from 1480 to 1500 than were those of the Convent of St. Vincent Ferrer on the shaded and flowery summit of our Ronzano.

"Ay, Savonarola's feet were familiar with these grounds and all the paths that lead to them. And his eloquent voice awoke the echoes of our now empty chapel, and those of beautiful San Domenico, whose tower you see from here, before fate drew him to fair Florence—to perish, burned while still half alive, in an angle of the very 'Gardingo' sung of by Dante in connection with the brother knights of Ronzano."

"Poor Savonarola!" I exclaimed. "His grand mistake was in allowing himself to be placed at the head of the Florentine commonwealth."

"You do not wonder," the Countess said, "that both my husband and myself were drawn to Ronzano by all the sacred memories of the place. Since it has come into our hands we have welcomed here many of the most illustrious men and women of Italy and all Europe."

"By-the-way," added the Count, "you are perhaps not aware that the International Congress of Geologists is to meet in Bologna next year, and that we have chosen the day before their meeting for the solemn inauguration of our Museum of Etruscan Archæology. The United States will be well represented by Mr. Sterry Hunt and Mr. Hall. You, I trust, will be also present, and perhaps you may be tempted to visit Ronzano with your American friends during the sessions of the congress."

"Both Mr. Sterry Hunt and Mr. Hall are old and valued friends of mine," I replied. "Of course it will be a great

pleasure to accompany them to your hospitable villa."

The next day the Count and Countess returned our visit. Our acquaintance grew and ripened into a warm and lasting friendship. The union of these distinguished descendants of "the Sovereign Poet" took place in 1840. It was the result of sincere and early affection. The Gozzadini were numbered among the Bolognese nobility long before the Crusades. Count Giovanni added a new lustre to the ancient and honored name he bore. The natural dispositions of the two cousins offered a singular contrast. He was quiet, timid, retiring, fond of a life of studious ease; she was all vivacity, and born to adorn and charm the brilliant society to which she belonged. During the early period of her wedded life she took great delight in painting the beautiful and grand scenery of the Emilia. The Gozzadini palace in Bologna and the country residences of Ronzano and Villanova contain many of her clever sketches.

By degrees, however, her husband's retiring and studious habits and the deep shadow which fell on the young mother's life at the death of her only son led her to devote herself to her husband in his various and important researches. This close companionship, as he told me, was the great happiness of his life.

He had made himself a great name among his countrymen by the publication of several historical works of local interest. But he won a world-wide reputation by his great works on the Etruscan cemeteries of Bologna and its vicinity. An accident led to the discovery on the Gozzadini estate of Villanova, near Bologna, of some Etruscan remains. The Count and Countess collected and classified all these treasures. Another Etruscan cemetery to the north of Bologna, and on the mountain slopes along the Reno, furnished a still richer field for the noble laborers. The great cloister of the Certosa Monastery in a suburb of Bologna was also found to have been a prehistoric burial-ground, while other localities within the city yielded a vast amount of most precious relics, all belonging to that branch of the Etruscan family who had founded Felsina—the Etruscan name of Bologna—long before the age of Romulus.

All these monuments of the remotest period of Italian history the Count and Countess were anxious to place together

in a museum by the side of the mediæval University of Bologna, and its priceless stores of ancient lore. They would not allow us to quit Bologna without showing us, themselves, the great hall, 500 feet long, in which they had gathered the greater portion of their discoveries. Along the lower part of the walls are placed the tombs, brought entire from the necropolis, and the cinerary urns containing the ashes of the dead, together with the implements and other furniture buried with the dead. The upper portion of the lofty walls is adorned with wall-paintings copied from the Etruscan sepulchres of central Italy, and illustrating the use of the utensils and furniture arrayed beneath. In the centre of the hall is disposed and classified the rich harvest of Etruscan jewelry gathered from the tombs. This part of the museum was the especial care of Countess Gozzadini.

Through the summer months, after our departure, the work of preparation was urged with a feverish activity. All cultivated Italians, with the scholars of every land, were interested in the coming solemnities of the opening of the museum and the meeting of the International Congress of Geology. Meanwhile the Count found time to publish "*Archæological Notes to serve as a Guide to the Bolognese Apennines.*" This was a great help to the members of the Geological Congress, and to all scholars travelling through Italy. Then he was bestowing the most scrupulous care on his inaugural address, of which he sent me a synopsis to Florence. The inaugural itself was printed and kept ready for distribution. The work on the great Etruscan Hall was so zealously pursued that everything was in readiness before the momentous 24th of September brought to Bologna the members of the International Congress, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the *élite* of all Italy. The 25th was to be a proud day for the modern Bologna — Bologna-the-Learned of mediæval times, the *Felsina* of the Etruscan epoch.

The hotels were crowded; the members of the Congress were hospitably entertained by their friends and acquaintance in the city. At night there were illuminations and fireworks in honor of the distinguished guests — all this, however, being only a preparation for the morrow. The Gozzadini did not, as some expected,

leave their summer retreat at Ronzano to occupy their ancestral palace in the city. But everything in connection with the ceremonies of the 25th was done in accordance with their directions. The Count, in his quality of Director of the Museum, was to preside at the opening and to deliver the address. An arm-chair had been placed near his for the Countess. Grateful public opinion regarded and praised both wife and husband as the true creators of the noble monument to science which the learned of all nations were about to contemplate.

At about eight o'clock the labor of the day was over. The Countess ordered the villa to be darkened, no lights being left except in her own and the Count's apartments and in the servants' quarters. The Count, however, like all literary men on such occasions, would not retire early. She needed, she said, some immediate repose after the fatigues and anxiety of these last days. "Call me in an hour or so," she said to him, "and I shall be then ready to help you." She went with her maid to her own chamber, and lay down on her bed. The Count went to the room after the hour had passed, and finding her in what he thought was a deep sleep, was glad to let her rest longer. In about an hour thereafter he returned. She was still asleep. He approached to listen to her breathing; but his ear could catch no sound. Alarmed, he placed his hand upon her forehead. It was icy cold. "My God! my God!" he almost shrieked, "she is dead! she is dead!" and fell himself senseless on the floor.

The 25th of September dawned on Bologna. Many distinguished visitors and personal friends of the Gozzadini arrived by the early trains. As the hour appointed for the solemn opening of the museum approached, all the intellect and fashion of Bologna began to wend their way toward the site of the great mediæval university, the halls of which were to be honored that day by the presence of the most illustrious scientists of both hemispheres. Soon a rumor of fearful import began to be whispered about among the crowds. Death had come suddenly to Ronzano during the night, and summoned away its honored mistress in the hour of what was to be the crowning triumph of her life. The tidings fell like a clap of thunder on the Bolognese.

BOOKRA.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

"As I lay asleep in Italy."—SHELLEY.

ONE night I lay asleep in Africa,
In a garden close by the city gate;
A desert horseman, furious and late,
Came wildly thundering at the closed bar.
"Open, in Allah's name!" he cried. "Wake, Mustapha!
Slain is the Sultan: treason, war, and hate
Rage from Fez to Tetuan. Open straight!"
The watchman heard as thunder from afar.
"Go to! In peace the city lies asleep.
To Allah, all-knowing, no news you bring,"—
And turned in slumber still his watch to keep.
At once a nightingale began to sing,
In Oriental calm the garden lay,—
Panic and war postponed another day.

THREE GRINGOS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

PART II.

WE swung our hammocks on the sixth night out in the municipal building of Tabla Ve; but there was little sleep. Towards morning the night turned bitterly cold, and the dampness rose from the earthen floor of the hut like a breath from the open door of a refrigerator, and kept us shivering in spite of sweaters and rubber blankets. Above, the moon and stars shone brilliantly in a clear sky, but down in the valley in which the village lay, a mist as thick as the white smoke of a locomotive rose out of the ground to the level of the house-tops, and hid Tabla Ve as completely as though it were at the bottom of a lake. The dogs of the village moved through the mist, howling dismally, and meeting to fight with a sudden sharp tumult of yells that made us start up in our hammocks and stare at each other sleepily, while Jeffs rambled on, muttering and moaning in his fever. It was not a pleasant night, and we rode up the mountain-side out of the mist the next morning unrefreshed, but satisfied to be once more in the sunlight. They had told us at Tabla Ve that there was to be a bull-baiting that same afternoon at the village of Seguatepec, fifteen miles over the mountain, where a priest was holding a church festival. So we left Jeffs to push along with the mozos, and by riding as fast as the mules could go, we reached Seguatepec by four in the afternoon.

It was a bright clean town, sitting pertly on the flat top of a hill that fell away from it evenly on every side. It had a little church and a little plaza, and the church was so vastly superior to every other house in the place—as was the case in every village through which we passed—as to make one suppose that it had been built by one race of people and the houses by another. The plaza was shut in on two of its sides by a barrier seven rails high, held together by ox-hide ropes. This barrier, with the houses fronting the plaza on its two other sides, formed the arena in which the bull was to be set at liberty. All of the windows and a few of the doors of the houses were barred, and the open places between were filled up by ramparts of logs. There was no grand stand, but every one contributed a bench or a table from his own house, and the women seated themselves on these, while the men and boys perched on the upper rail of the barricade. The



A VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR.

occasion was a memorable one, and all the houses were hung with strips of colored linen, and the women wore their brilliant silk shawls, and a band of fifteen boys, none of whom could have been over sixteen years of age, played a weird overture to the desperate business of the afternoon.

It was a somewhat primitive and informal bull-fight, and it began with their lassoing the bull by his horns and hoofs, and dragging him head first against the barricade. With a dozen men pulling on the lariat around the horns from the outside of the ring, and two more twisting his tail on the inside, he was at such an uncomfortable disadvantage that it was easy for them to harness him in a net-work of lariats, and for a bold rider to seat himself on his back. The bold rider wore spurs on his bare feet, and with his toes stuck in the ropes around the bull's body, he grasped the same ropes with one hand, and with the other hand behind him held on to the bull's tail as a man holds the tiller of a boat. When the man felt himself firmly fixed, and the bull had been poked into a very bad temper with spears and sharp sticks, the lariat around his horns was cut, and he started up and off on a frantic gallop, bucking as vigorously as a Texas pony, and trying to gore the man clinging to his back with backward tosses of

his horns. There was no regular toreador, and any one who desired to sacrifice himself to make a Saguatepecan holiday was at liberty to do so; and as a half-dozen men so sought distinction, and as the bull charged at anything on two legs, the excitement was intense. He moved very quickly for so huge an animal in spite of his heavy handicap, and, with the exception of one man with a red flag and a spirit of daring not entirely due to natural causes, no one cared to go very near him. So he pawed up and down the ring, tossing and bucking and making himself as disagreeable to the man on his back as he possibly could. It struck me that it would be a distinctly sporting act to photograph a bull while he was charging head on at the photographer, and it occurred to Somerset and Griscom at about the same time that it would be pleasant to confront a very mad bull while he was careering about with a man twisting his tail. So we all dropped into the arena at about the same moment, from different sides, and as we were gringos, our appearance was hailed with laughter and yells of encouragement. The gentleman on the bull seemed to be able to control him more or less by twisting his tail to one side or the other, and as soon as he heard the shouts that welcomed us he endeavored to direct the bull's entire

attention to my two young friends. Griscom and Somerset are six feet high, even without riding-boots and pith helmets, and with them they were so conspicuous that the bull was properly incensed, and made them hurl themselves over the barricade in such haste that they struck the ground on the other side at about the same instant that he butted the rails, and with about the same amount of force.

Shrieks and yells of delight rose from the natives at this delightful spectacle, and it was generally understood that we had been engaged to perform in our odd costumes for their special amusement, and the village priest attained genuine popularity for this novel feature. The bull-baiting continued for some time, and as I kept the camera in my own hands, there is no documentary evidence to show that any one ran away but Griscom and Somerset. Friendly doors were opened to us by those natives whose houses formed part of the arena, and it was amusing to see the toreadors popping in and out of them, like the little man and woman on the barometer who come out when it rains and go in when the sun shines, and *vice versa*.

On those frequent occasions when the bull charged the barricade, the entire line of men and boys on its topmost rail would go over backwards, and disappear completely until the disappointed bull had charged madly off in another direction. Once he knocked half of a mud house away in his efforts to follow a man through a doorway, and again a window-sill, over which a toreador had dived head first like a harlequin in a pantomime, caved in under the force of his attack. Fresh bulls followed the first, and the boy musicians maddened them still further by the most hideous noises, which only ceased when the bulls charged the fence upon which the musicians sat, and which they vacated precipitately, each taking up the tune when his feet struck the ground where he had left off. There was a grand ball that night, to which we did not go, but we lay awake listening to the fifteen boy musicians until two in the morning. It was an odd, eerie sort of music, in which the pipings of the reed instruments predominated. But it was very beautiful, and very much like the music of the Hungarian gypsies in making little thrills chase up and down over one's nervous system.

The next morning Jeffs had shaken off his fever, and, once more reunited, we trotted on over heavily wooded hills, where we found no water until late in the afternoon, when we came upon a broad stream, and surprised a number of young girls in bathing, who retreated leisurely as we came clattering down to the ford. Bathing in mid-stream is a popular amusement in Honduras, and is conducted without any false sense of modesty; and judging from the number of times we came upon women so engaged, it seems to be the chief occupation of their day.

That night we slept in Comyagua, the second largest city in the republic, and which was originally selected as the site for a capital, and situated accordingly at exactly even distances from the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. We found it a dull and desolate place of many one-story houses, with iron-barred windows, and a great bare dusty plaza, faced by a huge cathedral. Commerce seemed to have passed it by, and the sixty thousand inhabitants who occupied it in the days of the Spaniards have dwindled down to ten. The place is as completely cut off from civilization as an island in the Pacific Ocean. The plain upon which Comyagua stands stretches for many miles, and the nature of the stones and pebbles on its surface would seem to show that it was once the bottom of a great lake. Now its round pebbles and sandy soil make it a valley of burning heat, into which the sun beats without the intervening shadows of trees or mountains to save the traveller from the fierceness of its rays. We rode over thirty miles of it, and found that part of the plain which we traversed after our night's rest at the capital the most trying ten miles of our trip. We rode out into it in the rear of a long funeral procession, in which the men and boys walked bareheaded and barefooted in the burning sand. They were marching to a burial-ground out in the plain, and they were carrying the coffin on their shoulders, and bearing before it a life-sized figure of the Virgin and many flaring candles that burned yellow in the glaring sunlight. From Comyagua the trail led for many miles through heavy sand, in which nothing seemed to grow but gigantic cacti of a sickly light green that twisted themselves in jointed angles fifteen to twenty feet in the air above us, and century-

plants with flowers of a vivid yellow, and tall leafless bushes bristling with thorns. The mountains lay on either side, and formed the valley through which we rode, two dark green barriers against a blazing sky, but for miles before and behind us there was nothing to rest the eye from the glare of the sand. The atmosphere was without a particle of moisture, and the trail quivered and swam in the heat; if you placed your hand on the leather pommel of your saddle it burned the flesh like a plate of hot brass, and ten minutes after we had dipped our helmets in water they were baked as dry as when they had first come from the shop. The rays of the sun seemed to beat up at you from below as well as from above, and we gasped and panted as we rode, dodging and ducking our heads as though the sun was something alive and active that struck at us as we passed by. If you dared to look up at the sky its brilliancy blinded you as though some one had flashed a mirror in your eyes.

We lunched at a village of ten huts planted defiantly in the open plain, and as little protected from the sun as a row of bricks in a brick-yard, but by lying between two of them we found a draught of hot air and shade, and so rested for an hour. Our trail after that led over a mile or two of red hematite ore, which suggested a ride in a rolling-mill with the roof taken away, and with the sun beating into the four walls, and the air filled with iron dust. Two hours later we came to a cañon of white chalk, in which the government had cut stepping-places for the hoofs of the mules. The white glare in this valley was absolutely blinding, and the atmosphere was that of a lime-kiln. We showed several colors after this ride, with layers of sand and



P. Bonilla

THE PRESIDENT OF HONDURAS.

clay, and particles of red ore and powdering of white chalk over all; but by five o'clock we reached the mountains once more, and found a cool stream dashing into little waterfalls and shaded by great trees, where the air was scented by the odor of pine needles and the damp spongy breath of moss and fern. We were now within two days of Tegucigalpa, and the sense of nearness to civilization and the knowledge that the greater part of our journey was at an end made us forget the discomforts and hardships we had endured without the consolation of excitement that comes with danger, or the comforting thought that we were accomplishing anything worth while in the mean time. We had been complaining of this during the day to Jeffs, and saying that had we

gone to the coast of East Africa we could not have been more uncomfortable or run greater risks from fever, but that there we would have met with big game, and we would have visited the most picturesque instead of the least interesting of all countries.

These complaints inspired Jeffs to play a trick upon us, which was meant in a kindly spirit, and by which he intended to furnish us with a moment's excitement, and to make us believe that we had been in touch with danger. There are occasional brigands in Central America, and their favorite hunting-ground in Honduras is within a few miles of Tegucigalpa, along the trail from the eastern coast over which we were then passing. We had been warned of these men, and it occurred to Jeffs that as we complained of lack of excitement in our trip, it would be a thoughtful kindness to turn brigand and hold us up upon our march. So he left us still bathing at the waterfall, and telling us that he would push on to engage quarters for the night, rode some distance ahead and secreted himself behind a huge rock on one side of a narrow cañon. He first placed his coat on a bush beside him, and his hat on another bush, so as to make it appear that there were several men with him. His idea was that when he challenged us we would see the dim figures in the moonlight and remember the brigands, and that we were in their stalking-ground, and get out of their clutches as quickly as possible, well satisfied that we had at last met with a real adventure.

We reached his ambush about seven. Somerset was riding in advance, reciting "The Walrus and the Carpenter," while we were correcting him when he went wrong, and gazing unconcernedly and happily at the cool moonlight as it came through the trees, when we were suddenly startled by a yell and an order to halt, in Spanish, and a rapid fusillade of pistol-shots. We could distinguish nothing but what was apparently three men crouching on the hill-side and the flashes of their revolvers, so we all fell off our mules and began banging away at the rocks with our rifles, while the mules scampered off down the mountain. This was not as Jeffs had planned it, and he had to rearrange matters very rapidly. Bullets were cutting away twigs all over the hill-side and splashing on the rock

behind which he was now lying, and though he might have known we could not hit him, he was afraid of a stray bullet. So he yelled at us in English, and called us by name, until we finally discovered we had been grossly deceived and imposed upon, and that our adventure was a very unsatisfactory practical joke for all concerned. It took us a long time to round up the mules, and we reached our sleeping-place in grim silence, and with our desire for danger still unsatisfied.

The last leagues that separated us the next morning from Tegucigalpa seemed, of course, the longest in the entire journey. And so great was our desire to reach the capital before nightfall that we left the broader trail and scrambled down the side of the last mountain, dragging our mules after us, and slipping and sliding in dust and rolling stones to the tops of our boots. The city did not look inviting as we viewed it from above. It lay in a bare, dreary plain, surrounded by five hills that rose straight into the air, and that seemed to have been placed there for the special purpose of revolutionists, in order that they might the more exactly drop shot into the town at their feet. The hills were bare of verdure, and the landscape about the capital made each of us think of the country about Jerusalem. As none of us had ever seen Jerusalem, we foregathered and argued why this should be so, and decided that it was on account of the round rocks lying apart from one another, and low bushy trees, and the red soil, and the flat roofs of the houses.

The telegraph wire which extends across Honduras, swinging from trees and piercing long stretches of palm and jungle, had warned the foreign residents of the coming of Jeffs, and some of them rode out to make us welcome. Their greeting, and the sight of paved streets, and the passing of a band of music and a guard of soldiers in shoes and real uniform, seemed to promise much entertainment and possible comfort. But the hotel was a rude shock. We had sent word that we were coming, and we had looked forward eagerly to our first night in a level bed under clean linen; but when we arrived we were offered the choice of a room just vacated by a very ill man, who had left all of his medicines behind him, so that the place was unpleasantly suggestive of a hos-



THE CAPITAL OF HONDURAS.

1. Bridge connecting Tegucigalpa with its Suburb. 2 Bird's-eye View of Tegucigalpa.
3. Statue of Morazan. 4. The Bank of Honduras.



GENERAL LUIS BOGRAN, EX-PRESIDENT.

pital, or a very small room, in which there were three cots, and a layer of dirt over all so thick that I wrote my name with the finger of my riding-glove on the centre table. The son of the proprietor saw this, and, being a kindly person and well disposed, dipped his arm in water and proceeded to rub it over the top of the table, using his sleeve as a wash-rag. So after that we gave up expecting anything pleasant, and were in consequence delightfully surprised when we came upon anything that savored of civilization.

Tegucigalpa has an annex which lies on the opposite side of the river, and which is to the capital what Brooklyn is to New York. The river is not very wide nor very deep, and its course is impeded by broad flat rocks. The washerwomen of the two towns stand beside these all day knee-deep in the eddies and beat the stones with their twisted clubs of linen, so that their echo sounds above the roar of the river like the banging of shutters in the wind or the reports of pistols. This is the only suggestion of energy that the town furnishes. The other inhabitants seem surfeited with leisure and irritable with boredom. There are long dark cool shops of general merchandise, and a great cathedral and a pretty plaza, where the band plays at night and people circle in two rings, one going to the right

and one going to the left, and there is the government palace and a big penitentiary, a university and a cemetery. But there is no color nor ornamentation nor light nor life nor bustle nor laughter. You do not hear people talking and calling to one another across the narrow streets of the place by day or serenading by night. Every one seems to go to bed at nine o'clock, and after that hour the city is as silent as its great graveyard, except when the boy policemen mark the hour with their whistles or the street dogs meet to fight.

The most interesting thing about the capital is the fact to which I have already alluded, that everything in it and pertaining to it that was not dug from the ground or fashioned from trees was carried to it on the backs of mules. The letter-boxes on the street corners had once been United States letter-boxes, and had later swung across the backs of donkeys. The gas-lamps and the iron railings of the parks, the few statues and busts in the public places, reached Tegucigalpa by the same means, and the great equestrian statue of Morazan the Liberator, in the plaza, was cast in Italy, and had been brought to Tegucigalpa in pieces before it was put together like a puzzle and placed in its present position to mark a glorious and victorious immortality. These things were not interesting in themselves, but it was interesting that they were there at all.

On the second day after our arrival the Vice-President, Luis Bonilla, who bears the same last name but is no near relation to President Bonilla, took the oath of office, and we saw the ceremony with the barefooted public in the reception-room of the palace. The hall was hung with lace curtains and papered with imitation marble, and the walls were decorated with crayon portraits of Honduran Presidents. Bogran was not among them, nor was Morazan. The former was missing because it was due to him that young Bonilla had been counted out when he first ran for the Presidency three years ago, when he was thirty-three years old, and the portrait of the Liberator was being reframed, because Bonilla's followers six months before had unintentionally shot holes through it when they were besieging the capital. The ceremony of swearing in the Vice-President did not last long, and what im-

pressed us most about it was the youth of the members of the cabinet and of the Supreme Court who delivered the oath of office. They belonged distinctly to the politician class as one sees it at home, and were young men of eloquent speech and elegant manners, in frock-coats and white ties. We came to know most of the President's followers later, and found them hospitable to a degree, although they seemed hardly old enough or serious enough to hold place in the government of a republic, even so small a one as Honduras. What was most admirable about each of them was that he had fought and bled to obtain the office he held. That is hardly a better reason for giving out clerkships and cabinet portfolios than the reasons which obtain with us for distributing the spoils of office, but you cannot help feeling more respect for the man who has marched by the side of his leader through swamps and through jungle, who has starved on rice, who has slept in the bushes, and fought with a musket in his hand in open places, than for the fat and sleek gentlemen who keep open bar at the headquarters of their party organization, who organize marching clubs, and who by promises or by cash secure a certain amount of influence and a certain amount of votes.

They risk nothing but their money, and if their man fails to get in, their money is all they lose; but the Central American politician has to show the faith that is in him by going out on the mountain-side and hacking his way to office with a naked machete in his hand, and if *his* leader fails, he loses his life, with his back to a church wall, and looking into the eyes of a firing squad, or he digs his own grave by the side of the road, and stands at one end of it, covered with clay and sweat, and with the fear of death upon him, and takes his last look at the hot sun and the palms and the blue mountains, with the buzzards wheeling about him, and then shuts his eyes, and is toppled over into the grave, with a half-dozen bullets in his chest and stomach. That is what I should like to see happen to about half of our professional politicians at home. Then the other half might understand that holding a public office is a very serious business, and is not merely meant to furnish them with a livelihood and with places for their wife's relations.

I saw several churches and cathedrals in Honduras with a row of bullet-holes in the front wall, about as high from the ground as a man's chest, and an open grave by the road-side, which had been dug by the man who was to have occupied it. The sight gave us a vivid impression of the uncertainties of government in Central America. The man who dug this particular grave had been captured, with two companions, while they were hastening to rejoin their friends of the government party. His companions in misery were faint-hearted creatures, and thought it mattered but little, so long as they had to die, in what fashion they were buried. So they scooped out a few feet of earth with the tools their captors



MORAZAN, THE LIBERATOR OF HONDURAS.

gave them, and stood up in the hollows they had made, and were shot back into them dead; but the third man declared that he was not going to let his body lie so near the surface of the earth that the mules could kick his bones and the next heavy freshet wash them away. So he dug leisurely and carefully to the depth of six feet, smoothing the sides and sharpening the corners, and while he was so engaged at the bottom of the hole he heard yells and shots above him, and when he poked his head up over the edge of the grave he saw his own troops running



BARRACKS OF TEGUCIGALPA AFTER THE ATTACK OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

down the mountain-side, and his enemies disappearing before them. He is still alive, and frequently rides by the hole in the road-side on his way to the capital. The story illustrates the advisability of doing what every one has to do in this world, even up to the very last minute, in a thorough and painstaking manner.

There do not seem to be very many men killed in these revolutions, but the ruin they bring to the country while they last, and which continues after they are over, while the "outs" are getting up another revolution, is so serious that any sort of continued prosperity or progress is impossible. Native merchants will not order goods that may never reach them, and neither do the gringos care to make contracts with men who in six months may not only be out of office, but out of the country as well. Sometimes a revolution takes place and half of the people of the country will not know of it until it has been put down or has succeeded; and again the revolution may spread to every boundary, and all the men at work on the highroads and in the mines or on the plantations must stop work and turn to soldiering, and pack-mules are seized, the mail-carriers stopped, plantations are devastated, and forced loans are imposed upon those who live in cities, so that every one suffers more or less through every change of executive. During the last revolution Tegucigalpa was besieged for six months,

and was not captured until most of the public buildings had been torn open by cannon from the hills around the town, and the dwelling-houses still show where bullets marked the mud and plaster of the walls or buried themselves in the wood-work. The dining-room of our hotel was ventilated by such openings, and we used to amuse ourselves by tracing the course of the bullets from where they entered at one side of the room to their resting-place in the other. The native Honduranian is not energetic, and, except in the palace, there has been but little effort made by the victors to cover up the traces of their bombardment, and every one we met had a different experience to relate, and pointed out where he was sitting when a particular hole appeared in the plaster before him, or at which street corner a shell fell and burst at his feet.

It follows, of course, that a government which is created by force of arms, and which holds itself in place by the same power of authority, cannot be a very just or a very liberal one, even if its members are honest, and the choice of a majority of the people, and properly in office in spite of the fact that they fought to get there, and not on account of it. Bonilla was undoubtedly at one time elected President of Honduras, although he did not gain the Presidential chair until after he had thrown his country into war and had invaded it at the head of troops from

the rival republic of Nicaragua. The Central-American cannot understand that when a bad man is elected to office legally it is better in the long-run that he should serve out his full term than that a better man should drive him out and defy the constitution. If he could be brought to comprehend that when the constitution says the President must serve four years that means four years, and not merely until some one is strong enough to overthrow him, it might make him more careful as to whom he elected to office in the first place. But the value of stability in government is something they cannot be made to understand. It is not in their power to see it, and the desire for change and revolution is born in the blood. They speak of a man as a "good revolutionist" just as we would speak of some one being a good pianist, or a good shot, or a good executive officer. It is a recognized calling, and the children grow up into fighters; and even those who have lived abroad, and who should have learned better, begin to plot and scheme as soon as they return to their old environment.

In each company of soldiers in Honduras there are two or three little boys in uniform who act as couriers and messengers, and who are able, on account of their slight figure, to penetrate where a man would be seen and shot. One of the officers in the revolution of 1894 told me he had sent six of these boys, one after another, with despatches across an open plain which was being raked by the rifles of the enemy. And as each boy was killed as he crawled through the sagebrush the other boys begged of their colonel to let them be the next to go, jumping up and down around him and snapping their fingers like school-boys who want to attract the attention of their teacher.

In the same revolution a young man of great promise and many acquirements, who had just returned from the States with two degrees from Columbia College, and who should have lived to turn his education to account in his own country, was killed with a rifle in his hand the third day after his arrival from New York. In that city he would probably have submitted cheerfully to any imposition of the law, and would have taken it quite as a matter of course had he been arrested for playing golf on Sunday, or

for riding a bicycle at night without a lamp; but as soon as this graduate of Columbia smelt the powder floating on his native air he loaded a rifle, and sat out all day on the porch of his house taking chance shots at the revolutionists on the hill-side, until a chance shot ended him and his brilliant career forever. The pity of it is that so much good energy should be wasted in obtaining such poor results, for nothing better ever seems to follow these revolutions. There is only a new form of dictatorship, which varies only in the extent of its revenge and in the punishments it metes out to its late opponents, but which must be, if it hopes to remain in power, a dictatorship and an autocracy.

The republics of Central America are republics in name only, and the movements of a stranger within the boundaries of Honduras are as closely watched as though he were a newspaper correspondent in Siberia. I had often to sign the names of our party twice in one day for the benefit of police and customs officers, and we never entered a hotel or boarded a steamer or disembarked from one that we were not carefully checked and receipted for exactly as though we were boxes of merchandise or registered letters. Even the natives cannot walk the street after nightfall without being challenged by sentries, and the collection of letters we received from alcaldes and comandantes and governors and presidents certifying to our being reputable citizens is large enough to paper the side of a wall. The only time in Central America when our privacy was absolutely unmolested, and when we felt as free to walk abroad as though we were on the streets of New York, was when we were under the protection of the hated monarchical institution of Great Britain at Belize, but never when we were in any of these disorganized military camps called free republics.

The Central-American citizen is no more fit for a republican form of government than he is for an arctic expedition, and what he needs is to have a protectorate established over him, either by the United States or by another power; it does not matter which, so long as it leaves the Nicaragua Canal in our hands. In the capital of Costa Rica there is a statue of the Republic in the form of a young woman standing

with her foot on the neck of General Walker, the American filibuster. We had planned to go to the capital for the express purpose of tearing that statue down some night, or blowing it up; so it is perhaps just as well for us that we could not get there, but it would have been a very good thing for Costa Rica if Walker, or any other man of force, had put his foot on the neck of every republic in Central America and turned it to some account.

Away from the coasts, where there is fever, Central America is a wonderful country, rich and beautiful, and burdened with plenty, but its people make it a nuisance and an affront to other nations, and its parcel of independent little states, with the pomp of power and none of its dignity, are and will continue to be a constant danger to the peace which should exist between great powers.

There is no more interesting question of the present day than that of what is to be done with the world's land which is lying unimproved; whether it shall go to the great power that is willing to turn it to account, or remain with its original owner, who fails to understand its value. The Central-Americans are like a lot of semi-barbarians in a beautifully furnished house, of which they can understand neither its possibilities of comfort nor its use. They are the dogs in the manger among nations. Nature has given to their country great pasture-lands, wonderful forests of rare woods and fruits, treasures of silver and gold and iron, and soil rich enough to supply the world with coffee, and it only waits for an honest effort to make it the natural highway of traffic from every portion of the globe. The lakes of Nicaragua are ready to furnish a passageway which should save two months of sailing around the Horn, and only forty-eight miles of swamp-land at Panama separate the two greatest bodies of water on the earth's surface. Nature has done so much that there is little left for man to do, but it will have to be some other man than a native-born Central-American who is to do it.

We had our private audience with President Bonilla in time, and found him a most courteous and interesting young man. He is only thirty-six years of age, which probably makes him the youngest President in the world, and he carries on his watch-chain a bullet which was cut out

of his arm during the last revolution. He showed us over the palace, and pointed out where he had shot holes in it, and entertained us most hospitably. The other members of the cabinet were equally kind, making us many presents, and offering Griscom a consul-generalship abroad, and consulates to Somerset and myself, but we said we would be ambassadors or nothing; so they offered to make us generals in the next revolution, and we accepted that responsible position with alacrity, knowing that not even the regiments to which we were accredited could force us back into Honduras again.

Before we departed the President paid us a very doubtful compliment in asking us to ride with him. We supposed it was well meant, but we still have secret misgivings that it was a plot to rid himself of us and of the Vice-President at the same time. When his secretary came to tell us that Dr. Bonilla would be glad to have us ride with him at five that afternoon, I recalled the fact that all the horses I had seen in Honduras were but little larger than an ordinary donkey, and quite as depressed and spiritless. So I accepted with alacrity. The other two men, being cross-country riders, and entitled to wear the gold buttons of various hunt clubs on their waistcoats, accepted as a matter of course. But when we reached the palace we saw seven or eight horses in the patio, each some sixteen hands high, and each engaged in dragging two or three grooms about the yard, and swinging them clear of the brick tiles as easily as a sailor swings a lead. The President explained that these were a choice lot of six stallions which he had just imported from Chili, and that three of them had never worn a saddle before that morning.

He gave one of these to Griscom and another one to the Vice-President, for reasons best known to himself, and the third to Somerset. Griscom's animal had an idea that it was better to go backwards like a crab than to advance, so he backed in circles around the court-yard, while Somerset's horse seemed best to enjoy rearing itself on its hind legs, with the idea of rubbing him off against the wall; and the Vice-President's horse did everything that a horse can do, and a great many things that I would not have supposed a horse could do, had I not seen it. I put my beast's nose into a

corner of the wall where he could not witness the circus performance going on behind him, and I watched the President's brute turning round and round and round until it made me dizzy. We strangers confessed later that we were all thinking of exactly the same thing, which was that, no matter how many of our bones were shattered, we must not let these natives think they could ride any better than any chance American or Englishman, and it was only a matter of national pride that kept us in our saddles. The Vice-President's horse finally threw him into the doorway and rolled on him, and it required five of his officers to pull the horse away and set him on his feet again. The Vice-President had not left his saddle for an instant, and if he handles his men in the field as he handled that horse, it is not surprising that he wins many battles.

Not wishing to have us all killed, and seeing that it was useless to attempt to kill the Vice-President in that way, Dr. Bonilla sent word to the band to omit their customary salute, and so we passed out in grateful silence between breathless rows of soldiers and musicians and several hundreds of people who had never seen a life-sized horse before. We rode at a slow pace, on account of the Vice-President's bruises, while the President pointed out the different points from which he had attacked the capital. He was not accompanied by any guard on this ride, and informed us that he was the first President who had dared go abroad without one. He seemed to trust rather to the good will of the pueblo, to whom he plays, and to whom he bowed much more frequently than to the people of the richer class. It was amusing to see the more prominent men of the place raise their hats to the President, and the young girls in the suburbs nodding casually and without embarrassment to the man. Before he set out on his ride he stuck a gold-plated revolver in his hip pocket, which was to take the place of the guard of honor of former Presidents, and to protect him in case of an attempt at assassination. It suggested that there are other heads besides those that wear a crown which rest uneasily. It was a nervous ride, and Griscom's horse added to the excitement by trying to back him over a precipice, and he was only saved from going down one thousand yards to the

roofs of the city below by several of the others dragging at the horse's bridle. When, after an hour, we found ourselves once more within sight of the palace, we covertly smiled at one another, and are now content never to associate with Presidents again unless we walk.

We left Tegucigalpa a few days later with a generous escort, including all the consuls, and José Guiteris, the Assistant Secretary of State, and nearly all of the foreign residents. We made such a formidable showing as we raced through the streets that it suggested an uprising, and we cried, "Viva Guiteris!" to make the people think there was a new revolution in his favor. We shouted with the most loyal enthusiasm, but it only served to make Guiteris extremely unhappy, and he occupied himself in considering how he could best explain to Bonilla that the demonstration was merely an expression of our idea of humor. Twelve miles out we all stopped and backed the mules up side by side, and everybody shook hands with everybody else, and there were many promises to write, and to forward all manner of things, and assurances of eternal remembrance and friendship, and then the Guiteris revolutionists galloped back, firing parting salutes with their revolvers, and we fell into line again with a nod of satisfaction at being once more on the road.

We never expected any conveniences or comforts on the road, and so we were never disappointed, and were much happier and content in consequence than at the capital, where the name promised so much and the place furnished so little. We found that it was not the luxuries of life that we sighed after, but the mere conveniences—those things to which we had become so much accustomed that we never supposed there were places where they did not exist. A chair with a back, for example, was one of the things we most wanted. We had never imagined, until we went to Honduras, that chairs grew without backs; but after we had ridden ten hours, and were so tired that each found himself easing his spinal column by leaning forward with his hands on the pommel of his saddle, we wanted something more than a three-legged stool when we alighted for the night.

Our ride to the Pacific coast was a repetition of the ride to the capital, except that, as there was a full moon, we slept

in the middle of the day and rode later in the night. We met many pilgrims going to the festivals during this nocturnal journey. They were all mounted on mules, and seemed a very merry and jovial company. Sometimes there were as many as fifty in one party, and we came across them picnicking in the shade by day, or jogging along in the moonlight in a cloud of white dust, or a cloud of white foam as they forded the broad river and their donkeys splashed and slipped in the rapids. The nights were very beautiful and cool, and the silence under the clear blue sky and white stars was like the silence of the plains. The moon turned the trail a pale white, and made the trees on either side of it alive with shadows that seemed to play hide-and-seek with us, and the stumps and rocks moved and gesticulated with life, until we drew up even with them, when they were transformed once more into wood and stone.

It was on the third day out from the capital, when we were picking our way down the side of a mountain, that Jeffs pointed to what looked like a lake of silver lying between two great hills, and we knew that we had crossed the continent, and so raised our hats and saluted the Pacific Ocean. A day later, after a long rapid ride over a level plain where the trail was so broad that we could ride four abreast, we came to San Lorenzo, a little cluster of huts at the edge of the ocean. The settlement was still awake, for a mule train of silver had just arrived from the San Rosario mines, and the ruddy glare of pine knots was flashing through the chinks in the bamboo walls of the huts, and making yellow splashes of color in the soft white light of the moon. We swung ourselves out of the saddles for the last time, and gave the little mules a farewell pat and many thanks, to which they made no response whatsoever.

Five hours later we left the continent for the island of Amapala, the chief seaport of the Pacific side of Honduras, and our ride was at an end. We left San Lorenzo at two in the morning, but we did not reach Amapala, although it was but fifteen miles out to sea, until four the next afternoon. We were passengers in a long open boat, and slept stretched on our blankets at the bottom, while four natives pulled at long sweeps. There were eight cross-seats, and a man sat on every other one. A log of wood in which steps had been cut

was bound to each empty seat, and it was up this that the rower walked, as though he meant to stand up on the seat to which it was tied, but he would always change his mind and sink back again, bracing his left leg on the seat and his right leg on the log, and dragging the oar through the water with the weight of his body as he sank backwards. I lay on the ribs of the boat below them and watched them through the night, rising and falling with a slight toss of the head as they sank back, and with their brown naked bodies outlined against the sky-line. They were so silent and their movements so regular that they seemed like statues cut in bronze. By ten the next morning they became so far animated as to say that they were tired and hungry, and would we allow them to rest on a little island that lay half a mile off our bow? We were very glad to rest ourselves, and to get out of the sun and the glare of the sea, and to stretch our cramped limbs, so we beached the boat in a little bay, and frightened off thousands of gulls, which rose screaming in the air, and which were apparently the only inhabitants. The galley-slaves took sticks of driftwood and scattered over the rocks, turning back the sea-weed with their hands, and hacking at the base of the rocks with their improvised hammers. We found that they were foraging for oysters, and as we had nothing but a tin of sardines and two biscuits amongst five of us, and had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, we followed their example, and chipped the oysters off with the butts of our revolvers, and found them cool and coppery, like English oysters, and most refreshing. It was such a lonely little island that we could quite imagine we were cast away upon it, and began to play we were Robinson Crusoe, and took off our boots and went in wading, paddling around in the water after mussels and crabs until we were chased to shore by a huge shark. Then every one went to sleep in the sand until late in the afternoon, when a breeze sprang up, and a boatman carried us out on his shoulders, and we dashed off gayly under full sail to the isle of Amapala, where we bade good-by to Colonel Jeffs and to the Republic of Honduras.

We had crossed the continent at a point where it was but little broader than the distance from Boston to New York, a trip of five hours by train, but it had taken us twenty-two days.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

PART II.

CHAPTER XVI.

THIS episode disagreed with me and I was not able to leave my bed the next day. The others were in the same condition. But for this, one or another of us might have had the good luck that fell to the Paladin's share that day; but it is observable that God in His compassion sends the good luck to such as are ill equipped with gifts, as compensation for their defect, but requires such as are more fortunately endowed to get by labor and talent what those others get by chance. It was Noël who said this, and it seemed to me to be well and justly thought.

The Paladin, going about the town all the day in order to be followed and admired and overhear the people say in an awed voice, "'Ssh!—look, it is the Standard-Bearer!" had speech with all sorts and conditions of folk, and he learned from some boatmen that there was a stir of some kind going on in the bastilles on the other side of the river; and in the evening, seeking further, he found a deserter from the fortress called the Augustins, who said that the English were going to send men over to strengthen the garrisons on our side during the darkness of the night, and were exulting greatly, for they meant to spring upon Dunois and the army when it was passing the bastilles and destroy it: a thing quite easy to do, since the "Witch" would not be there, and without her presence the army would do like the French armies of these many years past, drop their weapons and run when they saw an English face.

It was ten at night when the Paladin brought this news and asked leave to speak to Joan, and I was up and on duty then. It was a bitter stroke to me to see what a chance I had lost. Joan made searching inquiries, and satisfied herself that the word was true, then she made this annoying remark:

"You have done well, and you have my thanks. It may be that you have prevented a disaster. Your name and service shall receive official mention."

Then he bowed low, and when he rose he was eleven feet high. As he swelled out past me he covertly pulled down the corner of his eye with his finger and muttered part of that defiled refrain, "Oh tears, ah tears, oh sad sweet tears!—name in General Orders—personal mention to the King, you see!"

I wished Joan could have seen his conduct, but she was busy thinking what she would do. Then she had me fetch the knight Jean de Metz, and in a minute he was off for La Hire's quarters with orders for him and the Lord de Villars and Florent d'Iliers to report to her at five o'clock next morning with five hundred picked men well mounted. The histories say half past four, but it is not true, I heard the order given.

We were on our way at five to the minute, and encountered the head of the arriving column between six and seven, a couple of leagues from the city. Dunois was pleased, for the army had begun to get restive and show uneasiness now that it was getting so near to the dreaded bastilles. But that all disappeared now, as the word ran down the line, with a huzzah that swept along the length of it like a wave, that the Maid was come. Dunois asked her to halt and let the column pass in review, so that the men could be sure that the report of her presence was not a ruse to revive their courage. So she took position at the side of the road with her staff, and the battalions swung by with a martial stride, huzzahing. Joan was armed, except her head. She was wearing the cunning little velvet cap with the mass of curved white ostrich plumes tumbling over its edges which the city of Orleans had given her the night she arrived—the one that is in the picture that hangs in the Hôtel de Ville at Rouen. She was looking about fifteen. The sight of soldiers always set her blood to leaping, and lit the fires in her eyes and brought the warm rich color to her cheeks; it was then that you saw that she was too beautiful to be of the earth, or at any rate that there was a subtle something somewhere about her beauty that differed it from the

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human types of your experience and exalted it above them.

In the train of wains laden with supplies a man lay on top of the goods. He was stretched out on his back, and his hands were tied together with ropes, and also his ankles. Joan signed to the officer in charge of that division of the train to come to her, and he rode up and saluted.

"What is he that is bound, there?" she asked.

"A prisoner, General."

"What is his offence?"

"He is a deserter."

"What is to be done with him?"

"He will be hanged, but it was not convenient on the march, and there was no hurry."

"Tell me about him."

"He is a good soldier, but he asked leave to go and see his wife who was dying, he said, but it could not be granted; so he went without leave. Meanwhile the march began, and he only overtook us yesterday evening."

"Overtook you? Did he come of his own will?"

"Yes, it was of his own will."

"He a deserter! Name of God! Bring him to me."

The officer rode forward and loosed the man's feet and brought him back with his hands still tied. What a figure he was—a good seven feet high, and built for business! He had a strong face; he had an unkempt shock of black hair which showed up in a striking way when the officer removed his morion for him; for weapon he had a big axe in his broad leathern belt. Standing by Joan's horse, he made Joan look littler than ever, for his head was about on a level with her own. His face was profoundly melancholy; all interest in life seemed to be dead in the man. Joan said—

"Hold up your hands."

The man's head was down. He lifted it when he heard that soft friendly voice, and there was a wistful something in his face which made one think that there had been music in it for him and that he would like to hear it again. When he raised his hands Joan laid her sword to his bonds, but the officer said with apprehension—

"Ah, madam—my General!"

"What is it?" she said.

"He is under sentence!"

"Yes, I know. I am responsible for

him;" and she cut the bonds. "Ah, pitiful!" she said; "blood—I do not like it;" and she shrank from the sight. But only for a moment. "Give me something, somebody, to bandage his wrists with."

The officer said—

"Ah, my General! it is not fitting. Let me bring another to do it."

"Another? De par le Dieu! You would seek far to find one that can do it better than I, for I learned it long ago among both men and beasts. And I can tie better than those that did this; if I had tied him the ropes had not cut his flesh."

The man looked on, silent, while he was being bandaged, stealing a furtive glance at Joan's face occasionally, such as an animal might that is receiving a kindness from an unexpected quarter and is gropingly trying to reconcile the act with its source. All the staff had forgotten the huzzahing army drifting by in its rolling clouds of dust, to crane their necks and watch the bandaging as if it was the most interesting and absorbing novelty that ever was. I have often seen people do like that—get entirely lost in the simplest trifle, when it is something that is out of their line. Now there in Poitiers, once, I saw two bishops and a dozen of those grave and famous scholars grouped together watching a man paint a sign on a shop; they didn't breathe, they were as good as dead; and when it began to sprinkle they didn't know it at first; then they noticed it, and each man hove a deep sigh, and glanced up with a surprised look as wondering to see the others there, and how he came to be there himself—but that is the way with people, as I have said. There is no way of accounting for people. You have to take them as they are.

"There," said Joan at last, pleased with her success; "another could have done it no better—not as well, I think. Tell me—what is it you did? Tell me all."

The giant said:

"It was this way, my angel. My mother died, then my three little children, one after the other, all in two years. It was the famine; others fared so—it was God's will. I saw them die; I had that grace; and I buried them. Then when my poor wife's fate was come, I begged for leave to go to her—she who was so dear to me—she who was all I had; I

begged on my knees. But they would not let me. Could I let her die, friendless and alone? Could I let her die believing I would not come? Would she let *me* die and *she* not come—with her feet free to do it if she would, and no cost upon it but only her life? Ah, she would come—she would come through the fire! So I went. I saw her. She died in my arms. I buried her. Then the army was gone. I had trouble to overtake it, but my legs are long and there are many hours in a day; I overtook it last night."

Joan said, musingly, and as if she were thinking aloud—

"It sounds true. If true, it were no great harm to suspend the law this one time—any would say that. It may not be true, but if it *is* true—" She turned suddenly to the man and said, "I would see your eyes—look up!" The eyes of the two met, and Joan said to the officer: "The man is pardoned. Give you good-day; you may go." Then she said to the man, "Did you know it was death to come back to the army?"

"Yes," he said, "I knew it."

"Then why did you do it?"

The man said, quite simply—

"*Because* it was death. She was all I had. There was nothing left to love."

"Ah, yes, there was—France! The children of France have always their mother—*they* cannot be left with nothing to love. You shall live—and you shall serve France—"

"I will serve *you*!"

"—you shall fight for France—"

"I will fight for *you*!"

"—you shall be France's soldier—"

"I will be *your* soldier!"

"—you shall give all your heart to France—"

"I will give all my heart to *you*—and all my soul, if I have one—and all my strength, which is great—for I was dead and am alive again; I had nothing to live for, but now I have! You are France, for me. You are my France, and I will have no other."

Joan smiled, and was touched and pleased at the man's grave enthusiasm—solemn enthusiasm, one may call it, for the manner of it was deeper than mere gravity—and she said—

"Well, it shall be as you will. What are you called?"

The man answered with unsmiling simplicity—

"They call me the Dwarf, but I think it is more in jest than otherwise."

It made Joan laugh, and she said—

"It has something of that look, truly! What is the office of that vast axe?"

The soldier replied with the same gravity—which must have been born to him, it sat upon him so naturally—

"It is to persuade persons to respect France."

Joan laughed again, and said—

"Have you given many lessons?"

"Ah, indeed yes—many."

"The pupils behaved to suit you, afterward?"

"Yes; it made them quiet—quite pleasant and quiet."

"I should think it would happen so. Would you like to be my man-at-arms?—orderly, sentinel, or something like that?"

"If I may!"

"Then you shall. You shall have proper armor, and shall go on teaching your art. Take one of those led horses there, and follow the staff when we move."

That is how we came by the Dwarf; and a good fellow he was. Joan picked him out on sight, but it wasn't a mistake; no one could be faithfuler than he was, and he was a devil and the son of a devil when he turned himself loose with his axe. He was so big that he made the Paladin look like an ordinary man. He liked to like people, therefore people liked him. He liked us boys from the start; and he liked the knights, and liked pretty much everybody he came across; but he thought more of a paring of Joan's finger-nail than he did of all the rest of the world put together.

Yes, that is where we got him—stretched on the wain, going to his death, poor chap, and nobody to say a good word for him. He was a good find. Why, the knights treated him almost like an equal—it is the honest truth; that is the sort of a man he was. They called him the Bastille, sometimes, and sometimes they called him Hellfire, which was on account of his warm and sumptuous style in battle, and you know they wouldn't have given him pet names if they hadn't had a good deal of affection for him.

To the Dwarf, Joan was France, the spirit of France made flesh—he never got away from that idea that he had started with; and God knows it was the true one.

That was a humble eye to see so great a truth where some others failed. To me that seems quite remarkable. And yet, after all, it was, in a way, just what nations do. When they love a great and noble thing, they embody it—they want it so that they can see it with their eyes; like Liberty, for instance. They are not content with the cloudy abstract idea, they make a beautiful statue of it, and then their beloved idea is substantial, and they can look at it and worship it. And so it is as I say; to the Dwarf, Joan was our country embodied, our country made visible flesh cast in a gracious form. When she stood before others, they saw Joan of Arc, but he saw France.

Sometimes he would speak of her by that name. It shows you how the idea was imbedded in his mind, and how real it was to him. The world has called our kings by it, but I know of none of them who has had so good a right as she to that sublime title.

When the march past was finished, Joan returned to the front and rode at the head of the column. When we began to file past those grim bastilles and could glimpse the men within, standing to their guns and ready to empty death into our ranks, such a faintness came over me and such a sickness that all things seemed to turn dim and swim before my eyes, and the other boys looked droopy too, I thought—including the Paladin, although I do not know this for certain, because he was ahead of me and I had to keep my eyes out toward the bastille side, because I could wince better when I saw what to wince at.

But Joan was at home—in Paradise, I might say. She sat up straight, and I could see that she was feeling different from me. The awfulest thing was the silence; there wasn't a sound but the screaming of the saddles, the measured tramlings, and the sneezing of the horses, afflicted by the smothering dust-clouds which they kicked up. I wanted to sneeze myself, but it seemed to me that I would rather go unsneezed, or suffer even a bitterer torture, if there is one, than attract attention to myself.

I was not of a rank to make suggestions or I would have suggested that if we went faster we should get by sooner. It seemed to me that it was an ill-judged time to be taking a walk. Just as we were drifting in that suffocating stillness past a

great cannon that stood just within a raised portcullis, with nothing between me and it but the moat, a most uncommon jackass in there split the world with his bray, and I fell out of the saddle. Sir Bertrand grabbed me as I went, which was well, for if I had gone to the ground in my armor I could not have gotten up again by myself. The English warders on the battlements laughed a coarse laugh, forgetting that every one must begin, and that there had been a time when they themselves would have fared no better when shot by a jackass.

The English never uttered a challenge nor fired a shot. It was said afterward that when their men saw the Maid riding at the front and saw how lovely she was, their eager courage cooled down in many cases and vanished in the rest, they feeling certain that that creature was not mortal, but the very child of Satan; and so the officers were prudent and did not try to make them fight. It was said also that some of the officers were affected by the same superstitious fears. Well, in any case, they never offered to molest us, and we poked by all the grisly fortresses in peace. I caught up on my devotions during the march, which were in arrears; so it was not all loss and no profit for me, after all.

It was on this march that the histories say Dunois told Joan that the English were expecting re-enforcements under the command of Sir John Falstaff, and that she turned upon him and said—

“Bastard, Bastard, in God's name I warn you to let me know of his coming as soon as you hear of it; for if he passes without my knowledge you shall lose your head!”

It may be so; I don't deny it; but I didn't hear it. If she really said it I think she only meant she would take off his official head—degrade him from his command. It was not like her to threaten a comrade's life. She did have her doubts of her generals, and was entitled to them, for she was all for storm and assault, and they were for holding still and tiring the English out. Since they did not believe in her way and were experienced old soldiers, it would be natural for them to prefer their own and try to get around carrying hers out.

But I did hear something that the histories don't mention and don't know about. I heard Joan say that now that



JOAN AND THE "DWARF."

the garrisons on the other side had been weakened to strengthen those on our side, the most effective point of operations had shifted to the south shore; so she meant to go over there and storm the forts which held the bridge end, and that would open up communication with our own dominions and raise the siege. The generals began to balk, privately, right away, but they only baffled and delayed her, and that for only four days.

All Orleans met the army at the gate and huzzahed it through the bannered streets to its various quarters, but nobody had to rock it to sleep; it slumped down dog-tired, for Dunois had rushed it without mercy, and for the next twenty-four hours it would be quiet, all but the snoring.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN we got home, breakfast for us minor fry was waiting in our mess-room, and the family honored us by coming in to eat it with us. The nice old treasurer, and in fact all three were flatteringly eager to hear about our adventures. Nobody asked the Paladin to begin, but he did begin, because now that his specially ordained and peculiar military rank set him above everybody on the personal staff but old D'Aulon, who didn't eat with us, he didn't care a farthing for the knights' nobility nor mine, but took precedence in the talk whenever it suited him, which was all the time, because he was born that way. He said—

"God be thanked, we found the army in admirable condition. I think I have never seen a finer body of animals."

"Animals?" said Miss Catherine.

"I will explain to you what he means," said Noël. "He—"

"I will trouble you not to trouble yourself to explain anything for me," said the Paladin, loftily. "I have reason to think—"

"That is his way," said Noël, "always when he thinks he has reason to think, he thinks he does think, but this is an error. He didn't see the army. I noticed him, and he didn't see it. He was troubled by his old complaint."

"What is his old complaint?" Catherine asked.

"Prudence," I said, seeing my chance to help.

But it was not a fortunate remark, for the Paladin said:

"It probably isn't your turn to criticise people's prudence—you who fall out of the saddle when a donkey brays."

They all laughed, and I was ashamed of myself for my hasty smartness. I said:

"It isn't quite fair for you to say I fell out on account of the donkey's braying. It was emotion, just ordinary emotion."

"Very well, if you want to call it that, I am not objecting. What would you call it, Sir Bertrand?"

"Well, it—well, whatever it was, it was excusable, I think. All of you have learned how to behave in hot hand-to-hand engagements, and you don't need to be ashamed of your record in that matter; but to walk along in front of death, with one's hands idle, and no noise, no music, and nothing going on, is a very trying situation. If I were you, De Conte, I would name the emotion, it's nothing to be ashamed of."

It was as straight and sensible a speech as ever I heard, and I was grateful for the opening it gave me; so I came out and said—

"It was fear—and thank you for the honest idea, too."

"It was the cleanest and best way out," said the old treasurer; "you've done well, my lad."

That made me comfortable, and when Miss Catherine said, "It's what I think, too," I was grateful to myself for getting into that scrape.

Sir Jean de Metz said—

"We were all in a body together when the donkey brayed, and it was dismally still at the time. I don't see how any young campaigner could escape some little touch of that emotion."

He looked about him with a pleasant expression of inquiry on his good face, and as each pair of eyes in turn met his the head they were in nodded a confession. Even the Paladin delivered his nod. That surprised everybody, and saved the Standard-Bearer's credit. It was clever of him; nobody believed he could tell the truth that way without practice, or would tell that particular sort of a truth either with or without practice. I suppose he judged it would favorably impress the family. Then the old treasurer said—

"Passing the forts in that trying way required the same sort of nerve that a person must have when ghosts are about him in the dark, I should think. What does the Standard-Bearer think?"

"Well, I don't quite know about that, sir. I've often thought I would like to see a ghost if I—"

"Would you?" exclaimed the young lady. "We've got one! Would you try that one? Will you?"

She was so eager and pretty that the Paladin said straight out that he would; and then as none of the rest had bravery enough to expose the fear that was in him, one volunteered after the other with a prompt mouth and a sick heart till all were shipped for the voyage; then the girl clapped her hands in glee, and the parents were gratified too, saying that the ghosts of their house had been a dread and a misery to them and their forebears for generations, and nobody had ever been found yet who was willing to confront them and find out what their trouble was, so that the family could heal it and content the poor spectres and beguile them to tranquillity and peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABOUT noon I was chatting with Madame Boucher; nothing was going on, all was quiet, when Catherine Boucher suddenly entered in great excitement, and said—

"Fly, sir, fly! The Maid was dozing in her chair in my room, when she sprang up and cried out, 'French blood is flowing!—my arms, give me my arms!' Her giant was on guard at the door, and he brought D'Aulon, who began to arm her, and I and the giant have been warning the staff. Fly!—and stay by her; and if there really is a battle, keep her out of it—don't let her risk herself—there is no need—if the men know she is near and looking on, it is all that is necessary. Keep her out of the fight—don't fail of this!"

I started on a run, saying, sarcastically—for I was always fond of sarcasm, and it was said that I had a most neat gift that way—

"Oh yes, nothing easier than that—I'll attend to it!"

At the furthest end of the house I met Joan, fully armed, hurrying toward the door, and she said—

"Ah, French blood is being spilt, and you did not tell me."

"Indeed I did not know it," I said; "there are no sounds of war; everything is quiet, your Excellency."

"You will hear war sounds enough in a moment," she said, and was gone.

It was true. Before one could count five there broke upon the stillness the swelling rush and tramp of an approaching multitude of men and horses, with hoarse cries of command, and then out of the distance came the muffled deep *boom!—boom-boom!—boom!* of cannon, and straightway that rushing multitude was roaring by the house like a hurricane.

Our knights and all our staff came flying, armed, but with no horses ready, and we burst out after Joan in a body, the Paladin in the lead with the banner. The surging crowd was made up half of citizens and half of soldiers, and had no recognized leader. When Joan was seen a huzzah went up, and she shouted—

"A horse—a horse!"

A dozen saddles were at her disposal in a moment. She mounted, a hundred people shouting—

"Way, there—way for the MAID OF ORLEANS!" The first time that that immortal name was ever uttered—and I, praise God, was there to hear it! The mass divided itself like the waters of the Red Sea, and down this lane Joan went skimming like a bird, crying "Forward, French hearts—follow me!" and we came winging in her wake on the rest of the borrowed horses, the holy standard streaming above us, and the lane closing together in our rear.

This was a different thing from the ghastly march past the dismal bastilles. No, we felt fine, now, and all awlirl with enthusiasm. The explanation of this sudden uprising was this. The city and the little garrison, so long hopeless and afraid, had gone wild over Joan's coming, and could no longer restrain their desire to get at the enemy; so, without orders from anybody, a few hundred soldiers and citizens had plunged out at the Burgundy gate on a sudden impulse and made a charge on one of Lord Talbot's most formidable fortresses—St. Loup—and were getting the worst of it. The news of this had swept through the city and started this new crowd that we were with.

As we poured out at the gate we met a force bringing in the wounded from the front. The sight moved Joan, and she said—

"Ah, French blood; it makes my hair rise to see it!"

We were soon on the field, soon in the midst of the turmoil. Joan was seeing her first real battle, and so were we.

It was a battle in the open field; for the garrison of St. Loup had sallied confidently out to meet the attack, being used to victories when "witches" were not around. The sally had been re-enforced by troops from the "Paris" bastille, and when we approached the French were getting whipped and were falling back. But when Joan came charging through the disorder with her banner displayed, crying "Forward, men—follow me!" there was a change; the French turned about and surged forward like a solid wave of the sea, and swept the English before them, hacking and slashing, and being hacked and slashed, in a way that was terrible to see.

In the field the Dwarf had no assignment; that is to say, he was not under orders to occupy any particular place, therefore he chose his place for himself, and went ahead of Joan and made a road for her. It was horrible to see the iron helmets fly into fragments under his dreadful axe. He called it cracking nuts, and it looked like that. He made a good road, and paved it well with flesh and iron. Joan and the rest of us followed it so briskly that we outspeeded our forces and had the English behind us as well as before. The knights commanded us to face outwards around Joan, which we did, and then there was work done that was fine to see. One was obliged to respect the Paladin, now. Being right under Joan's exalting and transforming eye, he forgot his native prudence, he forgot his diffidence in the presence of danger, he forgot what fear was, and he never laid about him in his imaginary battles in a more tremendous way than he did in this real one; and wherever he struck there was an enemy the less.

We were in that close place only a few minutes; then our forces to the rear broke through with a great shout and joined us, and then the English fought a retreating fight, but in a fine and gallant way, and we drove them to their fortress foot by foot, they facing us all the time, and their reserves on the walls raining showers of arrows, crossbow bolts, and stone cannon-balls upon us.

The bulk of the enemy got safely within the works and left us outside with piles of French and English dead and wounded for company—a sickening sight, an awful sight to us youngsters,

for our little ambush fights in February had been in the night, and the blood and the mutilations and the dead faces were mercifully dim, whereas we saw these things now for the first time in all their naked ghastliness.

Now arrived Dunois from the city, and plunged through the battle on his foam-flecked horse and galloped up to Joan, saluting, and uttering handsome compliments as he came. He waved his hand toward the distant walls of the city, where a multitude of flags were flaunting gayly in the wind, and said the populace were up there observing her fortunate performance and rejoicing over it, and added that she and the forces would have a great reception now.

"Now? Hardly now, Bastard. Not yet!"

"Why not yet? Is there more to be done?"

"More, Bastard? We have but begun! We will take this fortress."

"Ah, you can't be serious! We can't take this place; let me urge you not to make the attempt; it is too desperate. Let me order the forces back."

Joan's heart was overflowing with the joys and enthusiasms of war, and it made her impatient to hear such talk. She cried out—

"Bastard, Bastard, will ye play *always* with these English? Now verily I tell you we will not budge until this place is ours. We will carry it by storm. Sound the charge!"

"Ah, my General—"

"Waste no more time, man—let the bugles sound the assault!" and we saw that strange deep light in her eye which we named the battle-light, and learned to know so well in later fields.

The martial notes pealed out, the troops answered with a yell, and down they came against that formidable work, whose outlines were lost in its own cannon smoke, and whose sides were spouting flame and thunder.

We suffered repulse after repulse, but Joan was here and there and everywhere encouraging the men, and she kept them to their work. During three hours the tide ebbed and flowed, flowed and ebbed; but at last La Hire, who was now come, made a final and resistless charge, and the bastille St. Loup was ours. We gutted it, taking all its stores and artillery, and then destroyed it.



JOAN'S ENTRY INTO ORLEANS.

From the painting by Scherrer.

When all our host was shouting itself hoarse with rejoicings, and there went up a cry for the General, for they wanted to praise her and glorify her and do her homage for her victory, we had trouble to find her; and when we did find her, she was off by herself, sitting among a ruck of corpses, with her face in her hands, crying—for she was a young girl, you know, and her hero-heart was a young girl's heart too, with the pity and the tenderness that are natural to it. She was thinking of the mothers of those dead friends and enemies.

Among the prisoners were a number of priests, and Joan took these under her protection and saved their lives. It was urged that they were most probably combatants in disguise, but she said—

“As to that, how can any tell? They wear the livery of God, and if even one of these wears it rightfully, surely it were better that all the guilty should escape than that we have upon our hands the blood of that innocent man. I will lodge them where I lodge, and feed them, and send them away in safety.”

We marched back to the city with our crop of cannon and prisoners on view and our banners displayed. Here was the first substantial bit of war-work the imprisoned people had seen in the seven months that the siege had endured, the first chance they had had to rejoice over a French exploit. You may guess that they made good use of it. They and the bells went mad. Joan was their darling now, and the press of people struggling and shouldering each other to get a glimpse of her was so great that we could hardly push our way through the streets at all. Her new name had gone all about, and was on everybody's lips. The Holy Maid of Vaucouleurs was a forgotten title; the city had claimed her for its own, and she was the MAID OF ORLEANS now. It is a happiness to me to remember that I heard that name the first time it was ever uttered. Between that first utterance and the last time it will be uttered on this earth—ah, think how many mouldering ages will lie in that gap!

The Boucher family welcomed her back as if she had been a child of the house, and saved from death against all hope or probability. They chided her for going into the battle and exposing herself to danger during all those hours. They could not realize that she had meant to

carry her warriorship so far, and asked her if it had really been her purpose to go right into the turmoil of the fight, or hadn't she got swept into it by accident and the rush of the troops? They begged her to be more careful another time. It was good advice, maybe, but it fell upon pretty unfruitful soil.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEING worn out with the long fight, we all slept the rest of the afternoon away and two or three hours into the night. Then we got up refreshed, and had supper. As for me, I could have been willing to let the matter of the ghost drop, and the others were of a like mind no doubt, for they talked diligently of the battle and said nothing of that other thing. And indeed it was fine and stirring to hear the Paladin rehearse his deeds and see him pile his dead, fifteen here, eighteen there, and thirty-five yonder; but this only postponed the trouble; it could not do more. He could not go on forever; when he had carried the bastille by assault and eaten up the garrison there was nothing for it but to stop, unless Catherine Boucher would give him a new start and have it all done over again—as we hoped she would, this time—but she was otherwise minded. As soon as there was a good opening and a fair chance, she brought up her unwelcome subject, and we faced it the best we could.

We followed her and her parents to the haunted room at eleven o'clock, with candles, and also with torches to place in the sockets on the walls. It was a big house, with very thick walls, and this room was in a remote part of it which had been left unoccupied for nobody knew how many years, because of its evil repute.

This was a large room, like a salon, and had a big table in it of enduring oak and well preserved; but the chairs were worm-eaten and the tapestry on the walls was rotten and discolored by age. The dusty cobwebs under the ceiling had the look of not having had any business for a century.

Catherine said—

“Tradition says that these ghosts have never been seen—they have merely been heard. It is plain that this room was once larger than it is now, and that the wall at this end was built in some by-gone time to make and fence off a nar-

row room there. There is no communication anywhere with that narrow room, and if it exists—and of that there is no reasonable doubt—it has no light and no air, but is an absolute dungeon. Wait where you are, and take note of what happens.”

That was all. Then she and her parents left us. When their footfalls had died out in the distance down the empty stone corridors an uncanny silence and solemnity ensued which was dismaler to me than the mute march past the bastilles. We sat looking vacantly at each other, and it was easy to see that no one there was comfortable. The longer we sat so, the more deadly still that stillness got to be; and when the wind began to moan around the house presently, it made me sick and miserable, and I wished I had been brave enough to be a coward this time, for indeed it is no proper shame to be afraid of ghosts, seeing how helpless the living are in their hands. And then these ghosts were invisible, which made the matter the worse, as it seemed to me. They might be in the room with us at that moment—we could not know. I felt airy touches on my shoulders and my hair, and I shrank from them and cringed, and was not ashamed to show this fear, for I saw the others doing the like, and knew that they were feeling those faint contacts too. As this went on—oh, eternities it seemed, the time dragged so drearily!—all those faces became as wax, and I seemed sitting with a congress of the dead.

At last, faint and far and weird, came a “boom!—boom!—boom!”—a distant bell tolling midnight. When the last stroke

died, that depressing stillness followed again, and as before I was staring at those waxen faces and feeling those airy touches on my hair and my shoulders once more.

One minute—two minutes—three minutes of this, then we heard a long deep groan, and everybody sprang up and stood, with his legs quaking. It came from that little dungeon. There was a pause, then we heard muffled sobbings, mixed with pitiful ejaculations. Then there was another voice, low and not distinct, and the one seemed trying to comfort the other; and so the two voices went on, with moanings, and soft sobbings, and, ah, the tones were so full of compassion and sorrow and despair! Indeed, it made one's heart sore to hear it.

But those sounds were so real and so human and so moving that the idea of ghosts passed straight out of our minds, and Sir Jean de Metz spoke out and said—

“Come! we will smash that wall and set those poor captives free! Here, with your axe!”

The Dwarf jumped forward, swinging his great axe with both hands, and others sprang for the torches and brought them. Bang!—whang!—slam!—smash went the ancient bricks, and there was a hole an ox could pass through. We plunged within and held up the torches.

Nothing there but vacancy! On the floor lay a rusty sword and a rotten fan.

Now you know all that I know. Take the pathetic relics, and weave about them the romance of the dungeon's long-vanished inmates as best you can.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE man whom Sue, in her mental volte-face, was now regarding as her inseparable husband, lived still at Marygreen.

On the day before the tragedy of the children, Phillotson had seen both her and Jude as they stood in the rain watching the procession to the Theatre. But he had said nothing of it at the moment to his companion Gillingham, who, being

an old friend, was staying with him at the village aforesaid, and had, indeed, suggested the day's trip to Christminster.

“What are you thinking of?” said Gillingham as they went home. “The University degree you never obtained?”

“No, no,” said Phillotson, gruffly. “Of somebody I saw to-day.” In a moment he added, “Soosan.”

“I saw her, too.”

“You said nothing.”

“I didn't wish to draw your attention

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See page 759.

"SUE EXCITEDLY CONTINUED TO TEAR THE LINEN INTO STRIPS."

to her. But as you did see her, you should have said, 'How d'ye do, my dear—that was?'"

"Ah, well! I might have. But what do you think of this: I have good reason for supposing that she was innocent when I divorced her—that I was all wrong. Yes, indeed! Awkward, isn't it?"

"She has taken care to set you right since, anyhow, apparently."

"H'm! That's a cheap sneer. I ought to have waited, unquestionably."

At the end of the week, when Gillingham had gone back to his school near Shaston, Phillotson, as was his custom, went to Alfredston market, ruminating again on Arabella's intelligence as he walked down the long hill, which he had known before Jude knew it, though his history had not beaten so intensely upon its incline. Arrived in the town, he bought his usual weekly local paper; and when he had sat down in an inn to refresh himself for the five miles walk back, he pulled the paper from his pocket and read awhile. The account of the "Strange suicide of two children in a bedroom" met his eye.

Unimpassioned as he was, it impressed him painfully, and puzzled him not a little, for he could not understand the age of the eldest child being what it was stated to be. However, there was no doubt that the newspaper report was in some way true.

"Their cup of sorrow is now full!" he said, and thought and thought of Sue, and what she had gained by leaving him.

Arabella having made her home at Alfredston, and the schoolmaster coming to market there every Saturday, it was not wonderful that in a few weeks they met again—the precise time being just after her return from Christminster, where she had staid much longer than she had at first intended, keeping an interested eye on Jude, though Jude had seen no more of her. Phillotson was on his way homeward when he encountered Arabella, and she was approaching the town.

"You like walking out this way, Mrs. Cartlett?" he said.

"I've just begun to again," she replied. "It's where I lived as maid and wife, and all the past things of my life that are interesting to my feelings are mixed up with this road. And they have been stirred up in me too, lately, for I've been

visiting at Christminster. Yes, I've seen Jude."

"Ah! How do they bear their terrible affliction?"

"In a ve-ry strange way—ve-ry strange! She's not going to marry him, after all. I only heard of it as a certainty just before I left; though I had thought things were drifting that way from their manner when I called on them."

"Not going to marry him? Whom would she marry, then? Why, I should have thought 'twould have united them more."

"He's not fired her fancy at all. You see, she has never really cared for him, although they have played at becoming man and wife so long. And now, instead of this sad event, and the queer suspicion it causes about their relations, making 'em hurry up and get the thing done, she's took in a queer religious way, just as I was in my affliction at losing Cartlett, only hers is of a more 'sterical sort than mine. And she says, so I was told, that she's your wife in the eye of Heaven and the Church—yours only; and can't be anybody else's by any act of man."

"Ah—in-deed! . . . Separated, have they?"

"You see, the eldest boy was mine—"

"Oh—yours!"

"Yes, poor little fellow—born in lawful wedlock, thank God! And perhaps she feels, over and above other things, that I ought to have been in her place. I can't say." She explained about the other child, and then continued: "However, as for me, I am soon off from here. I've got father to look after now, and we can't live in such a humdrum place as this. I hope soon to be in a bar again at Christminster, or some other big town."

They parted. When Phillotson had ascended the hill a few steps he stopped, hastened back, and called her.

"What is, or was, their address?"

Arabella gave it.

"Thank you. Good-afternoon."

Arabella smiled grimly as she resumed her way, and practised dimple-making all along the road, from where the pollard-willows began to the old almshouses in the first street of the town.

Meanwhile Phillotson ascended to Marygreen, and for the first time during a lengthened period he lived with a for-

ward eye. On crossing under the large trees of the green to the school-house he stood a moment, and pictured Sue coming out of the door to meet him. It cannot be said that he regarded her fancied image with much love. But no man ever suffered more inconvenience from his Christian charity than Phillotson had done at the hands of the virtuous in letting Sue go. He had been knocked about from pillar to post almost beyond endurance; he had been nearly starved, and was now dependent entirely upon the very small stipend from the school of this village, where the parson had got ill-spoken-of for befriending him. His convictions were nearly thrashed out of him by all this; and by getting Sue back and remarrying her on the respectable plea of having entertained erroneous views of her, and gained his divorce wrongfully, he might acquire some comfort, resume his old course, get back to the Shaston school, if not even to the Church itself as a licentiate. The cold blast of the world's contempt had blown him to this corner.

The considerations which had allowed him to give Sue her liberty now enabled him to regard her as none the worse for her life with Jude. He liked her still, in his curious way, if he did not love her, and, apart from policy, would still have been gratified to have her as his, always provided that she came willingly.

He wrote to Gillingham to inquire his views, and what he thought of his, Phillotson's, sending a letter to her. Gillingham replied that now she was gone it were best to let her be, and considered that if she became anybody's wife it should be the wife of the man with whom she had had such tragical adventures. Probably the pair would make up their minds to the marriage in course of time, and all would be well.

"But she won't!" exclaimed Phillotson to himself. "Gillingham is so old-fashioned. She's affected by Christminster sentiment. I can see her point of view on the indissolubility of marriage well enough. I shall send to her and learn whether what that woman said is true or no."

As he had made up his mind to do so before he had written to his friend, there had not been much reason for writing to the latter at all. However, it was Phillotson's way to act thus.

He accordingly addressed a carefully

considered epistle to Sue, and knowing her emotional temperament, threw a Rhadamanthine strictness into it here and there. He stated that, it having come to his knowledge that her views had considerably changed, he felt compelled to say that his own, too, were largely modified by events subsequent to their parting. He would not conceal from her that love had little to do with his communication. It arose from a wish to make their lives, if not a success, at least no such disastrous failure as they threatened to become through his acting on what he had considered at the time a principle of justice, charity, and reason.

But to indulge one's instinctive and uncontrolled sense of justice and right was not, he had found, permitted with impunity in an old civilization like ours. It was necessary to act under an acquired and artificial sense of the same if you wished to enjoy an average share of comfort and honor, and to let loving-kindness take care of itself.

He suggested that she should come to him there at Marygreen.

On second thoughts he took out the last paragraph but one, and having rewritten the letter, he despatched it immediately, and in calmness awaited the issue.

A few days after, a figure moved through the white fog which enveloped the Beer-sheba suburb of Christminster, towards the quarter in which Jude Fawley had taken up his lodging since his division from Sue. A timid knock sounded upon the door of his abode.

It was evening—so he was at home; and by a species of divination he jumped up and rushed to the door himself.

"Will you come out with me? I would rather not come in. I want to—to talk with you—and to go with you to the cemetery."

It had been in the trembling accents of Sue that these words came. Jude put on his hat. "It is dreary for you to be out," he said. "But if you prefer not to come in, I don't mind."

"Yes—I do. I shall not keep you long."

Jude was too much affected to go on talking at first; she, too, was now such a mere cluster of nerves that all initiatory power seemed to have left her, and they proceeded through the fog like Acheron-

tic shades for a long while, without sound or gesture.

"I want to tell you," she presently said, her voice now quick, now slow, "so that you may not hear of it by chance. I am going back to Richard. He has—so magnanimously—agreed to forgive all."

"Going back? How can you go—"

"He is going to marry me again. That is for form's sake, and to satisfy the world, which does not see things as they are. But of course I *am* his wife already. Nothing has changed that."

He turned upon her with an anguish that was wellnigh fierce.

"But you are on the verge of being *my* wife! Yes, you are. You know it. I loved you, and you loved me; and we closed with each other, and solemnly intended marriage. We still love—you as well as I—I *know* it, Sue! Therefore our plighting is not cancelled."

"Yes; I know how you see it," she answered, with despairing passivity. "But I am going to marry him again, as it would be called by you. Strictly speaking, you, too, should take back—Ara-bella."

"I should? But how if you and I had married really, as we were on the point of doing?"

"I should have felt just the same—that it was not a marriage; and I would have gone back to him without repeating the sacrament, if he had asked me.... Don't crush all the life out of me by satire and argument, I implore you! I was strongest once, I know, and perhaps I treated you cruelly. But, Jude, return good for evil. I am the weaker now. Don't retaliate upon me, but be kind. Oh, be kind to me—a poor, wicked woman who is trying to mend!"

He shook his head hopelessly, his eyes wet. "All wrong, all wrong!" he said, huskily. "Error—perversity! It drives me out of my senses. Do you care for him? Do you love him? You know you don't! It will be religious prostitution—God above us, yes—that's what it will be!"

"I don't love him—I must, must own it, in deepest remorse! But I shall try to learn to love him by obeying him."

Jude argued, urged, implored, but her conviction was proof against all. It seemed to be the one thing on earth on which she was firm, and that her firm-

ness in this had left her tottering in every other impulse and wish she possessed.

"I have been considerate enough to let you know the whole truth, and to tell it you myself," she said, in hurt tones, "that you might not consider yourself slighted by hearing of it at second hand. I have even owned the extreme fact that I do not love him. I did not think you would be so rough with me for doing so! I was going to ask you...."

"To give you away?"

"No. To send—my boxes to me—if you would. But I suppose you won't."

"Why, of course I will. What— isn't he coming to fetch you—to marry you from here? He won't condescend to do that?"

"No—I won't let him. I go to him voluntarily, just as I went away from him. We are to be married at his little church at Marygreen."

She was so sadly sweet in what he called her wrongheadedness that Jude could not help being moved to tears more than once for pity of her. "I never knew such a woman for doing impulsive penances as you, Sue! No sooner does one expect you to go straight on, as the one rational proceeding, than you double round the corner!"

"Ah, well; let that go.... Jude, I must soon say good-by. But I wanted you to go to the cemetery with me. Let it be there—beside the graves of those who died to bring home to me the error of my views."

They turned in the direction of the place, and the gate was opened to them on application. Sue had been there often, and she knew the way to the spot in the dark. They reached it, and stood still.

"It is here—I should like to part," said she.

"So be it."

"Don't think me hard because I have acted on conviction. Your generous devotion to me is unparalleled, Jude. Your worldly failure, if you have failed, is to your credit rather than to your blame. Remember that the best and greatest among mankind are those who do themselves no worldly good. Every successful man is more or less a selfish man. The devoted fail.... 'Charity seeketh not her own.'"

"In that chapter we are at one. Its verses will stand when all the rest that you call religion has passed away!"

"Well—don't discuss it. Good-by, Jude, my fellow-sinner, and kindest friend!"

"Good-by, my mistaken Sue. Good-by!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE next afternoon the fog still hung over all things. Sue was only just discernible going towards the station.

Jude had no heart to go to his work that day. Neither could he go anywhere in the direction by which she would be likely to pass. He went in an opposite one, to a dreary, strange, flat scene, where coughs and consumption lurked, and where he had never been before.

She, in the mean time, had left by the train, and reached Alfredston Road, where she entered the steam-tram and was conveyed into the town. It had been her request to Phillotson that he should not meet her. She wished, she said, to come to him voluntarily, to his very house and hearth-stone.

It was Friday evening, which had been chosen because the schoolmaster was disengaged at four o'clock that day, till the Monday morning following. The little car she hired at The Bear to drive her to Marygreen set her down at the end of the lane, half a mile from the village, by her request, and preceded her to the school-house with such portion of her luggage as she had brought. On its return she encountered it, and asked the driver if he had found the master's house open. The man informed her that he had, and that her things had been taken in by the schoolmaster himself.

She could now enter Marygreen without exciting much observation. She crossed by the well and under the trees to the pretty new school on the other side, and lifted the latch of the dwelling without knocking. Phillotson stood in the middle of the room, awaiting her, as requested.

"I've come, Richard," said she, looking pale and shaken, and sinking into a chair. "I cannot believe—you forgive your—wife!"

"Everything, my darling," said Phillotson.

She started at the word, though it had been spoken mechanically and without fervor. Then she nerved herself again.

"Those children—almost like my own—are dead—perhaps it is best that they

should be! They were sacrificed to teach me how to live—make me reflect—their death was the first stage of my purification. That's why they have not died in vain! . . . You will take me back?"

He bent and kissed her cheek.

Sue imperceptibly shrank away, her flesh quivering under his touch.

"You still have an aversion to me!"

"Oh no, dear—I—have been driving through the damp, and I was chilly!" she said, with a smile of dread. "When are we going to have the marriage? Soon?"

"To-morrow morning, early. I am sending round to the vicar to let him know you are come. I have told him all, and he highly approves—says it will bring our lives to a triumphant and satisfactory issue. But—are you sure of yourself? It is not too late to refuse now if—you think you can't bring yourself to it, you know?"

"Yes, yes, I can! I want it done quick. Tell him, tell him at once! My strength is tried by the undertaking—I can't wait long!"

"Have something to eat and drink, then, and go over to your room at Mrs. Edlin's. I'll tell the vicar half past eight to-morrow, before anybody is about—if that's not too soon for you? My friend Gillingham is here to help us in the business. He's been good enough to come all the way from Shaston, at great inconvenience to himself."

Unlike a woman in ordinary, whose eye is so keen for material things, Sue seemed to see nothing of the room they were in, or any detail of her environment. But on moving across the parlor to put down her muff she uttered a little "Oh!"

"What?" said Phillotson.

The flap of the bureau chanced to be open, and in placing her muff upon it her eye had caught a document which lay there. "Oh—only a—funny surprise!" she said, trying to laugh away her cry as she came back to the table.

"Ah, yes!" said Phillotson. "The license. It has just come."

Gillingham now joined them from his room above, and Sue nervously made herself agreeable to him by talking on whatever she thought likely to interest him, except herself, though that interested him most of all. She obediently ate some supper, and prepared to leave for her lodging hard by. Phillotson crossed the

green with her, bidding her good-night at Mrs. Edlin's door.

The old woman accompanied Sue to her temporary quarters and helped her to unpack. Among other things, she laid out some apparel tastefully embroidered.

"Oh—I didn't know *that* was put in!" said Sue, quickly. "I didn't mean it to be. Here is something different." What she handed was of a new and absolutely plain kind of coarse material.

"But this is the prettiest," said Mrs. Edlin. "That is no better than very sack-cloth o' Scripture!"

"Yes—I meant it to be. Give me the other."

She took it, and began rending it with all her might, the tear resounding through the house like a screech-owl.

"But my dear, dear!—whatever..."

"It signifies what I don't feel—I bought it long ago—to please Jude. It must be destroyed."

Mrs. Edlin lifted her hands, and Sue excitedly continued to tear the linen into strips, laying the pieces on the fire.

"You med ha' give it to me!" said the widow. "It do make my heart ache to see such pretty open-work as that a-burned by the flames—not that ornamental clothes can serve much use on a ould 'ooman like I. My days for such be all past and gone!"

"It was in the wrong style for my present feeling," Sue repeated, "and only fit for the fire."

"Lord, you be too strict! What do ye use such words for, and condemn your tender and loving cousin that's lost to 'ee. Upon my life, I don't call that religion!"

Sue had flung her face upon the bed, sobbing. "Oh, don't, don't! Oh, it kills me!" She remained shaken with her grief, and slipped down upon her knees.

"I'll tell 'ee what—you ought not to marry this man again!" said Mrs. Edlin, indignantly. "You are in love wi' t'other still!"

"Yes, I must—I am his already!"

"Pshoo! You be t'other man's. If you didn't like to commit yourselves to the binding ceremony 'twas all the more credit to your consciences, considering your reasons, and you med ha' lived on and got over your doubts about your family, and made it all right at last. After all, it concerned nobody but your own two selves."

"He says he'll have me back, and I'm bound to go! If he had refused, it might not have been so much my duty to—give up Jude. But—" She remained with her face in the bedclothes, and Mrs. Edlin left the room.

Phillotson in the interval had gone back to his friend Gillingham, who still sat over the supper table. They soon rose, and walked out on the green to smoke awhile. A light was burning in Sue's room, a shadow moving now and then across the blind.

Gillingham had evidently been impressed with the indefinable charm of Sue, and after a silence he said: "Well, you've got her at last. She can't very well go a second time. The pear has dropped into your hand."

"H'm—yes. I suppose I am right in taking her at her word. I confess there seems a touch of selfishness in it. Apart from her being what she is, of course—a luxury for a foggy like me—it will set me right in the eyes of the clergy and orthodox laity, who have never forgiven me for letting her go. So I may get back in some degree into my old track."

"Well—if you've got any sound reason for marrying her again, do it now, in God's name. I was always against your opening the cage door and letting the bird go in such an obviously suicidal way. You might have been a school-inspector by this time, or a reverend, if you hadn't been so weak about her."

"I did myself irreparable damage—I know it."

"Once you've got her housed again, stick to her."

"Yes—I shall do that. Whatever justice there was in it, there was little logic, for one holding my views on other subjects."

Gillingham looked at him, and thought it possible that the reactionary spirit induced by the world's sneers might make him more orthodoxly cruel to her than he had erstwhile been informally and perversely kind.

"I perceive it won't do to give way to impulse," Phillotson resumed, feeling more and more every minute the strength of his new position. "I flew in the face of the Church's teaching, but I did it without malice prepense. Women are so strange in their influence that they tempt you to misplaced kindness. However, I know myself better now. A little judicious severity, perhaps..."

"Yes; but you must tighten the reins by degrees only. Don't be too strenuous at first. She'll come to any terms in time."

"I remember what my vicar at Shaston said, when I left after the row that was made about my agreeing to her elopement: 'The only thing you can do to retrieve your position and hers is to admit your error in not restraining her with a wise and strong hand, and to get her back again if she'll come, and be firm in the future.' But I was so headstrong at that time that I paid no heed. And that after the divorce she should have thought of doing so I did not dream."

The gate of Mrs. Edlin's cottage clicked, and somebody began crossing in the direction of the school. Phillotson said "Good-night."

"Oh, is that Mr. Phillotson," said Mrs. Edlin. "I was going over to see 'ee. I've been upstairs with her, helping her to unpack her things; and upon my word, sir, I don't think this ought to be!"

"What—the wedding?"

"Yes. She's forcing herself to it, poor dear little thing; and you've no notion what she's suffering. I was never much for religion, nor against it, but it can't be right to let her do this, and you ought to persuade her out of it. Of course everybody will say it was very good and forgiving of 'ee to take her to 'ee again. But for my part I don't."

"It's her wish, and I am willing," said Phillotson, with grave reserve, opposition making him tenacious. "A great piece of laxity will be rectified."

"I don't believe it. She ought to be his wife if anybody's. She's proved him a long time now, and he loves her dearly; and it's a wicked shame to egg her on to this, poor little quivering thing! She's got nobody on her side. The one man who'd be her friend the obstinate creature won't allow to come near her. What first put her into this mood o' mind, I wonder?"

"I can't tell. Not I, certainly. It is all voluntary on her part. Now that's all I have to say." Phillotson spoke stiffly. "You've turned round, Mrs. Edlin. It is unseemly of you."

"Well. I knowed you'd be affronted at what I had to say; but I don't mind that. The truth's the truth."

"I'm not affronted, Mrs. Edlin. You've been too kind a neighbor for that. But

I must be allowed to know what's best for myself and Susan. I suppose you won't go to church with us, then?"

"No. Be hanged if I can! . . . I don't know what the times be coming to! Matrimony have growed to be that serious in these days that one really do feel afeard to move in it at all. In my time we took it more careless; and I don't know that we was any the worse for it. When I and my poor man were j'ined in it we kept up the junketing all the week, and drunk the parish dry."

When Mrs. Edlin had gone back to her cottage, Phillotson spoke moodily. "I don't know whether I ought to do it—at any rate, quite so rapidly."

"Why?"

"If she is really compelling herself to this against her instincts—merely from this new sense of duty or religion—I ought perhaps to let her wait a bit."

"Now you've got so far you ought not to back out of it. That's my opinion."

"I can't very well put it off now; that's true. But I had a qualm when she gave that little cry at sight of the license."

"Now, never you have qualms, old boy. I mean to give her away to-morrow morning, and you mean to take her. It has always been on my conscience that I didn't urge more objections to your letting her go, and now we've got to this stage I sha'n't be content if I don't help you to set the matter right."

Phillotson nodded. "No doubt when it gets known what I've done I shall be thought a soft fool by many. But they don't know Sue as I do. Hers is such a straight and open nature that I don't think she has ever done anything against her conscience. The fact of her having had this fancy for Fawley goes for nothing. At the time she left me for him she thought she was quite within her right. Now she thinks otherwise."

The next morning came, and the self-sacrifice of the woman on the altar of what she was pleased to call her principles was acquiesced in by these two friends. Phillotson went across to the widow Edlin's to fetch Sue a few minutes after eight o'clock. The fog of the previous day or two on the lowlands had travelled up here by now, and the trees on the green caught armfuls, and turned them into showers of big drops. The bride was waiting, ready, bonnet and all

on. She had never looked so much like a lily in her life as she did in that pallid morning light. Chastened, world-weary, remorseful, the strain on her nerves had preyed upon her flesh and bones, and she appeared smaller in outline than she had formerly done, though Sue was not a large woman in her days of rudest health.

"Prompt," said the schoolmaster, magnanimously taking her hand. But he checked his impulse to kiss her, remembering her start of yesterday, which unpleasantly lingered in his mind.

Gillingham joined them, and they left the house, Widow Edlin continuing steadfast in her refusal to assist in the ceremony.

"Where is the church?" said Sue. She had not lived there for any length of time since the old church was pulled down, and in her preoccupation forgot the new one.

"Up here," said Phillotson; and presently the tower loomed large and solemn in the fog. The vicar had already crossed to the building, and when they entered, he said, pleasantly, "We almost want candles."

"You do—wish me to be yours, Richard?" gasped Sue, in a whisper.

"Certainly, dear; above all things in the world."

Sue said no more.

There they stood, five altogether—the parson, the clerk, the couple, and Gillingham; and the holy ordinance "instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His Church," was resolemnized forthwith. In the nave of the edifice were two or three villagers, and when the clergyman came to the words, "What God hath joined," a woman's voice from among these was heard to utter, audibly,

"God hath j'ined, indeed!"

It was like a re-enactment by the ghosts of their former selves of the similar scene which had taken place at Melchester years before. When the books were signed, the vicar congratulated the husband and wife on having performed a noble and righteous and mutually forgiving act. "All's well that ends well," he said, smiling. "May you long be happy together, after thus having been 'saved as by fire.'"

They came down the nearly empty building and crossed to the school-house. Gillingham wanted to get home that

night, and left early. He, too, congratulated the couple. "Now," he said, in parting from Phillotson, who walked out a little way, "I shall be able to tell the people in your native place a good round tale; and they'll all say, 'Well done,' depend on it."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE place was the door of Jude's lodging in the outskirts of Christminster—far from the precincts of St. Silas's, where he had formerly lived—which saddened him to sickness. The rain was coming down. A woman in shabby black stood on the door-step talking to Jude, who held the door in his hand.

"I am lonely, destitute, and houseless—that's what I am! Father has turned me out of doors after borrowing every penny I'd got to put it into his business, and then accusing me of laziness, when I was only waiting for a situation. I am at the mercy of the world! If you can't take me in and help me, Jude, I must go to the workhouse, or to something worse. Only just now two undergraduates winked at me as I came along. 'Tis hard for a woman to keep virtuous where there's so many young men!"

The woman in the rain who spoke thus was Arabella, the evening being that of the day after Sue's remarriage with Phillotson.

"I am sorry for you, but I am only in lodgings," said Jude, coldly.

"Then you turn me away?"

"I'll give you enough to get food and lodging for a few days."

"Oh, but can't you have the kindness to take me in? I cannot endure going to a public-house to lodge; and I am so lonely. Please, Jude, for old time's sake!"

"No, no," said Jude, hastily. "I don't want to be reminded of those things; and if you talk about them I shall not help you."

"Then I suppose I must go!" said Arabella. She bent her head against the door-post and began sobbing.

"The house is full," said Jude, "and I have only a little extra room—not much more than a closet—where I keep my tools and templates and the few books I have left."

"That would be a palace for me!"

"There is no bedstead in it."

"A bit of a bed could be made on the floor. It would be good enough for me."

Unable to be harsh with her, and not knowing what to do, Jude called the man who let the lodgings, and said this was an acquaintance of his in great distress for want of temporary shelter.

"You may remember me as barmaid at The Lamb and Flag formerly?" spoke up Arabella. "My father has insulted me this afternoon, and I've left him, though without a penny."

The householder said he could not recall her features. "But still, if you are a friend of Mr. Fawley's, we'll do what we can for a day or two—if he'll make himself answerable."

"Yes, yes," said Jude. "She has really taken me quite unawares, but I should wish to help her out of her difficulty." And an arrangement was ultimately come to under which a bed was to be thrown down in Jude's lumber-room, to make it comfortable for Arabella till she could get out of the strait she was in—not by her own fault, as she declared—and return to her father's again.

While they were waiting for this to be done, Arabella said, "You know the news, I suppose?"

"I guess what you mean, but I know nothing."

"I had a letter from Anny at Alfredston to-day. She had just heard that the wedding was to be yesterday; but she didn't know if it had come off."

"I don't wish to talk of it."

"No, no; of course you don't. Only it shows what kind of woman—"

"Don't speak of her, I say! She's a fool! And she's an angel too, poor dear!"

"If it's done, he'll have a chance of getting back to his old position, by everybody's account, so Anny says. All his well-wishers will be pleased, including the bishop himself."

"Do spare me, Arabella."

Arabella was duly installed in the little attic, and at first she did not come near Jude at all. She went to and fro, about her own business, which, when they met for a moment on the stairs or in the passage, she informed him was that of obtaining another place in the occupation she understood best. When Jude suggested London as affording the most likely opening in the liquor trade, she shook her head. "No—the temptations are too many," she said. "Any humble tavern in the country before that for me."

On the Sunday morning following, when he breakfasted later than on other days, she meekly asked him if she might come in to breakfast with him, as she had broken her teapot, and could not replace it immediately, the shops being shut.

"Yes, if you like," he said, indifferently.

While they sat without speaking, she suddenly observed: "You seem all in a brood, old man. I'm sorry for you."

"I am all in a brood."

"It is about her, I know. It's no business of mine, but I could find out all about the wedding—if it really did take place—if you wanted to know."

"How could you?"

"I wanted to go to Alfredston to get a few things I left there. And I could see Anny, who'll be sure to have heard all about it, as she has friends at Marygreen."

Jude could not bear to acquiesce in this proposal; but his suspense pitted itself against his discretion, and won in the struggle. "You can ask about it if you like," he said. "I've not heard a sound from there. It must have been very private, if—they have married."

"I am afraid I haven't enough cash to take me there and back, or I should have gone before. I must wait till I have earned some."

"Oh—I can pay the journey for you," he said, impatiently. And thus his suspense as to Sue's welfare and the possible marriage moved him to despatch for intelligence the last emissary he would have thought of choosing deliberately.

Arabella went, Jude requesting her to be home not later than by the seven-o'clock train. When she had gone he said:

"Why should I have charged her to be back by a particular time? She's nothing to me, nor the other neither."

But having finished work, he could not help going to the station to meet Arabella, dragged thither by feverish haste to get the news she might bring, and know the worst. Arabella had made dimples most successfully all the way home, and when she stepped out of the railway carriage she smiled. He merely said, "Well?" with the very reverse of a smile.

"They are married."

"Yes—of course they are," he returned. She observed, however, the hard strain upon his lip as he spoke.

"Anny says she has heard from Belinda, her relation out at Marygreen, that it was very sad, and curious."

"How do you mean sad? She wanted to marry him again, didn't she?—and he her."

"Yes, that was it. She wanted to in one sense, but not in the other. Mrs. Edlin was much upset by it all, and spoke out her mind at Phillotson. But Sue was that excited about it that she burnt her best embroidery, that she'd worn when you courted her, to blot you out entirely. Well, if a woman feels like it, she ought to do it. I commend her for it, though others don't." Arabella sighed. "She felt he was her only possible husband, and that she belonged to nobody else in the sight of God A'mighty while he lived. Perhaps another woman feels the same about herself too." Arabella sighed again.

"I don't want any cant!" exclaimed Jude.

"It isn't cant," said Arabella. "I feel exactly the same as she."

He closed that issue by remarking, abruptly: "Well, now I know all I wanted to know. Many thanks for your information. I am not going back to my lodgings just yet." And he left her straightway.

In his misery and depression Jude walked to wellnigh every spot in the city that he had visited with Sue; thence he did not know whither, and then thought of going home to his usual evening meal. But having all the vices of his virtues, he turned into a public-house, for the first time during many months. Among the possible consequences of her marriage, Sue had not thought of this.

Arabella meanwhile had gone back. The evening passed, and Jude did not return. At half past nine Arabella herself went out, first proceeding to an outlying district near the river, where her father lived, and had opened a small and precarious pork-shop lately.

"Well," she said to him, "for all your rowing me that night, I've come back, for I have something to tell you. I think I shall get married and settled again. Only you must help me; and you can do no less, after what I've stood 'ee."

"I'll do anything to get thee off my hands!"

"Very well. I am now going to look for my young man. He's on the loose, I'm afraid, and I must get him home. All

I want you to do to-night is not to fasten the door, in case I should want to sleep here, and should be late."

"I thought you'd soon get tired of giving yourself airs and keeping away!"

"Well—don't do the door. That's all I say."

She then sallied out again, and first hastening back to Jude's to make sure that he had not returned, began her search for him. A shrewd guess as to his probable course took her straight to the tavern which Jude had formerly frequented, and where she had been barmaid for a brief term. She had no sooner opened the door of the "Private Bar" than her eyes fell upon him, sitting in the shade at the back of the compartment, with his eyes fixed on the floor in a blank stare. He was drinking nothing stronger than ale just then. He did not observe her, and she entered and sat beside him.

Jude looked up, and said, without surprise: "You've come to have something, Arabella? . . . I'm trying to forget her; that's all! But I can't; and I am going home." She saw that he was a little way on in liquor, but only a little as yet.

"I've come entirely to look for you, dear Jude. You are not well. Now you must have something better than that." Arabella held up her finger to the barmaid. "You shall have a liqueur—that's better fit for a man of education than beer. You shall have maraschino, or curaçoa, dry or sweet, or cherry brandy. I'll treat you, poor chap."

"I don't care—cherry brandy, say. Sue has served me badly, very badly. I didn't expect it of Sue! I stuck to her, and she ought to have stuck to me. I'd have sold my soul for her sake, but she wouldn't risk hers a jot for me. To save her own soul she's let mine go damn! . . . But it isn't her fault, poor little girl—I am sure it isn't!"

How Arabella had obtained money did not appear, but she ordered a liqueur each, and paid for them. When they had drunk these Arabella suggested another; and Jude had the pleasure of being as it were personally conducted through the varieties of spirituous delectation by one who knew the landmarks well. Arabella kept very considerably in the rear of Jude; but though she only sipped where he drank, she took as much as she could safely take without losing her head—

which was not a little, as the crimson upon her countenance showed.

Her tone towards him to-night was uniformly soothing and cajoling; and whenever he said, "I don't care what happens to me," which he did continually, she replied, "But I do very much!" The closing hour came, and they were compelled to turn out, whereupon Arabella put her arm round his waist and guided his unsteady footsteps.

When they were in the street she said: "I don't know what our landlord will say to my bringing you home in this state. I expect we are fastened out, so that he'll have to come down and let us in."

"I don't know—I don't know."

"That's the worst of not having a home of your own. I tell you, Jude, what we had best do. Come round to my father's—I made it up with him a bit to-day. I can let you in, and nobody will see you at all; and by to-morrow morning you'll be all right."

"Anything—anywhere," replied Jude "What the devil does it matter to me?"

They went along together, like any other fuddling couple, her arm still round his waist, and his at last round hers, though with no amatory intent, but merely because he was weary, unstable, and in need of support.

"This—is'th' martyrs'—burning-place," he stammered, as they dragged across a broad street. "I remember—in old Fuller's *Holy State*—and I am reminded of it—by our passing by here—old Fuller in his *Holy State* says—that at the burning of Ridley, Doctor Smith—preached sermon, and took as his text, '*Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*' Often think of it as I pass here. Ridley was a—"

"Yes. Exactly. Very thoughtful of you, deary, even though it hasn't much to do with our present business."

"Why, yes, it has! I'm giving my body to be burned! But—ah—you don't understand!—it wants Sue to understand such things! And she's gone—and I don't care about myself. Do what you like with me? . . . And yet she did it for conscience' sake, poor little Sue!"

"Hang her!—I mean, I think she was right," replied Arabella. "I've my feelings too, like her; and I feel I belong to you in Heaven's eye, and to nobody else, till death us do part! It is never too late to mend."

They had reached her father's house, and she softly unfastened the door.

"Father will be only too glad to welcome you, I'm sure, after so many years. He always sticks to his friends, particularly when they've been members of the family, and I expect he's sitting up still."

The circumstances were not altogether unlike those of their entry into the cottage at Cresscombe, such a long time before. But Jude did not think of them, though she did.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ARABELLA was preparing breakfast in the downstairs room of this recently taken house of her father's. She put her head into the little pork-shop in front and told Mr. Donn it was ready. Donn, in a greasy blue blouse, and with a strap round his waist, from which a steel dangled, came in promptly.

"You must mind the shop this morning," he said, casually. "I've to go and get some inwards and half a pig from Lumsdon, and to call elsewhere. If you live here you must put your shoulder to the wheel, at least till I get the business started."

"Well, for to-day I can't say." She looked deedily into his face. "What do you think of Jude, after so long?"

"Oh—he's well enough. But not much."

"He's my new young man that I told you about."

"*He?* Your old original one! Well, I'm damned!"

"Well, I always did like him, that I will say."

"He's no catch, to my thinking. I'd have had a new one while I was about it. But how does he come to be friendly again? I should have thought him the last man to be that."

"Don't ask inconvenient questions, father. What we've to do is to keep him here in the spare room till he and I are—as we were."

"How was that?"

"Married."

"Well, it is the rummest thing I ever heard of—marrying an old husband again, and so much new blood in the world!"

"It isn't rum for a woman to feel serious and want her old husband back, for respectability, though for a man to want

his old wife back—well, perhaps it is funny, rather.” And Arabella was suddenly seized with a fit of laughter, in which her father joined.

“Be civil to him, and I’ll do the rest,” she said, when she grew serious. “He told me this morning, when I knocked and inquired, that his head ached fit to burst, and he hardly seemed to know where he was. And no wonder, considering how he mixed his drink last night. We must keep him jolly and cheerful here for a day or two, and not let him go back to his lodging. Whatever you advance I’ll pay back to you again. But I must go up and ask how he is now, poor deary.”

Arabella ascended the stairs, softly opened the door of the first bedroom, and peeped in. Finding that Jude was asleep, she entered to the bedside and stood regarding him. The fevered flush on his face from the debauch of the previous evening lessened the fragility of his ordinary appearance, and his long lashes, dark brows, and curly black hair and beard against the white pillow completed the physiognomy of one whom Arabella still felt it worth while to recapture as a woman of passions, highly important to recapture as a woman straitened both in means and in reputation. Her ardent gaze seemed to affect him; his quick breathing became suspended, and he opened his eyes.

“How are you now, dear?” said she. “It is I—Arabella.”

“Ah!—where— Oh yes, I remember! You gave me shelter. . . . I am unwell—ill—demoralized—bad! That’s what I am!”

“Then do stay there. There’s nobody in the house but father and me, and you can rest till you are thoroughly well. I’ll tell them at the stone-works that you are knocked up.”

“I wonder what they are thinking at the lodgings?”

“I’ll go round and explain. Perhaps you had better let me pay up, or they’ll think we’ve run away.”

“Yes. You’ll find enough money in my pocket there.”

Quite indifferent, and shutting his eyes because he could not bear the daylight in his throbbing eyeballs, Jude seemed to doze again. Arabella took his purse, softly left the room, and putting on her out-door things, went off to the lodgings she and he had quitted.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed ere she reappeared round the corner, walking beside a lad wheeling a truck, on which were piled all Jude’s household possessions, and also the few of Arabella’s things which she had taken to the lodging for her short sojourn there. Jude was in such physical pain from his unfortunate break-down of the night before, and in such mental pain from the loss of Sue and other misfortunes, that when he saw his few chattels unpacked and standing before his eyes in this strange bedroom, which had been allotted to him, he scarcely considered how they had come there, or what their coming signalized.

“Now,” said Arabella to her father downstairs, “we must keep plenty of good liquor going in the house these next few days. I know his nature, and if he once gets into that fearfully low state that he does get into sometimes he’ll never do the honorable thing by me in this world, and I shall be left in the lurch. He must be kept cheerful. He has a little money in the savings-bank, and he has given me his purse to pay for anything necessary. Well, that will be the license; for I must have that ready at hand to catch him the moment he’s in the humor. You must pay for the liquor. A few friends and a quiet convivial party would be the thing, if we could get it up. It would advertise the shop, and help me too.”

“That can be got up easy enough by anybody who’ll afford victuals and drink. . . . Well, yes—it would advertise the shop—that’s true.”

Three days later, when Jude had recovered somewhat from the fearful throbbing of his eyes and brain, but was still considerably confused in his mind by what had been supplied to him by Arabella during the interval—to keep him jolly, as she expressed it—the little convivial gathering suggested by her to wind Jude up to the striking-point took place.

Donn had only just opened his miserable little pork-and-sausage shop, which had as yet scarce any customers; nevertheless, that party advertised it well, and the Donns acquired a real notoriety among a certain class in Christminster, who knew not the colleges nor their works nor their ways. Jude was asked if he could suggest any guest in addition to those named by Arabella and her father, and in a saturnine humor of perfect recklessness mentioned Uncle Joe, and Stagg, the de-

cayed auctioneer, and others whom he remembered as having been frequenters of the well-known tavern during his bout therein years before. He also suggested Freckles and Bower o' Bliss. Arabella took him at his word so far as the men went, but drew the line at the ladies.

Another man they knew, Tinker Taylor, though he lived in the same street, was not invited; but as he went homeward from a late job on the evening of the party he had occasion to call at the shop for trotters. There was none in, but he was promised some the next morning. While making his inquiry, Taylor glanced into the back room, and saw the guests sitting round, card-playing and drinking, and otherwise enjoying themselves at Donn's expense. He went home to bed, and on his way out next morning wondered how the party went off. He thought it hardly worth while to call at the shop for his provisions at that hour, Donn and his daughter being probably not up, if they caroused late the night before. However, he found in passing that the door was open, and he could hear voices within, though the shutters of the meat-stall were not down. He went and tapped at the sitting-room door, and opened it.

"Well—to be sure!" he said, astonished.

Hosts and guests were sitting card-playing, smoking, and talking precisely as he had left them eleven hours earlier; the gas was burning and the curtains drawn, though it had been broad daylight for two hours out-of-doors.

"Yes," cried Arabella, laughing; "here we are, just the same. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, oughtn't we? But it is a sort of house-warming, you see, and our friends are in no hurry. Come in, Mr. Taylor, and sit down."

The tinker, or rather reduced ironmonger, was nothing loath, and entered and took a seat. "I shall lose a quarter, but never mind," he said. "Well, really, I could hardly believe my eyes when I looked in! It seemed as if I was flung back again into last night, all of a sudden."

"So you are. Pour out for Mr. Taylor."

He now perceived that she was sitting beside Jude, her arm being round his waist. Jude, like the rest of the company, bore on his face the signs of how deeply he had been indulging.

"Well, we've been waiting for certain

legal hours to arrive, to tell the truth," she continued, bashfully, and making her spirituous crimson look as much like a maiden blush as possible. "Jude and I have decided to make up matters between us by tying the knot again, as we find we can't do without one another, after all. So, as a bright notion, we agreed to sit on till it was late enough, and go and do it off-hand."

Jude seemed to pay no great heed to what she was announcing, or, indeed, to anything whatever. The entrance of Taylor infused fresh spirit into the company, and they remained sitting, till Arabella whispered to her father, "Now we may as well go."

"But the parson don't know!"

"Yes, I told him last night that we might come between eight and nine, as there were reasons of decency for doing it as early and quiet as possible, on account of it being our second marriage, which might make people curious to look on if they knew. He highly approved."

"Oh, very well; I'm ready," said her father, getting up and shaking himself.

"Now, old darling," she said to Jude. "Come along, as you promised."

"When did I promise anything?" asked he, whom she had made so tipsy by her special knowledge of that line of business as almost to have made him sober again, or to seem so to those who did not know him.

"Why!" said Arabella, affecting dismay. "You've promised to marry me several times as we've sat here to-night. These gentlemen have heard you."

"I don't remember it," said Jude, doggedly. "There's only one woman—but I won't mention her in this Capharnaum!"

Arabella looked towards her father. "Now, Mr. Fawley, be honorable," said Donn. "You and my daughter have been living here these three or four days, quite on the understanding that you were going to marry her immediately. Of course I shouldn't have had you visiting in my house if I hadn't understood that. As a point of honor, you must do it now."

"Don't say anything against my honor!" cried Jude, hotly, standing up. "I'd marry the Woman of Babylon rather than do anything dishonorable! No reflection on you, my dear. It is a mere rhetorical figure—what they call in the books hyperbole."

"Keep your figures for your debts to friends who take you in," said Donn.

"If I am bound in honor to marry her—as I suppose I am—though how I came to be here with her I know no more than a dead man—marry her I will, Heaven help me! I have never behaved dishonorably to a woman, or to any living thing. I am not a man who wants to save himself at the expense of the weaker among us!"

"There—never mind him, deary," said she, putting her cheek against Jude's. "Come up and wash your face, and just

put yourself tidy, and off we'll go. Make it up with father."

They shook hands. Jude went up stairs with her, and soon came down looking tidy and calm. Arabella, too, had hastily arranged herself, and accompanied by Donn away they went.

"Don't go," she said to the guests at parting. "I've told the little maid to get the breakfast while we are gone; and when we come back we'll all have some. A good strong cup of tea will set everybody right for going home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FUTURE IN RELATION TO AMERICAN NAVAL POWER.

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

THAT the United States navy should within the last dozen years have been almost wholly recast upon more modern lines is not, in itself alone, a fact that should cause comment, or give rise to questions about its future career or sphere of action. If this country needs, or shall ever need, a navy at all, indisputably in 1883 the hour had come when the time-worn hulks of that day, mostly the honored but superannuated survivors of the civil war, should drop out of the ranks, submit to well-earned retirement or inevitable dissolution, and allow their places to be taken by other vessels, capable of performing the duties to which they themselves were no longer adequate.

It is therefore unlikely that there underlay this recreation of the navy—for such in truth it was—any more recondite cause than the urgent necessity of possessing tools wholly fit for the work which war-ships are called upon to do. The thing had to be done, if the national fleet was to be other than an impotent parody of naval force, a costly effigy of straw. But, concurrently with the process of rebuilding, there has been concentrated upon the development of the new service a degree of attention greater than can be attributed even to the voracious curiosity of this age of newsmongering and of interviewers. This attention is in some quarters undisguisedly reluctant and hostile, in others not only friendly but expectant, in both cases betraying a latent impression that there is, between the appearance of the new-comer and the era upon which we are now entering, some-

thing in common. If such coincidence there be, however, it is indicative not of a deliberate purpose, but of a commencing change of conditions, economical and political, throughout the world, with which sea power, in the broad sense of the phrase, will be closely associated; not, indeed, as the cause, nor even chiefly as a result, but rather as the leading characteristic of activities which shall cease to be mainly internal, and shall occupy themselves with the wider interests that concern the relations of states to the world at large. And it is just at this point that the opposing lines of feeling divide. Those who hold that our political interests are confined to matters within our own borders, and are unwilling to admit that circumstances may in the future compel us to political action without them, look with dislike and suspicion upon the growth of a body whose very existence indicates that nations have international duties as well as international rights, and that international complications will arise from which we can no more escape than the states which have preceded us in history, or those contemporary with us; while others, looking upon the conditions and signs of these times, and the extra-territorial activities in which foreign states have so restlessly and widely embarked, feel that the nation may, however greatly against its wish, become involved in controversies not unlike those which in the middle of the century caused very serious friction, but which the generation that saw the century open would have thought too re-

mote for its concern, and certainly wholly beyond its power to influence.

Religious creeds, dealing with eternal verities, may be susceptible of a certain permanency of statement; yet even here we in this day have witnessed the embarrassments of some religious bodies, arising from a traditional adherence to merely human formulas, which reflect views of the truth as it appeared to the men who framed them in the distant past; but political creeds, dealing as they do chiefly with the transient and shifting conditions of a world which is continually passing away, can claim no fixity of allegiance, except where they express, not the policy of a day, but the unchanging dictates of righteousness. And inasmuch as the path of ideal righteousness is not always plain nor always practicable; as expediency, policy, the choice of the lesser evil, must at times control; as nations, like men, will at times differ honestly, but irreconcilably, on questions of right—there do arise disputes where agreement cannot be reached, and where the appeal must be made to force, that final factor which underlies the security of civil society even more than it affects the relations of states. The well-balanced faculties of Washington, indeed, saw this in his day with absolute clearness. Jefferson either would not or could not. That there should be no navy was a cardinal prepossession of his political thought, born of an exaggerated fear of organized military force as a political factor. Though possessed with a passion for annexation which dominated much of his political action, he laid down as the limit of the country's geographical expansion the point beyond which it would entail the maintenance of a navy. Yet fate, ironical here as elsewhere in his administration, compelled the recognition that, unless a policy of total seclusion is adopted—if even then—it is not necessary to acquire territory beyond sea in order to undergo serious international complications, which could much more easily have been avoided had there been an imposing armed shipping to throw into the scale of the nation's argument, and compel the adversary to recognize the impolicy, as well as what the United States then claimed to be the wrongfulness, of his course.

The difference of conditions between the United States of to-day and of the beginning of this century illustrates aptly

how necessary it is to avoid implicit acceptance of precedents, crystallized into maxims, and to seek for the quickening principle which justified, wholly or in part, the policy of one generation, but whose application may insure a very different course of action in a succeeding age. When the century opened, the United States was not only a continental power, as she now is, but she was one of several, of nearly equal strength as far as North America was concerned, with all whom she had differences arising out of conflicting interests, and with whom, moreover, she was in direct geographical contact—a condition which has been usually recognized as entailing peculiar proneness to political friction; for, while the interests of two nations may clash in quarters of the world remote from either, there is both greater frequency and greater bitterness when matters of dispute exist near at home, and especially along an artificial boundary, where the inhabitants of each are directly in contact with the causes of the irritation. It was therefore the natural and proper aim of the government of that day to abolish the sources of difficulty, by bringing all the territory in question under our own control, if it could be done by fair means. We consequently entered upon a course of action precisely such as a European continental state would have followed under like circumstances. In order to get possession of the territory in which our interests were involved, we bargained and manœuvred and threatened; and, although Jefferson's methods were peaceful enough, few will be inclined to claim that they were marked by excess of scrupulousness, or even of adherence to his own political convictions. From the highly moral stand-point, the acquisition of Louisiana under the actual conditions—being the purchase from a government which had no right to sell, in defiance of the remonstrance addressed to us by the power who had ceded the territory upon the express condition that it should not so be sold, but which was too weak to enforce its just reclamation against both Napoleon and ourselves—reduces itself pretty much to a choice between overreaching and violence, as the less repulsive means of compassing an end in itself both desirable and proper; nor does the attempt, by strained construction, to wrest West Florida into the bargain give a higher tone to the

transaction. As a matter of policy, however, there is no doubt that our government was most wise; and the transfer, as well as the incorporation, of the territory was facilitated by the meagreness of the population that went with the soil. With all our love of freedom, it is not likely that many qualms were felt as to the political inclinations of the people concerning their transfer of allegiance. In questions of great import to nations or to the world, the wishes or interests or technical rights of minorities must yield, and there is not necessarily any more injustice in this than in their yielding to a majority at the polls.

While the need of continental expansion pressed thus heavily upon the statesmen of Jefferson's era, questions relating to more distant interests were very properly postponed. At the time that matters of such immediate importance were pending, to enter willingly upon the consideration of subjects our concern in which was more remote, either in time or place, would have entailed a dissemination of attention and of power that is as greatly to be deprecated in statesmanship as it is in the operations of war. Still, while the government of the day would gladly have avoided such complications, it found, as have the statesmen of all times, that if external interests exist, whatsoever their character, they cannot be ignored, nor can the measures which prudence dictates for their protection be with safety neglected. Without political ambitions outside the continent, the commercial enterprise of the people brought our interests into violent antagonism with clear, unmistakable, and vital interests of foreign belligerent states; for we shall sorely misread the lessons of 1812, and of the events which led to it, if we fail to see that the questions in dispute involved issues more immediately vital to Great Britain, in her then desperate struggle, than they were to ourselves, and that the great majority of her statesmen and people, of both parties, so regarded them. The attempt of our government to temporize with the difficulty, to overcome violence by means of peaceable coercion, instead of meeting it by the creation of a naval force so strong as to be a factor of consideration in the international situation, led us into an avoidable war.

The conditions which now constitute the political situation of the United States,

relatively to the world at large, are fundamentally different from those that obtained at the beginning of the century. It is not a mere question of greater growth, of bigger size. It is not only that we are larger, stronger, have, as it were, reached our majority, and are able to go out into the world. That alone would be a difference of degree, not of kind. The great difference between the past and the present is that we then, as regards close contact with the power of the chief nations of the world, were really in a state of political isolation which no longer exists. This arose from our geographical position—re-enforced by the slowness and uncertainty of the existing means of intercommunication—and yet more from the grave preoccupation of foreign statesmen with questions of unprecedented and ominous importance upon the continent of Europe. A policy of isolation was for us then—though even then only partially—practicable. It was also expedient, because we were weak, and in order to allow the individuality of the nation time to accentuate itself. Save the questions connected with the navigation of the Mississippi, collision with other peoples was only likely to arise, and actually did arise, from going beyond our own borders in search of trade. The reasons now evoked by some against our political action outside our own borders might then with equal appositeness have been used against our commercial enterprises. Let us stay at home, or we shall get into trouble. Jefferson, in truth, averse in principle to commerce as to war, was happily logical in his embargo system. It not only punished the foreigner and diminished the danger of international complications, but it kept our own ships out of harm's way; and if it did destroy trade, and cause the grass to grow in the streets of New York, the incident, if inconvenient, had its compensations, by repressing hazardous external activities.

Few, of course, would now look with composure upon a policy, whatever its ground, which contemplated the peaceable seclusion of this nation from its principal lines of commerce. In 1807, however, a great party accepted the alternative rather than fight, or even than create a force which might entail war, although it would more probably have prevented it. But would it be more prudent now to ignore the fact that we are no longer—however

much we may regret it—in a position of insignificance or isolation, political or geographical, in any way resembling the times of Jefferson, and that from the changed conditions may result to us a dilemma similar to that which confronted him and his supporters? Not only have we grown—that is a detail—but the face of the world is changed, economically and politically. The sea, now as always the great means of communication between nations, is traversed with a rapidity and a certainty that have minimized distances. Events which under former conditions would have been distant and of small concern now happen at our doors and closely affect us. Proximity, as has been noted, is a fruitful source of political friction, but proximity is the characteristic of the age. The world has grown smaller. Positions formerly distant have become to us of vital importance from their nearness. But, while distances have shortened, they remain for us water distances, and, however short, for political influence they must in the last resort be traversed by a navy, the only instrument by which the nation can, when emergencies arise, project its power beyond its own shoreline.

Whatever seeming justification, therefore, there may have been in the transient conditions of his own day for Jefferson's dictum concerning a navy, rested upon a state of things that no longer obtains, and even then soon passed away. The war of 1812 demonstrated the usefulness of a navy—not, indeed, by the admirable but utterly unavailing single-ship victories that illustrated its course, but by the prostration into which our seaboard and external communications fell, through the lack of a navy at all proportionate to the country's needs and exposure. The navy doubtless reaped honor in that brilliant sea-struggle, but the honor was its own alone; only discredit accrued to the statesmen who, with such men to serve them, none the less left the country open to the humiliation of its harried coasts and blasted commerce. Never was there a more lustrous example of what Jomini calls "the sterile glory of fighting battles merely to win them." Except for the prestige which at last awaked the country to the high efficiency of the petty force we called our navy, and showed what the sea might be to us, never was blood more uselessly spilled than in the frigate and sloop ac-

tions of that day. They presented no analogy to the outpost and reconnoissance fighting, to the detached services, that are not only inevitable, but invaluable in maintaining the *morale* of a military organization in campaign. They were simply scattered efforts, without relation either to one another or to any main body whatsoever capable of affecting seriously the issues of war, or, indeed, to any plan of operations worthy of the name.

Not very long after the war of 1812, within the space of two administrations, there came another incident, epoch-making in the history of our external policy, and of vital bearing on the navy, in the enunciation of the Monroe doctrine. That pronouncement has at times been curiously warped from its original scope and purpose. In its name have been put forth theories so much at odds with the relations of states, as hitherto understood, that, if they be seriously maintained, it is desirable in the interests of exact definition that their supporters advance some other name for them. It is not necessary to attribute finality to the Monroe doctrine, any more than to any other political dogma, in order to deprecate the application of the phrase to propositions that override or transcend it. We should beware of being misled by names, and especially where such error may induce a popular belief that a foreign state is wilfully outraging a principle to the defence of which the country is committed. We have been committed to the Monroe doctrine itself, not perhaps by any such formal assumption of obligations as cannot be evaded, but by certain precedents, and by a general attitude, upon the whole consistently maintained, from which we could not silently recede without risk of national mortification. If seriously challenged, as in Mexico by the third Napoleon, we should hardly decline to emulate the sentiments so nobly expressed by the British government, when, in response to the emperors of Russia and France, it declined to abandon the struggling Spanish patriots to the government set over them by Napoleon: "To Spain his Majesty is not bound by any formal instrument; but his Majesty has, in the face of the world, contracted with that nation engagements not less sacred, and not less binding upon his Majesty's mind, than the most solemn treaties." We may also have to accept certain corol-

laries which may appear naturally to result from the Monroe doctrine, but we are by no means committed to some propositions which have lately been tallied with its name. Those propositions possibly embody a sound policy, more applicable to present conditions than the Monroe doctrine itself, and therefore destined to succeed it; but they are not the same thing. There is, however, something in common between it and them. Reduced to its barest statement, and stripped of all deductions, natural or forced, the Monroe doctrine, if it were not a mere political abstraction, formulated an idea to which in the last resort effect could only be given through the instrumentality of a navy; for the gist of it, the kernel of the truth, was that the country had at that time distant interests on the land, political interests of a high order in the destiny of foreign territory, of which a distinguishing characteristic was that they could only be assured by sea.

Like most stages in a nation's progress, the Monroe doctrine, though elicited by a particular political incident, was not an isolated step unrelated to the past, but a development. It had its antecedents in feelings which arose before our war of independence, and which in 1778, though we were then in deadly need of the French alliance, found expression in the stipulation that France should not attempt to regain Canada. Even then, and also in 1783, the same jealousy did not extend to the Floridas, which at the latter date were ceded by Great Britain to Spain; and we expressly acquiesced in the conquest of the British West India Islands by our allies. From that time to 1815 no remonstrance was made against the transfer of territories in the West Indies and Caribbean Sea from one belligerent to another—an indifference which would scarcely be shown at the present time, even though the position immediately involved were intrinsically of trivial importance; for the question at stake would be one of principle, of consequences, far-reaching as Hampden's tribute of ship-money.

It is beyond the professional province of a naval officer to inquire how far the Monroe doctrine would itself logically carry us, or how far it may be, now or hereafter, developed by the recognition and statement of further national interests, thereby formulating another and

wider view of the necessary range of our political influence. It is sufficient to quote its enunciation as a fact, and to note that it was the expression of a great national interest, not merely of a popular sympathy with South American revolutionists; for, had it been the latter, it would doubtless have proved as inoperative and evanescent as declarations arising from such emotions commonly are. We have from generation to generation been much stirred by the sufferings of Greeks or Bulgarians or Armenians at the hands of Turkey; but, not being ourselves injuriously affected, our feelings have not passed into acts, and for that very reason have been ephemeral. No more than other nations are we exempt from the profound truth enunciated by Washington—seared into his own consciousness by the bitter futilities of the French alliance in 1778 and the following years, and by the extravagant demands based upon it by the Directory during his Presidential term—that it is absurd to expect governments to act upon disinterested motives. It is not as an utterance of passing concern, benevolent or selfish, but because it voiced an enduring principle of necessary self-interest, that the Monroe doctrine has retained its vitality, and has been so easily made to do duty as the expression of intuitive national sensitiveness to occurrences of various kinds in regions beyond the sea. At its christening the principle was directed against an apprehended intervention in American affairs which depended not upon actual European concern in the territory involved, but upon a purely political arrangement between certain great powers, itself the result of ideas at the time moribund. In its first application, therefore, it was a confession that danger of European complications did exist, under conditions far less provocative of real European interest than those which now obtain and are continually growing. Its subsequent applications have been many and various, and the incidents giving rise to them have been increasingly important, culminating up to the present in the growth of the United States to be a great Pacific power, and her probable dependence in the near future upon an Isthmian canal for the freest and most copious intercourse between her two ocean seaboard. In the elasticity and flexibleness with which the

dogma has thus accommodated itself to varying conditions, rather than in the strict wording of the original statement, is to be seen the essential characteristic of a living principle—the recognition, namely, that not merely the interests of individual citizens, but the interests of the United States as a nation, are bound up with regions beyond the sea, not part of our own political domain, in which we may, therefore, under some imaginable circumstances, be forced to take action.

It is important to recognize this, for it will help clear away the error from a somewhat misleading statement frequently made—that the United States needs a navy for defence only, adding often, explanatorily, for the defence of our own coasts. Now in a certain sense we all want a navy for defence only. It is to be hoped that the United States will never seek war except for the defence of her rights, her obligations, or her necessary interests. In that sense our policy may always be defensive only, although it may compel us at times to steps justified rather by expediency—the choice of the lesser evil—than by incontrovertible right. But if we have interests beyond sea which a navy may have to protect, it plainly follows that the navy has more to do, even in war, than to defend the coast; and it must be added as a received military axiom that war, however defensive in moral character, must be waged aggressively if it is to hope for success.

For national security, the correlative of a national principle firmly held and distinctly avowed is not only the will but the power to enforce it. The clear expression of national purpose, accompanied by evident and adequate means to carry it into effect, is the surest safeguard against war, provided always that the national contention is maintained with a candid and courteous consideration of the rights and susceptibilities of other states. On the other hand, no condition is more hazardous than that of a dormant popular feeling, liable to be roused into action by a moment of passion, such as that which swept over the North when the flag was fired upon at Sumter, but behind which lies no organized power for action. It is on the score of due preparation for such an ultimate contingency that nations, and especially free nations, are most often deficient. Yet if wanting in definiteness of foresight and persistency of

action, owing to the inevitable frequency of change in the governments that represent them, democracies seem in compensation to be gifted with an instinct, the result perhaps of the free and rapid interchange of thought by which they are characterized, that intuitively and unconsciously assimilates political truths, and prepares in part for political action before the time for action has come. That the mass of United States citizens do not understandingly realize that the nation has vital political interests beyond the sea is probably true; still more likely is it that they are not tracing any connection between them and the reconstruction of the navy. Yet the interests exist, and the navy is growing, and in the latter fact is the best surety that no breach of peace will ensue from the maintenance of the former.

It is, then, not the indication of a formal political purpose, far less of anything like a threat, that is, from my point of view, to be recognized in the recent development of the navy. Nations do not, as a rule, move with the foresight and the fixed plan which distinguish a very few individuals of the human race. They do not practise on the pistol-range before sending a challenge; if they did, wars would be fewer, as is proved by the present long-continued armed peace in Europe. Gradually and imperceptibly the popular feeling, which underlies most lasting national movements, is aroused and swayed by incidents, often trivial, but of the same general type, whose recurrence gradually moulds public opinion and evokes national action, until at last there issues that settled public conviction which alone, in a free state, deserves the name of national policy. What the origin of those particular events whose interaction establishes a strong political current in a particular direction it is perhaps unprofitable to inquire. Some will see in the chain of cause and effect only a chapter of accidents, presenting an interesting philosophical study, and nothing more; others, equally persuaded that nations do not effectively shape their mission in the world, will find in them the ordering of a Divine ruler, who does not permit the individual or the nation to escape its due share of the world's burdens. But, however explained, it is a common experience of history that in the gradual ripening of events there comes

often suddenly and unexpectedly the emergency, the call for action to maintain the nation's contention. That there is an increased disposition on the part of civilized countries to deal with such cases by ordinary diplomatic discussion and mutual concession can be gratefully acknowledged; but that such dispositions are not always sufficient to reach a peaceable solution is equally an indisputable teaching of the recent past. Popular emotion, once fairly roused, sweeps away the barriers of calm deliberation, and is deaf to the voice of reason. That the consideration of relative power enters for much in the diplomatic settlement of international difficulties is also certain, just as that it goes for much in the ordering of individual careers. "Can," as well as "will," plays a large share in the decisions of life.

Like each man and woman, no state lives to itself alone, in a political seclusion resembling the physical isolation which so long was the ideal of China and Japan. All, whether they will or no, are members of a community, larger or smaller, and more and more those of the European family, to which we racially belong, are touching each other throughout the world, with consequent friction of varying degree. That the greater rapidity of communication afforded by steam has wrought, in the influence of sea power over the face of the globe, an extension that is multiplying the points of contact and emphasizing the importance of navies is a fact the intelligent appreciation of which is daily more and more manifest in the periodical literature of Europe, and is further shown by the growing stress laid upon that arm of military strength by foreign governments; while the mutual preparation of the armies on the European continent, and the fairly settled territorial conditions, make each state yearly more wary of initiating a contest, and thus entail a political quiescence there, except in the internal affairs of each country. Their field of external action is now the world, and it is hardly doubtful that their struggle, unaccompanied as yet by actual clash of arms, is even under that condition drawing nearer to ourselves. Coincidentally with our own extension to the Pacific Ocean, which for so long had a good international claim to its name, that sea has become more and more the scene of political development, of com-

mercial activities and rivalries, in which all the great powers, ourselves included, have a share. Through these causes Central and Caribbean America, now intrinsically unimportant, are in turn brought into great prominence, as constituting the gateway between the Atlantic and Pacific when the Isthmian canal shall have been made, and as guarding the approaches to it. The appearance of Japan as a great ambitious state, resting on solid political and military foundations, but which has scarcely yet reached a condition of equilibrium in international standing, has fairly startled the world; and it is a striking illustration of the somewhat sudden nearness and unforeseen relations into which modern states are brought that the Hawaiian Islands, so interesting from the international point of view to the countries of European civilization, are largely occupied by Japanese and Chinese.

In all these questions we have a stake, reluctantly it may be, but necessarily, for our evident interests are involved, in some instances directly, in others by very probable implication. Whether it be optimistic or pessimistic so to think, the opinion that we can indefinitely keep clear of embarrassing problems is hardly tenable; while war between two foreign states, which under the uncertainties of the international situation throughout the world may at any time break out, will greatly increase the occasions of possible collision with the belligerent countries, and the consequent perplexities of our statesmen seeking to avoid entanglement and maintain neutrality.

Although peace is not only the avowed but for the most part the actual desire of European governments, they profess no such aversion to distant political enterprises and colonial acquisitions as we by tradition have learned to do. On the contrary, their committal to such divergent enlargements of the national activities and influence is one of the most pregnant facts of our time, the more so that their course is marked in the case of each state by a persistence of the same national traits that characterized the great era of colonization, which followed the termination of the religious wars in Europe, and led to the world-wide contests of the eighteenth century. In one nation the action is mainly political—that of a government pushed by long-standing

tradition and by its passion for administration, to extend the sphere of its operations so as to acquire a greater field in which to organize and dominate, somewhat regardless of economical advantage. In another the impulse comes from the restless, ubiquitous energy of the individual citizens, singly or in companies, moved primarily by the desire of gain, but carrying ever with them, subordinate only to the commercial aim, the irresistible tendency of the race to rule as well as to trade, and dragging the home government to recognize and assume the consequences of their enterprise. Yet again there is the movement whose motive is throughout mainly private and mercantile, in which the individual seeks wealth only, with little or no political ambition, and where the government intervenes chiefly that it may retain control of its subjects in regions where but for such intervention they would become estranged from it. But, however diverse the modes of operation, all have a common characteristic, in that they bear the stamp of the national genius—a proof that the various impulses are not artificial, but natural, and that they will therefore continue until an adjustment is reached.

What the process will be, and what the conclusion, it is impossible to foresee; but that friction has at times been very great, and matters dangerously near passing from the communications of cabinets to the tempers of the peoples, is sufficiently known. If, on the one hand, some look upon this as a lesson to us to keep clear of similar adventures, on the other hand it gives a warning that not only do causes of offence exist which may at an unforeseen moment result in a rupture extending to many parts of the world, but also that there is a spirit abroad which may yet challenge our claim to exclude its action and interference in any quarter, unless it finds us there prepared in adequate strength to forbid it, or to exercise our own. More and more civilized man is needing and seeking ground to occupy, room over which to expand and in which to live. Like all natural forces, the impulse takes the direction of least resistance, but when in its course it comes upon some region rich in possibilities, but unfruitful through the incapacity or negligence of those who dwell therein, the incompetent race or system will go down, as the inferior race has ever fallen back and dis-

appeared before the persistent impact of the superior. The recent and familiar instance of Egypt is entirely in point. The continuance of the existing system—if it can be called such—had become impossible, not because of the native Egyptians, who had endured the like for ages, but because there were therein involved the interests of several European states, of which two were principally concerned by present material interest and traditional rivalry. Of these one, and that the one most directly affected, refused to take part in the proposed interference, with the result that this was not abandoned, but carried out solely by the other, which remains in political and administrative control of the country. Whether the original enterprise or the continued presence of Great Britain in Egypt is, entirely clear of technical details, open to the criticism of the pure moralist is as little to the point as the morality of an earthquake; the general action was justified by broad considerations of moral expediency, being to the benefit of the world at large, and of the people of Egypt in particular—however they might have voted in the matter.

But what is chiefly instructive in this occurrence is the inevitableness, which it shares in common with the great majority of cases where civilized and highly organized peoples have trespassed upon the technical rights of possession of the previous occupants of the land—of which our own dealings with the American Indian afford another example. The inalienable rights of the individual are entitled to a respect which they unfortunately do not always get; but there is no inalienable right in any community to control the use of a region when it does so to the detriment of the world at large, of its neighbors in particular, or even at times of its own subjects. Witness, for example, the present angry resistance of the Arabs at Jiddah to the remedying of a condition of things which threatens to propagate a deadly disease far and wide beyond the locality by which it is engendered, or the horrible conditions under which the Armenian subjects of Turkey have lived and are living. When such conditions obtain, they can be prolonged only by the general indifference or mutual jealousies of the other peoples concerned—as in the instance of Turkey—or because there is sufficient force to perpetuate the misrule, in

which case the right is inalienable only until its misuse brings ruin, or a stronger force appears to dispossess it. It is because so much of the world still remains in the possession of the savage, or of states whose imperfect development, political or economical, does not enable them to realize for the general use nearly the result of which the territory is capable, while at the same time the redundant energies of civilized states, both government and peoples, are finding lack of openings and scantness of livelihood at home, that there now obtains a condition of aggressive restlessness with which all have to reckon.

That the United States does not now share this tendency is entirely evident. Neither her government nor her people are to any great extent affected by it. But the force of circumstances has imposed upon her the necessity, recognized with practical unanimity by her people, of insuring to the weaker states of America, although of racial and political antecedents different from her own, freedom to develop politically along their own lines and according to their own capacities, without interference in that respect from governments foreign to these continents. The duty is self-assumed; and resting, as it does, not upon political philanthropy, but simply upon our own proximate interests as affected by such foreign interference, has towards others rather the nature of a right than a duty. But, from either point of view, the facility with which the claim has been heretofore allowed by the great powers has been due partly to the lack of pressing importance in the questions that have arisen, and partly to the great latent strength of our nation, which was an argument more than adequate to support contentions involving matters of no greater immediate moment, for example, than that of the Honduras Bay Islands or of the Mosquito Coast. Great Britain there yielded, it is true, though reluctantly and slowly; and it is also true that, so far as organized force is concerned, she could have destroyed our navy then existing and otherwise have greatly injured us; but the substantial importance of the question, though real, was remote in the future, and, as it was, she made a political bargain which was more to her advantage than ours. But while our claim has thus far received a tacit acquiescence, it re-

mains to be seen whether it will continue to command the same if the states whose political freedom of action we assert make no more decided advance towards political stability than several of them have yet done, and our own organized naval force remains as slender, comparatively, as it once was, and even yet is. It is probably safe to say that an undertaking like that of Great Britain in Egypt, if attempted in this hemisphere by a non-American state, would not be tolerated by us if able to prevent it; but the moral force of our contention might conceivably be weakened, in the view of an opponent, by attendant circumstances, in which case our physical power to support it should be open to no doubt.

That we shall seek to secure the peaceable solution of each difficulty as it arises is attested by our whole history, and by the disposition of our people; but to do so, whatever the steps taken in any particular case, will bring us into new political relations and may entail serious disputes with other states. In maintaining the justest policy, the most reasonable influence, one of the political elements, long dominant, and still one of the most essential, is military strength—in the broad sense of the word military, which includes naval as well—not merely potential, which our own is, but organized and developed, which our own as yet is not. We wisely quote Washington's warning against entangling alliances, but too readily forget his teaching about preparation for war. The progress of the world from age to age, in its ever-changing manifestations, is a great political drama, possessing a unity, doubtless, in its general development, but in which, as act follows act, one situation alone can engage, at one time, the attention of the actors. Of this drama war is simply a violent and tumultuous political incident. A navy, therefore, whose primary sphere of action is war, is in the last analysis and from the least misleading point of view a political factor of the utmost importance in international affairs, one more often deterrent than irritant. It is in that light, according to the conditions of the age and of the nation, that it asks and deserves the appreciation of the state, and that it should be developed in proportion to the reasonable possibilities of the political future.

JAMIE THE KID.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT.

IT was my last night in San Francisco, and I could not leave without saying good-by to Old Slim. His place was almost empty when I strolled in, and he was standing behind his greasy bar counting the day's winnings. The *adios* was soon said, and I started for the street again. I had hardly left the bar when the door suddenly squeaked on its rickety hinges, and a one-armed man came in with a handsome "kid." He was evidently dying of consumption, and as he shuffled clumsily across the floor, with the boy following solemnly at his heels, I fancied that he wanted Slim to help him into a hospital. He called for his drinks, and asked Slim if he knew of any one "bound East" the next day.

"W'y, yes," Slim replied; "that young feller right back o' ye leaves ter-morrer: ain't that right, Cigarette?"

The man turned and looked at me. Grabbing my hand, he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be jiggered! Where d'yu' come from? Don't remember me, eh? W'y, ye little beggar, have yu' forgotten the time we nearly croaked in that box-car jus' out of Austin—have yu' forgotten that?" and he pinched my fingers as if to punish me. I scrutinized him closely, trying to trace in his withered and sickened face the familiar countenance of my old friend Denver Red.

"Yes, that's right, guy me!" he retorted, nervously. "I've changed a little, I know. But look at this arm"—pushing back his sleeve from the emaciated hand—"that crucifix ain't changed, is it? Now d'yu' know me?"

There was no longer any reason for doubt, for down in Texas I had seen New Orleans Fatty put that same piece on his lonely arm. But how changed he was! The last time we met he was one of the healthiest hoboes on the "Santa Fe," and now he could just barely move about.

"Why, Red," I asked, "how did this happen? You're nearly dead."

"Sleepin' out done it, I guess," he answered, hoarsely. "Anyhow the crocus* says so, 'n' I s'pose he knows. Can't get well, neither. Ben all over—Hot Springs,

* Doctor.

Yellarstone, Yosem'ty, 'n' jus' the other day come up from Mex'co. Cough like a horse jus' the same. But say, Cig, drink out, 'n' we'll go up to Jake's—'s too public here. I've got a lot to tell yu', 'n' a big job fer yu', too: 'll yu' come? A' right. So long, Slim; I'll be in agen ter-morrer."

We were soon seated in a back room at Jake's. The boy stretched himself on a bench, and in a moment was asleep.

"Purty kid, ain't he?" Red said, looking proudly at the little fellow.

"An' he's a perfect bank, too, 'f yu' train 'im right. Yu' oughto seen 'im over in Sac* the other day. He drove some o' them Eastern stiffes nearly wild with the way he throws his feet. Give 'im good weather an' a lot o' women, 'n' he'll batter his tenner ev'ry day. They get sort o' stuck on 'im somehow, 'n' 'fore they know it they're shellin' out. Quarters ev'ry time, too. He don't take no nickels—seems to hate 'em. A Los Angeles woman tried him once, 'n' what d'yu' think he did? Told 'er to put it in an orphan 'sylum. Oh, he's cute, bet cher life. But, Cig," and his voice dropped to a lower pitch, "he's homesick. Think of it, will yu', a hobo kid homesick! Bawls like the devil sometimes. Wants to see his ma—he's only twelve 'n' a half, see? If 'e was a homely kid, I'd kick 'im. If there's en'thing I can't stand, it's homely bawlin' kids. They make me sick. But yu' can't kick *him*—he's too purty—ain't he?" and he glanced at the slumberer.

"Yu' pull out at seven, do yu'?" he asked, after a pause.

"Well, Cig, I'm mighty glad it's you I found at Slim's. I was hopin' I'd meet some bloke I knew, but I feared I wouldn't. They're mos' all dead, I guess. Bummin' does seem to kill us lads, don't it? Ev'ry day I hear o' some stiff croakin' or gettin' ditched. It's a holy fright. Yer bound fer York, ain't yu', Cig? Well, now, see here; I've got an errand fer yu'. What d'yu' think 't is? Give it up, I s'pose? Well, yu' see that kid over there; purty, ain't he?" and he walked over to the bench and looked into the lad's face.

"Pounds his ear† like a baby, don't he?"

* Sacramento.

† Sleeps.

and he passed his hand delicately over the boy's brow.

"Now, Cig," he continued, returning to his seat, "I want—you—to—take—this—kid—back—to—the—Horn.* That's where he lives. What d'yu' say?"

There was only one thing I could say. A few months more at the outside and Red would be gone, and it was probably the last favor I could do him in payment for the many kindnesses he had shown me in the early days.

"If en'thing happens to 'im, Cig, w'y, it's got to happen, I s'pose; but he's so dead stuck on seein' his ma that I guess he'll be purty foxy. I'd take 'im myself, but I'm 'fraid I can't pull through. It's a tough trip 'tween here 'n' Omaha, 'n' I guess he'll be safer with you. I hate to let 'im go at all, but the devil of it is I 'ain't got the nerve to hang on to him. Yu' see, I'm goin' to croak 'fore long—oh, you don't need to snicker; 't's a fact. A few more months 'n' there'll be one less hobo lookin' fer set-downs. Yes, Cig, that's straight. But that ain't the only reason I'm sendin' the kid home. I oughto sent 'im home 'bout a year ago, 'n' I said I would, too, 'f I found 'im. I lied, didn't I? Ye-es, sir, 'bout twelve months ago I told his mother I'd fetch 'im back 'f I collared 'im. How's that fer a ghost-story, eh? Wouldn't the blokes laugh, though, if they'd hear it? Denver Red takin' a kid home! Sounds funny, don't it? But that's jus' what I said I'd do, 'n' I wasn't drunk nuther. Fill up yer schooner, Cig, 'n' I'll tell yu' 'bout it."

He braced himself against the wall, hugged his knees, and told me what follows.

"Yu' know where the Horn is right 'nough, don't yu'? Well, 'bout a year 'n' a half ago I got ditched there one night in a little town not far from the main line. 'Twas rainin' like the devil, 'n' I couldn't find an 'empty' anywheres. Then I tried the barns, but ev'ry one of 'em was locked tighter'n a penitentiary. That made me horstile, 'n' I went into the main street an' tackled a bloke fer a quarter. He wouldn't give me none, but 'e told me 'f I wanted a lodgin' that a woman called College Jane 'ud take me in. Says he:

'Go up this street till yu' strike the academy; then cross the field, 'n' purty soon yu'll find a little row o' brown houses, 'n' in No. 3 is where Jane lives. Yu' can't miss the house, 'cause there's a queer sign hangin' over the front door, with a ball o' yarn 'n' a big needle painted on it. She does mendin'. I guess she'll take yu' in. She always does, anyhow.' Course I didn't know whether he was lyin' or not—yu' can never trust them Hoosiers—but I went up jus' the same, 'n' purty soon, sure 'nough, I struck the house. I knocked, 'n' in a minnit I heerd some one sayin', 'Is that you, Jamie?' Course that wasn't my name, but I thought like lightnin', 'n' made up my mind that 'twas my name in the rain, anyhow. So I says, in a kid's voice, 'Yes, it's Jamie.' The door opened, 'n' there was one o' the peartest little women y'ever see.

"'Oh, I thought yu' wasn't Jamie,' she says. 'Come in—come in. Yu' must be wet.'

"I felt sort o' sheepish, but went in, 'n' she set me down in the dinin'-room. Then I told 'er a story. One o' the best I ever told, I guess—made 'er eyes run, anyhow. An' she fed me with more pie 'n' cake than I ever had in my life. Reminded me o' the time we thought we was drunk on apple pie in New England. Well, then she told me her story. 'Twa'n't much, but somehow I 'ain't forgotten it yet. Yu' see, she come from the soil, 'n' her man was a carpenter. After they'd ben West 'bout six years he up 'n' died, leavin' her a little house 'n' a kid. She called 'im Jamie. Course she had to live somehow, 'n' purty soon she got a job mendin' fer the 'cademy lads, 'n' she boarded some of 'em. That's the way she got her monikey.* See? Well, things went along purty well, 'n' she was spectin' to put the kid in the 'cademy 'fore long. He-e-e didn't like books very well—hung around the station mos' the time. Sort o' stuck on the trains, I s'pose. Lots o' kids like that, yu' know. Well, to wind up the business, one night when he was 'bout 'leven year old he sloped. Some bloke snared 'im, prob'ly, an' ever since she's ben waitin' 'n' waitin' fer 'im to come back. An' ev'ry night she fixes up his bed, 'n' 'f anybody knocks she always asks, 'Is that you, Jamie?' Funny, ain't it? Well, somehow the bums got on to 'er, 'n' ever since the kid mooched she's

* The Horn is a triangular extension of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway. It begins at Red Oak, Iowa, and runs southwest from there for about twenty miles, and then northwest to Pacific Junction for about twenty more.

* Nickname.

ben entertainin' 'em. Gives them his room ev'ry time. An' she always asks 'em 'f they know where he is. She asked me too, 'n' made me promise 'f I found 'im that I'd send 'im home. Course I never expected to see 'im, but I had to say somethin'.

"Well, sir, six months afterward I was sittin' in Sal's place in K. C.* when who should come in but New York Barcas. He called me out, 'n' says, 'Red, wanto buy a kid?' As it happened, I did want one, so I asked 'im how much 'e wanted. He took me over to a joint 'n' showed me that kid over there on that bench. 'Give yu' a sinker,' I said. He was satisfied, 'n' I took the kid.

"Well, sir, as luck would have it, 'bout a week later the kid got s. e. back on me that he told me his story. I didn't know what to do. He didn't wanto go home, 'n' I didn't want 'im to. Course I didn't tell 'im nothin' 'bout seein' his ma—that 'ud 'a' spoiled ev'rything. Well, I didn't say nothin' more about it, 'n' we come out here. I've had 'im now fer 'bout a year, 'n' I've trained 'im dead fine. W'y, Cig, he's the best kid on the coast. Yes, he is—but, as I've ben tellin' yu', he's homesick, 'n' I've got to get 'im back to the Horn. I'm 'fraid he won't stay there. He's seen too much o' the road; but I'll croak jus' a little bit easier from knowin' that I sent 'im back. I'd like it if he'd stay, too; 'cause, to 'fess up, Cig, I ain't very proud o' this bummin', 'n' 'f 'e keeps at it he'll be jus' like me 'fore long. So when he wakes up I'm goin' to lecture 'im, 'n' I don't want you to laugh. May help, you know; can't tell."

Two hours later we were in the railway yards waiting for my train to be made up. There were still about fifteen minutes left, and Red was lecturing the kid.

"See here, kid," I heard him saying, "what's yu' learnt since I've had yu'—en'thing?"

"Bet cher life I has," the little fellow returned, with an assumed dignity that made even Red smile.

"Well, how much? Rattle it off now, quick!"

The boy began to count on his fingers:

"Batterin', one; sloppin' up, two; three-card trick, three; an'—an'—that song 'n' dance, four—four; an'—an' enhalin' cig-

* Kansas City.

rettes, five—five—" Here he stopped and asked if he should take the next hand.

"Yes, go on; let's have the hull of it."

"Well, then, I knows that cuss-word you taught me—that long one, you know—that's six, ain't it? Oh yes, 'n' I knows that other cuss-word that that parson told us was never forgiven—remember, don't you? Well, that's seven—seven. I guess that's about all—jus' an even seven."

"Ye sure that's all, kid?"

"Well, darn it, Red, ain't that enough fer a prushun? You don't know much more yerself—no, you don't, 'n' you 's three times old 's I am." And he began to pout.

"Now, kid, d'yu' know what I wants y'u to do?"

"Bet cher life I do! 'Ain' cher ben tellin' me fer the las' year? You wants me to be a blowed-in-the-glass stiff. Ain't them the words?"

"No, kid. I've changed my mind. Ye goin' home now, ain' cher?"

"Jus' fer a little while. I'm comin' back to you, ain't I?"

"No, yu' ain't, kid. Yer goin' home fer good. Cigarette's goin' to take yu', 'n' yu' mustn't come back. Listenin'?"

"Say, Red, has you gone bughouse? I never heerd you talk like that in my life."

"See here, kid," and there was a firmer tone in his voice, "we ain't foolin' now—understan'? An' in about five minutes ye'll be gone. Now I wants yu' to promise that ye'll ferget ev'ry darn thing I've taught yu'. Listenin'?"

The kid was gazing down the track.

"Listenin'?" Red cried again.

The kid turned and looked at him. "Can't I en hale cig'rettes any more? Has I got to ferget them too?"

"Well, kid, yu' *kin* tell yer mother that I says yu' kin do that—but that's all. Now 'll yu' promise?"

"Gosh, Red, it 'll be hard work!"

"Can't help it—*yu' got to do it*. Yu' don't wanto be like me. Yu' wanto be somethin' dead fine—'spectable."

"Ain' chew somethin' dead fine? I heerd Frisco Shorty say oncet you was the fliest bloke in yer line west o' Denver."

"Yu' don't understan', kid," and he stamped his foot. "I mean like yer mother. Listenin'? Well, 'll yu' promise?"

The kid nodded his head, but there was

a surprise in his eyes which he could not conceal.

The train was at last ready, and we had to be quick.

"Well, Cig, so long; take care o' yerself. Be good to the kid."

the door while the engine puffed slowly out of the yards, he was standing on a pile of ties waving his hat. Six months afterward I was told in the Bowery that he was dead.

The journey to the Horn was full of



'NOW D'YU' KNOW ME?'

Then he turned to the boy. It was the tenderest good-by I have ever seen 'tween a "prushun" and his "jocker." A kiss—a gentle stroke on his shoulder—and he helped him climb into the box-car.

The last we saw of Red, as we stood at

incident. For six long days and nights we railroaded and railroaded, sometimes on the trucks and the blind baggage, and again lying flat on top, dodging the cinders as they whizzed about our heads, and the brakeman as he came skipping over

the cars to tax us for the ride. It was hard work, and dangerous too, at times, but the kid never whimpered. Once he wanted to, I thought, when a conductor kicked him off the caboose, but he faked a professional little laugh in place of it. And he also looked rather frightened one night when he nearly lost his grip climbing up the ladder of a cattle-car, but he was afterward so ashamed that it was almost pitiful. He was the "nerviest" child I ever travelled with. Even on the trucks, where old natives sometimes feel squeamish, he disguised his fear. But he was at his best at meal-time. Regularly he would plant himself before me in waiter fashion, and say:

"Well, Cig'rette, what's it to be? Beef-steak 'n' 'taters 'n' a little pie—'ll that do?"

Or if he thought I was not having enough variety he would suggest a more delicate dish.

"How'll a piece o' chicken taste, eh?" And the least eagerness on my part sent him off to find it. It was not, however, an entirely one-sided affair, for I was in his service also. I had to protect him from all the hoboos we met, and sometimes it was not so easy as one might think. He was so handsome and clever that it was a temptation to any tramp to "snare" him if he could, and several wanted to buy him outright.

"I'll give ye five balls fer 'im," one old fellow told me, and others offered smaller sums. A Southern roadster tried to get him free of cost, and the tales he told him and the way he told them would have done honor to a professional storyteller. Luckily for me, the kid was considerably smarter than the average boy on the road, and he had also had much experience.

"They's got to tell better short stories than them 'fore they get me!" he exclaimed, proudly, after several men had tried their influence on him. "I'm jus' as cute as they is, ain't I? I know what they wants—they think I'm a purty good moocher, 'n' they'll make sinkers out o' me. Ain't that it?"

None the less I almost lost him one night, but it was not his fault. We were nearing Salt Lake City at the time, and a big burly negro was riding in our car. We were both sleepy, and although I realized that it was dangerous to close my eyes with the stranger so near, I could not help it, and ere long the kid and I

were dozing. The next thing I knew the train was slowing up, and the kid was screaming wildly, and struggling in the arms of the negro as he jumped to the ground. I followed, and had hardly reached the track when I was greeted with these words: "Shut up, or I'll t'row de kid under de wheels."

The man looked mean enough to do it; but I saw that the kid had grabbed him savagely around the neck, and, feeling sure that he would not dare to risk his own life, I closed with him. It was a fierce tussle, and the trainmen, as they looked down from the cars and flashed their lanterns over the scene, cheered and jeered.

"Sick 'em!" I heard them crying. "Go it, kid—go it!"

Our train had almost passed us, and the conductor was standing on the caboose, taking a last look at the fight. Suddenly he bawled out,

"Look out, lads! the express's comin'!"

We were standing on the track, and the negro jumped to the ditch. I snatched the kid from the ground and ran for the caboose. As we tumbled on to the steps the "con" laughed.

"Didn't I do that well?" he said.

I looked up the track, and, lo and behold, there was no express to be seen. It was one of the kind deeds which railway men are continually doing for knights of the road.

As we approached the Horn the kid became rather serious. The first symptom I noticed was early one morning while he was practising his beloved "song 'n' dance." He had been shaking his feet for some time, and at last broke out lustily into a song I had often heard sung by jolly crowds at the "hang-out":

"Oh, me an' three bums,
Three jolly old bums,
We live like royal Turks.
We have good luck
In bumming our chuck.
To hell with the man that works!"

After each effort, if perchance there had been one "big sound" at all like Red's, he chuckled to himself: "Oh, I'm a-gettin' it, bet cher life! Gosh! I wish Red was here!" And then he would try again. This went on for about half an hour, and he at last struck a note that pleased him immensely. He was just going to repeat it, and had his little mouth perked accordingly, when something stopped him,



"COURSE I DIDN'T KNOW SY THEN."

and he stared at the floor as if he had lost a dime. He stood there silently, and I wondered what the matter could be. I was on the point of speaking to him, when he walked over to the door and looked out at the telegraph poles. Pretty soon he returned to the corner where I was reading, and settled down seriously at my side. In a few moments he was again at the door. He had been stand-

ing in a musing way for some time, when I saw him reach into his inside coat pocket and bring out the tattered bits of pasteboard with which he did his three-card trick. Unfolding the packet, he threw the paper on the track, and then fingered over each card separately. Four times he pawed them over, going reluctantly from one to the other. Then, and before I could fancy what he was

up to, he tossed them lightly into the air, and followed them with his eye as the wind sent them flying against the cars. When he turned around, his hands were shaking and his face was pale. I cruelly pretended not to notice, and asked him carelessly what was the matter. He took another look at the world outside, as if to see where the cards had gone, and then came over to the corner again. Putting his hands in his trousers pockets, and taking a long draw at his cigarette, he said, the smoke pouring out of his nostrils, "I'm tryin' to reform."

He looked so solemn that I did not dare to laugh, but it was all I could do to keep from it.

"D'ye think I'll make it go?" he asked, after a pause, during which his feet had tried to tempt him from his good resolution, and had almost led him into the forbidden dance. Almost every hour from that time on he asked that same question, and sometimes the childish pathos that he threw into his voice and manner would have unmanned an old stager.

The last day of our journey we had a long talk. He was still trying to reform, but he had come to certain conclusions, and one of them was that he could not go to school any more; or, what was more to the point, that he did not see the need of it.

"Course I don't know ev'rything," he explained, "but I knows a lot. W'y, I kin beat Red figgerin' a'ready, an' I kin read things he can't, too. Lots o' words he don't know 't I does; an' when he's drunk he can't read at all, but I kin. You oughto seen us in Cheyenne, Cig." And the reminiscence made him chuckle. "We was both jagged, 'n' the copper served a paper on us, 'n' *I had to read it to Red*. Ain't that purty good? Red said 'twas, anyhow, 'n' he oughto know, oughtn't he? No, I don't think I need much schoolin'. I don't wanto be President of the country; 'f I did, p'r'aps I oughto know some more words; but seein's I don't, I can't see the use o' diggin' in readers all the while. I wish Red had given me a letter 'bout that, 'cause ma 'n' I'll get to fightin' 'bout it dead sure. You see, she's stuck on 'puttin' me tru the 'cademy, 'n' I'm stuck on keepin' out of it, 'n' 'f we get to scrappin' agen I'm afraid I won't reform. She'll kick 'bout my smokin', too; but I've got her there, ain't I? Red said I could smoke, didn't

'e—h'm? Tell ye what I guess I'll do, Cig. Jus' after I've kissed 'er I'll tell 'er right on the spot jus' what I kin do. Won't that be a good scheme? Then, you see, she can't jaw 'bout my not bein' square, can she? Yes, sir, that's jus' what I'll do." And he rubbed his tattooed hands as if he had made a good bargain.

The next morning, just as the sun was rising over the prairie-line, our train switched off the main road, and we were at last rolling along over the Horn. The kid stood by the door and pointed out the landmarks that he remembered. Erelong he espied the open belfry of the Academy.

"See that cup'la, Cig?" he cried. "Dad helped to build that, but 'e croaked doin' it. Some people says that he was jagged, 'cause he tumbled. Ma says the sun struck 'im."

A few minutes later the train stopped at the watering-tank, and my errand was done. There was no need to "jocker" the boy any longer. His welfare depended upon his mother and his determination to reform. He kissed me good-by, and then marched manfully up the silent street toward the Academy. I watched him till the train pulled out. Thus ended one of the hardest trips of my life in Hobo-land.

One warm summer evening, about three years after leaving the Horn, I was sitting in a music-hall in the Bowery. I had long since given up my membership in the hobo fraternity, but I liked to stroll about now and then and visit the old resorts. And it was while on such an excursion that I drifted into the variety show. I watched the people as they came and went, hoping to recognize some old acquaintance. I had often had odd experiences and renewal of friendships under similar circumstances, and as I sat there I wondered who it would be that I should meet that night. The thought had hardly recorded itself when some one grabbed my shoulder in policeman style, and said, "Shake!" I looked around, and found one of the burliest rowdies in the room. He turned out to be a pal that I had known on the New York Central, and, as usual, I had to go over my remembrances. He also had yarns to spin, and he brought them so up to date that I learned he was just free of a Virginia jail. Then began a tirade against Southern prisons. As he was finishing it he

happened to remember that he had met a friend of mine in the Virginian limbo. "Said 'e knew ye well, Cig, but I couldn't place 'im. Little feller; somethin' of a kid,

his mother tried to put him into the Academy, and then he "sloped" once more. I told the tramp the tale I have just finished. He was too obtuse to see the pa-



"WELL, CIG'RETTE, WHAT'S IT TO BE?"

I guess; up fer thirty days. One o' the blokes called 'im the Horn kid, 'n' said 'e use ter be a fly prushun out in the coast country. Ole Denver Red trained 'im, he said. Who is he? d'ye know 'im? He was a nice little feller. Why, what's wrong, Cig? Ye look spilled."

I probably did. It was such a disappointment as I had hardly imagined. Poor kid! He probably did so well that

thetic side of it, but one of his comments is worth repeating:

"Ye can't do nothin' with them kids, Cig. After they's turfed it a bit they're gone. Better let 'em alone."

But I cannot believe that that kind-hearted little fellow is really gone. Whoever meets him now, policeman or philanthropist, pray send him back to the Horn again.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XIII.

PRUSSIANS BECOME REBELS TO THEIR KING, AND DIE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

ON the 28th of April, 1809, the commander of a Prussian hussar regiment marched his men out of Berlin as though for a day's sham-fighting. When they reached the open country near the village of Steglitz, which, by-the-way, is now swallowed up by Greater Berlin, he called his men about him, and proposed to them to go off and fight Napoleon on their own account.

This cavalry officer was named Schill—the same Schill who had conducted the guerilla warfare against the French from under the walls of Colberg only two years before. He was a popular hero. Peasants bought prints of him to hang up in their cottage; his head was painted on big porcelain pipes and on beer-mugs. To the people of Germany Schill appeared as a man of action, who by daring enterprise would once more stir up a national spirit of resistance to the great French tyrant, and make their country free. In December of 1808 the French had evacuated Berlin, and Prussian troops had once more taken possession. The day had been a national festival. All crowded to see their hero, and if possible to kiss his hand or some portion of his garment. Berlin was then full of French spies, and the authorities wagged their heads ominously at this manifestation of patriotic unrest; for they asked themselves, "What will Napoleon say to all this?"

But Schill was not a politician. His trade was fighting, and he felt that the present condition of his country was unbearable to a German of spirit. During the winter months he had been besieged by patriotic emissaries from many parts of Germany, praying him to head a rebellion against the French—a popular war. Some proposed to depose the King of Prussia in case he did not go with them. But Schill was, above all, loyal to his King, and could not dream of his country as otherwise than in the hands of Frederick William III. However, he was given to understand by many people of influence about the court that the King, in spite of his nominal alliance with Napoleon, was

not wholly averse to a movement for deliverance from this humiliating position.

So Schill called his gallant troopers about him on this eventful day, and made them a speech that sent the blood tingling through their veins. He told them that Napoleon was preparing to drive their beloved King from the throne, to treat Prussia as he was then treating Spain. "But never," said he, with impressive force and flashing eyes—"never shall the faithless tyrant succeed in such a damnable plan. Austria and Germany, every honest heart, rebels at the thought. And shall we Prussians lag behind?"

"We are acting for our country, our beloved King, for the Queen, whom each one of us adores, from whom I hold here in my hand a precious gift. For her we are prepared to fight to the death at any moment she may call."

His words were greeted with enthusiastic approval. He had not said that he moved under orders from the King, but his language left the impression that his movements were not wholly unconnected with some secret plan approved in high quarters.

Then he showed his troops a pocket-book given to him by Queen Luise. On it she had written these words, "*To the brave Mr. Schill.*" This confirmed his people in the honest belief that the cause of Schill was not merely the cause of their country, but also that of their King. They drew their swords, gave a mighty hurrah, and swore that they would fight and die for German liberty wherever Schill chose to lead them.

In these days Austria was fighting Napoleon on the Danube, and Schill's idea was to assist her by making a raid in Germany in the neighborhood of Cassel, where Jerome held his court as King of Westphalia. Jerome had been bullied by his brother into divorce from a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore, whose crime in the eyes of Napoleon was that she was a republican lass, and therefore not fit to sit on a throne beside the brother of the French Emperor. That this French Emperor was the son of a Corsican attorney made no difference.

Schill expected all Germany to rise at



ONE OF SCHILL'S FOLLOWERS.

his call, but, as I have said before, Schill was a soldier, not a politician. The good people of Westphalia despised Jerome for the cowardly and cruel manner in which he had treated his American wife, but Napoleon was having too many successes on the Danube to let them hope that they could better themselves by going to war.

And so Schill's enterprise failed. But his failure paved the way for the great things that followed, for his failure was glorious.

Schill's disappearance from Berlin cre-

ated an immense excitement in all classes. The authorities tried to catch him and bring him back. The King was very angry, and sent forth a decree full of threats against rebels, but the people prayed for his safety, and a week after his disappearance another body of Prussian troops, numbering 156 men and four officers, left the capital in secret and joined the patriot rebels.

King Jerome, on May 5th, pronounced Schill a brigand and outlaw, and offered 10,000 francs for his head. Schill made

light of the matter, and returned the compliment by putting a price on the head of Jerome—five thalers, about three dollars.

But Schill did some good fighting before his country saw the last of him. On the 4th of May he reached the outskirts of Magdeburg with about 500 men, of whom 50 were infantry. The French came out to meet him with three times that number. They had no cavalry, but to make up for that they had two pieces of artillery.

Magdeburg became French after the treaty of Tilsit, and it was for this historic Prussian fortress that Queen Luise had pleaded with Napoleon, her eyes wet with tears, her voice choking with emotion. The thought of Magdeburg once more German inflamed the mind of Schill and his followers, and he determined to do his best in the cause of a prize so dear to his Queen.

But first he sent one of his officers, Lieutenant Stock, to see if he could not win over the Westphalian troops by speaking to them of the common father-land. The Lieutenant went with a flag of truce, but was promptly ordered back by the commanding officer. Young Stock obeyed, and while riding back was killed by a bullet from the French lines.

Schill now sounded the battle-call, and away sprang his men with hurrah and swinging sabres, thirsting to avenge the death of the brave young Stock. They cut the enemy to pieces, Schill himself cutting down the gunners. They took 160 prisoners and a quantity of flags and arms. They left the dead piled high in squares where they had fought, and themselves hurried westward to escape the expected French re-enforcement from Magdeburg.

Schill saw now that it required more than a regiment of hussars to make a successful insurrection. He felt that his only hope lay in reaching the Baltic and seeking shelter on board British men-of-war. So he led his men toward Stralsund, a famous old town north of Berlin, opposite the island of Rügen. Danes, Dutch, and French were marching against him, and even the Prussian frontier was in arms against him.

It was a forlorn hope that Schill was leading, for the British fleet had sailed away to the eastward, and he had no means of getting word to its admiral.

However, there was just the bare possibility that he might sustain himself in Stralsund long enough to effect at least an honorable capitulation.

The fortifications of the place were so feeble that the French commander marched out to meet him, and took up a strong position on the sluggish Recknitz River, which enters the Baltic close to the west of Stralsund, at a little place named Dammgarten. Here the Frenchmen, supported by Polish Uhlans and Mecklenburg riflemen, waited for Schill, who arrived on May 24th, and promptly sought to cross the stream. He engaged the enemy in front with a small portion of his force, while the rest swam their horses across the river at a point lower down, and sweeping around in a broad circle, fell upon them in flank and rear. The battle lasted four hours, and ended in the total rout of the French, who left 600 of their force as prisoners, together with 34 officers.

Thus Schill, within thirty days from leaving Berlin, had twice met largely superior French forces upon their own ground and gained brilliant victories. The King might call him a rebel, and officials try to check him, but the plain people everywhere felt hope revive when they heard of what Schill and his plucky men had done.

Germans began to think that if their soldiers at Jena had been led by Schill, the result would have been different. Schill showed his people that Frenchmen could run away from Prussians when the conditions of the fight were fairly equal.

Schill lost no time in taking advantage of his victory; he arrived under the walls of Stralsund on the following morning, May 25th, and was received by the fire of artillery, which was intended not for him, but in honor of Napoleon's having entered Vienna on the 13th of May. The news had taken twelve days in coming from the Danube to the Baltic, a distance of only about 450 miles air-line, so slowly did news travel then in Germany.

Schill and his troopers were not expected to take part in this celebration. It was of course assumed by the French garrison at Stralsund that he and his men had been captured; and when a detachment of cavalry sprang into the town no one would at first believe that these were the very men whom they were looking for. Into the middle of the town dashed



DEATH OF SCHILL IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT STRALSUND.

the troop, and soon put a stop to the Frenchmen's celebration by capturing the commander of the artillery in the public square.

Had Schill at once embarked his men, he might have saved his whole command by landing them on the shores of Sweden. But to him that savored of cowardice. So with barely 1500 men he put the walls of Stralsund into fighting shape, and awaited the enemy, who were 5000 strong, made up of Dutch and Danes, allies of Napoleon.

They stormed his walls on the 31st of May, and the end came as might have been foreseen. It was a gallant fight against tremendous odds, and Schill sold his life for a good price. When the enemy had battered in the town gates, and all hope of effectual resistance was gone, Schill gathered a troop of his men together, and pointed to a group of officers who were directing the operations against him. "Come," shouted he, "let us carry our hides to a good market;" and with that he put spurs to his horse, dashed into the midst of them, and cut down a lieutenant-general commanding, while his men sabred right and left about him. As though by miracle he himself was unharmed, and wheeled his horse back to another part of the town where his men were still making a stand. On the way, however, he passed a fountain where a good-hearted Dutch rifleman was binding the wound of a fallen Prussian hussar of Schill's corps. Seeing his gallant commander, the Prussian trooper gathered all his strength together and shouted, "Hurrah! Schill!" This cry of encouragement betrayed Schill, and drew upon him the vengeance of his enemies. They did not fire at him, for they believed him invulnerable. But they rushed with fury upon him from all sides, attacked him with sabre and bayonet, dragged him from the saddle, mutilated him as he lay in the street, stripped him of uniform and medals, and then exposed him like some monster upon a butcher's stall in the public square.

So died Schill for his King and his country. Schill achieved the glory of dying in battle, though the King treated his memory as that of a rebel, and ordered his estates confiscated. His head was cut off and sent to Cassel, to be laid at the feet of the French King of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte. That same

Cassel was destined to be the prison of a French Emperor, Napoleon III., in 1870, and a favorite summer residence of a German Emperor's family to-day—so strangely does history change. Nor is it without interest to Americans that the splendid palace near Cassel was built by a German prince who secured his means by selling Hessian soldiers to George III. of England, for the purpose of smothering the cries of liberty in America, and that subsequently this princely house of blood-brokers itself was chased from power, and Hussia swallowed up by Prussia.

Schill's body was buried in Stralsund, and was for many years neglected. His head was preserved at the University of Leyden, and people came to stare at it along with the other monstrosities of the National History Museum. Here it lay until 1837, when a band of friends in Germany finally succeeded in having it brought to Brunswick, where it is now suitably buried in the soil of the country for which he nobly died.

To-day all Germany honors the name of Schill, and his grave at Stralsund is the object of many patriotic pilgrimages from all corners of the father-land. A monument was erected to him here fifty years after his death, and German singing societies vie with one another in here recalling the courage of him who revived hope in Germany when courage had come to be regarded as madness, and patriots were branded as highwaymen.

Some of Schill's companions managed to make their way into Prussia, where they underwent court-martial of a very light kind. But Napoleon's men captured 11 officers and 557 privates. These were for the most part wounded in the hard fight, but, notwithstanding, they were marched off to Cassel and locked up in the common jail as though they had been highwaymen. King Jerome sent to Napoleon for instructions, and of course no one doubted what these would be. The privates and non-commissioned officers were to be set to hard labor in the prisons of Cherbourg and Brest; the eleven officers were to be brought before a military court and shot within twenty-four hours.

Napoleon made no provision for a trial; he ordered them shot within a given number of hours, and gave the tribunal no powers beyond the purely perfunctory ones of passing formal sentence. Thus had the Duke of Enghien been shot in

1800; thus was John Palm, of Nürnberg, disposed of; thus would the grand old Stein have died had the police caught him after his dismissal; thus was murdered the noble Andreas Hofer; and so died eleven brave young officers who had obeyed their commander. They believed he was speaking in the name of a Queen whom they adored and a King whom they had sworn to defend.

It was on the banks of the Rhine that this bloody bit of Napoleonism was consummated, at the ancient fortress of Wesel. The eleven Prussian officers represented names famous in their country's history; the oldest was thirty-one, and the youngest only eighteen—they were mere boys, just old enough to die like men.

The charge against them was read; they were pronounced guilty of highway robbery; they were to be shot as common thieves. They were manacled two and two, and like a gang of criminals led out to a flat meadow beyond the fortress walls to the shores of the Lippe, which here flows into the Rhine. The place is marked by a monument to-day; so is the spot in Braunau where John Palm was shot.

A detail of French soldiers were on hand. The gallant young patriots embraced each the other, commended their souls to God, gave a cheer for their King, tossed their caps into the air, drew themselves up in line twelve paces from their executioners, and then looking the Frenchmen square in the face, called out the word of command, "Fire!"

It was a horrible butchery—a bunch of bleeding bodies writhing in the last breath of life. But one yet stood erect. It was a youngster of twenty, who had been wounded only in the arm. In the midst of his slaughtered comrades he stood, patiently awaiting the second volley. But soldiers are men; and the executioners glanced at their commanding officer, pointed to their discharged barrels, and hoped that this young Prussian might be pardoned.

The condemned youngster recognized the movement in his favor, but checked it at once. "No pardon!" he cried. "Aim better, my men! Here is my heart! It's beating for my King!"

Three French soldiers now stepped forward. They had loaded their guns anew. They took deliberate aim, fired, and—Napoleon's will was done.

That all happened on the 16th of September, 1809. Things did indeed look well for the French when their Emperor could with impunity reach out his hand into any corner of Europe, seize, imprison, and shoot the subjects of a sovereign state, and be called to account by nobody on earth—at least for the present.

XIV.

GERMAN LIBERTY TAKES REFUGE IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

NAPOLÉON spent the year 1809 in fighting Austria. He did not require much time to get the better of armies commanded by grand-dukes and field-marschals of sounding title; but to conquer the peasants in the Tyrolean Alps was a serious task, for he there fought not against a Kaiser and his cowardly courtiers, but against a people in arms, commanded by their chosen leader. Andreas Hofer was a plain, rough, honest, God-fearing peasant. He had inherited a country tavern far up the Passeyr Valley, near his birthplace, St. Leonard, a village about ten miles above Meran, and about thirty-four miles air-line south by west from Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol. Travellers to-day who cross the Alps in going from Berlin to Venice see from their seat in the railway not only one of the most beautiful bits of mountain scenery to be found in Europe, but a succession of places savagely fought over by Germans and French when France represented tyranny, and the cause of liberty was maintained by Alpine peasants fighting for the house of Hapsburg.

The first official proclamation issued by Andreas Hofer was short and characteristic of the man: "To-morrow, on the 9th of April, we are to shoulder our muskets for God, Kaiser, and native land. Each one is called upon to make a plucky fight of it."

Two days afterwards, in the mountains about Hofer's home, the mountaineers had a fight with Napoleon's allies, the Bavarians. Hofer had never learned the art of scientific warfare, but he knew how to fight and how to win battles. With a sense of the practical, natural to mountaineers, he made a zereba of hay-wagons, and from behind this simple fortress inflicted such damage upon the enemy that they were forced to lay down their arms. It was a grand day in Tyrol when there

marched into Meran Napoleonic "regulars" who had surrendered to the "minute men" of Andreas Hofer.

On fought the devoted Tyrolese. They were branded by the French as "brigands," but their consciences were clean. They knew that they were obeying the orders of their dear Kaiser Franz. That Emperor had, on May 29, 1809, assured his faithful Tyroleans that he would never be party to a peace that did not make Tyrol forever a member of the Austrian Empire. These simple peasants believed the word of their Emperor.

Hofer's great influence with his people lay largely herein, that in the year previous he had been called to Vienna for the purpose of being consulted by the government as to the best means of making a peasant insurrection. The Emperor's own brother, who was looked upon by the Tyrolese as their particular protector at court, took the liveliest interest in Andreas Hofer, and assured him and his fellows that Austria would never lay down her arms until Tyrol had regained her liberty under the empire of the dear Kaiser Franz.

One must have lived amongst the peasantry of the Austrian Alps to appreciate the fierce loyalty of these strangely simple mountaineers for their Kaiser, their saints, and their native valleys. The men who followed Ferdinand Schill across the sands of Brandenburg were Lutherans, who cared little whether their lot was on the banks of the Elbe, the Vistula, or the Spree, so long as they shared with their fellow-Germans a common liberty in political development. With the Tyrolese the feeling that made them heroes was purely the personal loyalty to a Kaiser Franz, whom they looked upon as a species of protector, indissolubly associated with the Virgin Mary, Nepomuk, Florian, and the other images which the traveller sees on every road and every mountain-path of that beautiful country. I have spent many weeks in exploring the byways of Austria, both on foot and by canoe, and I can scarcely recall a bridge, a cross-road, an inn, ay, even a peasant's hut, that has not upon its walls images of the Emperor and one or more saints.

The childish Tyrolese faith in Kaiser Franz played so important a political part in the great war of 1809 that it deserves particular notice. Hofer probably knew as little of Prussia as of Bunker Hill, and

had he been told of Schill, he would have crossed himself and prayed God to keep away from Tyrol a monster who was not merely a wicked Lutheran, but one who dared to fight without orders from the Lord's anointed.

When Hofer headed the Tyrol insurrection his country was a province of Bavaria, which was a vassal of France. Bavarian rule had been established only three years, and during these years the Austrian emperor had never ceased encouraging in Tyrol the idea of an insurrection against the Franco-Bavarian master. The mountaineers had been enrolled into a militia, after the pattern of Switzerland, and this was very easy, for in the Alps nearly every peasant grows up accustomed to the sporting rifle, and is as well prepared to take the field as the minute-men who marched to Boston in 1775.

Andreas Hofer had two excellent staff-officers. The one was a fierce-fighting Capuchin monk named Haspinger; the other was a chamois-hunter named Speckbacher. So well did they fight that by the end of May they had driven the enemy out of Innsbruck, and given the whole country once more back to their dear Kaiser Franz.

But Kaiser Franz on the Danube did not make so good a fight as Hofer in the valley of the pale green rushing and tumbling Inn. Had he dismissed his field-m Marshals, and put in their places a few peasants with courage and commonsense, he might have done better—he certainly could not have done worse.

Napoleon left Paris on April 12th, and in thirty days had taken up his quarters in Vienna, having beaten in succession all the Austrian generals who came out to meet him. By the middle of July he had frightened the good Kaiser Franz into signing a truce withdrawing his troops from Tyrol.

Thus the gallant Tyrolese, after shedding their honest blood for the Kaiser whom they loved, were by a stroke of the pen handed over naked to the vengeance of the enemy.

The French now poured into the valleys of the beautiful country, and with them the Bavarian allies. This was more than Hofer and his followers could bear. They were prepared to obey the terms of the shameful truce, but could not understand how such a truce permitted the enemy to take possession of their home.



HOFER CONFERRING WITH THE AUSTRIAN STADTHOLDER.

So once more the Tyrolese issued from their cabins and rallied around Hofer for a desperate fight against what they regarded as the "enemy of heaven and of earth." The French commander put a price upon the head of Andreas Hofer as upon that of a brigand, and this price eventually brought to light a Judas Iscariot. But before his end he made such an impression upon a French field-marshal as revived respect for popular armies.

By the middle of August Innsbruck had been again cleared of French, and Hofer took up his quarters in the imperial palace. Here he transacted business of state with the same simplicity that he had been accustomed to in his little hut up the valley of Passeyr. Ministers of state found him in his shirt sleeves surrounded by peasants who were receiving instructions or discussing with him further defensive measures. These peasants

in power did not at any time lose their heads. They permitted no plundering, but carefully watched over the administration of the country in the spirit of pious Christians and practical men.

The proudest moment in the life of this strange dictator was on the 29th of September, when a gorgeous official from Vienna arrived at the palace of Innsbruck bearing a gold medallion with a long chain. It was a present to Andreas Hofer from the good Kaiser Franz. Tears filled the peasant's eyes at this mark of his master's favor, and all good Tyroleans saw in this not merely a proof that Hofer was being rewarded for past services, but that their Emperor meant them to continue the good fight, and to rely upon his promise that no peace should be signed that separated Tyrol from the good Kaiser Franz.

And yet on the 14th of October, the third anniversary of the battle of Jena, this same Kaiser Franz did make his peace with France, and did expressly surrender Tyrol to the enemy. But the faithful mountaineers would not believe the disgraceful news. They trusted their beloved Kaiser, and kept on offering their money, their goods, and their lives for what they knew to be their duty. They kept up the unequal fight for another fortnight, but finally, on November 1st, so severely did the peasants suffer in a desperate struggle near Innsbruck that all hope of resisting the armies in the field was abandoned. The French had finally "pacified" Tyrol on the Russian plan; and the hunted rebels dispersed by inaccessible paths, some to take refuge in Austria, others to places of concealment in their native valleys.

Andreas Hofer had ample opportunity for escape. But he would not listen to those who talked of leaving his beloved Tyrol. Far up in the valley where he was born he hid himself in a cabin that was left untenanted during the winter. For two months he preserved the secret of his life here, protected by the snow and ice and the loyalty of his comrades in the huts below him. His meals were brought to him by his intimate friend and adviser, the priest Donay. But the French finally had their suspicions aroused. Partly by threats and partly by promises they at length made this priest turn traitor to the confiding friend who had placed his life in his hands.

On the 20th of January, as Andreas Hofer lay sleeping, troops surrounded his cabin. He was manacled like a felon, and marched down the valley between loaded muskets. He passed the village of St. Leonard, where he was born, the little tavern where the patriots of the valley had gathered to talk of Tyrolean liberty. This was his only home, and the sole support of his wife and children. They were now left beggars, for Andreas Hofer was declared a rebel and a brigand; his goods were condemned to confiscation, and himself to be shot.

On through the valley, through ice and snow, he tramped beside his captors. The friends of his youth, the peasants who loved him as their devoted champion, old women and children—for the rest had been killed—all pressed around him. They kissed his hands, his clothes; they begged for a blessing, and followed him with wet eyes and lips that trembled with a prayer for his deliverance.

He passed through Meran, then Botzen, down through the magnificent Brenner Pass, and was finally locked up in Mantua. Here it was intended that he should be given a trial; but when it appeared that some of his judges were disposed to mercy on the ground that Andreas Hofer was obeying orders from his Emperor, there came suddenly a peremptory message from Milan sentencing him to be executed by powder and ball within twenty-four hours.

This put an end to the mockery of the trial. He was taken out and shot like a mad dog on the 20th of February, 1810.

If anything can make this act of cruelty seem more cruel still it is in recalling that Andreas Hofer gave himself up as a sacrifice for his dear Kaiser Franz, and that while he was awaiting execution in the dungeons of Mantua that same Kaiser Franz was negotiating the sale of his daughter Marie Louise to a Corsican notary's son, who had divorced his lawful wife Josephine in order to marry into higher society. One word from Marie Louise to her future husband might have saved the life of Andreas Hofer, but that word was not spoken. The good Kaiser Franz might have asked his future son-in-law to set his most loyal subject free before receiving Marie Louise as a bride. But the court of Vienna was too much occupied in preparations for the wedding to think of Tyrolese patriots, even though

these very peasants had done more for the crown of Kaiser Franz than all his court and all his pompous generals.

Shortly before his death Hofer wrote to a dear friend: "Farewell, ungrateful

feel ashamed when they learned of the much that had been done by a handful of brave peasants. Queen Luise was much affected by his fate, coming so soon after the death of Schill.



ANDREAS HOFER BROUGHT A PRISONER FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

world. 'Dying comes so easy to me that my eyes do not even moisten. At nine o'clock, by the help of all the saints, I set out upon my journey to God.'

But Andreas Hofer did not die in vain. The story of his life and death spread rapidly over all Germany, and made men

Austrians now honor their great peasant patriot. The visitor to Innsbruck is shown a splendid monument in marble erected over his grave in the court church. He has another heroic monument on the heights overlooking the town, whence he directed his most splen-

XV.

THE FIRST NATIONAL PRUSSIAN PARLIAMENT MEETS IN BERLIN, 1811.

The 23d day of February, 1811, should be celebrated with particular joy in the home of every German citizen, for it was on that day that there came together in Berlin the first semblance of a representative national parliament. Stein had wrung this concession from the Prussian King in 1807 on Christmas eve, but the great reformer did not stay long enough in office to carry out more than the provincial features of his great scheme of national representation. After the attainder of Stein by Napoleon, the King once more fell back upon the support of ministers and courtiers as weak as himself, and would have remained content with his surroundings had not Napoleon rudely called upon him to pay more money or lose more territory. In this dilemma his courtiers could give him no help, and he allowed Queen Luise to call Hardenberg back from exile.

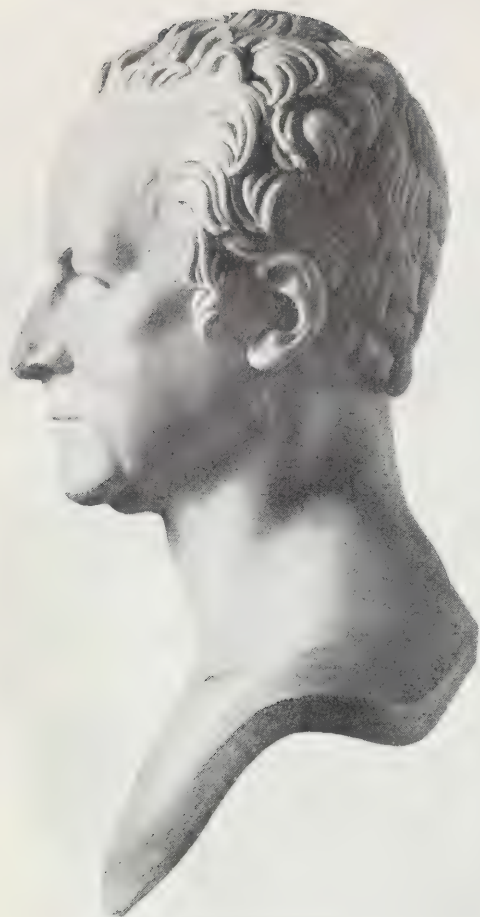
Hardenberg and Stein are two striking examples of German statesmen. Both advocated for Prussia measures then regarded as revolutionary, yet both were members of noble families. Neither was born in Prussia, Stein being from Nassau, Hardenberg from Hanover.

Stein is dearer to the people's heart; he was direct, honest, rough very often, and occasionally vented his temper without reserve. Hardenberg kept his objects equally in view, but was not averse to devious ways. No matter how much provocation he had, his manners were always courtly and even kindly.

Hardenberg was more of a cavalier, Stein very much of a Puritan. Stein would not allow a dirty story to be told in his hearing; Hardenberg was ready to take the world much as he found it.

Frederick William III. grew to like Hardenberg as much as he had disliked Stein. The courtly Hanoverian approached his King with a deference which Stein scorned to assume, and as a consequence Hardenberg soon found himself clothed with such real power as any prime minister might have envied.

His first business was, of course, to raise more money for the importunate French,



HARDENBERG.

From the bust by Rauch.

did military operations for the liberation of his country. The museum of Innsbruck is full of interesting relics connected with his life and times, and no stranger can be long in that country without feeling that he is in the land of Andreas Hofer. His life has been dramatized and played by his fellow-peasants to enormous audiences; and it would be almost impossible to find a school-child between the Alps and the Baltic who did not sing the plaintive song,

"Zu Mantua in Banden,
Der treue Hofer war,"

a song that cannot to-day be sung to even mixed audiences without causing the throat to grow tight and the eye to fill in recalling the honest life, the brave fight, and the heroic death of the simple peasant lad who, when generals and grand-dukes surrendered to the French, kept up the fight for liberty and defied Napoleon with a handful of mountaineers.

and to do so without driving the people of Prussia into rebellion.

He drew up a financial scheme for the King's approval, and then went off to talk it over with his great predecessor. But Stein was living in Prague, and dared not come within reach of Napoleon for fear of being shot. So Hardenberg secretly climbed up into the mountains separating Bohemia from Silesia, and there in a secluded hut joined Stein, who had made the journey from the other side.

They had a full and frank talk. Stein then returned, down the southern slopes, to his Austrian exile; Hardenberg returned to Berlin, and at once commenced putting into effect, with all the power at his command, the reform bill both had united in framing. Hardenberg's chief enemies were those who had also opposed Stein—the landed aristocracy. This class had been brought up to think that other people came into the world for the purpose of being their servants. They regarded government as an institution valuable only so far as it protected them in their privileges. The Prussian nobles claimed all the offices in the gift of the King—in fact, they claimed all the rights but none of the duties of a good citizen.

Now these pretensions had some force in the early days when armies were made up of many petty barons or ranch-owners, who led their own farm hands into battle at their own expense. In those good old days, say of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a peasant counted for something, because he was constantly called upon to fight for the owner of the land on which he had his little farm. In fact, stripped of humbug, the so-called feudal system represented a large number of big farms; each farm was managed by the farmer who could do the best fighting, and that farmer had to treat his farm hands well for the sake of the fighting he hoped to get out of them.

Now as time wore on and artillery improved, wars grew more and more costly, and the little feudal farmers found that they could make no head against armies equipped by a centralized government. They therefore made terms with their king. Henceforth they were to become loyal subjects of the crown; they were not to make war, but to live on their fields peaceably and hold important offices.

The good peasants had been well treat-

ed so long as their landlords required them to be killed in battle; but now that the central government looked after the soldiers, the landlords had no further use for their peasants, excepting to get as much labor as possible out of them. So little by little the noble landlords reduced their peasantry to a state of slavery. The peasants were bound to the farm on which they were born; they owed all their labor to their landlord; they paid taxes upon everything they used; they had even to buy their beer of the landlord's brewery.

Hardenberg proposed that the Prussian nobles should pay their share of the national debt along with the rest of the people. And to make his financial reform possible, he at once issued his decree making the peasants independent of their landlords, permitting them to buy their beer from whomsoever they chose. In this manifesto was proclaimed that one Prussian was as good as another before the law, and that merit alone should be regarded in selection for public office.

The nobles were aghast at this invasion of their claims, and promptly besieged the King with a petition in which Hardenberg was denounced as a firebrand. Hardenberg met this attack by proving to the King's satisfaction that an insult to the King's minister was somewhat akin to *lèse-majesté*, and consequently should be punished as such.

In earlier times the King would have had to drag a heavy cannon through the sands of Brandenburg and batter down the castle of the obstreperous barons. On this occasion he simply sent a piece of paper to the two noble ringleaders, and these were promptly taken in charge by the sheriff and locked up in Spandau fortress, in sight of Berlin. After five weeks the King was graciously pleased to release them upon receiving their abject apologies.

The Prussian nobles had shown that they could run away from the enemy, as at Jena, and Hardenberg very soon exploded their pretensions to privilege by showing them up as people who were evading the payment of their fair share of taxes.

The great National Parliament of February 23, 1811, was a glorious thing in name, for it awakened throughout Germany the belief that Prussia had at length attained by the stroke of the pen what France had secured only after horrible

bloodshed. The King had used the words "national representation" in connection with this gathering. He had given his sanction to the principle of a popular legislative body, and if the present time might appear unfavorable for political experiments, still every German had reason to believe that a representative legislative body under suitable constitutional forms would follow so soon as the state of the country permitted.

In our time laws are submitted to the legislative body for discussion. The first Prussian National Parliament of 1811 was conceived from another point of view. The King first published his law, and afterwards called a Parliament to endorse it. Hardenberg addressed the sixty-four "representatives of the nation," and informed them that he had called them together on this occasion in order that they might have an opportunity of asking questions about the laws that had been passed. He wished them to understand the benefits they were intended to confer on Prussia, and he wished them to go home after the session prepared to make these reforms popular amongst all classes.

Nothing better illustrates the degree to which patriarchal government had become natural to Germans than this first experiment in popular assemblies. The King of Prussia played the rôle usually assigned to the clamorous mob. He, the monarch absolute, prepared in secret a reform measure sweeping away aristocratic privilege, and calling to his assistance the great body of the people. This reform bill was not the outgrowth of mass-meetings or newspaper agitation. It was a social and political revolution of most popular character, framed and executed under the immediate and exclusive control of an absolute monarch.

The German is a strange mixture of man—half democrat, half monarchist. Those who know Germany superficially wonder that monarchy can last under the present social conditions of that empire. But the German, and particularly the Prussian, has in his blood traditions of kingly rule such as no other nation can point to. He does not deny that in other countries great reforms have been accomplished by long and savage civil wars; he is quite prepared to admit that in many respects his political progress falls short of what he might desire; but, on the whole, he is proud of a long line of Ho-

henzollerns, who have governed Prussia with conscientious thoroughness, who have always maintained liberty of conscience, who have encouraged common schools, who have respected the independence of judges, and who in their own persons have set an example of industry and loyalty to the people.

Frederick William III. was a strangely shy and weak man, who nearly ruined his country by his lack of judgment and courage. But, as though by a miracle, Prussia's very disasters brought into relief a handful of great patriots, who could not have made room for themselves in days of prosperity, and of them all the most important was a woman, Queen Luise, who did not even live to see the beginnings of Parliamentary government in Berlin.

The strange Parliament of sixty-four members lasted from February 23 to June 28, 1811. Its members returned to their several homes to tell of the simplicity of their King's life; to answer all the questions about the new Prime Minister; to descant on Hardenberg's fine voice and presence, his force and talents, his patriotic efforts, and, above all, to spread throughout Germany a knowledge of the great popular forces that were then at work stirring up war against the French.

Throughout the little army of Prussia, numbering 42,000 in all, the recruits were called in every three months, and passed rapidly through the most indispensable drill, to be discharged after ninety days. This was the soldiering of 1811, and it was this soldiering which made the troops of 1813, who routed the French at Gross Beeren and Leipsic, who stormed the intrenchments of Wartenburg. Blücher, Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst worked incessantly during this 1811 preparing the country for a war which they saw was coming. Napoleon and Alexander had awakened from their dream of dearest friend, and in this 1811 were exchanging diplomatic threats.

Prussia was therefore between two fires, in that Napoleon might crush her on the one side, and Alexander on the other. She was not strong enough to make her armed neutrality respected. She had to choose.

Hardenberg made up his mind that for the moment at least Napoleon was the more dangerous enemy to have. He made

the King profess extravagant friendship for France, and promise an offensive and defensive alliance. At the same time he sent word to Russia that he meant very well by the Czar, and that though appearances might be against Prussia, still the King had good intentions.

Meanwhile the commanders in the army watched with uneasiness the Russian troops moving on the eastern frontier and the French garrisons becoming stronger. They strengthened themselves as well as they could by calling in all furlough men, but from day to day they did not know whether they were about to take the field with Russia against France or with France against Russia.

In the spring of 1811 Napoleon with brutal frankness complained of Prussia's warlike activity, and ended with the words: "That wretched King of Prussia. In four weeks there may be nothing left of him but a Marquis of Brandenburg."

And, indeed, it did seem as though Napoleon's words were not without reason. During that feverish winter of 1811 to 1812 the French encroached more and more upon Prussian territory. They increased their garrisons in Glogau, Küstrin, and Stettin, three important forts on the river Oder which practically controlled Prussia. They acted as though Prussia was all but in name a French province. Napoleon had sent word already in October that he would make no treaty with Prussia unless she placed her soldiers under his orders. It was to Frederick William a case of stand and deliver.

Hardenberg on November 2d advised the King to yield everything Napoleon asked, and meanwhile to make secret alliances with Russia, Austria, and England, looking to a struggle of life and death with the oppressor.

The King and Hardenberg here played an obviously double game. But let those judge who would have dealt more honestly under the circumstances. Napoleon held a pistol to the head of his Prussian victim, and made him sign a paper under penalty of extermination.

But even under these humiliating terms it was not known whether Napoleon would respect the Prussian flag. French troops marched across Prussian soil without asking permission, and it depended merely upon the whim of Napoleon whether he should not once more occupy Potsdam

and Berlin with his troops, and take the King prisoner by way of hostage.

The King's travelling carriage was packed, and everything was kept ready for immediate flight in case the Corsican made a move to kidnap him as he had kidnapped the Duke of Enghien. The garrison of Berlin, 8000 men, were in readiness for just such an emergency, and elaborate instructions had been issued for this contingency.

At length, on the 3d of March, 1812, arrived Napoleon's answer, which had left Paris on the 24th of February. Prussia was to be spared for the present on condition that she made war against Russia with 20,000 men as part of the Grand Army of Napoleon.

And so this was the end for which Scharnhorst and Blücher, Gneisenau and Stein, had been working so faithfully and with so much secrecy. The men whom they had trained to liberate their country were now to join with Napoleon in making his yoke still more heavy. It did indeed seem as though the end had arrived. Hundreds of Prussian officers took their leave, and sought service in Russia, in Austria, or with the English.

Once more the French occupied poor starved-out Prussia, and levied contributions in every village on their way. They did not respect the treaty they had made, but took what they wanted wherever they could lay hands on it. Spandau was occupied, and Berlin received a French governor once more. Napoleon sent most minute instructions to his generals to see to it that no popular outbreaks should occur, and that no recruits should be levied for the Prussian army, or any military activity indulged in during the Russian campaign.

But the Prussian of 1812 was not the Prussian of 1806. Queen Luise had lived and died; the spirit of Pestalozzi had worked in the common school; the serf had become a citizen; the hireling soldier was now a volunteer; Stein and Hardenberg had awaked public confidence in the government; Scharnhorst had breathed the new spirit into the army; Jahn had taught his athletic clubs that patriotism was not a thing to be ashamed of; the boys of Prussia sang songs of German unity; the poets and preachers of Germany talked of liberty; and the boys who were twelve years old at Jena could shoulder a musket in the year of grace 1813.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THE progress of civilization in England is a study that grows in interest. It has not yet had its adequate observer. The French from time to time make trials at it; some of them are keen and amusing, but the most have an air of wonder and burlesque. The capable Englishman himself who illustrates this civilization by his writings or by his conduct is too much a part of it to give a satisfactory account of it. He is unable to put himself in a position where he can get a proper prospective of the procession of society. Upon one point, however, he has no doubt, and that is that England is at the head of the procession of civilized nations, and that, on the whole, the Englishman has found out more than any other person how to get the most comfort out of this life. This does not merely mean that he can get the most comfort for his money, as a Lancashire workman who has tried high wages and high prices in America may say, but that, speaking broadly, there is more enjoyment in living here than elsewhere. (Only it must be noted that this implies freedom and ability to go very frequently abroad for enjoyment—for escape from the high pressure of work or the low pressure of a bad climate.) There is something of insular conceit in this notion, and yet the fair-minded traveller sees much to justify it. To the infrequent visitor the changes in England in the last quarter of a century in this matter of civilization, and, let me add, sophistication, are striking. Of course, when we speak of civilization we recall the era when Italy was the Continental leader in the matter of refinement and of the enjoyment of life, and when England was comparatively barbarous in manners. It was not then in Italy, as it is not now in England, a question of morality or of religion. One sees then and now how far the divorce was and is pushed between culture and morality, but this does not interfere with the fact that manners are softened, the asperities of life are smoothed away, and that adjustment of man to his circumstances in ease and settled order, which we call civilization, goes on. When I say, therefore, that England is

becoming civilized I mean that she is increasing in the knowledge and the graces of life, in that which goes to pleasantness and refined enjoyment, as distinguished from coarseness and brutality, and I do not speak of the stalwart forces of civilization which transformed the world in Cromwell's time.

All the English writers have said that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly (in contrast with the Italians), and all English history, moral as well as civic, shows a strain of vulgar brutality in what they are pleased to call the enjoyment of life. What I wish to say is that England is changing in both these respects. There is a visible increase of gayety, and there is less brutality in sports and social pleasures. We have boasted in America a superior sensitiveness and a shrinking from brutality of manners, but some of the later developments in our most civilized class have silenced this boast. For instance, our elaboration of the Rugby game of football has carried us to a brutal excess wholly unknown in England, and we have to ask how it is that our lads, nurtured in preparatory institutions that are free from the traditionary brutalities of the English public schools, develop on the green field so much of the spirit and the manners of the prize-ring. The love of sport is more universal with the English than with us; everybody wants to share in it, and the English public would not be satisfied as we are with exhibitions of baseball furnished by professional players. The love of real sport is killed by the commercial spirit. Talk in all classes of society about sports, the space given to them in the newspapers, testify to the lively interest in all out-of-door games, not only in the great national races and regattas, but in the more privately played games of golf and cricket. Everybody, from the cabinet minister to the humblest clerk, from the rich merchant to the poorest workman, plays some sort of out-door game, or indulges, in some weeks of the year, in a sporting holiday. I have a fancy, founded on some observations, that the English public generally know how to enjoy a holiday better than we do. The listless and

melancholy aspect of a Labor-day celebration with us is calculated to make one in love with steady work merely for enjoyment. It may be said that the power of enjoyment of leisure has been extirpated by disease, and that this very incapacity shows the need of more holidays for our people. In time we shall doubtless learn what to do with them. It is certain that the English of late years, notwithstanding the drawback of their climate, have increased their capacity for enjoying holidays, and with less boisterousness.

A test of civilization in this direction is a visit to Ascot or to Henley for the annual races and regattas. I do not speak now of the admirable order in both places, of the facilities for transporting and handling great crowds of people without confusion and without discomfort, or of the police regulations which give the maximum of freedom to all with the minimum of personal interference, but of the temper and behavior of the pleasure-seekers. To both places all classes are free to go, and do go, though neither of them has the popular character of the Derby. At Ascot there is more fever of excitement than at Henley, owing to the pool-selling and the universal gambling on results, and less of the mere enjoyment of relaxation which depends upon the spirit of the individual. But no one can spend a day at Ascot without being convinced that the English have learned how to take a holiday without that utter weariness of body and dragging of spirit which accompany some of our popular festivals. In the first place, the scene has great beauty. If one did not care at all for the running horses or the smart jockeys, he would be charmed by the arrangement of the grounds and by the lovely English landscape. The Greek theatre was always so placed that the spectators were satisfied by a beautiful view, even if the stage failed to entertain them. At Ascot I should be content with the pretty prospect over green fields and dark green woods, if I did not catch, once in the half-hour, the flash by of lean horses and leaning jockeys. The well-ordered and classified crowd itself is as enjoyable as the landscape. It dresses for the occasion. At no garden party in England are the toilets more brilliant and more exquisite than at Ascot that day. If ever the reproach was true that Eng-

lish women do not know how to dress, it is not true now and at Ascot. They not only know how to dress, and in solid colors and in excellent taste for such an occasion, but I am sure that in increasing numbers they know how to be beautiful. Fine figures, fresh complexions, and animated manners, with toilets that express to the full the enjoyment of life, make the field of Ascot a garden of beauty. There are ample provisions for rest and refreshment. Besides the boxes in the galleries and the club-houses, there is a lovely garden, shaded and turfed, where the band plays, and plays often, the old and sentimental songs of England, and where one may have ices and tea or a substantial dinner. One notices with pleasure the high civilization of all the arrangements and the good order, but still more the higher civilization of a great crowd that knows how to take its pleasure gayly but civilly. This capacity for enjoyment with abandon and without license is even more clearly brought out at Henley. Everybody knows how pretty is the shaded reach of the Thames at Henley. On the regatta days, when the banks are lined with spectators, with the club tents, and the house-boats, and the river is almost blocked with small rowing craft, there is no more animated and picturesque spectacle in the world. The house-boat is a floating cottage, with no independent power of locomotion, and is moored at the bank. Some of them are very costly and luxurious, and all of them are gay if not fantastic in color. Their number has greatly increased in the last few years, as they offer the best stand-point for viewing the races and for entertaining a party of friends. Henley has more the air of a picnic than Ascot, and the regatta is a day of junketing and jollity. It is a go-as-you-please day as to dress, except that there must be no conventional dress; neither a high hat nor a dark coat is to be seen; anything thin will do, even shirt sleeves, in the boats, and the livelier the color the better. The ladies' toilets are all light and all nautical, though sometimes bizarre. The artists can find there on the river all the queer things they try to put on their canvases in the way of costume, and nothing seems out of place, not even that consciously pretty girl ensconced in the bow of a small shell, amid yellow cushions, with a yellow gown and a yellow

sunshade, a perfect symphony in yellow. The river is packed with boats of all shapes and sizes, and the boats are full of color and young life, of singers and players, even of professional musicians, and the mass of shifting color is a delight to the eye. I have scarcely seen another scene so picturesque, and never another so full of real gayety and good-natured enjoyment. And yet the thread of order and good conduct that runs through it all! No entanglement of boats is able to raise a quarrel, or even a warm protest, and at the given signal the course in the middle is opened for the races as if by mechanical means. Here is the reign of order, and yet the utmost individual freedom of playfulness. This is civilized amusement.

II.

The appearance of London itself is a note in the increase of amenity and agreeableness in England. It is certainly a brighter and pleasanter city than it was twenty-five years ago. The weather has always much to do with it, and the season of 1895, with continual sunshine and soft air, would make almost any place endurable. But London has changed. It was not formerly the mere fancy of the traveller that he went to the Continent with a gloomy image on his mind of a general grimy blackness, and a horrible impression that there might be somewhere a world composed of the interminable Baker and Gower streets monotony. As long ago as that, flowers were in little use anywhere as external decorations in a city, even on the Continent. Berne was the first place where I saw window-gardens, and flowers banked on the window-ledges and balconies, and I well remember the charm they gave to that old town. This fashion of decoration fortunately spread, and has now gone the world over. I think it has done as much as anything else to change the aspect of London. It has given the needed color to the otherwise gloomy houses, and has transformed many of the streets into highways of beauty. London has also been cultivating its small parks and public flower gardens, and in almost every quarter the eye is pleased with greenery and bloom. You cannot drive or walk far in any direction that you do not come upon a green square or a little nook or court where there are trees and flowers. And these are so numerous as to change the aspect

of the great town, and relieve it of the stone and black-brick ugliness that was formerly so oppressive. With the great amount of life in the streets and the gay apparel, with the flowers in the windows and the bloom in arches and courts, it seems to me that London in the summer is the handsomest and most interesting city in the world. There has been also an improvement in domestic architecture, an introduction of variety, which has relieved the previous monotony. It seems, in short, as if London has been trying intelligently to beautify itself, and has succeeded in spite of the discouraging climate and blackening coal smoke. It is not, however, a clean city to dwell in, as one speedily discovers from his washing bills. A recent clever French writer has called attention to the "silence" of great London, and now that the fact is mentioned, everybody is aware of it. There is, to be sure, the great London roar, which never ceases, and can only be said to die down from one o'clock to three in the morning. This is loudest in the great thoroughfares, but it pervades the town; and yet it pervades the greater part of it softly, and not as a disturbance, rather as a mighty hum which shuts out lesser and more irritating noises. In the arteries of greatest traffic it is, to be sure, in possession of the whole air, but the moment one turns aside to a minor street he passes into a sort of quiet, and if anywhere in town he goes into a silent square, a nook of greenery, an old court, a law court, a secluded quarter, he seems suddenly to have passed into the country, and to have left the roar of great Babylon miles away. And in the most crowded thoroughfares the noise is not the staccato, nerve-tearing clatter and sharp clamor of New York or of Paris. The reason of this is, of course, found in the prevailing wood pavements. Even the lumbering omnibuses on this road create only a moderated roar, and the upper air is not full of shouts and agony from the clatter and jar of elevated trains and jangling horse-cars. They say that in a dry time, such as London has experienced this season, this wood pavement fills the air with powdered splinters, which irritate the throat, but its use is certainly soothing to the nerves. Such a vast tide of traffic, lumbering freight vehicles, handsome carriages, omnibuses, carts, jogging cabs, and swift-passing hansoms

moves through the streets of no other city in the world, and moves in cross-currents, promising every moment blocks and inextricable confusion. Yet nowhere else is this movement so admirably managed. A lifting of a policeman's hand stops the current and sets another in motion, and with the least possible confusion, and only a short waiting, the apparently inextricable mass is reduced to an orderly flow. In any crowded road, and especially when any movement unusual is going on, it is a pleasure to watch the police management of the traffic, and the instant acquiescence of all drivers in this control. It is the visible order and discipline of a highly civilized city. A reception at a great house or a garden party, or any private function which draws together an immense number of carriages, is not left to take care of itself; the whole area of the city where it takes place is controlled by the police, the carriages go where they are sent and nowhere else, the rest of the traffic conforms to the emergency of the moment, and all confusion is avoided. The facilities for moving about, considering the vast crowds, are indeed wonderful. In every part of the city the traveller will find a swift hansom or a comfortable cab at his disposal, and for a reasonable fare. This is not news, but the traveller cannot but contrast it with the intolerable noise and the danger of locomotion in New York and Boston.

I intended to speak in these paragraphs only of the increased beauty and pleasantness of London to the eye, and the order and discipline of its management, as evidences of its civilized condition. As a place of temporary sojourn its other attractions are quite as remarkable. It is really the centre of the life of the world. It has in it, in the season, more people and more things that one would like to see than any other locality on the globe. Everybody can be at home there, and whatever his tastes or his pursuits, everybody can find there the things that interest him most—collections, artistic and scientific, societies, galleries, amusements (though the theatres and operas are as good elsewhere, and in some places superior), fads, eccentricities, specimens of all races, all customs, all superstitions. With all its insular tone, London is hospitable to all the world. On the evening of the last Fourth of July I saw a great hall full of dining and speech-making Americans,

seven hundred of them, celebrating the day of their deliverance from British tyranny. I cannot say that the meeting created any excitement in London, or that the newspapers attached the least importance to it, but it was acquiesced in as a matter of course. I fancy that the Jews, after they broke away from Egypt and established themselves in Jerusalem, would not have been permitted to go annually to Memphis to celebrate the exodus.

III.

One constantly hears that England is becoming democratic. There is no doubt a visible growth of democracy and of socialism, and we are pointed to the quickness with which the government responds to a change in the public mind, and to the great extension of the voting privilege. And it is possible that in the near future household suffrage, which leaves out a host that our manhood suffrage includes, will be enlarged by woman suffrage. Women already take a deep interest in politics, or rather in the political fortunes of their male relatives and friends, and they go about canvassing from house to house and make public demonstrations at election-times which are wholly foreign to the tastes and inclinations of American women. This, however, is because politics is not divorced from social life, rather than owing to any increase of democratic feeling. The women who engage in politics in this way would not be described as democratic. But notwithstanding the growth of labor unions, and the admission to the House of Commons of labor representatives, and the legislation made at the demand of working-men, and the extension of the suffrage, it is still true that of all free countries England remains the one where social caste is most marked. I mean by this that whatever the apparent growth of political democracy, the doctrine of equality has made very little advance in England in the present century. My observation in this regard agrees entirely with that of "Breda," the anonymous French writer I have already quoted. The social distinctions are not only as completely marked as ever, but they are universally recognized and acquiesced in. There is almost no sign of equality as it is understood in the United States, or even as it is understood in France. The people, on the whole, are content with the station

in which they are born. The feeling of equality being absent, there is little social envy and bitterness. Envy and bitterness no doubt exist among the more enlightened, but I was struck with their absence in the people at large. There is not so much reverence for rank and privilege as formerly, but there is general content with condition, which there is not in the United States, and there is not in France, and there never can be where equality prevails. Whether content with condition be a good state or not, and however strong an ally it may be to the conservatism that resists progress, it undoubtedly works for social stability. I cannot conceive England ever plunged into a French Revolution. To an American this subserviency of classes, of every class to the one socially above it, is the most noticeable phenomenon in England. And yet it is accompanied by a great deal of sturdy independence within the prescribed sphere. There is the universal consciousness in the breast of every Englishman that an Englishman is better than anybody else. And when the aristocrat goes about from house to house soliciting the vote of working-men he can always safely appeal to what "England expects." I have seen something of the canvass in the country districts in the late general election, and all that I have seen confirms my impression of the lack of the feeling of equality. The subserviency of the general voter is very marked, and the positions of the candidate and voter are not altered by the temporary familiarity of election day.

The voters have little to do by way of primary action in selecting the person for whom they may vote. He is commonly a non-resident, and of a social position quite above that of his so-called constituents. Yet the manner in which he is received shows that there is no envy of his rank or social position, and indeed, except in a few very radical spots, a high social position is an aid to him. The crowds of men and women who fill the streets on polling-day, that wear the colors of the rival parties, and shout themselves hoarse when one candidate or another dashes by in a bedecked carriage with outriders, would be a spectacle quite impossible in a country where any sense of equality prevailed. Condescension, I should say, is not resented. Yet with this subserviency, this lack of resentment at condescension, this absence of the feeling of equality, there is a sturdy English feeling common to all that can always be successfully appealed to. And there is a manly independence, which the doctrine of equality does not give the French. There is a consciousness of "England" common to all. In a great Independent congregation in the north of England, the Sunday before election, I heard the standing congregation sing the hymn entitled "Before a Parliamentary Election," and there was the roll of nationality and duty in the solemn call:

"Now bend our hearts to Thy command;
And grant us wisdom true
To know the times, and understand
What England ought to do."

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on August 11, 1895.—Complete returns from the British elections gave a government majority of 152 in the new House of Commons.

Stephan Nicoloy Stambuloff, ex-Premier and leading statesman of Bulgaria, was shot and stabbed by assassins in the streets of Sofia, July 15th, and died from his wounds three days later.

August 1st fanatics at Whasang, China, murdered eight English missionaries and destroyed the English and American missions.

DISASTERS

July 29th.—An epidemic of cholera raged in Japan during the month. Out of 9000 cases reported, 5000 were fatal.

August 8th.—The British steamer *Cotterthon* foundered near Sydney, New South Wales; fifty-four lives were lost.

OBITUARY.

July 10th.—At sea, Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, rector of the Church of the Incarnation, New York.

July 22d.—At Boston, Alexander H. Rice, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, aged seventy-seven years.

July 28th.—At Brooklyn, Rev. Edward Beecher, aged ninety-one years.

July 31st.—At Newport, Richard M. Hunt, the architect, aged sixty-seven years.

August 8th.—At Nashville, Tennessee, Justice Howell E. Jackson, of the United States Supreme Court, aged seventy-three years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

"FIVE MEALS FOR A DOLLAR."

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

THE Literary Society of West Norrrington, Vermont, had invited me to lecture on a certain Tuesday night in February.

The Tuesday night had arrived.

So had the train. So had the knock-kneed, bandy-legged hack—two front wheels bowed in, two hind wheels bowed out—and so had the lecturer.

West Norrrington is built on a hill. At the foot is the station, a saw-mill, and a glue factory. On the top is a flat plateau holding the principal residences, printing-office, opera-house, confectionery store, druggist's, and hotel. Up the incline is a scattering of cigar-stores, butcher shops, real-estate agencies, and one lone restaurant. You know it is a restaurant by the pile of extra-dry oyster-shells in the window—oysterless for months—and the four oranges bunched together in a wire basket like a nest of pool balls. You know it also from the sign—

"Five meals for a dollar."

I saw this sign on my way up the hill, but it made no impression on my mind. I was bound for the hotel—the West Norrrington Arms, the conductor called it—and as I had eaten nothing since seven o'clock, and it was then four, I was absorbed mentally in arranging a bill of fare. Broiled chicken, of course, I said to myself—always get delicious broiled chicken in the country—and a salad, and perhaps—you can't always tell, of course, what the cellars of these old New England taverns may contain—yes, perhaps a pint of any really good Burgundy, Pommard, or Beaune.

"West Norrrington Arms" sounded well. There was a distinct flavor of exclusiveness and comfort about it, suggesting old sideboards, hand-polished tables, small bar with cut-glass decanters, Franklin stoves in the bedrooms, and the like. I could already see the luncheon served in my room, the bright wood fire lighting up the dimity curtains draping the high-post bedstead. Yes, I would order Pommard.

Here the front knees came together with a jerk. Then the driver pulled his legs out of a buffalo-robe, opened the door with a twist, and called out, "Nor'n't'n Arms."

I got out.

The first glance was not reassuring. It was perhaps more Greek than Colonial or Early English or late Dutch. Four high wooden boxes, painted brown, were set up on end—Doric columns these—supporting a pediment of like material and color. Half-way up these supports hung a balcony, where the Fourth-of-July orator always stands when he addresses

his fellow-citizens. It was that kind of building. Old, of course, I said to myself—early part of this century. Not exactly moss-covered and innlike, as I expected to find, but inside it's all right.

"Take in that bag and fur overcoat." This to the driver, in a cheery tone.

The clerk was leaning over the counter, chewing a toothpick. Evidently he took me for a drummer, for he stowed the bag behind the desk, and hung the overcoat up on a nail in a side room opening out of the office, and within reach of his eye.

When I registered my name it made no perceptible change in his manner. He said: "Want supper?" with a tone in his voice that convinced me he had not heard a word of the Event which brought me to West Norrrington—I being the Event.

"No. I would like you to send to my room in half an hour a broiled chicken, some celery, and any vegetable which you can get ready—and be good enough to put a pint of Burgundy—"

I didn't get any further. There was something in his manner that attracted me. I had not looked at him with any degree of interest before. He was merely a medium for trunk check, room key, and ice-water—nothing more. Now I did. He was a young man—a mean-looking young man—with a narrow, squeezed face, two flat glass eyes sewed in with red cotton, and a disastrous complexion. His hair was brushed like a barber's, with a scooping curl over the forehead; his neck was long and thin—so long that his apple looked over his collar's edge. This collar ran down to a white shirt decorated with a gold pin, the whole terminating in a low-cut velvet vest.

"Supper at seven," he said.

This too came with a jerk.

"Yes, I know, but I haven't eaten anything since breakfast, and don't want to wait until—"

"Ain't nuthin' cooked 'tween meals. Supper at seven."

"Can't I get—"

"Yer can't get nuthin' until supper-time, and yer won't get no Burgundy then. Yer couldn't get a bottle in Norrrington with a club. This town's prohibition. Want a room?"

"Yes—one with a wood fire."

"Front!"—this to a boy half asleep on a bench. "Take this bag to No. 37, and turn on the steam. Your turn next"—and he handed the pen to a fresh arrival, who had walked up from the train.

No. 37 contained a full set of Michigan fur-

niture, including a patent wash-stand that folded up to look like a bookcase, smelt slightly of varnish, and was as hot as a Pullman sleeper.

I threw up all the windows; came down and tackled the clerk again.

"Is there a restaurant near by?"

"Next block above. Nichols."

He never looked up—just kept on chewing the toothpick.

"Is there another hotel here?"

Even a worm will turn.

"No."

That settled it. I didn't know any inhabitant—not even a committeeman. It was the West Norrington Arms or the street.

So I started for Nichols. By that time I could have eaten the shingles off the church.

Nichols proved to be a one-and-a-half-story house with a glass door, a calico curtain, and a jingle bell. Inside was a cake-shop, presided over by a thin woman in a gingham dress and black lace cap and wig. In the rear stood a marble-top table with iron legs. This made it a restaurant.

"Can you get me something to eat? Steak, ham and eggs—anything?" I had fallen in my desires.

She looked me all over. "Well, I'm 'mazin' sorry, but I guess you'll have to excuse us; we're just bakin', and this is our busy day. S'mother time we should like to, but to-day—"

I closed the door and was in the street again. I had no time for lengthy discussions that didn't lead to something tangible and eatable.

"Alone in London," I said to myself. "Lost in New York. Adrift in West Norrington. Plenty of money to buy, and nobody to sell. Everybody going about their business with full stomachs, happy, contented, all with homes and firesides and ice-chests and things hanging to cellar rafters, hams and such like, and I a wanderer and hungry, an outcast, a tramp."

Then I thought some citizen might take me in. She was a rather amiable-looking old lady, with a kind, motherly face.

"Madam!" This time I took off my hat. Ah, the common law of hunger brings you down and humbles your pride. "Do you live here, madam?"

"Why, yes, sir," edging to the sidewalk.

"Madam, I am a stranger here, and very hungry. It's baking-day at Nichols. Do you know where I can get anything to eat?"

"Well, no, I can't rightly say," still eying me suspiciously. "Hungry, be ye? Well, that's too bad, and Nichols baking."

I corroborated all these statements, standing bare-headed, a wild idea running through my head that her heart would soften and she would take me home and set me down in a big chintz-covered rocking-chair, with geraniums in the windows, and have her daughter—a nice, fresh, rosy-cheeked girl in an apron—go out into the buttery and bring in white cheese,

and big slices of bread, and some milk, and preserves, and a— But the picture was never completed.

"Well," she said, slowly, "if Nichols is baking, I guess ye'll hev to wait till supper-time."

Then like a sail to a drowning man there rose before me the sign down the hill near the station—"Five meals for a dollar."

I had the money. I had the appetite. I would eat them all at once, and *now*.

In five minutes I was abreast of the extra-dry oyster-shells and the pool balls. Then I pushed open the door.

Inside there was a long room, bare of everything but a wooden counter, upon which stood a glass case filled with cigars; behind this was a row of shelves with jars of candy, and level with the lower shelf my eye caught a slouch hat. The hat covered the head of the proprietor. He was sitting on a stool, sorting out chewing-gum.

"Can I get something to eat?"

The hat rose until it stood six feet in the air, surmounting a round, good-natured face, ending in a chin whisker.

"Cert. What 'll yer hev?"

Here at last was peace and comfort and food and things. I could hardly restrain myself.

"Anything. Steak, fried potatoes—what you have got."

"Waal, I dun'no'. 'Tain't time yit for supper; but we kin fix ye somehow. Lemme see."

Then he pushed back a curtain that screened one-half of the room, disclosing three square tables with white cloths and casters, and disappeared through a rear door.

"We got a steak," he said, dividing the curtains again, "but the potatoes is out."

"Any celery?"

"No. Guess can git ye some 'cross to ther grocery. Won't take a minit."

"All right. Could you"—and I lowered my voice—"could you get me a bottle of beer?"

"Yes—if you got a doctor's prescription."

"Could *you* write one?" I asked, nervously.

"I'll try."

In two minutes he was back, carrying four bunches of celery and a paper box marked "Paraffine candles."

"What preserves have you?"

"Waal, any kind."

"Raspberry jam, or apricots?" I inquired, my spirits rising.

"We 'ain't got no rusberry, but we got peaches."

"Anything else?"

"Waal, no; come ter look 'em over, just peaches."

So he added a can to the celery and candles, and carried the whole to the rear.

While he was gone I leaned over the cigar-case and examined the stock. One box labelled "Bouquet" attracted my eye; each cigar had a little paper band around its middle. I remembered the name, and determined to smoke one after dinner if it took my last cent.

Then a third person took a hand in the feast. It was the hired girl, who came in with a tray. She wore an alpaca dress and a disgusted expression. It was evident that she resented my hunger as a personal affront—stopping everything to get supper two hours ahead of time! She didn't say this aloud, but I knew it all the same.

Then more tray, with a covered dish the size of a soap-cup, a few sprigs of celery out of the four bunches, and a preserve-dish, about the size of a butter pat, containing four pieces of peach swimming in their own juice.

In the soap-dish lay the steak. It was four inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. I opened the paraffine candles, poured out half a glass, and demolished the celery and peaches. I didn't want to muss up the steak—it might do for another time.

Then an idea struck me: "Could she poach me some eggs?"

She supposed she could, if she could find the eggs; most everything was locked up this time of day.

I waited, and spread the mustard on the dry bread, and had more peaches and paraffine.



"HE MADE A RAPID ACCOUNTING."

When the eggs came they excited my sympathies. They were such innocent-looking things—pinched and shrivelled up, as if they had fainted at sight of the hot water and died in great agony. The toast, too, on which they were cofined, had a cremated look. Even the hired girl saw this. She said it was a "leetle mite too much browned; she'd forgot it watchin' the eggs."

Here the street door opened, and a young woman entered and asked for two papers of chewing-gum.

She got them, but not until the proprietor had shot together the curtains screening off the candy-store from the restaurant. The dignity and exclusiveness of the establishment required this.

When she was gone I poured out the rest of the paraffine, and called out through the closed curtains for a cigar.

"One of them bo-kets?" came his voice in response.

"Yes, one of them."

He brought it himself, in his hand, just as it was, holding the mouth end between the thumb and forefinger.

"And now how much?"

He made a rapid accounting, overlooking the table, his eyes lighting on the several fragments: "Beer, ten cents; steak, ten; peaches, five; celery, three; eggs on toast, ten; one bo-ket, four." Then he paused a moment, as if he wanted to be entirely fair and square, and said, "Forty-two cents."

When I reached the hotel, a man who said he was the proprietor came to my room.

"You're comin' to supper, ain't ye? It'll be the last time."

It was now my turn.

"No, I'm not coming to supper. You drove me out of here half starving into the street two hours ago. I couldn't get anything to eat at Nichols, and so I had to go down the hill to a place near the saw-mill, where I got the most infernal—"

He stopped me with a look of real anxiety.

"Not the five-meals-for-a-dollar place?"

"Yes."

"And you swallowed it?"

"Certainly — poached eggs, peaches, and a lot of things."

"No," he said, reflectively, looking at me curiously. "You don't want no supper—probability is you won't want no breakfast either. You'd better eaten the saw-mill—it would 'er set lighter. If I'd known who you were I'd tried—"

"But I told the clerk," I broke in.

"What clerk?"

"The clerk at the desk, where I registered—that long-necked crane with red eyes."

"He ain't no clerk; we 'ain't had one for a week. Don't you know what's goin' on; 'ain't you read the bills? Step out into the hall—there's one posted up right in front of you. 'Sheriff's sale; all the stock and fixtures of the Norrington Arms to be sold on Wednesday morning'—that's to-morrow—'by order of the Court.' You can read the rest yourself; print's too fine for me. That fellow you call a crane is a deputy sheriff. He's takin' charge, while we eat up what's in the house."

A GREAT INVENTION.

PAT's employer is fond of things of an Oriental nature. His library is fitted up with Turkish divans and rugs, the walls are decorated with all sorts of curious weapons of the East, and in every way the room suggests the lounging-place of an Oriental potentate. The latest acquisition to this interesting room is a narghileh, which the proprietor smokes with evident enjoyment on frequent occasions.

Pat recently found it necessary to enter the room on some business connected with the fireplace, and for the first time in his life his vision took in the graceful glass jar half filled with water, and the long slender tubing upon which his employer was contentedly puffing.

Pat stopped short on his way across the room, and gazed as if awe-stricken by the sight.

"What's the matter, Pat?" asked his master, with an amused smile.

"Nothin', sor," replied the Celt. "Oi wuz only sorphrized a bit at seein' thot new poipe yez hov."

"What is there surprising about it?" he was asked.

"Ut's a great invintion, sor," returned Pat,

with a shake of his head. "I knew Scotch whishkey had shmoke in ut, but oi didn't know yez could git ut out."

THE HUMOROUS FAR WEST.

THE Traveller recently found himself in a little Montana town not yet touched by the enervating influence of the decaying East. He was proceeding quietly along the street when he was suddenly confronted by two large and tough fellow-men, apparently strangers in town, who were comfortably intoxicated. The only decent-looking things about either were his weapons. The more aggressive of the two gave the Traveller a slap on the shoulder like the slam of a barn door, and said, "Stranger, is there a jail in this yere town where they shut up criminals?"

Now the Traveller prides himself on his ability to get along peaceably with all sorts and conditions of men, so he assumed an air of easy familiarity, and began:

"Guess not. I've been here two days, and—"

"Then there ain't any," broke in the man, with decision. "If you've been here two days, and there was one, you'd be in it."



A WARNING.

WHEN fair Priscilla takes her bow in hand
And sends the arrow flying through the air,
It must be said it is not safe to stand
On any spot save by the target there.

A tree off to the left perchance she'll hit;
Perchance into the hedge that grows near by,

Or to the right the shaft will chance to flit,
But to the target it will ne'er come nigh.

But when her eye speeds glances, then beware!
Her aim is sure, unerring is the dart;
And woe be unto him who anywhere
Finds one of these imbedded in his heart!

AN APPRECIATIVE NOTICE.

ONE wishes that Hawthorne—for no one would appreciate it more—might read the following unique review of *Mosses from an Old Manse*. It appeared three or four years ago in a prominent Western journal, whose literary tone is usually good, but the pen of whose book-reviewer seems in this instance to have fallen to some one who had not a distinct

call to literary criticism. After the first insertion the notice was reprinted, with the spelling of the first word corrected, and otherwise unchanged:

“‘Moses from an Old Mouse’ is a pretty story, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York. It is a large volume and is very interesting, as are all the works of this noted author.”

PINTO BILL AS A PUBLISHER.

AFTER fifteen years in the West, Colonel Atkinson appeared at the club one evening recently, and it was well toward morning before he stopped telling his experiences in Western journalism, and then there was a "continued-in-our-next" line at the foot of the page.

"My first newspaper venture was the best I ever had," said Atkinson. "Wild Cat Gulch, Idaho, was just beginning to boom as a mining town when I got to the nearest railroad station, and I decided that that was my goal. So I bought a pony, and loaded up all I had, and started on the long trip to the hills with only one companion. When we got within about forty miles of the place, there appeared on the horizon ahead of us a black speck, and it gradually grew larger, until we could see a man on horseback coming toward us at the utmost speed of a jaded pony.

"Hold up!" I shouted, when the rider came abreast. "What's wrong—Indians?"

"Worse 'n Indians," the man shouted, while the pony stopped, breathing like a steam-engine. "I ran a paper at Wild Cat, and I just escaped with my life."

"Libel laws pretty strict?" said I.

"Libel laws!" he replied, with a sneer. "You must be from the East."

"Well, I haven't been long in this part of the country, but I think I can give you pointers on running a newspaper."

"You can, can you?" he replied. "I'll give you this horse for your fresh one, and the Wild Cat *Terrier* to boot. And don't be too long in making the trade," he continued, glancing over his shoulder. "Pinto Bill will be 'long here mighty sudden."

"Done," said I; and in less than two minutes we had changed our saddle-bags, and the editor was flying away on my fresh horse, while I was slowly leading his jaded animal toward the mountains, with a receipt for one thousand dollars for the Wild Cat *Terrier* in my pocket.

"Scarcely half an hour elapsed before another horseman appeared, and we were soon introduced to Pinto Bill, who was rigged out in full cow-puncher regalia.

"Seen anything of a pi'-eatin' editor passin' this point?" he inquired, savagely.

"Passed here about an hour ago on a fresh horse," said I, "and you can never catch him on that poor animal of yours. What's the row?"

"Called me a bully, and a disgrace to Wild Cat Gulch and the whole of Idaho, in his tarnal rat-eatin' sheet. I'll kill him on sight."

"Well, I've got a scheme that will fix him, if you'll go in with me," I said. And I told Bill I'd bought the paper, and would print a retraction as soon as we could get the paper out.

"Now I want a business manager," I said, "and you're just the man for that end of a newspaper. I never was any good at that. I

can stick the type, and write the editorials and the news, but I can't hustle for ads. and subscribers. You and I together could make a big thing of it."

"I'll go you," he replied, and we made a bargain right there.

"In a few days the *Terrier* came out with a full retraction of all it ever said against Pinto Bill, and the same issue announced the new partnership; and the firm name, Atkinson and Bulger (Bill's other name) appeared at the head.

"Pinto Bill was the best business manager I ever had, and, unlike most men, he was more valuable when drunk than when sober. He soon had every man in town on the subscription list, and every one who had the least excuse was in the advertising columns. If any one dared to say anything against the *Terrier*, and Bill heard even the slightest rumor of it, he'd go around and suggest that it was a good scheme to increase the size of his advertisement and pay a month in advance. The playful way in which he wore his shooters, and nervously buttoned and unbuttoned the holster flaps while talking, made the soundest arguments in favor of advertising I have ever seen. No one ever refused to accept his terms, and the *Terrier* was an example to all other papers on holding up its prices. Cash alone was taken in for subscriptions, and if any one offered anything but yellow gold, I'd have a news item to write for the next issue.

"The *Terrier* boomed along for nearly two years, and all the people of Wild Cat Gulch, under Bill's watchful eye, decided it the most enterprising paper in Idaho.

"But one night, during a poker game, Pinto Bill's revolver got stuck in the holster a few seconds too long, and before the funeral was over the subscription list began to shrink; and when I got back from dropping a tear on my partner's grave, there was a line of advertisers that reached three blocks clamoring to have their ads. taken out.

"Bill never would make long contracts, and I now saw the folly of it. At the end of the week I gathered up all the money I could, and giving a bill of sale for the *Terrier* to the office-boy to pay him for the week's work, I left Wild Cat Gulch forever."

FRANK A. PARKER.

A TERRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

THE question of the expediency of disbanding the militia company was being agitated one town-meeting day in a certain hamlet not a thousand miles from Boston. The tavern-keeper, a most pompous individual, who had courteously preserved silence during several noisy harangues, threw a final terrible bomb into the camp of the iconoclasts by the solemn interrogatory, delivered in his most impressive manner,

"Gentlemen, let me ask you this: What could we do without militia in case of a resurrection?"



WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

"He didn't have the sand to propose, did he, Bessie?"
 "Yes; but she rejected him. She said that while he had the sand to propose, he didn't have the rocks to marry."

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

THE naturalization court was running full time, transforming into American citizens all those good men and true who would vote for the party which paid their expenses. The maimed, halt, and blind, intellectually, had, by means of the interpreters, been invested with that commodity called a vote. Mr. O'Flaherty's name being then called, Mr. Dunnigan appeared before the august tribunal as his witness, and testified as follows:

THE COURT. "What is Mr. O'Flaherty's reputation for morality?"

MR. DUNNIGAN. "Excuse me, yer 'Anner, but would yez moind sayin' thot question over agin?"

THE COURT. "Is he a man of moral character?"

MR. DUNNIGAN. "Oi'm not afther understandin' yer 'Anner."

THE COURT (*impatiently*). "Is he a good man?"

MR. DUNNIGAN. "Good man, is ut? Shure he is thot. Oi mesilf have seen him thump-in' the facis aff two Orangemin to wanst."

ALEX. R.



A STUPID MAP.

BEING A TRAGEDY OF THE ROAD.

MR. and Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Dawson's sister, Miss Willoughby, have been riding all the morning, and have stopped for rest at a point where Dawson had said there was to be found an inn where refreshment might be had. The point is reached, but the inn, apparently, does not exist.

DAWSON. "There, that's where we are, right at the junction of those two roads. We've come this way. See?"

MRS. DAWSON. "Yes, I do see. But what I don't see is the hotel you said we'd find here."

DAWSON. "Well, there's the little mark on the map, my dear. Now look below. It says in the instructions that the little red mark indicates a hotel."

MRS. DAWSON (*sarcastically*). "Maybe somebody stole it. Possibly it was a small one, and other bicyclists have carried it off with them."

DAWSON. "They've made a typographical error, that's all. A slip of the type might transfer a hotel a hundred miles from its proper location. I remember once when I was out on a yacht we sailed four hours looking for an island that turned out afterwards to be a fly speck on the chart."

MRS. DAWSON. "I can't say that I think your reminiscence helps much, my dear. And those stupid map-makers ought to know better than to make errors like that."

DAWSON. "Oh, map-makers are human. An error in a map is as easily made as one in a poem."

MRS. DAWSON. "Well, I'm human too, and I'm hungry as a bear."

DAWSON. "No doubt. But look at me. I'm hungry as a whole menagerie. We've got to make the best of it, and possibly can get a pie and some milk at the farm-house back of us."

MRS. DAWSON. "Pie and milk! Goodness! The idea of riding ten miles more on pie and milk!"

DAWSON (*irritably*). "Well, it isn't my fault, Alice. I'm doing the best I can. We can go to—let's see—there's a town not far from here. What is that word?"

MRS. DAWSON. "Paterson, isn't it?"

DAWSON. "Guess so. Yes, it is. That can't be more than three or four miles away."

MISS WILLOUGHBY (*in distance*). "This sign-board says eight miles to Hanbury Centre."

DAWSON. "You mean Paterson, don't you, and three instead of eight miles?"

MISS WILLOUGHBY. "No. Hanbury Centre, eight miles."

MRS. DAWSON (*investigating*). "Why, Henry!"

DAWSON. "Now, my dear, do be quiet. The map certainly does say Paterson. You said so yourself."

MRS. DAWSON. "I know that. But do you know what you have done?"

DAWSON. "What?"

MRS. DAWSON. "You've brought the New Jersey map, and this is the State of Connecticut!"



SAINT CECILIA.—A FRAGMENT.

From the design by F. S. Church for a stained-glass window for the Grand Rapids Saint Cecilia Society.

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MEN AND WOMEN AND HORSES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MERRYMOUNT MORTON walked briskly down Madison Avenue that warm November evening, when there was never a foretaste of winter in the intermittent breezes that blew gently across the city from river to river; and as he crossed the side streets one after another he saw the full moon in the east, low and large and mellow. On the brow of Murray Hill he checked his pace for a moment in frank enjoyment of the vista before him, differing in so many ways from the scenes which met his vision in the little college town of New England where he earned his living, and where he had spent the most of his life. The glow of the great town filled the air, and the roar of the city arose all about him. It seemed to him almost as though he could feel the heart of the metropolis throbbing before him. He caught himself wondering again whether he had not erred in accepting the professorship he had been so glad to get when he came back from Germany, and whether his life would not have been fuller and far richer had he come to New York, as once he thought of doing, and had he resolutely struck out for himself in the welter and chaos of the commercial capital of the country.

Down at the foot of the slope a cluster of electric lights spelled out the name of a trivial extravaganza then nearing its hundredth performance in the lovely Garden Theatre, and the avenue hereabouts had a strange, unnatural brilliance. High up, in the pure dark blue above, the beautiful tower rose in air, its grace made visible by many lights of its own. The avenue was clogged with carriages, and the arcade before the theatre and under the tower was thick with men who carried under their arms folded card-board plans of the great amphitheatre, and who

vociferously proffered tickets for the horse show. So far remote from the current of fashion was Merrymount Morton that he had not been aware that the horse-show week was about to come to a glorious end. But he was familiar enough with New York to know that the horse show was also an exhibition of men and women, and that the human entries were quite as important as the equine, and rather more interesting. He had never happened to be in the city at this season of the year; and although he had intended to spend the evening at the College Club, he seized the occasion to see a metropolitan spectacle which chanced to be novel to him.

From one of the shouting and insistent venders he bought a ticket, and he walked through the broad entrance-hall, the floor of which slanted upward. He passed the door of a restaurant on his right, and he glanced down a staircase which led to the semi-subterranean stalls where the horses were tethered. A pungent, acrid, stable odor filled his nostrils. Then he found himself inside the immense amphitheatre, under the skeleton ribs of its roof picked out with long lines of tiny electric bulbs. Morton had a first impression of glittering hugeness, and a second of restless bustle. From a gallery behind him there came the blare and crash of a brass band playing an Oriental march; but even this did not drown the buzz and murmur of many thousand voices. The vast building seemed to Morton to be filled with men and women, all of them talking, and many of them in motion. He found himself swept along slowly in the dense crowd that circled steadily around the high fence which guarded the arena wherein the horses were exhibited. This crowd was too compact for him to ap-

proach the railing, and he could not discover for himself whether or not anything was to be seen.

A thin line of more or less horsy fellows fringed the fence, and seemed to be interested in what was going on. The most of the men and women who filled the broad promenade between the railing and the long tier of private boxes paid little or no attention to the arena; they gave themselves up to staring at the very gayly dressed ladies in the boxes. It struck the New England college professor that the most of those present made no pretence of caring for the horses, as though horses could be seen any day; while they frankly devoted themselves to gazing at the people of fashion penned side by side in the boxes, and not often placing themselves so plainly on exhibition. Some of those who were playing their parts on this narrow and elevated stage had the self-consciousness of the amateur, and some had the ease that comes of long practice. These latter looked as though they were accustomed to be stared at, as though they expected it of right, as though they were there on purpose to be seen. They seemed to know one another; and it seemed to Morton that they were apparently all members of a secret fraternity of fashion, with their own signs and passwords, and their own system of private grips; and they wholly ignored the people who had not been initiated and who were not members of their society. They nodded and smiled brightly to belated arrivals of their own set. They kept up a continual chatter among themselves, the women leaning across to talk to acquaintances in the adjoining compartments, and the men paying visits to the boxes of their friends. Now and again some one in a box would recognize some one in the circling throng below; but for the most part there was no communication between the two classes.

To Morton the spectacle had the attraction of novelty; it was so novel, indeed, that he did not quite know what to make of it. It disconcerted him not a little to see people of position presumably, and obviously of wealth, willing thus to show themselves off, dressed, many of them, as though with special intent to attract attention. As a student of sociology, he found this inspection of Society—in the narrowest sense of the word—almost as instructive as it was interesting. At times

the vulgarity of the whole thing shocked him, more especially once when he could not but hear the loud voices of one overdressed group of women, who were discussing the characteristics of one "Willie."

"He's a wretched little beast!" said one of these ladies.

"You mustn't say that," rejoined another, a tall woman with gray hair; "you know he's my corespondent." And at this stroke of wit the rest of the party laughed repeatedly.

But few of those on exhibition were as common as the members of this group. Indeed, Morton was struck with the fact that the most of the men and women who were being stared out of countenance were apparently people of breeding, and he wondered that they were willing to place themselves in what seemed to him so false a position. Many of the girls, for example, who wore striking costumes and extravagant hats, were themselves refined in face and retiring in bearing; they were stylish, no doubt, but they were well-bred also. It seemed to Morton that style was perhaps the chief characteristic of these New York girls—style rather than beauty.

The average of good looks was high, and yet, as it happened, he was able to walk half around the huge building without seeing half a dozen women whom he was prepared to declare handsome. The girls appeared to be strong, healthy, lively, quick-witted, and charming, but rarely beautiful. They seemed to him, moreover, to be emphatically superior to the men who accompanied them, superior not only in looks, but in manners and intelligence.

Morton noted, to his surprise, that some of these men were quite as conscious of their clothes as any of the women were; and he caught also more than one remark showing that the appreciation of the women's clothes was not confined to the women themselves.

As he was nearing the Fourth Avenue end of the edifice he saw in a box just above him—for he found himself staring like the rest—a lady of striking beauty, with a look of sadness on her face, that gave place to a factitious smile when she spoke to one or another of the three or four young men who stood on the steps at the side of her chair. The face interested Morton, and it was recognized by two young men just behind him.



EXPLANATIONS.

"Hello!" said one of them, "there's Mrs. Cyrus Poole. Smart gown, hasn't she?"

"Always has," answered the other. "Best-groomed woman in New York."

"She is pretty well turned out generally, for a fact," the first speaker responded. "But Cyrus Poole's made money enough out of the widow and the orphan this summer to pay for all the

gowns his wife can wear this winter, at any rate."

It was only when Merrymount Morton had threaded his way half around the horse show that he first saw a horse there. As he came to the Fourth Avenue end the crowd before him fell away, and a gate in the railing swung back across the promenade, while grooms led out of the arena five or six beautiful stallions. The

New England college professor had a healthy liking for a fine horse, and his eyes followed these superb creatures till they were out of sight. Then in the clear space at the far end of the building he saw three coaches, one of them already equipped with its four-in-hand, while the horses were being harnessed to the others.

He stood there for a minute or two looking at them with interest. Then he turned his back, and once more began circling about the arena in the thick of the crowd, with no chance of seeing a horse again until he could get to the seat to which his ticket entitled him. He took out the bit of pasteboard and examined it again, and he saw that his place was very near the entrance, only he had gone to the right when he came in instead of to the left. By this time the men and women on exhibition in the boxes had begun to lose the attraction of novelty; and Morton walked on as swiftly as he could make his way through the crowd, wishing to get to his seat in time to see the competition of the coaches.

He had come almost to the foot of the little flight of steps by which he could reach his seat when he happened to look up, and he caught sight of a familiar face. In a box only a score of feet before him there sat a lady about whose high-bred beauty there could hardly be two opinions. She was probably nearly thirty years old, but she looked fresher than either of the girls by her side. She wore a costume combining studied simplicity and marked individuality; and yet no one who saw her took thought of her attire, for her beauty subdued all things, and made any adornment she might adopt seem as though it were necessary and inevitable.

There was a suggestion of stiffness in her carriage, and perhaps a hint of haughtiness; but when she smiled she was as charming as she was handsome.

As his eyes first fell upon her Morton's heart gave a sudden thump, and then beat swiftly for a minute or two. Although he had not seen her for nearly ten years, he recognized her instantly. She had changed but little since they had met for the last time. He would have known her anywhere and at once.

And if he had been in any doubt as to her identity, it would have been dispelled by the conversation of the two young

men who had been walking around the arena just behind him.

"Devilish pretty Mrs. Jimmy Suydam looks to-night, doesn't she?" asked one of them.

"She's had a good summer's rest," the other answered. "She was at St. Moritz with her mother while Jimmy was off with Lord Stanyhurst."

"Drove from Paris to Vienna, didn't he?" the first speaker queried. "I'd rather do it in a sleeper—wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," the second responded. "It's very swagger to drive your own coach all over Europe with a man like Stanyhurst, who knows everybody. I guess Jimmy thought it was cheap at the price. Besides, *Punch* called him the 'Wandering Jehu,' and they thought that was a great joke over there."

"The joke was at Jimmy's expense, of course," was the next remark. "They say Lord Stanyhurst never pays a bill himself when he can get an American to do it."

"Well, Jimmy made by the bargain," the other rejoined, "and he can afford it. Old man Suydam left a good business, and Jimmy knows enough to let it alone."

There had been a congestion of the crowd in front of Morton, but now there was a path opened before him. He drew back and let the two young men pass. He could not look away from the beautiful woman in the box before him. He wondered if he had courage to go up and speak to her. He remembered her so sharply, he recognized every turn of her head and every dainty gesture of her hands, he recalled so distinctly every word of their conversation the last time they met, that it did not seem possible to him that she might have forgotten him. And yet it was not impossible. Why should she remember what he could not forget?

While he was hesitating, the party in her box broke up. One of the young ladies who were sitting with her arose and came down the steps, escorted by two young men, and as they passed Morton he caught from their conversation that they were going to the stables below to see a certain famous horse in his stall. The other young lady had changed her seat to the back of the box, where she was deep in conversation with a young man who had taken the chair beside hers.

Mrs. Suydam was left alone in the front of the box.

She sat there apparently not bored with her own society, and obviously indifferent to the frank staring of the men and women who passed along the promenade

the steps leading to her box, she happened to glance down, and she caught his eye fixed upon hers. She was about to glance away, when she looked again, and then a smile of recognition lighted her face, followed by the faintest of blushes.



GREETINGS FROM THE PROMENADE.

a few feet below her. She sat there calm in her cold beauty, unmoved and uninterested, almost as though her thoughts were far away.

Morton made up his mind, and pressed forward again.

When he was within a yard or two of

She bowed as Morton raised his hat, and she held out her hand cordially when he climbed the steps to her box.

"I hardly dared to hope that you would remember me, Mrs. Suydam," he said as he shook hands gently. "It is so long since I saw you last."

"How could you think I should ever forget the pleasant month I spent in your mother's house?" she returned. "We do not have so many pleasant months in life, do we, that we can afford to let any one of them slip out of memory? You haven't forgotten me, have you? Well, then, why should I forget you and your mother and the lovely little college town?"

"That month I can't forget," he responded; "but it was a long while ago, and my existence is uneventful always, while yours is full—and then so many things have happened since."

"Yes," she admitted, "so many things have happened. I'm married, for one thing. But that hasn't made me forget how kind you all were to me. Can't you sit down here for a few minutes and give me all the news of the college and the town?"

"I shall be only too glad," he said, taking the chair by her side. "Where shall I begin?"

"Tell me about yourself," she commanded.

"That won't take me long," he returned. "Very little has happened to me. I was going to Germany—perhaps you remember—that fall, after you left us. Well, I went, and I staid two years, and I took my Ph.D. there, and I came back to the old college, and they gave me a professorship—and that's all."

"That's enough, I think," she answered, looking at him frankly with her dark eyes. "You have your work to do, and you do it. I don't believe there is anything better in life than to be sure what you ought to work at and to be able to work at it."

"I suppose you are right," Morton acknowledged. "I find hard labor is often the best fun, after all. But I can get solid enjoyment out of loafing, too. I don't recall that we worked very steadily that month that you were with us, and we certainly had a very good time. At least I did!"

"And so did I," she declared, unbending a little, and with a laugh of pleasant recollection. "I enjoyed every minute of my visit. I wish I could have such good times now!"

"Don't you?" he asked.

"Not often," she answered. "Perhaps never."

"You surprise me," he replied, "I supposed you were being entertained by day

and by night, week in and week out, from one year's end to another."

"So we are," she explained. "But being entertained isn't always being interested, is it?"

"That's the theory, isn't it?" he rejoined.

"It may be the theory," she confessed, "but I'm sure it isn't the practice."

"I know that little college town of ours is remote from the path of progress," he went on, "but sometimes we behold those messengers of civilization, the New York Sunday newspapers. And whenever I do get one I am certain to see that you have been to a dinner-dance here, to a *bal poudré* there. I should judge that you lived in an endless merry-go-round of gayety."

She smiled again, and there was no sadness in her smile, only a vague, detached weariness. "Dinner-dances are the fashion just now," she said; "and if there is anything more absurd than the fashion it's to waste one's strength struggling against it."

"That is very end-of-the-century philosophy," he commented.

"It's philosophical not to want to be left out of things, isn't it?" she inquired. "Even if one doesn't care to go, one doesn't like not to be asked, and so one goes often when one would rather stay at home."

"I should think that if many people had motives like that, your parties here in New York might be rather dull," he retorted, with a little laugh.

"They are dull," she returned, calmly. "Sometimes they are very dull. But, of course, it doesn't do not to go."

"I suppose not," he agreed.

"But I find myself wondering sometimes," she continued, "where all the dull people in society were dug up. Sometimes after a long month of dinners I get desperate and almost wish I could renounce the world. Why, at the end of last winter I told my husband that we had not spent a single evening home since we got back from Florida, and we hadn't had a single pleasant evening, not one. He didn't think it was as bad as that, and perhaps it wasn't for him either, for I don't believe the women are as stupid as the men. Of course now and then there was a dinner I thought I should enjoy, but I never did. I'd see the clever man I'd have liked to talk to; I'd see



A PRIZE-WINNER.

him far down at the other end of the table, and that was all I'd see of him. Some dreary old man would take me in, and then after dinner I'd have perhaps two or three little boys come up and try to pay compliments, and succeed in keeping away the men who might possibly have had something to say."

"And yet yours is the set that so many people seem to be trying so hard to enter," he suggested; "that is, if I understand aright what I read in New York novels."

"Yes," she answered, "I suppose that's the chief satisfaction we have—we know we are envied by the people who want to visit us, and to have us visit them. I suppose the desire to get into society fills the emptiness in many a woman's life; it gives her something to live for."

"They don't seem to have much of the stern joy that foemen feel," Morton commented. "They take life desperately hard. Over there in the other corner I saw a handsome woman, and I overheard a man call her by name—she's the wife of Cyrus Poole, the Wall Street operator. And when I saw the unsatisfied aspiration in her face, I wondered whether she was one of those social strugglers I had read about."

"Mrs. Poole?" echoed Mrs. Suydam, indifferently. "I don't know her: I've met her, of course—one meets everybody—but I don't know her. She is good-looking, and she is in the thick of the social struggle. Upward and outward is her motto—excelsior! They used to say that

all last winter you could positively hear her climb. But then they have said that of so many people! She is clever, they say, and she entertains lavishly, so I shouldn't wonder if she succeeded sooner or later; and then she will be so disappointed."

Morton smiled. "From your account," he said, "the social struggle is rather a tragedy than a comedy; and I confess it has hitherto struck me as not without a suggestion of farce."

"It is absurd, isn't it?" she returned, smiling back. "And are we not a very snobbish lot? Jimmy declares that society in New York is almost as snobbish as it is in London even."

There was a moment of silence, and then Morton asked, a little stiffly, "How is Mr. Suydam? You know I have never had the pleasure of meeting him."

"Haven't you?" Mrs. Suydam responded. "You can see him soon. He's to drive George Western's coach. There they come now!"

A trumpet sounded; a gate in the railing at the Fourth Avenue end of the building was opened; and a coach was driven into the arena. A very stout man sat on the box alone.

Mrs. Suydam raised her long-handled eye-glass and looked at the approaching coachman.

"Oh, that's not Jimmy," she said, quickly; "of course not. That's the man they call The Adipose Deposit."

The trumpet sounded again, and a sec-



BETWEEN TWO EVENTS.

ond coach was turned into the arena. The four horses were beautifully matched bays. The driver was a tall, thin, youngish man, who sat impassible on the box, and gave no sign of annoyance when a wheel of the vehicle rasped the gatepost.

"That's Mr. Suydam," said the lady to whom Morton was talking, as the bays trotted briskly past them, the man on the box holding himself rigidly and handling the ribbons skilfully.

"He is quite a professional," Morton remarked.

"Isn't he!" Mrs. Suydam replied. "You know he drove the Brighton coach out of London for three years. He really does it very well, they all say. I've told him that if we ever lost our money he would make a very superior coachman."

"Those bays go together admirably," the college professor declared, "and Mr. Suydam handles them superbly. But how pitiful it is to see their tails docked!"

"Oh, they do that in England," she explained, "so it's fashionable. But it is ugly, isn't it? Do you remember what a lovely long tail that Kentucky mare had, the one I rode that day—"

Then Mrs. Suydam paused suddenly.

"Yes," answered Morton, not looking at her, "I remember it."

Mrs. Suydam conquered her slight embarrassment and gave a light little laugh.

"How rude I have been!" she said. "Here I've been talking about myself and about my husband, and I haven't asked about you. Are you married yet?"

"No," he answered, and now he looked at her, and she blushed again; "and I am not likely ever to marry, I think. There was only one woman in the world for me, and I told her so, but she didn't care for me at all, and she told me so—and then she touched up that Kentucky mare and rode away with my heart hanging at her saddle-bow."

"You can find a better woman than she is," was her response; "a woman who will make you a better wife than she would ever have done."

Before Morton could reply to this, the girl and the two young men who had been in the box at first returned from their visit to the stables. The trumpet sounded again, and the judges made the drivers of the four coaches—for two more had entered after Mr. Suydam's—repeat

their evolutions around the arena. And then, after protracted consultation together, the awards were made, and grooms ran to attach rosettes to the leaders of the team driven by the stout gentleman, who took the first prize, and then to the leaders of the team driven by Mr. Suydam, who took the second prize. The numbers of the winning coaches were displayed on the wide sign-boards at each end of the hall. The coaches were driven around again, and then out. The trumpets were silent for a while; and the brass band crashed forth again.

"Jimmy won't like not getting the first prize, will he?" asked the girl who had just returned to the box.

"I don't think it will worry him," answered his wife, with a return of her haughty manner.

She had not introduced Morton to any of the others in the box.

In the presence of so many it was impossible to resume their conversation on the old friendly basis. It seemed to Morton that since the girl and the young men had come back there was a difference in Mrs. Suydam's manner toward him; he could not define it to himself, but he felt it. Perhaps she was conscious of this herself.

When he made a movement preparatory to going, she said: "Must you go? I wanted you to meet my husband. Can't you drop in and lunch with us to-morrow?"

Morton thanked her and regretted that he might have to take a midnight train, and expressed his pleasure at having met her again. Then she held out her hand once more; and a minute later he was again in the thick of the throng circling along the promenade.

Before he reached the entrance the music was checked suddenly and the trumpet blared out, and then the voice of a man in the centre of the building was heard intermittently, hopelessly endeavoring to inform the thousands packed in the splendid edifice that the fastest trotter in the world would now be shown. The crowd who were staring steadily at the men and women in the boxes paid little attention to this proclamation; to it the men and women in the boxes were far more interesting than any horses could be, even if any one of these could trot a mile in two minutes without a running mate.

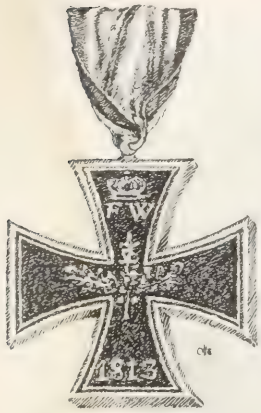
THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XVI.

HOW THE IRON CROSS CAME TO BE FOUNDED.

THE Iron Cross is the most popular war medal in Germany, and, like many another popular German institution, was founded in a time of great national distress.



THE IRON CROSS.

King Frederick William III. is commonly credited with calling this medal into existence on the outbreak of war against Napoleon in 1813, but in spirit the Iron Cross was created by Gneisenau in the black days of 1811.

Napoleon in that year was threatening to invade Russia, and had made large additions to the French garrisons in and about

Prussia. Frederick William was in painful need of money; the French indemnity weighed heavily upon his scanty exchequer, and he realized that in the coming war there would be nothing to prevent Prussia being once more tramped over by one or more of the neighboring states at war. The French were already in possession of several Prussian fortresses, and there was every reason to anticipate that Napoleon meant to use this country as his prime base of operations.

The King became thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety. He sent, on May 14, 1811, a most humble plea to Napoleon, which in formal treaty talk sounded fairly well, but in plain English told Napoleon that Prussia would gladly submit to any humiliation if France would only promise not to drive him from the throne. The King was bold enough to beg some abatement of the grinding indemnity; to ask for the return of one or two Prussian fortresses, and to be allowed a larger standing army than 42,000; but in return France was offered the use of the Prussian army to fight French battles under any and all circumstances. In other words, the Prussian army was offered to Napo-

leon as part payment for a war indemnity arranged at the Peace of Tilsit. Napoleon was by this time, however, too blind in matters political to see his own interests. He ignored this message.

But for this silence of Napoleon we might never have heard of an Iron Cross in Germany. The King had persistently opposed every suggestion looking to a popular army of citizen volunteers, for he dreaded his people more than he did the French. But one thing he dreaded more even than his people, and that was the loss of his throne. As between losing his throne and appealing to his people, he finally decided to make a great sacrifice, and asked advice of the soldier who had been in America—Gneisenau.

Gneisenau could not come openly to the King in Berlin, but in secret he left his farm in Breslau, and was smuggled into the presence of the Prime Minister, Hardenberg, at a little suburb of Berlin called Glienicke, on the 21st of June, 1811. The chief of police assisted in the smuggling; and no doubt Gneisenau would have been shot like Palm or Schill had Napoleon heard what their talk was about. The King allowed Gneisenau a salary of 2500 thalers—say \$1875 or £370—a year, and he went to live quietly in Berlin at a house in Unter den Linden, giving the French to understand that he had given up all interest in soldiering, and was there for his private amusement.

Here he drew up a memorial for the King, which was handed in on the 8th of August. No such revolutionary programme had ever been prepared for a Prussian monarch, and the fact that its author was not sent at once to prison shows that the Prussia of 1811 was not the same Prussia that marched gayly to Jena.

Gneisenau commenced by assuming that Prussia was on the verge of being destroyed by Napoleon, and he therefore opened with the following proposition:

"Since Prussia is threatened with invasion that means annihilation (*Vernichtung*), the royal family must seek its safety and support in a popular call to arms (*Volksaufstand*).” The King annotated this paragraph with his own hands: “The proposed struggle for existence (*Kampf der Verzweiflung*) is no doubt

better and more honorable than voluntarily passing under the yoke."

Gneisenau elaborately worked out a plan of insurrectionary warfare, the details of which must have been familiar to him in America. All Prussia was mapped out into districts, each district to be under the control of a confidential agent, each such agent to be known at headquarters, but no correspondence to pass between the conspirators in different parts of the country. The whole scheme was a vast conspiracy, and the greatest precautions had to be observed lest Napoleon should get wind of it and hang the ringleaders without trial.

The whole country was to organize volunteer troops. "They shall organize in the neighborhood of their own homes; they shall elect their own officers and non-commissioned officers. To begin with, they may be started by half-pay retired officers." Gneisenau proposed to arm them with pikes until they could get arms from England. The example of Jena was fresh in every mind, and so Gneisenau proposed the penalty of death for any one assisting the French by furnishing supplies or accepting any administrative post. His idea was to starve the French out if every other means failed. Clergymen were to preach the duty of citizenship from the pulpit, to which the King made this observation: "As soon as the French shoot one parson, the whole movement will collapse."

Gneisenau had difficulty in preserving his temper while the King made criticisms upon the plan for saving his throne. He went on to explain how the militia must operate, hiding by day in the woods, surprising the enemy at night like North American Indians, worrying them all the time. He recommended the simplest tactics, mainly to load and shoot. The King made a running accompaniment to the effect that Prussians were too stupid to do such work, and that the whole thing would fall to pieces as soon as the French showed themselves.

Those were iron days, and Gneisenau applied iron measures. He was advocating the principle that each citizen was bound to spill his blood in defence of his country, and therefore urged that no young man should be allowed to inherit property unless he had served in the army, that he should not be allowed to give testimony in court, or even to take

the holy communion with his neighbors.

On the other hand, Gneisenau proposed that every man who had served faithfully should wear for the rest of his life an honorable distinction, either a black and white scarf or a national cockade; and here was the idea of the Iron Cross.

The King thought well of the decoration in general, but did not approve of limiting it to the citizen soldier. He wished it extended to all his army, and by that robbed it of much of its peculiar value. The original "Iron Cross" was to consist of two pieces of black and white ribbon sewed on to the breast in the shape of a cross. The colors were those of Prussia; the shape suggested the famous cross of the order of German Knights—a happy blending of national with imperial aspirations.

Of course in practice the King's idea proved awkward, for it involved sewing and resewing the slips of ribbon each time that a coat was changed. The Cross was finally made of iron, less from sentiment than from extreme poverty. It became, however, the most precious of war medals in the eyes of the German soldier. It was not given away, like so many medals, for merely courtly services, but had to be earned upon the field of battle; and the field-marshal had to earn it no less than the youngest recruit.

In this famous document Gneisenau insisted that titles of nobility should henceforth be given only to such as earned them by serving their country, that the Prussian aristocrats should be degraded if they failed in this duty, and that henceforth the nobleman should be the man who served his country best.

Gneisenau also urged the King to cease using the French language, and to insist that those about him cultivate the tongue of the people.

The King approved in general of the plan, and had Queen Luise been at his side, would no doubt have put it into immediate operation.

Gneisenau, Blücher, Scharnhorst, and Hardenberg worked in unison throughout; they gave the agents of England positive assurance that the Prussian King would never be ally of France; that in the event of Napoleon assuming a menacing position, the King would retire from Berlin, appeal to his people, and Prussia would fight the war of insurrec-

tion like the peasants of Spain and Tyrol. Nor were these patriots dishonest in this; they believed what they said, and believed what their King had said. But the King was too weak to follow them.

In October, 1811, Blücher was disgraced for strengthening the defences of Colberg, and Napoleon had the impudence to send his agents openly about Prussia to see that no other fortresses were being strengthened—all this, too, with the King's consent.

On November 5th, Scharnhorst, who had been sent on a secret mission to St. Petersburg, returned full of enthusiasm, for the Czar had promised assistance against Napoleon, and was arming for the coming fight. But Frederick William did not choose to wait one day for this message. On November 4th he declared himself for the alliance with Napoleon, and bound himself to go to war with him against Russia and England. Prussia was to place 20,000 men under Napoleon's orders, and with him invade the land of the King's friend and ally, Alexander.

On February 22, 1812, Napoleon compelled the Prussian envoy in Paris to sign the treaty which handed over Prussia to Napoleon's caprice. Blücher wrote to Gneisenau in these days: "Frederick the II. [the Great] after a lost battle wrote: All is lost save honor. Now we write, all is lost and honor into the bargain."

And honest old Blücher voiced the general feeling amongst patriotic Germans. Three hundred officers immediately forwarded their resignations to the King, which he accepted with a bad grace. On March 15th, Davoust once more occupied Berlin in Napoleon's name, and the whole of Prussia was flooded with men of the "Grand Army" concentrating upon the Russian frontier. The King was allowed to keep 1200 men about him in Potsdam, but was virtually a hostage in French hands.

XVII.

FREDERICK WILLIAM DESPAIRS OF HIS COUNTRY.—1811.

THE year 1811 included, for Germans, perhaps more of humiliation than any other, not excepting even that of Jena. In the spring of that year Napoleon made no secret of his intention to absorb Prus-

sia. "That poor fellow, the King of Prussia!" said he; "in four weeks there may be nothing left of him but a Marquis of Brandenburg!" And, indeed, he was a "poor fellow." He carried about with him a handkerchief of Queen Luise, and occasionally kissed it, with tears in his eyes. Had he carried about some of his noble wife's courage, it might have been better.

For a time such men as Gneisenau and Scharnhorst seemed to prevail in their efforts to make him feel confidence in the future of the country, and in April at times he appeared to favor a general call to arms rather than the prospect of being kidnapped by Napoleon or chased away into uncomfortable exile.

But these periods were not of long duration, and they were inevitably followed by others more congenial to him and to his courtly surroundings. Every day he drilled his guards in parade-ground tactics, and sought to forget the worries of a king by playing the drill-sergeant. While Napoleon was drawing together 300,000 men about his frontiers ready for an invasion, Frederick William was absorbed with the creation of a model school for non-commissioned officers, the object of which was to draw from every regiment of Prussia a certain number of under-officers, who should be instructed uniformly, and then be sent back to the regiments from which they came.

During this year the preparations of Napoleon for the coming campaign against Russia went on steadily. The Prussian patriotic leaders were very uneasy, and old Blücher, who commanded in Pomerania, northeasterly from Berlin, called in all the reserves he could, and employed thousands more in public works. The little army of 40,000 men allowed to Prussia by the grace of the conqueror became in August of 1811 nearly 75,000, not actually in the ranks, but in the King's pay, and gathered together under competent officers.

The fortress of Colberg, on the Baltic, about sixty miles eastward from the mouth of the Oder, was the object of Blücher's particular care. We have already noted the great rôle it played under Gneisenau in 1807, how pluckily it held its own against the French besiegers.

In fact, had the commanders of Magdeburg, Spandau, Küstrin, and the other Prussian strong places fought for their country half as pluckily as Gneisenau,

there need never have been so humiliating a record as that of this year 1811. Stettin was in French hands, so was Danzig, each with a heavy hostile garrison. According to treaty the French were to have in Stettin no more than 3900 men, including officers. As a matter of fact, however, they had 7070. Danzig had nearly 16,000 French garrison in June, 1811, and this number was being increased. So here were the two chief German ports on the Baltic completely in the enemy's power, and therefore closed to England. Colberg, however, remained Prussian, although French spies watched along the shores to see that English commerce was not favored.

Before this very bad harbor English agents appeared and disappeared. They came in small ships under a foreign flag, bearing communications from the patriots. In order to deceive the French spies the harbor-master would sail out to the friendly ship under pretence of offering a pilot. He would then hand over despatches for England, and receive in return those for his government. In order to make this transaction appear plausible a passenger would occasionally be landed at Colberg, who pretended to be a sailor of that port. Of course this alleged sailor was usually an agent of England.

By this channel came despatches from London offering Prussia a most favorable alliance; promising money and arms and ammunition; giving the amplest assurance of complete support; encouraging the King to take the field and inaugurate the great war for the liberation of Europe. These proposals were received in September.

At the same time Prussia had the most ample knowledge that Russia was arming to resist Napoleon, and that Alexander had every reason to prevent Prussia becoming a French province. And yet the King was too weak to see his opportunity. He listened to his unpatriotic courtiers, and kept saying to himself that Napoleon was invincible.

His patriotic officials in the War Department had a large staff of volunteer spies throughout Germany. These were mostly half-pay officers, who confidently looked to the outbreak of war, and to their being once more given employment in the service of the King.

Most of these men lived in the parts of Prussia which had been lost by the

Treaty of Tilsit, but although now under Napoleonic jurisdiction their hearts remained true to Frederick William III. Through these channels the King was periodically kept informed of the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of Napoleon's army crossing the Rhine, and gradually taking up positions on all sides of him. Every high-road of Prussia was alive with uniforms representing nearly all the kingdoms of the earth. They were all tramping towards Moscow, though at this time Napoleon pretended that it was merely a small demonstration against Denmark. The French continued to hold Glogau on the Oder, although Prussia had long since paid her quota of the war indemnity, which should have secured the return of that place. By the end of the year 1811 Napoleon had in the three Oder forts, Stettin, Küstrin, and Glogau, a total garrison of 23,336 men, whereas the treaty allowed only 10,000; therefore Napoleon was quartering at Prussian expense 13,336 men more than the treaty allowed. He had strong garrisons at Magdeburg on the Elbe, at Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, and in Mecklenburg—in short, at the close of 1811 a military map of Europe would have been so thickly studded with Napoleonic units that Prussian garrisons would have counted for very little.

The condition which was made by England as the price of her support was that Prussia should call the whole nation under arms. This was, of course, a condition suggested by Gneisenau, who had gone to England and there explained to the government where Prussia's real strength lay. This suggestion fell on ready ears at the Court of St. James, for Englishmen then living had a lively recollection of their seven years' war in America—the war of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown. The English government had no confidence in Frederick William himself, but they believed that if he once declared war with a nation in arms the popular enthusiasm would lead it to a successful issue in spite of his own weakness and that of his courtiers.

Historians, whose social positions in Germany require them to speak only good of their sovereign's ancestors, seek to justify Frederick William by pointing to the ultimate victory of Prussia in 1814 and 1815. But, humanly speaking, what general had a right to foretell that Napoleon would leave half a million sol-

diers in the forests of Russia? Providence interfered to save Prussia from the destruction which her King was preparing for her; nor is it too much to say that had Prussia in 1811 led the way against Napoleon, she would have been spared much of the mortification she subsequently had to endure in the Congress of Vienna; she would have earned the cordial gratitude of Europe, and particularly England, and she would have supplanted Austria completely as the head of the great German family of nations.

The situation was certainly most critical for Prussia, nor did the patriots cherish illusions in regard to their danger. The French army had its advance-guard within four days' march of Berlin; they had the mouths of the three principal rivers, the Oder, Vistula, and Elbe; and they had the three fortresses on the Oder, Stettin, Küstrin, and Glogau.

It was scarcely possible for a man to make a journey in any direction across Prussia without being challenged by a French sentinel. To the south of Berlin was Saxony, completely in Napoleon's power. Her boundaries came to within sight of Potsdam.

Luther's Wittenberg had become a Saxon-French town. To the west lay the new kingdom of Westphalia. The faithless husband of Betsy Patterson of Baltimore was here called King Jerome. His lands extended along the left bank of the Elbe, bringing his troops to within sixty miles of Berlin.

To the north, French garrisons occupied the beautiful lake country of Mecklenburg up to within sixty miles of Berlin. Breslau, the capital of Silesia, lay scarcely thirty miles from the frontiers of the French-Polish provinces.

But at the worst there were overwhelming reasons why at such a time Prussia should have stepped forward and challenged the respect of the world by fighting for her liberty.

Under Frederick the Great, Prussia kept in the field for several successive years an army representing 50,000 men to each million inhabitants. In 1814 (April) Prussia maintained under arms 315,836 men, with 34,949 horses.

That represented 60,000 soldiers to each million of the population, a proportion which Boyen, writing in 1835, speaks of as "perhaps the strongest armament in modern military history." At that rate

Washington would have commanded an army of 180,000 men instead of a scant 18,000, and McClellan in 1861 would have had a million and a quarter of boys in blue to smooth his path between Washington and Richmond.

In this year 1811 the best-informed military men agreed that in spite of all that Prussia had suffered she was yet ready to place in the field 204,000 men, and these, added to the Russians already under arms, made a combined first army of 404,000 men. Added to this powerful army was the English fleet, which kept the control of the seas, and was ready to furnish all the arms and munitions of war at any point convenient to Prussia. By this means Napoleon, in his march into Russia, would have his left flank constantly in danger from the ease with which England's fleet could support hostile movements along the Baltic.

In August of 1811 Napoleon could have led but a trifle over 400,000 across Prussia. In the year following his strength had grown to over half a million.

The unpatriotic court party pretended that Napoleon would at once overrun Prussia and crush her before Russia could come to her assistance, and they based this fear upon the fact that Prussia is very flat and cannot be defended like the mountain passes of Spain and Tyrol. But on the contrary Prussia was then and still is to-day an ideal country for insurrectionary warfare. It is flat, to be sure, but it is enormously cut up by forest and lake, rivers and swamps. It is a country where local knowledge gives huge advantage, and where bold guerillas can operate against regulars with every prospect of success. But of course to profit by these natural advantages the King would be forced to call out the nation in arms, and recognize the great body of his people as the sole support of his tottering throne.

Rather than do this on February 24th, 1812, he made with Napoleon an alliance such as slaves make with masters—declared war against England and Russia; placed 20,000 Prussians under French orders; opened up his country to military requisition of every kind; dismissed from public service patriots of conspicuous ability; gave notice to all the world that henceforth Frederick William III. reigned no longer by divine right, but only by the grace of a French Emperor.

XVIII.

NAPOLEON ON THE EVE OF MOSCOW.

ON the 23d day of June, 1812, Napoleon invaded Russia at the head of the largest army ever united up to that time under the will of a single man. He declared war by crossing the river Memel (or Niemen) at Kovno. It was on this same river, a little lower down, that he had sworn eternal friendship with the young Czar in 1807, on the occasion of the memorable Treaty of Tilsit.

Kovno to-day bears no trace of the intense interest its name awakens. It is a dirty straggling town, filled with soldiers and unhappy-looking Jews. But it has one monument bearing an inscription which no one can read without a shudder, for it tells the stranger that here a French army entered Russia with 600,000 men, and that it went home again with only 60,000.

Here, as in nearly every war before or since, the main cause was custom-house friction, protectionism, trade, money, or whatever equivalent there be for pecuniary profit or loss. Russia desired trade with England, but Napoleon objected. The Czar answered that he had a perfect right to trade as he pleased. Napoleon pointed out that by the Treaty of Tilsit Russia was to consider England a common enemy. The Czar answered that Napoleon had violated the Treaty of Tilsit outrageously, and had therefore no right to invoke the shelter of that document.

And thus the great war commenced.

Before starting upon the hard work of campaigning in Russia, however, he held in beautiful Dresden a congress of princes, which vastly eclipsed in importance the famous meeting in 1808 at Erfurt, where his principal guest had been the very Czar whose land he was now attacking. In this Saxon capital on the Elbe he took up his residence in the royal palace, and played the rôle of host while the Saxon King waited upon him. Here he entertained his father-in-law, the Austrian Emperor, and had the pleasure of reminding that proud ruler that he, the soldier of fortune, took precedence in rank over the descendant of the Roman Cæsars. For true it was that Kaiser Franz lost his crown as head of the Holy Roman Empire, and was then an Emperor only of Austria, and with a title inferior to Na-

poleon's by a few weeks. And in this way Napoleon's wife, Marie Louise, was entitled to march in to dinner in advance of her mother, the Empress of Austria.

We can afford to smile at these little things for ourselves, but let us not forget that just such trifles as these moved the passions of Napoleon with strange force. It had been his ambition to marry a princess of Russia, in order to ally himself with the imperial house of highest rank in Europe, and he never forgave Alexander for having discouraged his advances in this direction. It was only after failing in Russia that he stooped to the level of an Austrian princess, whose father he had humiliated in successive campaigns.

Napoleon owed his political success in France to the party which cut off the head of his aunt by marriage; for Marie Antoinette, who was guillotined in 1793, was the sister of this same Kaiser Franz, who in 1812 patted Napoleon on the back, and called him "my dear son-in-law." Napoleon loved to talk of his uncle Louis XVI., of his imperial father-in-law, and of the monarchical influences that strengthened his dynasty. He revived orders of aristocracy in France, devised elaborate court dresses, and arranged state ceremonies with the zeal of a stage-manager. He had long ago cut the friends of his youth. Now he surrounded himself with people of the old aristocracy who bore ancient names, and helped him forget that he was only a sham Emperor. He was more and more losing touch with the plain people of France, and forgetting that he had become great because the people of the streets trusted him. Napoleon reached Dresden on May 17th, and staid there twelve days, during which he was feasted and flattered most extravagantly.

The princes of Germany crowded his antechambers eager to mark the zeal with which they accepted his orders. The states which once made up the great German Empire were once more grouped together, not around the Austrian head, but at the feet of a French master, and in this grouping was Kaiser Franz himself. At this moment it appeared as though Napoleon had indeed become the head not merely of a French Empire, but had been proclaimed chief of the Germans by no less competent electors than the ruling princes of nearly every state between the Alps and the Baltic.

As to Prussia, her King had been almost forgotten. He had in February signed a paper which bound him to serve France with half his army; but Napoleon had marched his soldiers all over Prussia without any reference to what had been signed. The French had seized Spandau and Pillau, the one fortress commanding Berlin, the other commanding the approach to Königsberg. The King mildly complained of this treatment, and there the matter ended.

Napoleon intended to ignore the Prussian King, although Dresden is nearer to Berlin than to Vienna. But his ministers were wiser, and pointed out to him that it would not do to offend Prussia too much, at a time when France needed the assistance of her troops against Russia. So the conqueror, after indulging in much abuse against Frederick William and his people, finally signed an invitation. The Prussian King arrived on May 26th, two days before Napoleon's departure.

He was received coldly by the crowd of Napoleonic princes. It was an open secret that Napoleon was making use of Prussia only as a weapon against Russia, and that after the campaign Prussia would be divided up. Under these circumstances German princes could not afford to cultivate the acquaintance of one whom they expected to soon assist in plundering. Frederick William came to this gorgeous feast like a poor relation. He felt ill at ease, and the shyness which was habitual with him became painfully intensified as he moved about in this strange society. He must himself have felt the danger of his political course, joining with Napoleon to make war upon the only power that had a direct interest in keeping Prussia intact. But much as Frederick William disliked Napoleon and mistrusted him he shared with the rest of the Dresden society a certain belief that Napoleon would soon bring Russia to her knees, and that to attempt anything against him would be quixotic.

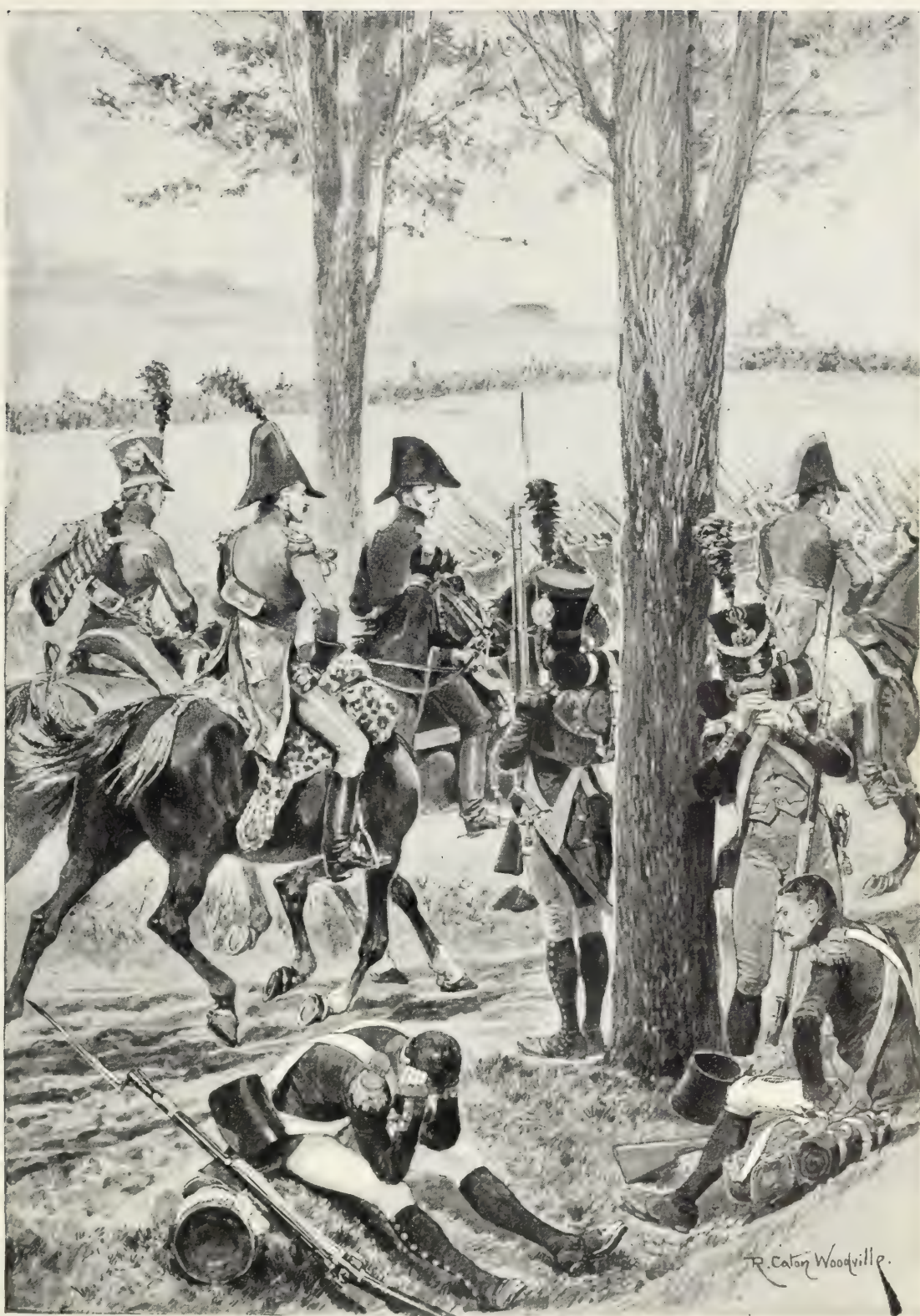
Close to Dresden, a pleasant drive of an afternoon, lies the summer palace of Pillnitz, its terraces leading to the Elbe. It is an exquisitely pretty spot, particularly to the canoeist, who sees it for the first time from the surface of the river as he descends from the Bohemian border.

In this palace in 1792 was formed the first coalition against the French Revolution. Here met the sovereigns of Saxony,

Prussia, and Austria, and here they took a solemn oath that never should their arms rest until turbulent France had once more accepted her "legitimate" King. And now almost on the same spot, after twenty years, there came together the sovereigns of these same three states and placed their soldiers at the service of the very man who personified the principle they so solemnly set out to combat.

Such shifts of policy among monarchs make the study of history lead to cynicism, unless we now and then catch glimpses of moral dignity amongst the people, in spite of their princes and cabinets. Even here, in this dazzling Dresden court, shrewd observers noted that Napoleon was not received by the people on the streets as he had been received in earlier years. Germans commented on the fact that though Frederick William came to Dresden without display, or even timely notice, nevertheless his whole journey through Saxony was like a triumphal procession. The people crowded to see him for miles, and they cheered him with a heartiness which meant strange things. In Dresden itself the hero of the people was not Napoleon, but the shy Prussian King, who could not quite understand what it all meant. The open space below his windows was filled from morning until night by patient crowds who longed to see him, and testify in this way their devotion to the cause he represented. No such cheers greeted Napoleon; no crowds came under his windows. All this was the stirring of the German national feeling—the protest of the people against French usurpation. These same people had received Napoleon as the popular hero when he came to Dresden in 1807 after Tilsit. Why had this great change taken place?

In 1807 Prussia represented monotonous despotism, feudal privilege, barrack-room swagger—the army of the Great Frederick with Frederick left out. Napoleon at that time still represented personal liberty, equal law, and intellectual progress. Little by little, however, the people of Germany were forced to abandon the illusions they had cherished regarding the French conqueror. The harsh logic of marching regiments taught them that partnership between France and Germany was impossible; that Napoleonic protection could be purchased only by the surrender of national hopes.



“EVERY HIGHROAD OF PRUSSIA WAS ALIVE WITH UNIFORMS.”

And as these ideas penetrated into the schools and workshops of Germany there grew side by side with them a dawning confidence that Prussia had that within her which all Germans hotly desired.

In the days of her deepest degradation, while steadily paying the money tribute which Napoleon exacted of her, she still

found means to make her system of education the best in Europe.

Her public service was reformed to excellent purpose; feudal privileges of every kind were abolished; the Jews and serfs were emancipated; the Berlin University was founded; German scholarship received in Prussia a recognition

which it never received before, and which has not been surpassed in our days.

The poets and singers of Germany sent flying from tongue to tongue new notions of a German future, of a united father-land, of citizenship in a great empire, whose head should be not French, but German. And of all this new movement the centre, strangely enough, was Prussia's King.

The plain people know nothing of the dishonest bargains made in the cabinet; of the royal signature put to contracts which to-day make Germans marvel in shame. In 1812 Frederick William III. was hailed in every peasant's house as the father of his people, who mended his royal shoes over and over again rather than buy a new pair at the public expense.

It was believed that he mourned constantly the loss of his Queen Luise, and that it was on this account that he sought seclusion. To be sure, thought the people, the King was under severe bonds to Napoleon, but that could not last long. At heart they believed Frederick William to be thirsting for a favorable opportunity to sound the call to arms, declare the national war, and chase the Frenchman out of Germany.

And thus it happened that, though Frederick William was conspicuously neglected in Dresden by Napoleon and all of his magnificent followers, he found himself more and more the favorite of his people. The King of Saxony was much annoyed at this, and did what he could to check it, but to no purpose. The fact could not be avoided that in this assemblage, which marked the culmination of Napoleon's power on earth, the chief personage was a Prussian monarch, so feeble that none expected his kingdom to last through the summer.

On May 29, 1812, Napoleon left Dresden for the conquest of Russia. On the day following the King of Prussia turned his face sadly towards Berlin. Neither of these two men conceived in the slightest degree the extent to which he was an instrument of a divine purpose. Napoleon had for Prussia no other feeling than contempt, mingled with a small amount of distrust; Frederick William III. looked up to his great ally as to an invincible master. Napoleon deemed himself fortunate; Frederick William regarded himself as doomed to ill luck. Yet each was moving on in a path marked by a Provi-

dence which knows neither luck nor fortune. Napoleon was marching to Moscow on the way to St. Helena.

The King, who was dragged home in dejection through the sands of Brandenburg, had then a son destined three times to reach Paris with a victorious Prussian army, and to be in 1871 crowned German Emperor in the palace of Louis XIV.

XIX.

THE FRENCH ARMY CONQUERS A WILDERNESS.

ALEXANDER I. of Russia was thirty-five years old in 1812, younger than Napoleon by seven years, but vastly older in the Oriental capacity to deceive. On the evening of June 25th, while attending a brilliant ball at Wilna, his chief of police suddenly brought him news that the French were marching down upon him half a million strong, their front reaching some five hundred miles from the Baltic to the mountains of Austrian Galicia. Alexander continued at the ball for an hour or so longer, as though nothing had happened. He paid compliments to the many handsome Polish ladies present; held out vague hopes that Poland would be restored to her freedom and integrity; promised many promotions and medals; charmed every one by his good looks, and still more by his flow of generous language.

He then withdrew to his study, signed a passionate proclamation of war against the French, and sent word to Napoleon that he should make no terms so long as a French soldier remained on Russian soil.

He had scant time for more. His carriage carried him away towards Moscow just in time to escape capture at the hands of Napoleon's advance-guards. The French, however, in no way interfered with the merry dance; and many were the Polish ladies in Wilna that night who continued the joyful revels until late the next day, finishing with Frenchmen the dance they had commenced with Russians.

Alexander's flight from Napoleon after Wilna suggests that of Frederick William III. after Jena, 1806. Alexander flew to Moscow, stirred up the enthusiasm of the people, secured the support of the nobles and priests, declared the war to be a holy one, promised to fight with his last drop, and created such a burst of patriotism that all in Moscow swore they would burn



PRUSSIAN GENDARMES BRINGING IN PRUSSIAN RECRUITS TO THE FRENCH ARMY.

down each man his own house rather than that it should shelter a Frenchman. From Wilna to Moscow and from Moscow to St. Petersburg, Alexander came as the embodiment of outraged national dignity. Priests preached the holy war from every pulpit, and nobles set the peasants free that they might fight for their Czar, their country, and their threatened churches.

All this was the work of a few words in the mouth of a popular young Emperor.

Frederick William, six years before, also

fled before Napoleon. Instead of hurrying to his capital and calling upon his people to arm themselves and resist the invader, his governors issued bulletins ordering all good people to be quiet. In the long and humiliating flight of the Prussian King from Jena to Tilsit we have many evidences of his weakness, but so far not a single token of such courage as even Alexander showed. From Queen Luise, indeed, there came many noble words; but she, alas, was only Queen.

While Alexander was stirring up his

people, the "Grand Army" of France was slowly dragging itself forward under a blistering sun through clouds of choking dust. Calamities commenced before they had even reached Smolensk.

On the 18th of August they made their entry into that ancient fortress, half of which had been burned to the ground by its own citizens, who had deserted their homes in a body.

No pliant burgomeisters came forth with golden keys on velvet cushions; no white-clad virgins sang songs of welcome as the troops filed in; no obsequious officials were there to help in finding quarters for unwelcome guests. All these things Napoleon had been accustomed to in the land of Frederick William III., and their omission here should have made him ponder. In Prussia fortresses surrendered to him before he even reached their gates. At Smolensk more than 10,000 Frenchmen had to be sacrificed in successive assaults before he could call it his, and then it was little more than a heap of ashes.

He had come 750 miles already since leaving Dresden on the 29th of May, and all he had to show for it was wasted country and increasing difficulties. He ordered a civil government organized, as had been done on occupying Berlin in 1806. But in Smolensk no Russian would accept office under the common enemy. Napoleon met this by ordering his nominees to serve under pain of death. The first conspicuous citizen called upon was named Engelhard. He refused. Napoleon ordered him shot. His widow had a monument raised over the spot where he died for his country, and his death stirred spirits in Russia as did that of John Palm in Germany.

Here in Smolensk, in the hot August of 1812, Napoleon asked the advice of his generals. The bravest of them all, Ney, urged a retreat for the purpose of securing suitable winter quarters. But Napoleon in 1812 was less soldier than prophet, and decided to be guided by the star of his genius.

On the 7th of September Napoleon was 200 miles further from Paris than at Smolensk. He was at the little village of Borodino, and found 120,000 Russians drawn up to dispute his passage. The Russians were finally forced to give way, but not before 50,000 had been killed, to say nothing of 30,000 on the French side.

Napoleon began the fight with 140,000 men, 20,000 more than the Russians; but the enemy had 600 pieces of artillery against his 487. The victory, such as it was, belonged to Napoleon, but it produced anything but exaltation of spirit amongst his men. Such victories as these did not feed them; did not rest them; did not give them new boots, or put money in their pockets. The Prussians who retreated in 1806 left behind them well-filled cellars and granaries; the Russians of 1812 gave their enemy nothing but mud and ashes.

At length, however, on the 14th of September, Napoleon stood upon the heights overlooking Moscow. His army now forgot all their past sufferings, their many months of weary marching, the ashes of Smolensk, and the bloodshed of Borodino. Beneath them lay the wonderful city of palaces and shrines, the capital of Holy Russia, the object of their struggles, the place where their leader intended to dictate peace to the world and load them all with plunder.

Napoleon's face shone with satisfaction as he surveyed the hundreds of churches, with their multitude of strange spires shining with polished metals, which many believed to be gold and silver. His soldiers danced for joy in the warm September sunshine. The camp was filled with song as each one donned his best uniform, preparatory to making conquests amongst the maidens of Moscow.

But the maidens of Moscow were not like those of Berlin. They had all left the town along with their fathers and brothers, their sisters and mothers. The advance-guard of the French entered at one gate while the citizens of Moscow left at the other. Napoleon waited for the usual deputation of smiling aldermen, but he waited long and in vain. One hour succeeded the other, but no aldermen of Moscow came to offer him homage; it was all painfully like Smolensk. The hours passed and darkness came, and in this darkness there went up a bright light from amongst the thousand spires. Napoleon remarked that Moscow was a town particularly well adapted for illuminations. Nor was Napoleon single in this opinion. It had been shared by the decamping Russian governor, who had provided such an illumination as even Napoleon might regard with interest. Light succeeded light amongst the buildings of



ALEXANDER I. LEAVING THE BALL AT WILNA TO SIGN THE DECLARATION
OF WAR AGAINST NAPOLEON.

Moscow, and from the heights of the citadel Napoleon readily perceived that these fires must be more than the result of accident. But for the moment no one concerned himself with a burning house more or less; all were too busy selecting good quarters. Moscow was famed at that time for its excellent fire companies, and water was abundant, so Napoleon went to sleep in the palace of the Czars, confident that he would be awakened by Alexander's messenger pleading for peace.

But while he slept the wind blew high and the flames reached out. The men who were sent to order the fires arrested came back with troubled faces. All the local firemen had fled along with the rest, and had taken with them every fire-engine.

For a full week Moscow kept her gigantic blaze, in which some 14,000 houses were destroyed. Napoleon hoped from day to day that Russia would sue for peace as humbly as Prussia had done six years before; but days passed, and weeks, and nothing came but the sighing of the wind in the lonesome forests round about. Five precious weeks did Napoleon waste in Moscow before he finally decided upon his wretched retreat. On October 19th he started, just one day later than the anniversary of the Leipzig battle, which in 1813 sent him once again on a backward march. Before leaving Moscow, however, he left detailed orders for the burning down of the remaining buildings, and particularly for the destruction of the famous Kremlin. Moscow was ablaze when he entered it, and he left it blazing afresh and more savagely still.

In Napoleon's flames, however, there perished some 10,000 helpless wounded Russian prisoners, whose avenging spirits hovered over the long line of retreating French and gave them no peace. The French left behind them a city full of foul stench rising from carcasses of charred horses and men. Does it not seem like poetic justice that ice and snow should be reserved as the punishment meted out to these barbarous house-burners?

They were forced to go back over the same road by which they had come, and thus after ten days from Moscow they reached once more the neighborhood of Borodino. No need of sign-boards to this place. The vultures quarrelling overhead, the howl of the wolf in the forest—these indicated many acres of unburied

bodies slaughtered in the cause of *La Gloire*! Fifty-two days had passed since the battle, yet the fields were strewn with bodies of horses and men, clothing, boots, saddlery, equipment of all kind. The effects were depressing, and not less so the gaunt creatures who hobbled out from the churches and cabins of the way-side, begging that they might not be left behind to fall into the hands of marauding Cossacks. These were the wounded, who had not strength to join in the triumphal march to Moscow. They were now helped on to artillery caissons and provision-carts, burdening still further loads already too heavy for the poor beasts of burden. For the French army which left Moscow was very badly supplied with horses, thanks to the unanimity with which the peasants everywhere secreted their property.

The first snow fell on November 4th, fifteen days after leaving Moscow. In two days more the thermometer sank to below the freezing-point, and the snow was driven by a cruel northeast wind, which in Europe corresponds to the American blizzard from the northwest. But the cold alone was a small matter, for Napoleon had before this won battles in winter weather. His men were retreating on empty bellies; his horses were dying for want of forage; not only were his troopers without horses, the roads became littered with pieces of artillery and baggage-carts, whose horses died in the traces. Men, too, died where they lay down to rest, and each encampment bore next day the looks of a battle-field. It was a sad picture of needless suffering, but the survivors bore it with comparative cheerfulness, for Smolensk was not far off, and there they were promised comfortable winter quarters, warm clothing, and plenty of food.

Napoleon reached Smolensk on the 9th of November, having been three weeks doing the three hundred intervening miles, an average rate of speed less than fifteen miles a day. We can readily assume that Napoleon meant his army to march at its highest rate of speed, for he was flying for his life, having good reason to fear interception and capture before reaching friendly territory.

Already, then, we have evidence of Napoleon's wretched condition from want of horses, want of food, and want of clothing. The Russians had as yet done him

little damage since leaving Moscow, and the still greater enemy, Jack Frost, had given him but a sample of what he could furnish at a later day. How was it possible, we ask, that a man who had conducted campaigns with success under every climatic condition between the Baltic and the Pyramids should have shown such bad generalship in this year 1812, even if we stop at Smolensk to discuss the matter? What had become of his half a million? How is it that he could never get enough of his men together to do the Russians serious harm? Where was his formerly famous commissariat system? and why must his men crawl along so slowly when in past years they had astonished Europe by their forced marches?

Napoleon himself started the legend that he was conquered only by the elements—by the unprecedented winter's cold. But that was a mere lie of expediency. Had there been no worse weather after than before Smolensk there is little reason to suppose that the end of the campaign would have been much different.

The French army of 1812 was no longer that of 1799, and still less that of Jena. The troops that crossed into Russia were a motley band, not half of whom spoke French. Little Portuguese from the banks of the Tagus, brown-skinned Italians from the Campagna, broad-belted Bavarians, semi-civilized Dalmatians, Prussians, Austrians, Dutch, Swiss, Würtembergers, and Saxons—these all followed the fortunes of the conqueror, not for love of his name and people, but because he was a successful soldier and gave them plenty of plunder and glory. In Moscow there had been grand times thieving from the palaces and temples, and every man who started for home on that fateful 19th of October, 1812, took with him every precious ounce that was possible. There was a time when Napoleon could have forbidden this dangerous luxury, and insisted that nothing should encumber his march save indispensable military stores. But here again we find that Napoleon of 1812 was not the Napoleon of 1806.

Those who are familiar with the movement of large troop masses can alone appreciate the interminable movement required to pass a single army corps, of say 30,000 men, past a given point. In times of parade, on a broad plain and without baggage, it goes rapidly enough; but on a single road, when men can march only

four abreast, when long trains of ammunition and provisions have to be added to the equally tedious train of artillery, a commander may consider himself fortunate if a single army corps can pass a given point on a single road between sunrise and sunset of a winter's day. But the army of Napoleon was dragged out to nearly double its needful length by vehicles of every kind, containing clocks, ribbons, jewelry, pictures—everything which could tempt the taste of a soldier, from the field-marshal down to the weakest drummer-boy. Napoleon himself bore the chief plunder, the cross from the top of the Kremlin—as though to prove that he had conquered the country by desecrating its capital. To do Napoleon justice, he had thought this famous cross to be of gold, according to the popular belief in Russia. But it proved to be nothing but a base metal, gaudily gilded for the purpose of deceiving those far away. Nevertheless, it was carried along in the wretched procession as part of the booty that should, it was hoped, make France believe that the campaign had ended in success.

Napoleon travelled usually in a luxurious coach fitted up as a sleeping carriage. He only walked for the sake of stirring his blood. Of course he had a complete camp kitchen and outfit of wine, and lived as well as it was possible to do. That he shared the struggles and sufferings of his men, even to the extent of riding his horse in their midst, is a picture evoked by patriotic painters and novelists. Napoleon respected the doctrine *l'état c'est moi*, and felt that he was serving the state badly if he neglected his own health.

Smolensk was the name that sounded sweetest to this army of retreat; it sounded like food and fire and soft beds. But Napoleon found there fresh disappointment. The town could not hold the fugitives who came pouring in with news of fresh disasters. His fourth corps, which had left Moscow with 25,000 men and 92 guns, had only 6000 men and 12 guns on November 10th, the day on which it reached the Wopp, a little stream running into the Dnieper thirty miles east of Smolensk. These thirty miles required three days to march, an eloquent testimony to the character of the roads and the want of horses.

After spending four futile days in



NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Smolensk, Napoleon on the 14th of November once more gathered up the remnants of his once "Grande Armée," and started in search of winter quarters.

His army now counted only 42,000. Of the 37,000 cavalry he had led across the Memel only 3000 remained in the saddle. Of 600 cannon there were left 250. The Russians had at this moment more than twice as many infantry, ten times as many cavalry, and twice as many pieces of artillery. That Russia allowed a single Frenchman to escape is, under the circumstances, ample proof that the Russian troops were led by officers devoid of enterprise and ability.

Before leaving Smolensk, however, Napoleon arranged that it should be de-

stroyed after the manner of Moscow—the walls blown up, the houses burned down; and once more the French left behind them misery and cursing lips, for 5000 wounded were here abandoned to an advancing enemy. The destruction of Smolensk was an act not dictated by military necessity. Under ordinary circumstances it would be called barbarous, but when we reflect that so many thousand wounded were in this place, abandoned without doctors or nurses, surely it could have been but a savage who so deliberately prepared their destruction. Many of these wounded were killed by the falling buildings, and of the rest a large share no doubt regretted that their lives had been spared to see Smolensk.

A PILGRIM ON THE GILA.

BY OWEN WISTER.

PART I.

MIDWAY from Grant to Thomas comes Paymaster's Hill, not much after Cedar Springs and not long before you sight the valley where the Gila flows. This lonely piece of road must lie three thousand miles from Washington; but in the holiday journey that I made they are near together among the adventures of mind and body that overtook me. For as I turned southward, our capital was my first stopping-place, and it was here I gathered the expectations of Arizona with which I continued on my way.

Arizona was the unknown country I had chosen for my holiday, and I found them describing it in our National House of Representatives where I had strolled for sight-seeing, but staid to listen. The Democrats were hot to make the Territory a State, while the Republicans objected that the place had about it still too much of the raw frontier. The talk and replies of each party were not long in shaking off restraint, and in the sharp exchange of satire the Republicans were reminded that they had not thought Idaho and Wyoming unripe at a season when those Territories were rumored to be Republican. Arizona might be Democratic, but neither cattle wars nor mine revolutions flourished there. Good order and prosperity prevailed. A member from Pennsylvania

presently lost his temper, declaring that gigantic generalities about milk and honey and enlightenment would not avail to change his opinion. Arizona was well on to three times the size of New York, had a hundred and thirteen thousand square miles. Square miles of what? The desert of Sahara was twice as big as Arizona, and one of the largest misfortunes on the face of the earth. Arizona had sixty thousand inhabitants, not quite so many as the town of Troy. And what sort of people? He understood that cactus was Arizona's chief crop, stage-robbing her most active industry, and the Apache her leading citizen.

And then the Boy Orator of the Rio Grande took his good chance. I forgot his sallow face and black unpleasant hair, and even his single gesture—that straining lift of one hand above the shoulder during the suspense of a sentence and that cracking it down into the other at the full stop, endless as a pile-driver. His facts wiped any trick of manner from my notice. Indians? Stage-robbers? Cactus? Yes. He would add famine, drought, impotent law, daily murder; he could add much more, but it was all told in Mr. Pumpelly's book, true as life, thirty years ago—doubtless the latest news in Pennsylvania! Had this report discouraged the gentleman from visiting Arizona? Why, he could go there to-day in a Pullman car by two great roads, and eat his

three meals in security. But Eastern statesmen were too often content with knowing their particular corner of our map while a continent of ignorance lay in their minds.

At this stroke applause sounded beside me, and turning, I had my first sight of the yellow duster. The bulky man that wore it shrewdly and smilingly watched the orator, who now dwelt upon the rapid benefits of the railways, the excellent men and things they brought to Arizona, the leap into civilization that the Territory had taken. "Let Pennsylvania see those blossoming fields for herself," said he; "those boundless contiguities of shade." And a sort of cluck went off down inside my neighbor's throat, while the speaker with rising heat gave us the tonnage of plums exported from the Territory during the past fiscal year. Wool followed.

"Sock it to 'em, Limber Jim!" murmured the man in the duster, and executed a sort of step. He was plainly a personal acquaintance of the speaker's.

Figures never stick by me, nor can I quote accurately the catalogue of statistic abundance now recited in the House of Representatives; but as wheat, corn, peaches, apricots, oranges, raisins, spices, the rose, and the jasmine flowered in the Boy Orator's eloquence, the genial antics of my neighbor increased until he broke into delighted mutterings, such as "He's a stud-horse," and "Give 'em the kybosh," and many more that have escaped my memory. But the Boy Orator's peroration I am glad to remember, for his fervid convictions lifted him into the domain of metaphor and cadence; and though to be sure I made due allowance for enthusiasm, his picture of Arizona remained vivid with me, and I should have voted to make the Territory a State that very day.

"With her snow-clad summits, with the balm of her Southern vineyards, she loudly calls for a sister's rights. Not the isles of Greece, nor any cycle of Cathay, can compete with her horticultural resources, her Salt River, her Colorado, her San Pedro, her Gila, her hundred irrigated valleys, each one surpassing the shaded Paradise of the Nile, where thousands of noble men and elegantly educated ladies have already located, and to which thousands more, like patient monuments, are waiting breathless to throng when the

franchise is proclaimed. And if my death could buy that franchise, I would joyfully boast such martyrdom."

The orator cracked his hands together in this supreme moment, and the bulky gentleman in the duster drove an elbow against my side, whispering to me at the same time behind his hand in a hoarse confidence: "Deserted Jericho! California only holds the record on stoves now."

"I'm afraid I do not catch your allusion," I began. But at my voice he turned sharply, and giving me one short ugly stare, was looking about him, evidently at some loss, when a man at his farther side pulled at his duster, and I then saw that he had all along been taking me for a younger companion he had come in with, and with whom he now went away. In the jostle we had shifted places while his eyes were upon the various speakers, and to him I seemed an eavesdropper. Both he and his friend had a curious appearance, and they looked behind them, meeting my gaze as I watched them going; and then they made to each other some laughing comment, of which I felt myself to be the inspiration. I was standing absently on the same spot, still in a mild puzzle over California and the record on stoves. Certainly I had overheard none of their secrets, if they had any; I could not even guess what might be their true opinion about admitting Arizona to our Union.

With this last memory of our Capitol and the statesmen we have collected there to govern us, I entered upon my holiday, glad that it was to be passed in such a region of enchantment. For peaches it would be too early, and with roses and jasmine I did not importantly concern myself, thinking of them only as a pleasant sight by the way. But on my gradual journey through Lexington, Bowling Green, Little Rock, and Fort Worth I dwelt upon the shade of the valleys, and the pasture-hills dotted with the sheep of whose wool the Boy Orator had spoken; and I wished that our cold Northwest could have been given such a bountiful climate. Upon the final morning of railroad I looked out of the window at an earth which during the night had collapsed into a vacuum, as I had so often seen happen before upon more northern parallels. The evenness of this huge nothing was cut by our track's interminable scar, and broken to the eye by the towns

which now and again rose and littered the horizon like boxes dumped by emigrants. We were still in Texas, not distant from the Rio Grande, and I looked at the boxes drifting by, and wondered from which of them the Boy Orator had been let loose. Twice or three times upon this day of sand I saw green spots shining sudden and bright and biblical in the wilderness. Their isolated loveliness was herald of the valley land I was nearing each hour. The wandering Mexicans, too, bright in rags and swarthy in nakedness, put me somehow in mind of the Old Testament.

In the evening I sat at whiskey with my first acquaintance, a Mr. Mowry, one of several Arizona citizens whom my military friend at San Carlos had written me to look out for on my way to visit him. My train had trundled on to the Pacific, and I sat in a house once more—a saloon on the platform, with an open door through which the night air came pleasantly. This was now the long-expected Territory, and time for roses and jasmine to begin. Early in our talk I naturally spoke to Mr. Mowry of Arizona's resources, and her chance of becoming a State.

"We'd have got there by now," said he, "only Luke Jenks ain't half that interested in Arizona that he is in Luke Jenks."

I reminded Mr. Mowry that I was a stranger here and unacquainted with the prominent people.

"Well, Luke's as near a hog as you kin be and wear pants. Be with you in a minute," added Mr. Mowry, and shambled from the room. This was because a shot had been fired in a house across the railroad tracks. "I run two places," he explained, returning quite soon from the house and taking up the thread of his whiskey where he had dropped it. "Two outfits. This side for toorists. Th'other pays better. I come here in sixty-two."

"I trust no one has been—hurt?" said I, inclining my head towards the further side of the railroad.

"Hurt?" My question for the moment conveyed nothing to him, and he repeated the word, blinking with red eyes at me over the rim of his lifted glass. "No, nobody's hurt. I've been here a long while, and seen them as was hurt, though." Here he nodded at me depreciatingly, and I felt how short was the time that I had been here. "Th'other side pays better,"

he resumed, "as toorists mostly go to bed early. Six bits is about the figger you can reckon they'll spend, if you know anything." He nodded again, more solemn over his whiskey. "That kind's no help to business. I've been in this Territory from the start, and Arizona ain't what it was. Them mountains are named from me." And he pointed out of the door. "Mowry's Peak. On the map." With this last august statement his mind seemed to fade from the conversation, and he struck a succession of matches along the table and various parts of his person.

"Has Mr. Jenks been in the Territory long?" I suggested, feeling the silence weigh upon me.

"Luke? He's a hog. Him the people's choice! But the people of Arizona ain't what they was. Are you interested in silver?"

"Yes," I answered, meaning the political question. But before I could say what I meant he had revived into a vigor of attitude and a wakefulness of eye of which I had not hitherto supposed him capable.

"You come here," said he; and catching my arm he took me out of the door and along the track in the night, and round the corner of the railroad hotel into view of more mountains that lay to the south. "You stay here to-morrow," he pursued, swiftly, "and I'll hitch up and drive you over there. I'll show you some rock behind Helen's Dome that 'll beat any you've struck in the whole course of your life. It's on the wood reservation, and when the government abandons the post, as they're going to do—"

There is no need for my entering at length into his urgency, or the plans he put to me for our becoming partners, or for my buying him out and employing him on a salary, or buying him out and employing some other, or no one, according as I chose—the whole bright array of costumes in which he presented to me the chance of making my fortune at a stroke. I think that from my answers he gathered presently a discouraging but perfectly false impression. My Eastern hat and inexperienced face (I was certainly young enough to have been his grandchild) had a little misled him; and although he did not in the least believe the simple truth I told him, that I had come to Arizona on no sort of business, but for the pleasure of seeing the country, he

now overrated my brains as greatly as he had in the beginning despised them, quite persuaded I was playing some game deeper than common, and either owned already or had my eye upon other silver mines.

"Pleasure of seeing the country, ye say?" His small wet eyes blinked as he stood on the railroad track bareheaded, considering me from head to foot. "All right. Did ye say ye're going to Globe?"

"No. To San Carlos to visit an army officer."

"Carlos is on the straight road to Globe," said Mr. Mowry, vindictively. "But ye might as well drop any idea of Globe, if ye should get one. If it's copper ye're after, there's parties in ahead of you."

Desiring, if possible, to shift his mind from its present unfavorable turn, I asked him if Mr. Adams did not live between here and Solomonsville, my route to Carlos. Mr. Adams was another character of whom my host had written me, and at my mention of his name the face of Mr. Mowry immediately soured into the same expression it had taken when he spoke of the degraded Jenks.

"So you're acquainted with him! He's got mines. I've seen 'em. If you represent any Eastern parties, tell 'em not to drop their dollars down old Adams's hole in the ground. He ain't the inexperienced juniper he looks. Him and me's been acquainted these thirty years. People claim it was Cyclone Bill held up at the Ehrenberg stage. Well, I guess I'll be seeing how the boys are getting along."

With that he moved away. A loud disturbance of chairs and broken glass had set up in the house across the railroad, and I watched the proprietor shamble from me with his deliberate gait towards the establishment that paid him best. He had left me possessor of much incomplete knowledge, and I waited for him, pacing the platform; but he did not return, and as I judged it inexpedient to follow him, I went to my bed on the tourist side of the track.

In the morning the stage went early, and as our road seemed to promise but little variety—I could see nothing but an empty plain—I was glad to find my single fellow-passenger a man inclined to talk. I did not like his mustache, which was too large for his face, nor his too

careful civility and arrangement of words; but he was genial to excess, and thoughtful of my comfort.

"I beg you will not allow my valise to incommode you," was one of his first remarks; and I liked this consideration better than any Mr. Mowry had shown me. "I fear you will detect much initial primitiveness in our methods of transportation," he said, soon.

This again called for gracious assurances on my part, and for a while our polite phrases balanced to corners until I was mentally winded keeping up such a pace of manners. The train had just brought him from Tucson, he told me, and would I indulge? On this we shared and complimented each other's whiskey.

"From your flask I take it that you are a Gentile," said he, smiling.

"If you mean tenderfoot," said I, "let me confess at once that flask and owner are from the East, and brand-new in Arizona."

"I mean you're not a Mormon. Most strangers to me up this way are. But they carry their liquor in a plain flat bottle, like this."

"Are you a—a—" Embarrassment took me as it would were I to check myself on the verge of asking a courteously disposed stranger if he had ever embezzled.

"Oh, I'm no Mormon," my new friend said, with a chuckle, and I was glad to hear him come down to reasonable English. "But Gentiles are in the minority in this valley."

"I didn't know we'd got to the valleys yet," said I, eagerly, connecting Mormons with fertility and jasmine. And I lifted the flaps of the stage, first one side and then the other, and saw the desert everywhere flat, treeless, and staring like an eye without a lid.

"This is the San Simon Valley we've been in all the time," he replied. "It goes from Mexico to the Gila, about a hundred and fifty miles."

"Like this?"

"South it's rockier. Better put the flap down."

"I don't see where people live," I said, as two smoky spouts of sand jetted from the tires and strewed over our shoes and pervaded our nostrils. "There's nothing—yes, there's one bush coming." I fastened the flaps.

"That's Seven-Mile Mesquite. They

held up the stage at this point last October. But they made a mistake in the day. The money had gone down the afternoon before, and they only got about a hundred."

"I suppose it was Mormons who robbed the stage?"

"Don't talk quite so loud," the stranger said, laughing. "The driver's one of them."

"A Mormon or a robber?"

"Well, we only know he's a Mormon."

"He doesn't look twenty. Has he many wives yet?"

"Oh, they keep that thing very quiet in these days, if they do it at all. The government made things too hot altogether. The Bishop here knows what hiding for polygamy means."

"Bishop who?"

"Meakum," I thought he answered me, but was not sure in the rattle of the stage, and twice made him repeat it, putting my hand to my ear at last. "Meakum! Meakum!" he shouted.

"Yes, sir," said the driver.

"Have some whiskey?" said my friend, promptly; and when that was over and the flat bottle passed back, he explained in a lower voice, "A son of the Bishop's."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"So was the young fellow who put in the mail-bags, and that yellow-headed duck in the store this morning." My companion, in the pleasure of teaching new things to a stranger, stretched his legs on the front seat, lifted my coat out of his way, and left all formality of speech and deportment. "And so's the driver you'll have to-morrow if you're going beyond Thomas, and the stock-tender at the sub-agency where you'll breakfast. He's a yellow head too. The old man's postmaster, and owns this stage line. One of his boys has the mail contract. The old man runs the hotel at Solomonsville and two stores at Bowie and Globe, and the store and mill at Thacher. He supplies the military posts in this district with hay and wood, and a lot of things on and off through the year. Can't write his own name. Signs government contracts with his mark. He's sixty-four, and he's had eight wives. Last summer he married number nine—rest all dead, he says, and I guess that's so. He has fifty-seven recorded children, not counting the twins born last week. Any yellow-heads you'll see in the valley'll

answer to the name of Meakum as a rule, and the other type's curly black, like this little driver specimen."

"How interesting there should be only two varieties of Meakum!" said I.

"Yes, it's interesting. Of course the whole fifty-seven don't class up yellow or black curly, but if you could take account of stock you'd find the big half of 'em do. Mothers don't seem to have influenced the type appreciably. His eight families, successive and simultaneous, cover a period of forty-three years, and yellow and black keep turning up right along. Scientifically, the suppression of Mormonism is a loss to the student of heredity. Some of the children are dead. Get killed now and then, and die too—die from sickness. But you'll easily notice Meakums as you go up the valley. Old man sees all get good jobs as soon as they're old enough. Places 'em on the railroad, places 'em in town, all over the lot. Some don't stay; you couldn't expect the whole fifty-seven to be steady; but he starts 'em all fair. We have six in Tucson now, or five, maybe. Old man's a good father."

"They're not all boys?"

"Certainly not; but more than half are."

"And you say he can't write?"

"Or read, except print, and he has to spell out that."

"But, my goodness, he's postmaster!"

"What's that got to do with it? Young Meakums all read like anything. He don't do any drudgery."

"Well, you wouldn't catch me signing any contracts I couldn't read."

"Do you think you'd catch anybody reading a contract wrong to old Meakum? Oh, momma! Why, he's king round here. Fixes the county elections and the price of tomatoes. Do you suppose any Tucson jury 'll convict any of his Mormons if he says nay? No, sir! It's been tried. Why, that man ought to be in Congress."

"If he's like that I don't consider him desirable," said I.

"Yes, he is desirable," said my friend, roughly. "Smart, can't be fooled, and looks after his people's interests. I'd like to know if that don't fill the bill?"

"If he defeats justice—"

"Oh, rats!" This interruption made me regret his earlier manner, and I was sorry the polish had rubbed through so quickly and brought us to a too precip

itate familiarity. "We're Western out here," he continued, "and we're practical. When we want a thing, we go after it. Bishop Meakum worked his way down here from Utah through desert and starvation, mostly afoot, for a thousand miles, and his flock to-day is about the only class in the Territory that knows what prosperity feels like, and his laws are about the only laws folks don't care to break. He's got a brain. If he weren't against Arizona's being admitted—"

"He should know better than that," said I, wishing to be friendly. "With your fruit exports and high grade of citizens you'll soon be another California."

He gave me an odd look.

"I am surprised," I proceeded, amiably, "to hear you speak of Mormons only as prosperous. They think better of you in Washington."

"Now see here," said he, "I've been pleasant to you, and I've enjoyed this ride. But I like plain talk."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"And I don't care for Eastern sarcasm."

"There was no intention—"

"I don't take offence where offence is not intended. As for high-grade citizens, we don't claim to know as much as—I suppose it's New York you come from?—gold-bugs and mugwumps—"

"If you can spare the time," said I, "and kindly explain what has disturbed you in my remarks, we'll each be likely to find the rest of these forty miles more supportable."

"I guess I can stand it," said he, swallowing a drink. He folded his arms and resettled his legs; and the noisome hatefulness of his laugh filled me with regret for the wet-eyed Mowry. I would now gladly have taken any amount of Mowry in exchange for this; and it struck me afresh how uncertainly one always reckons with those who suspect their own standing.

"Till Solomonsville," said I, "let us veil our estimation of each other. Once out of this stage and the world will be large enough for both of us." I was wrong there; but presentiments do not come to me often. So I too drank some of my own whiskey, lighted a cigar, and observed with pleasure that my words had enraged him.

Before either of us had devised our next remark, the stage pulled up to

change horses at the first and last water in forty miles. This station was kept by Mr. Adams, and I jumped out to see the man Mr. Mowry had warned me was not an inexperienced juniper. His appearance would have drawn few but missionaries to him, and I should think would have been warning enough to any but an over-trustful child of six.

"Are you the geologist?" he said at once, coughing heavily; and when I told him I was simply enjoying a holiday, he looked at me sharply and spat against the corner of the stable. "There's one of them fellers expected," he continued, in a tone as if I need not attempt to deny that, and I felt his eye watching for signs of geology about me. I told him that I imagined the geologist must do an active business in Arizona.

"I don't hire 'em!" he exclaimed. "They can't tell me nothing about mineral."

"I suppose you have been here a long while, Mr. Adams?"

"There's just three living that come in ahead of—" The cough split his last word in pieces.

"Mr. Mowry was saying last night—"

"You've seen that old scamp, have you? Buy his mine behind Helen's Dome?"

My mirth at this turned him instantly confidential, and rooted his conviction that I was a geologist. "That's right!" said he, tapping my arm. "Don't you let 'em fool you. I guess you know your business. Now, if you want to look at good paying rock, thousands in sight, in sight, mind you—"

"Are you coming along with us?" called the little Meakum driver, and I turned and saw the new team was harnessed and he ready on his box, with the reins in his hands. So I was obliged to hasten from the disappointed Adams and climb back in my seat. The last I saw of him he was standing quite still in the welter of stable muck, stooping to his cough, the desert sun beating on his old body, and the desert wind slowly turning the windmill above the shadeless mud hovel in which he lived alone.

"Poor old devil!" said I to my enemy, half forgetting our terms in my contemplation of Adams. "Is he a Mormon?"

My enemy's temper seemed a little improved. "He's tried 'most everything except jail," he answered, his voice still

harsh. "You needn't invest your sentiment there. He used to hang out at Twenty Mile in Old Camp Grant days, and he'd slit your throat for fifty cents."

But my sentiment was invested somehow. The years of the old-timers were ending so gray. Their heyday and carousals and happy-go-luckiness all gone, and in the remaining hours—what? Empty youth is such a grand easy thing, and empty age so grim!

"Has Mowry tried everything too?" I asked.

"Including jail," said my companion; and he gave me many entertaining incidents of Mowry's career, with an ill-smelling saloon cleverness that put him once more into favorable humor with me, while I retained my opinion of him. "And that uneducated sot," he concluded, "that hobo with his record of cattle-stealing and claim-jumping, and his acquittal from jail through railroad influence, actually undertook to run against me last elections. My name is Jenks—Luke Jenks, Territorial Delegate from Arizona." He handed me his card.

"I'm just from Washington," said I.

"Well, I've not been there this session. Important law business has detained me here. Yes, they backed Mowry in that election. The old spittoon had quite a following, but he hadn't the cash. That gives you some idea of the low standards I have to combat." But I hadn't to spend much. This Territory's so poor they come cheap. Seventy-five cents a head for all the votes I wanted in Bisbee, Nogales, and Yuma; and up here the Bishop was my good friend. Holding office booms my business some, and that's why I took it, of course. But I've had low standards to fight."

The Territorial Delegate now talked freely of Arizona's frontier life. "It's all dead," he said, forgetting in his fluency what he had told me about Seven-Mile Mesquite and last October. "We have a community as high toned as any in the land. Our monumental activity—" And here he went off like a cuckoo clock, or the Boy Orator, reciting the glories of Phoenix and Salt River, and the future of silver, in that special dialect of platitudes which is spoken by our more talkative statesmen, and is not quite Latin, quite grammar, or quite falsehood. "We're not all Mowrys and Adamses," said he, landing from his flight.

"In a population of fifty-nine thousand," said I, heartily, "a stranger is bound to meet decent people if he keeps on."

Again he misinterpreted me, but this time the other way, bowing like one who acknowledges a compliment; and we came to Solomonsville in such peace that he would have been astonished at my private thoughts. For I had met no undisguised vagabond nor out-and-out tramp whom I did not prefer to Luke Jenks, vote-buyer and politician. With his catch-penny plausibility, his thin-spread good-fellowship, and his New York clothes, he mistook himself for a respectable man, and I was glad to be done with him.

I could have reached Thomas that evening, but after our noon dinner let the stage go on, and delayed a night for the sake of seeing the Bishop hold service next day, which was Sunday, some few miles down the valley. I was curious to learn the Mormon ritual and what might be the doctrines that such a man as the Bishop would expound. It dashed me a little to find this would cost me forty-eight hours of Solomonsville, no Sunday stage running. But one friendly English-speaking family—the town was chiefly Mexican—made some of my hours pleasant, and others I spent in walking. Though I went early to bed I slept so late that the ritual was well advanced when I reached the Mormon gathering. From where I was obliged to stand I could only hear the preacher, already in the middle of his discourse.

"Don't empty your swill in the doorway, but feed it to your hogs," he was saying; and any one who knows how plainly a man is revealed in his voice could have felt instantly, as I did, that here was undoubtedly a leader of men. "Rotten meat, rotten corn, spoiled milk, the truck that thoughtless folks throw away, should be used. Their usefulness has not ceased because they're rotten. That's the error of the ignorant, who know not that nothing is meant to be wasted in this world. The ignorant stay poor because they break the law of the Lord. Waste not, want not. The children of the Gentiles play in the doorway and grow sickly and die. The mother working in the house has a pale face and poison in her blood. She cannot be a strong wife. She cannot bear strong

sons to the man. He stays healthy because he toils in the field. He does not breathe the tainted air rising from the swill in the door-yard. Swill is bad for us, but it is good for swine. Waste it by the threshold it becomes deadly, and a curse falls upon the house. The mother and children are sick because she has broken a law of the Lord. Do not let me see this sin when I come among you in the valley. Fifty yards behind each house, with clean air between, let me see the well-fed swine receiving each day, as was intended, the garbage left by man. And let me see flowers in the door-yard, and stout blooming children. We will sing the twenty-ninth hymn."

The scales had many hours ago dropped from my eyes, and I saw Arizona clear, and felt no repining for roses and jasmine. They had been a politician's way of foisting one more silver State upon our Senate, and I willingly renounced them for the real thing I was getting; for my holiday already far outspangled the motleyest dream that ever visited me, and I settled down to it as we settle down in our theatre chairs, well pleased with the flying pantomime. And when, after the hymn and a blessing—the hymn was poor stuff about wanting to be a Mormon and with the Mormons stand—I saw the Bishop get into a wagon, put on a yellow duster, and drive quickly away, no surprise struck me at all. I merely said to myself: Certainly. How dull not to have foreseen that! And I knew that we should speak together soon, and he would tell me why California only held the record on stoves.

But, oh, my friends, what a country we live in, and what an age, that the same stars and stripes should simultaneously wave over this and over Delmonico's! This too I kept thinking as I killed more hours in walking the neighborhood of Solomonsville, an object of more false hope to natives whom I did not then observe. I avoided Jenks, who had business clients in the town. I went among the ditches and the fields thus turned green by the channelled Gila; and though it was scarce a paradise surpassing the Nile, it was grassy and full of sweet smells until after a few miles each way, when the desert suddenly met the pleasant verdure full in the face and corroded it to death like vitriol. The sermon came back to me as I passed the

little Mormon homes, and the Bishop rose and rose in my esteem, though not as one of the children of light. That sagacious patriarch told his flock the things of week-day wisdom down to their level, the cleanly things next to godliness, to keep them from the million squalors that stain our Gentile poor; and if he did not sound much like the Gospel, he and Deuteronomy were alike as two peas. With him and Moses thus in my thoughts, I came back after sunset, and was gratified to be late for supper. Jenks had left the dining-room, and I ate in my own company, which had become lively and full of intelligent impressions. These I sat recording later in my journal, when a hesitating knock came at my bedroom, and two young men in cowboy costume entered like shy children, endeavoring to step without creaking.

"Meakums!" my delighted mind exclaimed inwardly; but the yellow one introduced the black curly one as Mr. Follet, who in turn made his friend Mr. Cunningham known to me, and at my cordial suggestion they sat down with increasing awkwardness, first leaving their hats outside the door.

"We seen you walking around," said one.

"Lookin' the country over," said the other.

"Fine weather for travelling," said the first.

"Dusty, though," said the second.

Perceiving them to need my help in coming to their point, I said, "And now about your silver-mine."

"You've called the turn on us!" exclaimed yellow, and black curly slapped his knee. Both of them sat looking at me, laughing enthusiastically, and I gathered they had been having whiskey this Sunday night. I confess that I offered them some more, and when they realized my mildness they told me with length and confidence about the claims they had staked out on Mount Turnbull. "And there's lots of lead too," said yellow.

"I do not smelt," said I, "or deal in any way with ore. I have come here without the intention of buying anything."

"You ain't the paymaster?" burst out black curly, wrinkling his forehead like a pleasant dog.

Yellow touched his foot.

"Course he ain't!" said curly, with a

swerve of his eye. "He ain't due. What a while it always is waitin'!"

Now the paymaster was nothing to me, nor whom he paid. For all I knew, my visitors were on his roll; and why yellow should shy at the mention of him and closely watch his tipsy mate I did not try to guess. Like every one I had met so far in Arizona, these two evidently doubted I was here for my pleasure merely; but it was with entire good-humor that they remarked a man had the right to mind his own business; and so, with a little more whiskey, we made a friendly parting. They recommended me to travel with a pistol in this country, and I explained that I should do myself more harm than good with a weapon that any one handled more rapidly than I, with my inexperience.

"Good-night, Mr. Meakum," I said.

"Follet," corrected black curly.

"Cunningham," said yellow, and they picked up their hats in the hall and withdrew.

I think now those were their names—the time was coming when I should hear them take oath on it—yet I do not know. I heard many curious oaths taken.

I was glad to see black curly in the stage next day, not alone for his company, but to give him a right notion of what ready money I had about me. Thinking him over, and his absence of visible means of support, and his interest in me, I took opportunity to mention quite by the way that five or six dollars was all that I ever carried on my person, the rest being in New York drafts, worthless in any hands but mine. And I looked at the time once or twice for him to perceive the cheapness of my nickel watch. That the Bishop was not his father I had indirect evidence when we stopped at Thacher to change horses and drop a mail-sack, and the Mormon divine suddenly lifted the flap and inspected us. He nodded to me and gave Follet a message.

"Tell your brother" (wouldn't a father have said Tom or Dick?) "that I've given him chances enough and he don't take 'em. He don't feed my horses, and my passengers complain he don't feed them—though that's not so serious!" said he to me, with a jovial wink. "But I won't have my stock starved. You'll skip the station and go through to Thomas with this pair," he added to the driver in his voice of lusty command. "You'll get

supper at Thomas. Everything's moved on there from to-day. That's the rule now." Then he returned to black curly, who, like the driver, had remained cowed and respectful throughout the short harangue. "Your brother could have treated me square and made money by that station. Tell him that, and to see me by Thursday. If he's thinking of peddling vegetables this season, I'll let him sell to Fort Bowie. Safford takes Carlos, and I won't have two compete in the same market, or we'll be sinking low as Eastern prices," said he to me, with another wink. "Drive on now. You're late."

He shut the flap, and we were off quickly—too quickly. In the next few moments I could feel that something all wrong went on; there was a jingle and snapping of harness, and such a voice from the Bishop behind us that I looked out to see him. We had stopped, and he was running after us at a wonderful pace for a man of sixty-four.

"If you don't drive better than that," said the grizzled athlete, arriving cool and competent, "you'll saw wood for another year. Look how you've got them trembling."

It was a young pair, and they stood and steamed while the broken gear was mended.

"What did California hold the record in before the Boy Orator broke it?" said I, getting out.

He shot at me the same sinister look I had seen in the Capitol, the look he must always wear, I suppose, when taken aback. Then he laughed broadly and heartily, a strong pleasant laugh that nearly made me like him. "So you're that fellow! Ho, ho! Away down here now! Oh, ho, ho! What's your business?"

"You wouldn't believe if I told you," said I, to his sudden sharp question.

"Me? Why, I believe everything I'm told. What's your name?"

"Will you believe I haven't come to buy anybody's silver-mine?"

"Silver! I don't keep it. Unloaded ten years ago, before the rabbit died."

"Then you're the first anti-silver man I've met."

"I'm anti anything I can't sell, young man. Here's all there is to silver: Once upon a time it was hard to get, and we had to have it. Now it's easy. When it gets as common as dirt it'll be as cheap as

dirt. Same as watermelons when it's a big crop. D'you follow me? That's silver for you, and I don't want it. So you've come away down here. Well, well! What did you say your name was?"

I told him.

"Politician?"

"God forbid!"

"Oh, ho, ho! Well, yes. I took a look at those buzzards there in Washington. Our Senate and Representatives. They were screeching a heap. All about rations. You'll be sawing wood yet!" he shouted to the driver, and strode up to help him back a horse. "Now ratio is a good-sounding word too, and I guess that's why they chew on it so constant. Better line of language than they get at home. I'll tell you about Congress. Here's all there is to it: You can divide them birds in two lots. Those who know better and those who don't. D'you follow me?"

"And which kind is the Boy Orator?"

"Limber Jim? Oh, he knows better. I know Jim. You see, we used to have a saying in Salt Lake that California had the smallest stoves and the biggest liars in the world. Now Jim—well, there's an old saying busted. But you'll see Arizona 'll go back on the Democrats. If they put wool on the free list she'll stay Republican, and they won't want her admitted, which suits me first rate. My people here are better off as they stand."

"But your friend Mr. Jenks favors admission!" I exclaimed.

"Luke? He's been talking to you, has he? Well, now, Luke. Here's all there is to him: Natural gas. That's why I support him, you see. If we sent a real smart man to Washington he might get us made a State. Ho, ho! But Luke stays here most of the time, and he's no good anyway. Oh, ho, ho! So you're buying no mines this season?"

Once more I found myself narrating the insignificance of my visit to Arizona—the Bishop must have been a hard inquisitor for even the deeply skilful to elude—and for the first time my word was believed. He quickly took my measure, saw that I had nothing to hide, and after telling me I could find good hunting and scenery in the mountains north, paid me no further attention, but masterfully laid some final commands on the intimidated driver. Then I bade good-by to the Bishop, and watched that old loco-

motive moving vigorously back along the road to his manifold business.

The driver was ill pleased to go hungry for his supper until Thomas, but he did not dare complain much over the new rule, even to black curly and me. This and one other thing impressed me. Some miles further on we had passed out of the dust for a while, and rolled up the flaps.

"She's waiting for you," said the driver to black curly, and that many-sided youth instantly dived to the bottom of the stage, his boots and pistol among my legs.

"Throw your coat over me," he urged.

I concealed him with that and a mail-sack, and stretched my head out to see what lioness stood in his path. But it was only a homelike little cabin, and at the door a woman, comely and mature, eyeing the stage expectantly. Possibly wife, I thought, more likely mother, and I asked, "Is Mrs. Follet strict?" choosing a name to fit either.

The driver choked and chirruped, but no sound came from under the mail-sack until we had passed the good-day to the momentous female, whose response was harsh with displeasure as she wheeled into her door. A sulky voice then said, "Tell me when she's gone, Bill." But we were a safe two hundred yards on the road before he would lift his head, and his spirits were darkened during the remainder of the journey.

"Come and live East," said I, inviting him to some whiskey at the same time. "Back there they don't begin sitting up for you so early in the evening."

This did not enliven him, although upon our driver it seemed to bring another fit as much beyond the proportion of my joke as his first had been. "She tires a man's spirit," said black curly, and with this rueful utterance he abandoned the subject; so that when we reached Thomas in the dim night my curiosity was strong, and I paid little heed to this new place where I had come or to my supper. Black curly had taken himself off, and the driver sat at the table with me, still occasionally snickering in his plate. He would explain nothing that I asked him until the gaunt woman who waited on us left us for the kitchen, when he said, with a nervous, hasty relish, "The widow Sproud is slick," and departed.

Consoled by no better clew than this I went to bed in a downstairs room, and in my strange rising next day I did not

see the driver again. Callings in the air awaked me, and a wandering sound of wheels. The gaunt woman stood with a lamp in my room saying the stage was ready, and disappeared. I sprang up blindly, and again the callings passed in the blackness outside, long cries, inarticulate to me. Wheels heavily rolled to my door, and a whip was struck against it, and there loomed the stage, and I made out the calling. It was the three drivers, about to separate before the dawn on their three diverging ways, and they were wailing their departure through the town that travellers might hear, in whatever place they lay sleeping. "Boo-wie! All aboa-rd!" came from somewhere, dreary and wavering, met at further distance by the floating antiphonal, "Aboa-rd, aboa-rd for Grant!" and in the chill black air my driver lifted his portion of the strain, chanting, "Car-los! Car-los!" One last time he circled in the nearer darkness with his stage to let me dress. Mostly unbuttoned, and with not even a half-minute to splash cold water in my eyes, I clambered solitary into the vehicle and sat among the leather mail-bags, some boxes, and a sack of grain, having four hours yet till breakfast for my contemplation. I heard the faint reveille at Camp Thomas, but to me it was a call for more bed, and I pushed and pulled the grain-sack until I was able to distribute myself and in a manner doze shivering in my overcoat. Not the rising of the sun upon this blight of sand, nor the appearance of a cattle herd, and both black curly and yellow driving it among its dust clouds, warmed my frozen attention as I lay in a sort of spell. I saw with apathy the mountains extraordinary in the crystal prism of the air, and soon after the strangest scene I have ever looked on by the light of day. For as we went along the driver would give a cry, and when an answering cry came from the thorn-bush we stopped, and a naked Indian would appear, running, to receive a little parcel of salt or sugar or tobacco he had yesterday given the driver some humble coin to buy for him in Thomas. With changeless pagan eyes staring a moment at me on my sack of grain, and a grunt when his purchase was set in his hand, each black-haired desert figure turned away, the bare feet moving silent and the copper body, stark naked except the breech-clout, receding to dimness in

the thorn-bush. But I lay incurious at this new vision of what our wide continent holds in fee under the single title United States, until breakfast came. This helped me, and I livened somewhat at finding the driver and the breakfast man were both genuine Meakums, as Jenks had told me they would be.

It surprised me to discover now that I was looked for along the Gila, and my name approximately known, and when I asked if my friend Captain Stirling had spoken of my coming, it was evidently not he, but the news was in the air. This was a prominence I had never attained in any previous part of the world, and I said to the driver that I supposed my having no business made me a curiosity. That might have something to do with it, he answered (he seemed to have a literal mind), but some had thought I was the paymaster.

"Folks up here," he explained, "are liable to know who's coming."

"If I lived here," said I, "I should be anxious for the paymaster to come early and often."

"Well, it does the country good. The soldiers spend it all right here, and us civilians profit some by it."

Having got him into conversation, I began to introduce the subject of black curly, hoping to lead up to the widow Sproud; but before I had compassed this we reached San Carlos, where a blow awaited me. Stirling, my host, had been detailed on a scout this morning! I was stranded here, a stranger, where I had come thousands of miles to see an old friend. His regret and messages to make myself at home, and the quartermaster's hearty will to help me to do so, could not cure my blankness. He might be absent two weeks or more. I looked round at Carlos and its staring sand. Then I resolved to go at once to my other friends, now stationed at Fort Grant. For I had begun to feel myself at an immense distance from any who would care what happened to me for good or ill, and I longed to see some face I had known before. So in gloom I retraced some unattractive steps. This same afternoon I staged back along the sordid incompetent Gila River, and to kill time pushed my Sproud inquiry, at length with success. To check the inevitably slipshod morals of a frontier commonwealth, Arizona has a statute that in reality only sets in writ-

ing a presumption of the common law, the ancient presumption of marriage, which is that when a man and woman go to housekeeping for a certain length of time, they shall be deemed legally married. In Arizona this period is set at twelve months, and ten had run against Mrs. Sproud and young Follet. He was showing signs of leaving her. The driver did not think her much entitled to sympathy, and certainly she showed later that she could devise revenge. As I thought over these things we came again to the cattle herd, where my reappearance astonished yellow and black curly. Nor did the variance between my movements and my reported plans seem wholly explained to them by Stirling's absence, and at the station where I had breakfasted I saw them question the driver about me. This interest in my affairs heightened my desire to reach Fort Grant; and when next day I came to it after another waking to the chanted antiphonals and another faint reveille from Camp Thomas in the waning dark, extreme comfort spread through me. I sat in the club with the officers, and they taught me a new game of cards called Solo, and filled my glass. Here were lieutenants, captains, a major, and a colonel, American citizens with a love of their country and a standard of honor; here floated our bright flag serene against the lofty blue, and the mellow horns sounded at guard mounting, bringing moisture to the eyes. The day was punctuated with the bright trumpet, people went and came in the simple dignity of duty, and once again I talked with good men and women. God bless our soldier people! I said it often.

They somewhat derided my uneasiness in the Gila Valley, and found my surmising sensational. Yet still they agreed much ready money was an unwise thing on a stage journey, although their profession (I suppose) led them to take being "held up" less seriously than I with my peaceful traditions of elevators and the downtown lunch. In the wide Sulphur Springs Valley, where I rode at large, but never so long or so far that Fort Grant lay not in sight across that miracle of air, it displeased me to come one morning upon yellow and black curly jogging along beneath the government telegraph line.

"You cover a wide range," said I.

"Cowboys have to," they answered. "So you've not quit us yet?"

"I'm thinking of taking a hunt and fish towards Fort Apache."

"We're your men, then. You'll find us at Thomas any time. We're gathering stock up these draws, but that'll be through this week."

They spurred their horses and vanished among the steep little hills that run up to Mount Graham. But indeed they should be no men of mine! Stirling had written me his scout was ended, and San Carlos worth a longer visit than I had made there, promising me an escort should I desire to camp in the mountains. An escort it should be, and no yellow or black curly, over-curious about my private matters! This fell in excellently with the coming paymaster's movements. Major Pidcock was even now on his way to Fort Grant from Fort Bowie; and when he went to Thomas and Carlos I would go too, in his ambulance; and I sighed with pleasure at escaping that stage again.

Major Pidcock arrived in a yellow duster, but in other respects differed from the Bishop, though in his body a bulky man. We were introduced to each other at the club.

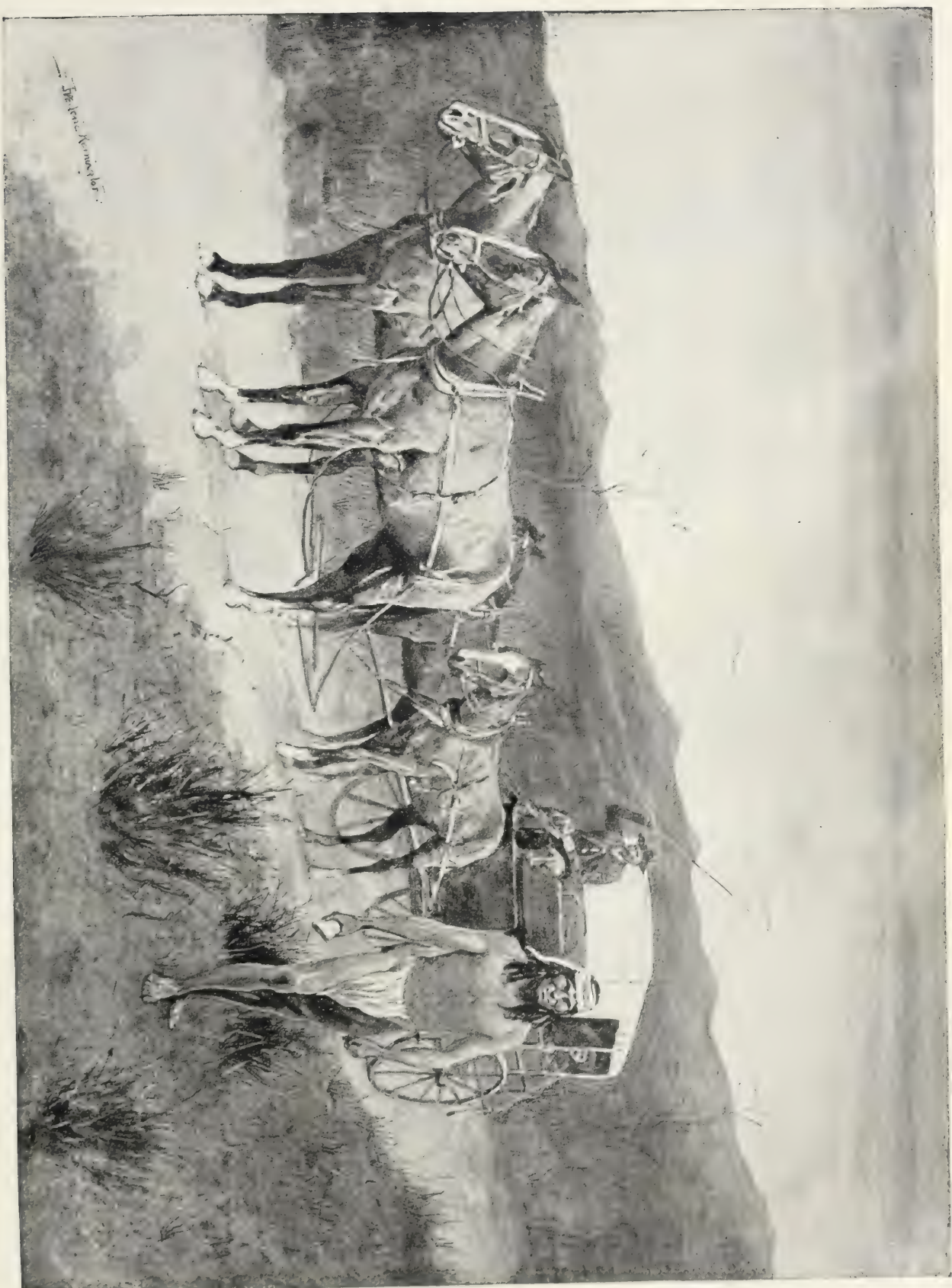
"I am glad, sir, to meet you at last," I said to him. "The whole Gila Valley has been taking me for you."

"Oh—ah!" said Pidcock, vaguely, and pulling at some fat papers in his coat; "indeed. I understand that is a very ignorant population. Colonel Vincent, a word with you. The Department Commander requests me—" And here he went into some official talk with the Colonel.

I turned among the other officers, who were standing by an open locker having whiskey, and Major Evlie put his hand on my shoulder. "He doesn't mean anything," he whispered, while the rest looked knowingly at me. Presently the Colonel explained to Pidcock that he would have me to keep him company to Carlos.

"Oh—ah, Colonel. Of course we don't take civilians not employed by the government, as a rule. But exceptions—ah—can be made," he said to me. "I will ask you to be ready immediately after breakfast to-morrow." And with that he bowed to us all and sailed forth across the parade-ground.

The Colonel's face was red, and he



THE RED MAN'S PARCEL POST.

swore in his quiet voice; but the lips of the lieutenants by the open locker quivered fitfully in the silence.

"Don't mind Pidcock," Evlie remarked. "He's a paymaster." And at this the line officers became disorderly, and two lieutenants danced together; so that, without catching Evlie's evidently military joke, I felt pacified.

"And I've got to have him to dinner," sighed the Colonel, and wandered away.

"You'll get on with him, man—you'll get on with him in the ambulance," said my friend Paisley. "Flatter him, man. Just ask him about his great strategic stroke at Cayuse Station that got him his promotion to the pay department."

Well, we made our start after breakfast, Major Pidcock and I, and another passenger too, who sat with the driver—a black cook going to the commanding officer's at Thomas. She was an old plantation mammy, with a kind but bewildered face, and I am sorry that the noise of our driving lost me much of her conversation; for whenever we slowed, and once when I walked up a hill, I found her remarks to be steeped in a flighty charm.

"Fo' Lawd's sake!" said she. "W'at's dat?" And when the driver told her that it was a jack-rabbit, "You go 'long!" she cried, outraged. "I's seed rabbits earlier 'n de mawnin' dan yo'self." She watched the animal with all her might, muttering, "Law, see him squat!" and "Hole on, hole on!" and "Yasser, he done gone fo' sho. My grashus, you lemme have a scatter shoot gun an' a spike-tail smell-dog, an' I'll git one of day narrah-gauge mules."

"I shall not notice it," said Major Pidcock to me, with dignity. "But they should have sent such a creature by the stage. It's unsuitable, wholly."

"Unquestionably," said I, straining to catch the old lady's song on the box.

"Don't you fo'git I'm a-comin' behind you—
Lam slam de lunch ham."

"This is insufferable," said Pidcock. "I shall put her off at Cedar Springs."

I suppose the drive was long to him, but to me it was not. Noon and Cedar Springs prematurely ended the first half of this day most memorable in the whole medley of my excursion, and we got down to dine. Two travellers bound for Thomas by our same road were just setting out, but they firmly declined to transport our

cook, and Pidcock moodily saw them depart in their wagon, leaving him burdened still; for this was the day the stage made its down trip from Thomas. Never before had I seen water paid for. When the Major, with windy importance, came to settle his bill, our dozen or fourteen escort horses and mules made an item, the price of watering two head being two bits, quite separate from the feed; and I learned that water was thus precious over most of the Territory.

Our cook remounted the box in high feather, and began at once to comment upon Arizona. "Dere ain't no winter, nor no spring, nor no rain de whole year roun'. My! what a country fo' to gib de chick'ns courage! Dey hens must jus' sit an' lay an' lay. But de po' ducks done have a mean time.

"O—Lawd!
Sinner is in my way, Daniel."

"I would not permit a cook like that inside my house," said Major Pidcock.

"She may not be dangerous," I suggested.

"Land! is dey folks gwineter shoot me?" Naturally I looked, and so did the Major; but it was two of our own mounted escort that she saw out to the right of us among the hills. "Tell dem nigger jockeys I got no money. Why do dey triflin' chillun ride in de kerridge?" She did not mean ourselves, but the men with their carbines in the escort wagon in front of us. I looked out at them, and their mouths were wide open for joy at her. It was not a stately progress for twenty-eight thousand dollars in gold and a paymaster to be making. Major Pidcock unbuttoned his duster and reclined to sleep, and presently I also felt the after-dinner sloth shutting my eyes pleasantly to this bleak road.

"Heave it, chillun! can't you heave?" I heard our cook say, and felt us stop.

"What's that?" I asked, drowsily.

"Seems to be a rock fallen down," the Major answered. "Start it, men; roll it!"

I roused myself. We were between rocks and banks on the brow of a hill, down which the narrow road descended with a slight turn. I could see the escort wagon halted ahead of us, and beyond it the men stooping at a large stone, around which there was no possible room to drive. This stone had fallen, I reflected, since those travellers for Thomas—

There was a shot, and a mule rolled over.

I shall never forget that. Why, it was like the theatre for one paralyzed second! The black soldiers, the mule, the hill, all a clear picture seen through an opera-glass, stock-still, and nothing to do with me—for a congealed second. And, dear me, what a time we had then!

Crackings volleyed around us, puffs of smoke jetted blue from rock ramparts which I had looked at and thought natural—or rather, not thought of at all—earth and gravel spattered up from the ground, the bawling negress spilled off her box and ran in spirals, screaming, “Oh, bless my soul, bless my soul!” and I saw a yellow duster flap out of the ambulance. “Lawd grashus, he’s a-leavin’ us!” screeched the cook, and she changed her spirals for a bee-line after him. I should never have run but for this example, for I have not naturally the presence of mind, and in other accidents through which I have passed there has never been promptness about me; the reasoning and all have come when it was over, unless it went on pretty long, when I have been sometimes able to leap to a conclusion. But yes, I ran now, straight under a screen of rocks, over the top of which rose the heads of yellow and black curly. The sight of them sent rushing over me the first agreeable sensation I had felt—shapeless rage—and I found myself shouting at them, “Scoundrels! scoundrels!” while shooting continued briskly around me. I think my performance would have sincerely entertained them could they have spared the time for it; and, as it was, they were regarding me with obvious benevolence, when Mr. Adams looked evilly at me across the stones, and black curly seized the old devil’s rifle in time to do me a good turn. Mr. Adams’s bullet struck short of me ten feet, throwing the earth in my face. Since then I have felt no sympathy for that tobacco-running pioneer. He listened, coughing, to what black curly said as he pointed to me, and I see now that I have never done a wiser thing than to go unarmed in that country. Curly was telling Mr. Adams that I was harmless. Indeed, that was true! In the bottom of this cup, target for a circled rim of rifles, separated from the widely scattered Major and his men, aware of nothing in particular, and seeing nothing in particular but smoke and

rocks and faces peering everywhere, I walked to a stone and sat upon it, hypnotized again into a spectator. From this undisturbed vantage I saw shape itself the theft of the gold. The first theft, that is; for it befell me later to witness a ceremony by which these eagles of Uncle Sam again changed hands in a manner that stealing is as good a name for as any.

They had got two mules killed, so that there could be no driving away in a hurry, and I saw that killing men was not a part of their war, unless required as a means to their end. Major Pidcock had spared them this necessity; I could see him nowhere; and with him to imitate I need not pause to account for the members of our dismounted escort. Two soldiers, indeed, lay on the ground, the sergeant and another, who had evidently fired a few resisting shots; but let me say at once that these poor fellows recovered, and I saw them often again through this adventure that bound us together, else I could not find so much hilarity in my retrospect. Escort wagon and ambulance stood empty and foolish on the road, and there lay the ingenious stone all by itself, and the carbines all by themselves foolish in the wagon, where the innocent soldiers had left them on getting out to move the stone. Smoke loitered thin and blue over this now exceedingly quiet scene, and I smelt it where I sat. How secure the robbers had felt themselves, and how reckless of identification! Mid-day, a public road within hearing of a ranch, an escort of a dozen regulars, no masks, and the stroke perpetrated at the top of a descent, contrary to all laws of road agency. They swarmed into sight from their ramparts. I cannot tell what number, but several I had never seen before and never saw again; and Mr. Adams and yellow and black curly looked so natural that I wondered if Jenks and the Bishop would come climbing down too. But no more old friends turned up that day. Some went to the ambulance swift and silent, while others most needlessly stood guard. Nothing was in sight but my seated inoffensive form, and the only sound was, somewhere among the rocks, the voice of the incessant negress speeding through her prayers. I saw them at the ambulance, surrounding, passing, lifting, stepping in and out, ferrying, then moving slowly up with their



HOLDING UP THE PAY ESCORT.

booty round the hill's brow. Then silence; then hoofs; then silence again, except the outpouring negress, scriptural, melodious, symbolic:

"Oh—Lawd!
Sinner is in my way, Daniel."

PART II.

ALL this while I sat on the stone. "They have done us brown," I said aloud, and hearing my voice waked me from whatever state I had been in. My senses bounded, and I ran to the hurt soldiers. One was very sick. I should not have known what to do for them, but people began to arrive, brought from several quarters by the fusillade—two in a wagon from Cedar Springs, two or three on horses from the herds they were with in the hills, and a very old man from somewhere, who offered no assistance to any one, but immediately seated himself and began explaining what we all should have done. The negress came out of her rocks, exclamatory with pity over the wounded, and, I am bound to say, of more help to them than any of us, kind and motherly in the midst of her ceaseless discourse. Next arrived Major Pidcock in his duster, and took charge of everything.

"Let yer men quit the'r guns, did ye, general?" piped the very old man. "Escort oughtn't never to quit the'r guns. I seen that at Molino del Rey. And ye should have knowed that there stone didn't crawl out in the road like a turtus to git the sunshine."

"Where were you?" thundered the Major to the mounted escort, who now appeared, half an hour after the event, from our flanks, which they had been protecting at an immense distance. "Don't you know your duty's to be on hand when you hear firing?"

"Law, honey!" said the cook, with a guffaw, "lemme git my han's over my mouf."

"See them walls they fooled yer with," continued the old man, pointing with his stick. "I could have told yer them wasn't natural. Them doesn't show like country rock," by which I found that he meant their faces were new-exposed and not weather-beaten.

"No doubt you could have saved us, my friend," said the Major, puffing blandly.

But one cannot readily impress ninety

summers. "Yes, I could have told yer that," assented the sage, with senile complacency. "My wife could have told yer that. Any smart girl could have told yer that."

"I shall send a despatch for re-enforcements," announced Pidcock. "Tap the telegraph wire," he ordered.

"I have to repawt to the Major," said a soldier, saluting, "dat de line is cut."

At this I was taken with indecent laughter, and turned away, while ninety summers observed, "Of course them boys would cut the wire if they knew their business."

Swearing capably, the Major now accounted clearly to us for the whole occurrence, striding up and down, while we lifted the hurt men into the ranch wagon, and arranged for their care at Cedar Springs. The escort wagon hurried on to Thomas for a doctor. The ambulance was of course crippled of half its team, and the dead mules were cleared from their harness and got to the road-side. Having satisfactorily delivered himself of his explanation, the Major now organized a party for following the trail of the robbers, to learn into what region they had betaken themselves. Incredible as it may seem, after my late unenterprising conduct, I asked one of the riders to lend me his horse, which he did, remarking that he should not need it for an hour, and that he was willing to risk my staying absent longer than that.

So we rode away. The trail was clear, and we had but little trouble to follow it. It took us off to the right through a mounded labyrinth of hillocks, puny and gray like ash-heaps, where we rose and fell in the trough of the sullen landscape. I told Pidcock of my certainty about three of the robbers, but he seemed to care nothing for this, and was something less than civil at what he called my suggestions.

"When I have ascertained their route," he said, "it will be time enough to talk of their identity."

In this way we went for a mile or so, the trail leading us onward, frank and straight, to the top of a somewhat higher hill, where it suddenly expired off the earth. No breath vanishes cleaner from glass, and it brought us to a dead halt. We retraced the tracks to make sure we had not lost them before, but there was no mistake, and again we halted dead at

the vanishing-point. Here were signs that something out of the common had happened. Men's feet and horseshoe prints, aimless and superimposed, marked a trodden frame of ground, inside which was nothing, and beyond which nothing lay but those faint tracks of wandering cattle and horses that scatter everywhere in this country. Not one defined series, not even a single shod horse, had gone over this hill, and we spent some minutes vainly scouring in circles wider and wider. Often I returned to stare at the trodden imperturbable frame of ground, and caught myself inspecting first the upper air, and next the earth, and speculating if the hill were hollow; and mystery began to film over the hitherto sharp figures of black curly and yellow, while the lonely country around grew so unpleasant to my nerves that I was glad when Pidcock decided that he must give up for to-day. We found the little group of people beginning to disperse at the ambulance.

"Fooled yer ag'in, did they?" said the old man. "Played the blanket trick on yer, I expect. Guess yer gold's got pretty far by now." With this parting, and propped upon his stick, he went as he had come. Not even at any time of his youth, I think, could he have been companionable, and old age had certainly filled him with the impartial malevolence of the devil. I rejoice to say that he presided at none of our further misadventures.

Short twenty-eight thousand dollars and two mules, we set out anew, the Major, the cook, and I, along the Thomas road, with the sun drawing closer down upon the long steel saw that the peaks to our westward made. The site of my shock lay behind me—I knew now well enough that it had been a shock, and that for a long while to come I should be able to feel the earth spatter from Mr. Adams's bullet against my ear and sleeve whenever I might choose to conjure that moment up again—and the present comfort in feeling my distance from that stone in the road increase continually put me in more cheerful spirits. With the quick rolling of the wheels many subjects for talk came into my mind, and had I been seated on the box beside the cook we should have found much in common. Ever since her real tenderness to those wounded men, I had wished to ask the poor old creature how she came in this

weary country, so far from the pleasant fields of cotton and home. Her hair was gray, and she had seen much, else she had never been so kind and skilful at bandaging. And I am quite sure that somewhere in the chambers of her incoherent mind and simple heart abided the sweet ancient fear of God and love of her fellow-men—virtues I had met but little in Arizona.

"De whole family, scusin' two," she was saying, "dey bust loose and tuck to de woods." And then she moralized upon the two who staid behind and were shot. "But de Gennul, he 'low dat wuz mighty pore reasonin'."

I should have been glad to exchange views with her, for Major Pidcock was dull company. This prudent officer was not growing distant from his disaster, and as night began to come, and we neared Thomas, I suppose the thought that our ambulance was driving him perhaps to a court martial was enough to submerge the man in gloom. To me and my news about the robbers he was a little more considerate, although he still made nothing of the fact that some of them lived in the Gila Valley, and were of the patriarchal tribe of Meakum.

"Scoundrels like that," he muttered, lugubriously, "know every trail in the country, and belong nowhere. Mexico is not a long ride from here. They can get a steamer at Guaymas and take their choice of ports down to Valparaiso. Yes, they'll probably spend that money in South America. Oh, confound that woman!"

For the now entirely cheerful negress was singing:

"Dar's de gal, dar's my Susanna.
How by gum you know?
Know her by de red bandanna,
An' de shoestring hangin' on de flo—
Dad blam her!—
An' de shoestring hangin'—"

"Goodness grashus w'at *you* gwineter do?"

At this sudden cry and the stopping of the ambulance I thought more people were come for our gold, and my spirit resigned itself. Sit still was all I should do now, and look for the bright day when I should leave Arizona forever. But it was only Mrs. Sproud. I had clean forgotten her, and did not at once take in to what an important turn the affairs of some of us had come. She stepped out of the

darkness, and put her hand on the door of the ambulance.

"I suppose you're the paymaster?" Her voice was soft and easy, but had an ample volume. As Pidcock was replying with some dignity that she was correct, she caught sight of me. "Who is this man?" she interrupted him.

"My clerk," said Pidcock; and this is the promptest thing I can remember of the Major, always excepting his conduct when the firing began on the hill. "You're asking a good many questions, madam," he added.

"I want to know who I'm talking to," said she, quietly. "I think I've seen property of yours this evening."

"You had better get in, madam; better get in."

"This is the paymaster's team from Fort Grant?" said Mrs. Sproud to the driver.

"Yes, yes, madam. Major Pidcock—I am Major Pidcock, Paymaster to the United States Army in the Department of the Colorado. I suppose I understand you."

"Seven canvas sacks," said Mrs. Sproud, standing in the road.

"Get in, madam. You can't tell who may be within hearing. You will find it to your advantage to keep nothing—"

Mrs. Sproud laughed luxuriously, and I began to discern why black curly might at times have been loath to face her.

"I merely meant, madam—I desired to make it clear that—a—"

"I think I know what you meant. But I have no call to fear the law. It will save you trouble to believe that before we go any farther."

"Certainly, madam. Quite right." The man was sweating. What with court martial and Mrs. Sproud, his withers were wrung. "You are entirely sure, of course, madam—"

"I am entirely sure I know what I am about. That seems to be more than some do that are interested in this gold—the folks, for instance, that have hid it in my hay-stack."

"Hay-stack! Then they're not gone to Mexico!"

"Mexico, sir? They live right here in the valley. Now I'll get in, and when I ask you, you will please to set me down." She seated herself opposite us and struck a match. "Now we know what we all look like," said she, holding the light up, massive and handsome. "This young

man is the clerk, and we needn't mind him. I have done nothing to fear the law, but what I am doing now will make me a traveller again. I have no friends here. I was acquainted with a young man." She spoke in the serenest tone, but let fall the match more quickly than its burning made needful. "He was welcome in my home. He let them cook this up in my house and never told me. I live a good ways out on the road, and it was a safe place, but I didn't think why so many met him, and why they sat around my stable. Once in a while this week they've been joking about winning the soldiers' pay—they often win that—but I thought it was just cowboy games, till I heard horses coming quick at sundown this afternoon, and I hid. Will hunted around and said—and said I was on the stage coming from Solomonsville, and so they had half an hour yet. He thought so. And, you see, nobody lives in the cabin but—but me." Mrs. Sproud paused a moment here, and I noticed her breathing. Then she resumed: "So I heard them talk some; and when they all left, pretty soon, I went to the hay-stack, and it was so. Then the stage came along and I rode to Thomas."

"You left the gold there!" groaned the wretched Major, and leaned out of the ambulance.

"I'm not caring to touch what's none of mine. Wait, sir, please; I get out here. Here are the names I'm sure of. Stop the driver, or I'll jump." She put a paper in the Major's hand. "It is Mrs. Sproud's hay-stack," she added.

"Will you—this will never—can I find you to-morrow?" he said, helplessly, holding the paper out at her.

"I have told you all I know," said Mrs. Sproud, and was gone at once.

Major Pidcock leaned back for some moments as we drove. Then he began folding his paper with care. "I have not done with that person," said he, attempting to restore his crippled importance. "She will find that she must explain herself."

Our wheels whirled in the sand and we came quickly to Thomas, to a crowd of waiting officers and ladies; and each of us had an audience that night—the cook, I feel sure, while I myself was of an importance second only to the Major's. But he was at once closeted with the commanding officer, and I did not learn their

counsels, hearing only at breakfast that the first step was taken. The detail sent out had returned from the hay-stack, bringing gold, indeed—one half-sackful. The other six were gone, and so was Mrs. Sproud. It was useless to surmise, as we, however, did that whole forenoon, what any of this might mean; but in the afternoon came a sign. A citizen of the Gila Valley had been paying his many debts at the saloon and through the neighborhood, in gold. In one well known for the past two years to be without a penny, it was the wrong moment to choose for honest affluence, and this citizen was the first arrest. This further instance of how secure the robbers felt themselves to be outdid anything that had happened yet, and I marvelled until following events took from me the power of astonishment. The men named on Mrs. Sproud's paper were fewer than I think fired upon us in the attack, but every one of them was here in the valley, going about his business. Most were with the same herd of cattle that I had seen driven by yellow and black curly near the subagency, and they too were there. The solvent debtor, I should say, was not arrested this morning. Plans that I, of course, had no part in delayed matters, I suppose for the sake of certainty. Black curly and his friends were watched, and found to be spending no gold yet; and since they did not show sign of leaving the region, but continued with their cattle, I imagine every effort was being made to light upon their hidden treasure. But their time came, and soon after it mine. Stirling, my friend, to whom I had finally gone at Carlos, opened the wire door of his quarters where I sat one morning, and with a heartless smile introduced me to a gentleman from Tucson.

"You'll have a chance to serve your country," said Stirling.

I was subpoenaed!

"Certainly not!" I said, with indignation. "I'm going East. I don't live here. You have witnesses enough without me. We all saw the same thing."

"Witnesses never see the same thing," observed the man from Tucson. "It's the government that's after you. But you'll not have to wait. Our case is first on the list."

"You can take my deposition," I began; but what need to dwell upon this interview? "When I come to visit you

again," I said to Stirling, "let me know." And that pink-faced, gray-haired captain still shouted heartlessly.

"You're an egotist," said he. "Think of the scrape poor old Pidcock has got himself into."

"The government needs all the witnesses it can get," said the man from Tucson. "Luke Jenks is smart in some ways."

"Luke Jenks?" I sat up in my canvas extension chair.

"Territorial Delegate; firm of Parley and Jenks, Tucson. He's in it."

"By heavens!" I cried, in unmixed delight. "But I didn't see him when they were shooting at us."

The man from Tucson stared at me curiously. "He is counsel for the prisoners," he explained.

"The Delegate to Washington defends these thieves who robbed the United States?" I repeated.

"Says he'll get them off. He's going to stay home from Washington and put it through in shape."

It was here that my powers of astonishment went into their last decline, and I withheld my opinion upon the character of Mr. Jenks as a public man. I settled comfortably in my canvas chair.

"The prisoners are citizens of small means, I judge," said I. "What fee can they pay for such a service?"

"Ah!" said Stirling.

"That's about it, I guess," said the man from Tucson. "Luke is mighty smart in his law business. Well, gents, good-day to you. I must be getting after the rest of my witnesses."

"Have you seen Mrs. Sproud?" I asked him.

"She's quit the country. We can't trace her. Guess she was scared."

"But that gold!" I exclaimed, when Sterling and I were alone. "What in the world have they done with those six other bags?"

"Ah!" said he, as before. "Do you want to bet on that point? Dollars to doughnuts Uncle Sam never sees a cent of that money again. I'll stake my next quarter's pay—"

"Pooh!" said I. "That's poor odds against doughnuts if Pidcock has the paying of it." And I took my turn at laughing at the humorous Stirling.

"That Mrs. Sproud is a sensible woman to have gone," said he, reflectively.

"They would know she had betrayed them, and she wouldn't be safe in the valley. Witnesses who know too much sometimes are found dead in this country—but you'll have government protection."

"Thank you kindly," said I. "That's what I had on the hill."

But Stirling took his turn at me again with freshened mirth.

Well, I think that we witnesses were worth government protection. At seasons of especial brightness and holiday, such as Christmas and Easter, the theatres of the variety order have a phrase which they sometimes print in capitals upon their bills—Combination Extraordinary; and when you consider Major Pidcock and his pride, and the old plantation cook, and my reserved Eastern self, and our coal-black escort of the hill, more than a dozen, including Sergeant Brown and the private, both now happily recovered of their wounds, you can see what appearance we made descending together from the mean Southern Pacific train at Tucson, under the gaze of what I take to have been the town's whole population, numbering five thousand.

Stirling, who had come to see us through, began at his persiflage immediately, and congratulated me upon the house I should play to, speaking of box-office receipts and a benefit night. Tucson is more than half a Mexican town, and in its crowd upon the platform I saw the gaudy shawls, the ear-rings, the steeple straw hats, the old shrivelled cigarette-rolling apes, and the dark-eyed girls, and sifted with these the loungers of our own race, boots, overalls, pistols, hotel clerks, express agents, freight hands, waitresses, red shirts, soldiers from Lowell Barracks, and officers, and in this mass and mess of color and dust and staring, Bishop Meakum, in his yellow duster, by the door of the Hotel San Xavier. But his stare was not, I think now, quite of the same idleness with the rest. He gave me a short nod, yet not unfriendly, as I passed by him to register my name. By the counter I found the wet-eyed Mowry standing.

"How's business on the other side of the track?" I said to him.

"Fair to middlin'. Get them mines ye was after at Globe?"

"You've forgotten I told you they're a property I don't care for, Mr. Mowry. I suppose it's interest in this recent gold

discovery that brings you to Tucson." He had no answer for me but a shrewd shirking glance that flattered my sense of acumen, and adding, pleasantly, "So many of your Arizona citizens have forsaken silver for gold just now," I wrote my name in the hotel book, while he looked to remind himself what it was.

"Why, you're not to stay here," said Stirling, coming up. "You're expected at the barracks."

He presented me at once to a knot of officers, each of whom in turn made me known to some additional bystander, until it seemed to me that I shook a new hand sixty times in this disordered minute by the hotel book, and out of the sixty caught one name, which was my own.

These many meetings could not be made perfect without help from the saloon-keeper, who ran his thriving trade conveniently at hand in the office of the San Xavier. Our group remained near him, and I silently resolved to sleep here at the hotel, away from the tempting confusion of army hospitality upon this eve of our trial. We were expected, however, to dine at the post, and that I was ready to do. Indeed, I could scarcely have got myself out of it without rudeness, for the ambulance was waiting us guests at the gate. We went to it along a latticed passage at the edge of a tropical garden, only a few square yards in all, but how pretty! and what an oasis of calm in the midst of this teeming desolation of unrest! It had upon one side the railway station, wooden, sordid, congesting with malodorous packed humanity; on the next the rails themselves and the platform, with steam and bells and baggage-trucks rolling and bumping; the hotel stood on the third, a confusion of tongues and trampings; while a wide space of dust, knee-deep, and littered with manœuvring vehicles, hemmed in this silent garden on the fourth side. A slender slow little fountain dropped inaudibly among some palms, a giant cactus, and the broad-spread shade of trees I did not know. This was the whole garden, and a tame young antelope was its inhabitant. He lay in the unchanging shade, his large eyes fixed remotely upon the turmoil of this world, and a sleepy charm touched my senses as I looked at his domain. Instead of going to dinner, or going anywhere, I should have liked to recline indefinitely beneath those palms and trail

my fingers in the cool fountain. Such enlightened languor, however, could by no happy chance be the lot of an important witness in a Western robbery trial, and I dined and wine with the jovial officers, at least talking no business.

With business I was sated. Pidcock and the attorney for the United States—I can remember neither his name nor the proper title of his office, for he was a nobody, and I had forgotten his features each new time that we met—had mapped out the trial to me, preparing and rehearsing me in my testimony until they had pestered me into a hatred of them both. And when word was brought me here, dining at Lowell Barracks, where I had imagined myself safe from justice, that this same attorney was waiting to see me, I rose and I played him a trick. Possibly I should not have done it but for the saloon-keeper in the afternoon and this sustained dining now; but I sent him word I should be with him directly—and I wandered into Tucson by myself.

Faithful to my last strong impression there, I went straight to the tiny hotel garden, and in that darkness lay down in a delicious and torpid triumph. The attorney was most likely waiting still. No one on earth knew where I was. Pidcock could not trace me now. I could see the stars through the palms and the strange trees, the fountain made a little sound, somewhere now and then I could hear the antelope, and, cloaked in this black serenity, I lay smiling. Once an engine passed heavily, leaving the station utterly quiet again, and the next I knew it was the antelope's rough tongue that waked me, and I found him nibbling and licking my hand. People were sitting in the latticed passage, and from the light in the office came Mr. Mowry, untying a canvas sack that he held. At this sight my truancy to discretion was over, and no head could be more wakeful or clear than mine instantly became.

"How much d'yer want this time, Mr. Jenks?" inquired Mowry.

I could not hear the statesman's reply, but thought, while the sound of clinking came to me, how a common cause will often serve to reconcile the most bitter opponents. I did not dare go nearer to catch all their talk, and I debated a little upon my security even as it was, until my own name suddenly reached me.

"Him?" said Mowry; "that there tai-

lor-made boy? They've got him sleepin' at the barracks."

"Nobody but our crowd's boarding here," said some one.

"They think we're laying for their witnesses," said the voice of Jenks. And among the various mingled laughs rose distinct a big one that I knew.

"Oh, ho, ho! Well, yes. Tell you about witnesses. Here's all there is to them: spot cash to their figure, and kissing the Book. You've done no work but what I told you?" he added, sharply.

"We haven't needed to worry about witnesses in any shape, Bishop."

"That's good. That's economy. That little Eastern toorist is harmless."

"Leave him talk, Bishop. Leave 'em all tell their story."

"It's going to cost the whole stake, though," said Jenks.

"Deserted Jericho!" remarked old Meakum.

"I don't try cases for nothing, Bishop. The deal's covered. My clients have publicly made over to me their horses and saddles."

"Oh, ho, ho!" went the Bishop. But this last word about the horses was the only part of the talk I could not put a plain meaning upon.

Mr. Mowry I now saw re-enter the lighted door of the office, with his canvas sack in his hand. "This'll be right here in the safe," said he.

"All right," answered Jenks. "I'll not be likely to call on you any more for a day or so."

"Hello!" said the office clerk, appearing in his shirt sleeves. "You fellows have made me forget the antelope." He took down a lantern, and I rose to my feet.

"Give us a drink before you feed him," said Jenks. Then I saw the whole of them crowd into the door for their night-cap, and that was all I waited for.

I climbed the garden fence. My thoughts led me at random through quantities of soft dust, and over the rails, I think, several times, until I stood between empty and silent freight trains, and there sat down. Harmless! It seemed to me they would rate me differently in the morning. So for a while my mind was adrift in the turbulent cross-currents of my discovery; but it was with a smooth innocent surface that I entered the hotel office and enjoyed the look of the clerk when he roused and heard me, who, ac-

cording to their calculations, should have been in slumber at the barracks, asking to be shown my room here. I was tempted to inquire if he had fed the antelope—such was the pride of my elation—and I think he must have been running over questions to put me; but the two of us marched up the stairs with a lamp and a key, speaking amiably of the weather for this time of year, and he unlocked my door with a politeness and hoped I would sleep well with a consideration that I have rarely met in the hotel clerk. I did not sleep well. Yet it seemed not to matter. By eight I had breakfast, and found the attorney—Rocklin I shall name him, and that will have to answer—and told him how we had become masters of the situation.

He made me repeat it all over, jotting memoranda this second time; and when my story was done, he sat frowning at his notes, with a cigar between his teeth.

"This ain't much," he said. "Luckily I don't need anything more. I've got a dead open-and-shut case without it."

"Why don't you make it deader, then?" said I. "Don't you see what it all means?"

"Well, what does it all mean?"

Either the man was still nettled at my treatment of him last evening, or had no liking for amateur opinions and help; otherwise I see no reason for the disparagement with which he regarded me while I interpreted what I had overheard, piece by piece, except the horse and saddle remark.

"Since that don't seem clear, I'll explain it to you," he said, "and then you'll know it all. Except their horses and saddles, the accused haven't a red cent to their names—not an honest one, that is. So it looks well for them to be spending all they've apparently got in the world to pay counsel fees. Now I have this case worked up," he pursued, complacently, "so that any such ambiguous stuff as yours is no good to me at all—would be harmful, in fact. It's not good policy, my friend, to assail the character of opposing counsel. And Bishop Meakum! Are you aware of his power and standing in this section? Do you think you're going to ring him in?"

"Great goodness!" I cried. "Let me testify, and then let the safe be opened."

Rocklin looked at me a moment, the

cigar wagging between his teeth, and then he lightly tossed his notes in the waste-paper basket.

"Open your safe," said he, "and what then? Up steps old Mowry and says, 'I'll thank you to let my property alone.' Where's your proof? What word did any of them drop that won't bear other constructions? Mowry's well known to have money, and he has a right to give it to Jenks."

"If the gold could be identified?" I suggested.

"That's been all attended to," he answered, with increasing complacence. "I'm obliged to you for your information, and in a less sure case I might risk using it, but— Why, see here; we've got 'em hands down!" And he clapped me on the knee. "If I had met you last evening I was going to tell you our campaign. Pidcock 'll come first, of course, and his testimony 'll cover pretty much the whole ground. Then, you see, the rest of you I'll use mainly in support. Sergeant Brown—he's very strong, and the black woman, and you—I'll probably call you third or fourth. So you'll be on hand sure now?"

Certainly I had no thought of being anywhere else. The imminence of our trial was now heralded by the cook's coming to Rocklin's office punctually to his direction, and after her Pidcock almost immediately. It was not many minutes before the more important ones of us had gathered, and we proceeded to court, once again a Combination Extraordinary—a spectacle for Tucson. So much stir and prosperity had not blossomed in the town for many years, its chief source of life being the money that Lowell Barracks brought to it. But now its lodgings were crowded and its saloons and Mexican dens of entertainment waked to activity. From a dozing sunburnt village of adobe walls and almond-trees, it was become something like those places built in a single Western day of riot extravagance, where corner lots are clamored for, and men pay a dollar to be shaved.

Jenks was before us in the room with his clients. He was practising what I always think of as his celluloid smile, whispering and all-hail with everybody. One of the prisoners had just such another mustache as his own, too large for his face; and this has led me since to notice

a type of too large mustaches through our country in all ranks, but of similar men, who generally have either stolen something or lacked the opportunity. Catching sight of me, Jenks came at once, friendly as you please, shaking my passive hand, and laughing that we should meet again under such circumstances.

"When we're through this nuisance," said he, "you must take dinner with me. Just now, you understand, it wouldn't look well to see me hobnobbing with a government witness. See you again!" And he was off to some one else.

I am confident this man could not see himself as others—some others, at least—saw him. To him his whole performance was natural and professional, and my view that he was more infamous by far than the thieves would have sincerely amazed him. Indeed, for one prisoner I felt very sorry. Black curly was sitting there, and in contrast to Mr. Adams, down whose beard the tobacco forever ran, he seemed downcast and unhardened, I thought. He was getting his deserts through base means. It was not for the sake of justice but from private revenge that Mrs. Sproud had moved; and, after all, had the boy injured her so much as this? Yet how could I help him? They were his deserts. My mood was abruptly changed to diversion when I saw among our jury specimens of both types of Meakum, and prominent among the spectator throng their sire, that canny polygamist, surveying the case with the same forceful attention I had noticed first in the House of Representatives, and ever since that day. But I had a true shock of surprise now. Mrs. Sproud was in court. There could be no mistake. No one seemed to notice her, and I wondered if many in the town knew her face, and with what intent she had returned to this dangerous neighborhood. I was so taken up with watching her and her furtive appearance in the almost concealed position she had chosen that I paid little heed to the government's opening of its case. She had her eyes upon black curly, but he could not see her. Pidcock was in the midst of his pompous recital when the court took its noon intermission. Then I was drawn to seek out black curly, as he was conducted to his dinner.

"Good-day," said he, as I came beside him.

"I wish I didn't have to go on oath about this," I said.

"Oath away," he answered, doggedly.

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Oh, come!" I exclaimed.

"Come where?" He looked at me defiantly.

"When people don't wish to be trailed," I went on, "do I understand they sometimes spread a blanket and lead their horses on it and take off their shoes? I'm merely asking out of a traveller's curiosity."

"I guess you'll have to ask them that's up on such tricks," he answered, grinning.

I met him in the eyes, and a strong liking for him came over me. "I probably owe you my life," I said, huskily. "I know I do. And I hate— You must consider me a poor sort of bird."

"Blamed if I know what you're drivin' at," said black curly. But he wrinkled his forehead in the pleasant way I remembered. "Yer whiskey was good all right," he added, and gave me his hand.

"Look here," said I. "She's come back."

This took the boy unguarded, and he swore with surprise. Then his face grew sombre. "Let her," he remarked; and that was all we said.

At the afternoon sitting I began to notice how popular sympathy was not only quite against the United States, but a sentiment amounting to hatred was shown against all soldiers. The voice of respectability seemed entirely silent; decent citizens were there, but not enough of them. The mildest opinion was that Uncle Sam could afford to lose money better than poor people, and the strongest was that it was a pity the soldiers had not been killed. This seemed inappropriate in a Territory desiring admission to our Union. I supposed it something local then, but have since observed it to be a prevailing Western antipathy. The unthinking sons of the sage-brush ill tolerate a thing which stands for discipline, good order, and obedience, and the man who lets another command him they despise. I can think of no threat more evil for our democracy, for it is a fine thing diseased and perverted—namely, independence gone drunk.

Pidcock's examination went forward, and the half-sack of gold from the haystack brought a great silence in court. The Major's identification of the gold was

conducted by Rocklin with stage effect, for it was an undoubted climax; but I caught a most singular smile on the face of Bishop Meakum, and there sat Mrs. Sproud, still solitary and engulfed in the throng, her face flushed and her eyes blazing. And here ended the first day.

In the morning came the Major's cross-examination, with the room more crowded than before, but I could not find Mrs. Sproud. Rocklin did not believe I had seen her, and I feared something had happened to her. The Bishop had walked to the court with Jenks, talking and laughing upon general subjects, so far as I could hear. The counsel for the prisoners passed lightly over the first part of the evidence, only causing an occasional laugh on the score of the Major's military prowess, until he came to the gold.

"You said this sack was one of yours, Major?" he now inquired.

"It is mine, sir."

A large bundle of sacks was brought. "And how about these? Here are ten, fifteen—about forty. I'll get some more if you say so. Are they all yours?"

"Your question strikes me as idle, sir." The court rapped, and Jenks smiled. "They resemble mine," said Pidcock. "But they are not used."

"No; not used." Jenks held up the original, shaking the gold. "Now I'm going to empty your sack for a moment."

"I object," said Rocklin, springing up.

"Oh, it's all counted," laughed Jenks; and the objection was not sustained. Then Jenks poured the gold into a new sack and shook that aloft. "It makes them look confusingly similar, Major. I'll just put my card in your sack."

"I object," said Rocklin, with anger, but with futility. Jenks now poured the gold back into the first, then into a third, and thus into several, tossing them each time on the table, and the clinking pieces sounded clear in the room. Bishop Meakum was watching the operation like a wolf. "Now, Major," said Jenks, "is your gold in the original sack, or which sack is my card in?"

This was the first time that the room broke out loudly; and Pidcock, when the people were rapped to order, said, "The sack's not the thing."

"Of course not. The gold is our point. And of course you had a private mark on it. Tell the jury, please, what the private mark was."

He had none. He spoke about dates, and new coins, he backed and filled, swelled importantly, and ended like a pricked bladder by recanting his identification.

"That is all I have to say for the present," said Jenks.

"Don't complicate the issue by attempting to prove too much, Mr. Rocklin," said the judge.

Rocklin flushed, and called the next witness, whispering sulkily to me, "What can you expect if the court starts out against you?" But the court was by no means against him. The judge was merely disgusted over Rocklin's cardinal folly of identifying coin under such loose conditions.

And now came the testimony of Sergeant Brown. He told so clear a story as to chill the enthusiasm of the room. He pointed to the man with the mustache, black curly, and yellow. "I saw them shooting from the right of the road," he said. Jenks tried but little to shake him, and left him unshaken. He was followed by the other wounded soldier, whose story was nearly the same, except that he identified different prisoners.

"Who did you say shot you?" inquired Jenks. "Which of these two?"

"I didn't say. I don't know."

"Don't know a man when he shoots you in broad daylight?"

"Plenty was shooting at me," said the soldier. And his testimony also remained unshaken.

Then came my own examination, and Jenks did not trouble me at all, but, when I had likewise identified the men I knew, simply bowed smilingly, and had no questions to ask his friend from the East.

Our third morning began with the negress, who said she was married, told a scattered tale, and soon stated that she was single, explaining later that she had two husbands, and one was dead, while the other had disappeared from her ten years ago. Gradually her alarm subsided and she achieved coherence.

"What did this gentleman do at the occurrence?" inquired Jenks, indicating me.

"Dat gemman? He jes flew, sir, an' I don' blame him fo' bein' no wusser skeer'd dan de whole party. Yesser, we all flew seusin' dey two pore chillun; an' we staid till de 'currence was ceased."

"But the gentleman says he sat on a stone, and saw those men firing."

"Land! I seed him goin' like he was gwineter Fo't Grant. He run up de hill, an' de Gennul he run down like de day of judgment."

"The General ran?"

"Lawd grashus, honey, yo' could have played checkers on dey coat tails of his."

The court rapped gently.

"But the gold must have been heavy to carry away to the horses. Did not the General exert his influence to rally his men?"

"No, sah. De Gennul went down de hill, an' he took his infloocene with him."

"I have no further questions," said Jenks. "When we come to our alibis, gentlemen, I expect to satisfy you that this good lady saw more correctly, and when she is unable to recognize my clients it is for a good reason."

"We've not got quite so far yet," Rocklin observed. "We've reached the hay-stack at present."

"Aren't you going to make her describe her own confusion more?" I began, but stopped, for I saw that the next witness was at hand, and that it was Mrs. Sproud.

"How's this?" I whispered to Rocklin. "How did you get her?"

"She volunteered this morning, just before trial. We're in big luck."

The woman was simply dressed in something dark. Her handsome face was pale, but she held a steady eye upon the jury, speaking clearly and with deliberation. Old Meakum, always in court and watchful, was plainly unprepared for this, and among the prisoners, too, I could discern uneasiness. Whether or no any threat or constraint had kept her invisible during these days, her coming now was a thing for which none of us were ready.

"What do I know?" she repeated after the counsel. "I suppose you have been told what I said I knew."

"We'd like to hear it directly from you, Mrs. Sproud," Rocklin explained.

"Where shall I start?"

"Well—there was a young man who boarded with you, was there not?"

"I object to the witness being led," said Jenks. And Bishop Meakum moved up beside the prisoners' counsel and began talking with him earnestly.

"Nobody is leading me," said Mrs.

Sproud, imperiously, and raising her voice a little. She looked about her. "There was a young man who boarded with me. Of course that is so."

Meakum broke off in his confidences with Jenks, and looked sharply at her.

"Do you see your boarder anywhere here?" inquired Rocklin; and from his tone I perceived that he was puzzled by the manner of his witness.

She turned slowly, and slowly scrutinized the prisoners one by one. The head of black curly was bent down, and I saw her eyes rest upon it while she stood in silence. It was as if he felt the summons of her glance, for he raised his head. His face was scarlet, but her paleness did not change.

"He is the one sitting at the end," she said, looking back at the jury. She then told some useless particulars, and brought her narrative to the afternoon when she had heard the galloping. "Then I hid. I hid because this is a rough country."

"When did you recognize that young man's voice?"

"I did not recognize it."

Black curly's feet scraped as he shifted his position.

"Collect yourself, Mrs. Sproud. We'll give you all the time you want. We know ladies are not used to talking in court. Did you not hear this young man talking to his friends?"

"I heard talking," replied the witness, quite collected. "But I could not make out who they were. If I could have been sure it was him and friends, I wouldn't have staid hid. I'd have had no call to be scared."

Rocklin was dazed, and his next question came in a voice still more changed and irritable.

"Did you see any one?"

"No one."

"What did you hear them say?"

"They were all talking at once. I couldn't be sure."

"Why did you go to the hay-stack?"

"Because they said something about my hay-stack, and I wanted to find out, if I could."

"Did you not write their names on a paper and give it to this gentleman? Remember you are on oath, Mrs. Sproud."

By this time a smile was playing on the features of Jenks, and he and Bishop Meakum talked no longer together, but sat back to watch the woman's extraor-

dinary attempt to undo her work. It was shrewd, very shrewd, in her to volunteer as our witness instead of as theirs. She was ready for the paper question, evidently.

"I wrote—" she began, but Rocklin interrupted.

"On oath, remember!" he repeated, finding himself cross-examining his own witness. "The names you wrote are the names of these prisoners here before the court. They were traced as the direct result of your information. They have been identified by three or four persons. Do you mean to say you did not know who they were?"

"I did not know," said Mrs. Sproud, firmly. "As for the paper, I acted hasty. I was a woman, alone, and none to consult or advise me. I thought I would get in trouble if I did not tell about such goings on, and I just wrote the names of Will—of the boys that came round there all the time, thinking it was most likely them. I didn't see him, and I didn't make out surely it was his voice. I wasn't sure enough to come out and ask what they were up to. I didn't stop to think of the harm I was doing on guess-work."

For the first time the note of remorse conquered in her voice. I saw how desperation at what she had done when she thought her love was cured was now bracing the woman to this audacity.

"Remember," said Rocklin, "the gold was also found as the direct result of your information. It was you who told Major Pidcock in the ambulance about the seven sacks."

"I never said anything about seven sacks."

This falsehood was a master-stroke, for only half a sack had been found. She had not written this down. There was only the word of Pidcock and me to vouch for it, while against us stood her denial, and the actual quantity of gold.

"I have no further questions," said Rocklin.

"But I have," said Jenks. And then he made the most of Mrs. Sproud, although many in the room were laughing, and she herself, I think, felt she had done little but sacrifice her own character without repairing the injury she had done black curly. Jenks made her repeat that she was frightened; not calm enough to be sure of voices, especially many speaking together; that she had seen no one

throughout. He even attempted to show that the talk about the hay-stack might have been purely about hay, and that the half-sack of gold might have been put there at another time—might belong to some honest man this very moment.

"Did you ever know the young man who boarded with you to do a dishonorable thing?" inquired Jenks. "Did you not have the highest opinion of him?"

She had not expected a question like this. It nearly broke the woman down. She put her hand to her breast, and seemed afraid to trust her voice. "I have the highest opinion of him," she said, word painfully following word. "He—he used to know that."

"I have finished," said Jenks.

"Can I go?" asked the witness, and the attorneys bowed. She stood one hesitating moment in the witness-stand, and she looked at the jury and the court; then, as if almost in dread, she let her eyes travel to black curly. But his eyes were sullenly averted. Then Mrs. Sproud slowly made her way through the room, with one of the saddest faces I have ever seen, and the door closed behind her.

We finished our case with all the prisoners identified, and some of them doubly. The defence was scarcely more than a sham. The flimsy alibis were destroyed even by the incompetent, unready Rocklin, and when the charge came, blackness fell upon the citizens of Tucson. The judge's cold statements struck them as partisan, and they murmured and looked blackly at him. But the jury, with its Meakums, wore no expression at all during any of his remarks. Their eyes were upon him, but entirely fishlike. He dismissed the cumbersome futilities one by one. "Now three witnesses have between them recognized all the prisoners but one," he continued. "That one, a reputed pauper, paid several hundred dollars of debts in gold the morning after the robbery. The money is said to be the proceeds of a cattle sale. No cattle have ever been known to belong to this man, and the purchaser had never been known to have any income until this trial began. The prisoner's name was on Mrs. Sproud's paper. The statement of one witness that he sat on a stone and saw three other of the prisoners firing has been contradicted by a woman who described herself as having run away at once; it is supported by two men who are admitted by all to have re-

mained, and in consequence been shot. Their statements have been assailed by no one. Their testimony stands on the record unimpeached. They have identified five prisoners. If you believe them—and remember that not a word they said has been questioned—” Here the judge emphasized more and more clearly. He concluded with the various alternatives of fact according to which the jury must find its several possible verdicts. When he had finished, the room sat sullen and still, and the twelve went out. I am told that they remained ten minutes away. It seemed one to me.

When they had resumed their seats I noticed the same fishlike oracular eye in most of them unchanged.

“Not guilty,” said the foreman.

“What!” shouted the judge, startled out of all judicial propriety. “None of ‘em?”

“Not guilty,” monotonously repeated the foreman.

We were silent amid the din of triumph now raised by Tucson. In the laughter, the hand-shaking, the shouting, and the jubilant pistol-shots that some particularly free spirit fired in the old Cathedral Square, we went to our dinner; and not even Stirling could joke. “There’s a certain natural justice done here in spite of them,” he said. “They are not one cent richer for all their looted twenty-eight thousand. They come out free, but penniless.”

“How about Jenks and that jury?” said I. And Stirling shrugged his shoulders.

But we had yet some crowning impudence to learn. Later, in the street, the officers and I met the prisoners, their witnesses, and their counsel emerging from a photographer’s studio. The Territorial Delegate had been taken in a group with his acquitted thieves. The Bishop had declined to be in this souvenir.

“That’s a picture I want,” said I. “Only I’ll be sorry to see your face there,” I added to black curly.

“Indeed!” put in Jenks.

“Yes,” said I. “You and he do not belong in the same class. By-the-way, Mr. Jenks, I suppose you’ll return their horses and saddles now?”

Too many were listening for him to lose his temper, and he did a sharp thing. He took this public opportunity for break-

ing some news to his clients. “I had hoped to,” he said; “that is, as many as were not needed to defray necessary costs. But it’s been an expensive suit, and I’ve found myself obliged to sell them all. It’s little enough to pay for clearing your character, boys.”

They saw through his perfidy to them, and that he had them checkmated. Any protest from them would be a confession of their theft. Yet it seemed an unsafe piece of villany in Jenks.

“They look disappointed,” I remarked. “I shall value the picture very highly.”

“If that’s Eastern sarcasm,” said Jenks, “it’s beyond me.”

“No, Mr. Jenks,” I answered. “In your presence sarcasm drops dead. I think you’ll prosper in politics.”

But there I was wrong. There is some natural justice in these events, though I wish there were more. The jury, it is true, soon seemed oddly prosperous, as Stirling wrote me afterwards. They painted their houses; two of them, who had generally walked before, now had wagons; and in so many of their gardens and small ranches did the plants and fruits increase that, as Stirling put it, they had evidently sowed their dollars. But upon Jenks Territorial displeasure did descend. He had staid away too much from Washington. A pamphlet appeared with the title, “What Luke Jenks has done for Arizona.” Inside were twenty blank pages, and he failed of re-election.

Furthermore, the government retaliated upon this district by abandoning Camp Thomas and Lowell Barracks, those important sources of revenue for the neighborhood. The brief boom did not help Tucson very long, and left it poorer than ever.

At the station I saw Mrs. Sproud and black curly, neither speaking to the other. It was plain that he had utterly done with her, and that she was too proud even to look at him. She went West, and he as far East as Willcox. Neither one have I ever seen again.

But I have the photograph, and I sometimes wonder what has happened to black curly. Arizona is still a Territory; and when I think of the Gila Valley and of the Boy Orator, I recall Bishop Meakum’s remark about our statesmen at Washington: “You can divide them birds in two lots—those who know better, and those who don’t. D’you follow me?”



LOOKING OUT OF BOYLSTON PLACE.

LITERARY BOSTON THIRTY YEARS AGO.

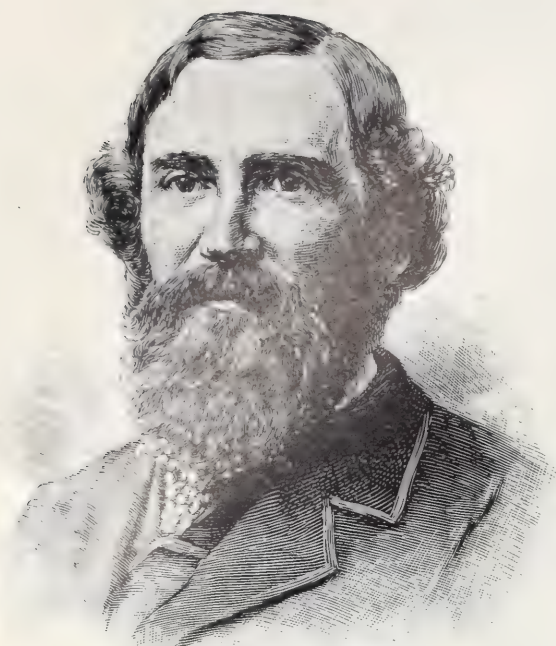
BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I.

AMONG my fellow-passengers on the train from New York to Boston, when I went to begin my work there in 1866, as the assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was the late Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, who created in a subordinate city a journal of metropolitan importance. I had met him in Venice several years earlier, when he was suffering from the cruel insomnia which had followed his overwork on that newspaper, and when he told me that he was sleeping scarcely more than one hour out of the twenty-four. His worn face attested the misery which this must have been, and which lasted in some measure while he lived, though I believe that rest and travel relieved him in his later years. He was always a man of cordial friendliness, and he now expressed a most gratifying interest when I told him what I was going to do in Boston. He gave himself the pleasure of descanting upon the dramatic quality of the fact that a young newspaper man from Ohio was

about to share in the destinies of the great literary periodical of New England.

I do not think that such a fact would now move the fancy of the liveliest newspaper man, so much has the West since returned upon the East in a reflux wave of authorship. But then the West was almost an unknown quantity in our literary problem; and in fact there was scarcely any literature outside of New England. Even this was of New England origin, for it was almost wholly the work of New England men and women in the "splendid exile" of New York. The *Atlantic Monthly*, which was distinctively literary, was distinctively a New England magazine, though from the first it had been characterized by what was more national, what was more universal, in the New England temperament. Its chief contributors for nearly twenty years were Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Dr. Hale, Col. Higginson, Mrs. Stowe, Whipple, Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Phelps Ward, and other New Eng-



SAMUEL BOWLES.

land writers who still lived in New England, and largely in the region of Boston. Occasionally there came a poem from Bryant, at New York, from Mr. Stedman, from Mr. Stoddard and Mrs. Stoddard, from Mr. Aldrich, and from Bayard Taylor. But all these, except the last, were not only of New England race, but of New England birth. I think there was no contributor from the South but Mr. M. D. Conway, and as yet the West scarcely counted, though four young poets from Ohio, who were not immediately or remotely of Puritan origin, had appeared in

early numbers; Alice Cary, living with her sister in New York, had written now and then from the beginning. Mr. John Hay solely represented Illinois by a single paper, and he was of Rhode Island stock. It was after my settlement at Boston that Mark Twain, of Missouri, became a figure of world-wide fame at Hartford; and longer after, that Mr. Bret Harte made that progress Eastward from California which was telegraphed almost from hour to hour, as if it were the progress of a prince. Miss Constance F. Woolson had not yet begun to write. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Maurice Thompson, Miss Edith Thomas, Octave Thanet, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Mr. H. B. Fuller, Mrs. Catherwood, Mr. Hamlin Garland, whom I name at random among other Western writers, were then as unknown as Mr. Cable, Miss Murfree, Mrs. Rives Chanler, Miss Grace King, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in the South, which they by no means fully represent.

The editors of the Atlantic had been eager from the beginning to discover any outlying literature; but, as I have said, there was in those days very little good writing done beyond the borders of New England. If the case is now different, and the best known among living American writers are no longer New-Englanders, still I do not think the South and West have yet trimmed the balance; and though perhaps the new writers now more commonly appear in those quarters,



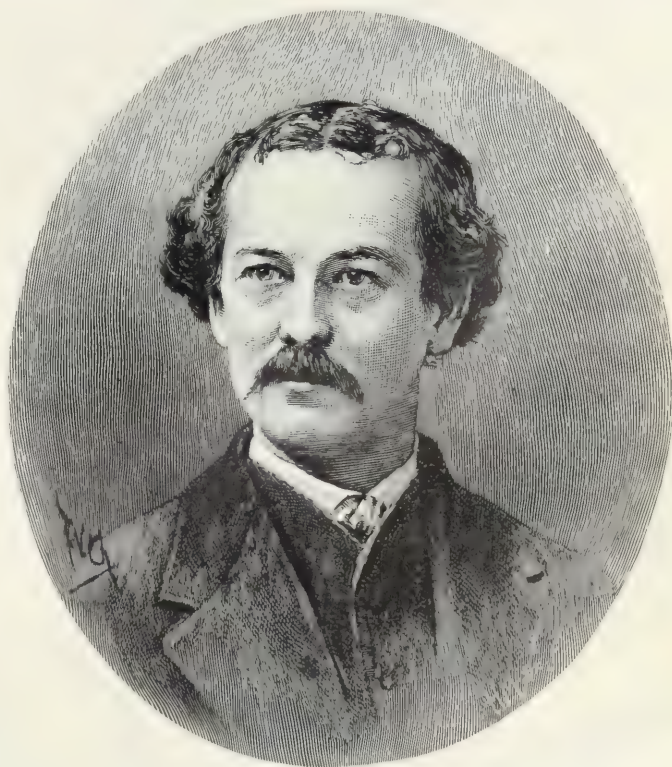
THE WATER-SIDE AT BEVERLY.

I should not be so very sure that they are not still characterized by New England ideals and examples. On the other hand, I am very sure that in my early day we were characterized by them, and wished to be so; we even felt that we failed in so far as we expressed something native quite in our own way. The literary theories we accepted were New England theories, the criticism we valued was New England criticism, or, more strictly speaking, Boston theories, Boston criticism.

II.

Of those more constant contributors to the Atlantic whom I have mentioned, it is of course known that Longfellow and Lowell lived in Cambridge, Emerson at Concord, and Whittier at Amesbury. Colonel Higginson was still and for many years afterwards at Newport; Mrs. Stowe was then at Andover; Miss Prescott of Newburyport had become Mrs. Spofford, and was presently in Boston, where her husband was a member of the General Court; Mrs. Phelps Ward, as Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, dwelt in her father's house at Andover. The Bostonians were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Holmes, and Dr. Hale. Yet Boston stood for the whole Massachusetts group, and Massachusetts, in the literary impulse, meant New England. I suppose we must all allow, whether we like to do so or not, that the impulse seems now to have pretty well spent itself. Certainly the city of Boston has distinctly waned in literature, though it has waxed in wealth and population. I do not think there are in Boston to-day even so many talents with a literary coloring in law, science, theology, and journalism as there were formerly; though I have no belief that the Boston talents are fewer or feebler than before. I arrived in Boston, however, when all talents had more or less a literary coloring, and when the greatest talents were literary. These expressed with ripened fulness a civilization conceived in faith and brought forth in good works; but that moment of ma-

turity was the beginning of a decadence which could only show itself much later. New England has ceased to be a nation in itself, and it will perhaps never again have anything like a national literature; but that was something like a national literature; and it will probably be centuries yet before the life of the whole country, the American life as distinguished



JAMES R. OSGOOD.

from the New England life, shall have anything so like a national literature. It will be long before our larger life interprets itself in such imagination as Hawthorne's, such wisdom as Emerson's, such poetry as Longfellow's, such prophecy as Whittier's, such wit and grace as Holmes's, such humor and humanity as Lowell's.

The literature of those great men was, if I may suffer myself the figure, the Socinian graft of a Calvinist stock. Their faith, in its varied shades and colors, was Unitarian, but their art was Puritan. So far as it was imperfect—and great and beautiful as it was, I think it had its imperfections—it was marred by the intense ethicism that pervaded the New England mind for two hundred years, and that still characterizes it. They or their fa-

thers had broken away from orthodoxy in the great schism at the beginning of the century, but, as if their heterodoxy were conscience-stricken, they still helplessly pointed the moral in all they did; some pointed it more directly, some less directly; but they all pointed it. I should be far from blaming them for their ethical intention, though I think they felt their vocation as prophets too much for their good as poets. Sometimes they sacrificed the song to the sermon, though not always, nor nearly always. It was in poetry and in romance that they excelled; in the novel, so far as they attempted it, they failed. I say this with the names of all the Bostonian group, and those they influenced, in mind, and with a full sense of their greatness. It may be ungracious to say that they have left no heirs to their

peculiar greatness; but it would be foolish to say that they had left an estate where they had none to bequeath. One cannot take account of such a fantasy as Judd's Margaret. The only New-Englander who has attempted the novel on a scale proportioned to the work of the New-Englanders in philosophy, in poetry, in romance, is Mr. De Forest, who is of New Haven, and not of Boston. I do not forget the fictions of Dr. Holmes, or the vivid inventions of Dr. Hale, but I do not call them novels; and I do not forget the exquisitely realistic art of Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins, which is free from the ethicism of the great New England group, but which has hardly the novelist's scope. New England, in Hawthorne's work, achieved perfection in romance; but the romance is always an allegory, and the

novel is a picture in which the truth to life is suffered to do its un-sermonized office for conduct; and New England yet lacks her novelist, because it was her instinct and her conscience to be true to an ideal of life rather than to life itself.

Even when we come to the exception that proves the rule, even to such a signal exception as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, I think that what I say holds true. That is by far the greatest work of imagination that we have produced in prose, and it is the work of a New England woman, writing from all the inspirations and traditions of New England. It is like begging the question to say that I do not call it a novel, however; but really, is it a novel, in the sense that *War and Peace* is a novel, or *Madame Flaubert*, or *L'Assommoir*, or *Phineas Finn*, or *Doña Perfecta*, or *Esther Waters*, or *Marta y María*, or *The Return of the Native*, or *Virgin*



PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

Soil, or David Grieve? In a certain way it is greater than any of these except the first; but its chief virtue, or its prime virtue, is in its address to the conscience, and not its address to the taste; to the ethical sense, not the æsthetical sense.

This does not quite say the thing, but it suggests it, and I should be sorry if it conveyed to any reader a sense of slight; for I believe no one has felt more deeply than myself the value of New England in literature. The comparison of the literary situation at Boston to the literary situation at Edinburgh in the times of the reviewers has never seemed to me accurate or adequate, and it holds chiefly in the fact that both seem to be of the past. Certainly New York is yet no London in literature, and I think Boston was once vastly more than Edinburgh ever was, at least in quality. The Scotch literature of the palmy days was not wholly Scotch, and even when it was rooted in Scotch soil it flowered in the air of an alien speech. But the New England literature of the great day was the blossom of a New England root; and the language which the Bostonians wrote was the native English of scholars fitly the heirs of those who had brought the learning of the universities to Massachusetts Bay two hundred years before, and was of as pure a lineage as the English of the mother-country.

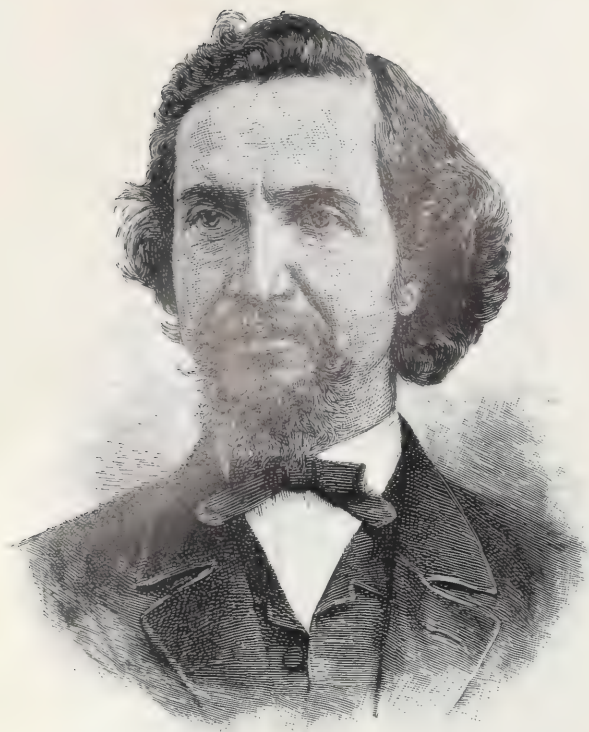
III.

The literary situation which confronted me when I came to Boston was, then, as native as could well be; and whatever value I may be able to give a personal study of it will be from the effect it made upon me as one strange in everything but sympathy. I will not pretend that I saw it in its entirety, and I have no hope of presenting anything like a kinetoscopic impression of it. What I



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

can do is to give here and there a glimpse of it; and I shall wish the reader to keep in mind the fact that it was in a "state of transition," as everything is always and everywhere. It was no sooner recognizably native than it ceased to be fully so; and I became a witness of it after the change had begun. The publishing house which so long embodied New England literature was already attempting enterprises out of the line of its traditions, and one of these had brought Mr. T. B. Aldrich from New York, a few weeks before I arrived upon the scene in that dramatic quality which I think never impressed any one but Mr. Bowles. He was the editor of *Every Saturday* when I came to be assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. We were of the same age, with a shifting semester between us which neither cares now to claim, but he had a distinct and distinguished priority of reputation, insomuch that in my Western remoteness I had always ranged him with such elders and betters of mine as



J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Holmes and Lowell, and never imagined him the blond, slight youth I found him, with every imaginable charm of contemporaneity. It is no part of the office which I have intended for these slight and sufficiently wandering glimpses of the past to show any writer in his final place; and above all I do not presume to assign any living man his rank or station. But I should be false to my own grateful sense of beauty in the work of this poet if I did not at all times recognize his constancy to an ideal which his name stands for. He is known in many kinds, but to my thinking he is best in a certain nobler kind of poetry; a serious sort in which the thought holds him above the scrupulosities of the art he loves and honors so much. Sometimes the file slips in his hold, as the file must and will; it

is but an instrument at the best; but there is no mistouch in the hand that lays itself upon the reader's heart with the pulse of the poet's heart quick and true in it. There are sonnets of his, grave, and simple, and lofty, which I think of with the glow and thrill possible only from very beautiful poetry, and which impart such an emotion as we can feel only

"When a great thought strikes along the
brain
And flushes all the cheek."

When I had the fortune to meet him first, I suppose that in the employ of the kindly house we were both so eager to serve, our dignities were about the same; for if the Atlantic Monthly was a somewhat prouder affair than an eclectic weekly like Every Saturday, he was supreme in his place, and I was subordinate in mine. The house was careful, in the attitude of its senior partner, not to distinguish between us, and we were not slow to perceive the tact used in managing us; we had our own joke of it; we compared notes to find whether we were equally used in



LUCY LARCOM.

this thing or that; and we promptly shared the fun of our discovery with Fields himself.

We had another impartial friend (no less a friend of joy in the life which seems to have been pretty nearly all joy, as I look back upon it) in the partner who became afterwards the head of the house,

American house were to continue at Boston, it must be hospitable to the talents of the whole country. He founded his future upon those generous lines; but he wanted the qualities as well as the resources for rearing the superstructure. Changes began to follow each other rapidly after he came into control of the house.



THE OLD CEMETERY NEXT THE PARK STREET CHURCH.

and who forecast in his bold enterprises the change from a New England to an American literary situation. In the end James R. Osgood failed, though all his enterprises succeeded. The anomaly is sad, but it is not infrequent. They were greater than his powers and his means, and before they could reach their full fruition, they had to be enlarged to men of longer purse and longer patience. He was singularly fitted both by instinct and by education to become a great publisher; and he early perceived that if a leading

Misfortune reduced the size and number of its periodicals. The *Young Folks* was sold outright, and the *North American Review* (long before Mr. Rice bought it and carried it to New York) was cut down one-half, so that Aldrich said, It looked as if Destiny had sat upon it. His own periodical, *Every Saturday*, was first enlarged to a stately quarto and illustrated; and then, under stress of the calamities following the great Boston Fire, it collapsed to its former size. Then both the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Every Saturday* were sold

away from their old ownership, and Every Saturday was suppressed altogether, and we two ceased to be of the same employ. There was some sort of evening rite (more funereal than festive) the day after they were sold, and we followed Osgood away from it, under the lamps. We all knew that it was his necessity that had caused him to part with the periodicals; but he

control of Lowell and Professor Norton, had entered upon a new life; Every Saturday was an instant success in the charge of Mr. Aldrich, who was by taste and training one of the best editors; and Our Young Folks had the field of juvenile periodical literature to itself.

It was under the direction of Miss Lucy Larcom and of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who had come from western New York, where he was born, and must be noted as one of the first returners from the setting to the rising sun. He naturalized himself in Boston in his later boyhood, and he still breathes Boston air, where he dwells in the street called Pleasant, on the shore of Spy Pond, at Arlington, and still weaves the magic web of his satisfying stories for boys. He merges in their popularity the fame of a poet which I do not think will always suffer that eclipse, for his poems show him to have looked deeply into the heart of common humanity with a true and tender sense of it.

Miss Larcom scarcely seemed to change from date to date in the generation that elapsed between the time I first saw her and the time I saw her last, a year or two before her death. A goodness looked out of her comely face, which always made me think of the Madonna's in Titian's Assumption, and her whole aspect expressed

a mild and friendly spirit which I find it hard to put in words. She was never of the fine world of literature; she dwelt where she was born, in that unfashionable Beverly which is not Beverly Farms, and was of a simple, sea-faring, God-fearing race, as she has told in one of the loveliest autobiographies I know, *A New England Girlhood*. She was the author of many poems, whose number she constantly enlarged, but she was chiefly, and will be most lastingly, famed for the one poem, *Hannah Binding Shoes*, which years before my days in Boston had made her so widely known. She never again struck so deep or so true a note; but if one has lodged such a note in the ear of time, it is enough; and if we are to speak of eter-



CELIA THAXTER.

professed that it was his pleasure, and he said, He had not felt so light-hearted since he was a boy. We asked him, How could he feel gay when he was no longer paying us our salaries, and how could he justify it to his conscience? He liked our mocking, and limped away from us with a rheumatic easing of his weight from one foot to another: a figure pathetic now that it has gone the way to dusty death, and dear to memory through benefactions unalloyed by one unkindness.

IV.

But when I came to Boston early in 1866, the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's* then divided our magazine world between them; the *North American Review*, in the



WHITE ISLAND LIGHT, ISLES OF SHOALS, EARLY HOME OF MRS. THAXTER.

nity, one might very well hold up one's head in the fields of asphodel, if one could say to the great others there, "I wrote *Hannah Binding Shoes*." Her poem is very, very sad, as all who have read it will remember; but Miss Larcom herself was above everything cheerful, and she had a laugh of mellow richness which willingly made itself heard. She was not only of true New England stock, and a Boston author by right of birth, but she came up to that city every winter from her native place.

By the same right and on the same terms, another New England poetess, whom I met those first days in Boston, was a Boston author. Celia Thaxter is so lately dead that one must speak of her with something of the hush of the house of mourning, even when one has nothing but praise to speak. When I saw her she was just beginning to make her effect with those poems and sketches which the sea sings and flashes through as it sings and flashes around the Isles of

Shoals, her summer home, where her girlhood had been passed in a freedom as wild as the curlew's. She was a most beautiful creature, still very young, with a slender figure, and an exquisite perfection of feature; she was in presence what her work was: fine, frank, finished. I do not know whether other witnesses of our literary history feel that the public has failed to keep her as fully in mind as her work merited; but I do not think there can be any doubt but our literature would be very sensibly the poorer without her work, which had qualities of keenest pathos, vivid fancy, humorous reality, and constant beauty. It is interesting to remember how closely she kept to her native field, and it is wonderful to consider how richly she made those sea-beaten rocks to blossom. Something strangely full and bright came to her verse from the mystical environment of the ocean, like the luxury of leaf and tint that it gave the narrow flower-plots of her native isles. Her gift, indeed, could not

satisfy itself with the terms of one art alone, however varied, and she learned to express in color the thoughts and feelings impatient of the pallor of words.

She remains in my memories of that far Boston a distinct and vivid personality; as the authoress of *Amber Gods*, and *In a Cellar*, and *Circumstance*, and those other wild romantic tales, remains the gentle and somewhat evanescent presence I found her. Miss Prescott was now Mrs. Spofford, and her husband was a rising young politician of the day. It was his duties as member of the General Court that had brought them up from Newburyport to Boston for that first winter; and I remember that the evening when we met he was talking of their some time going to Italy that she might study for imaginative literature certain Italian cities he named. I have long since ceased to own those cities, but at the moment I felt a pang of expropriation which I concealed as well as I could; and now I heartily wish she could have fulfilled that purpose if it was a purpose, or realized that dream if it was only a dream. Perhaps, however, that sumptu-

ous and glowing fancy of hers, which had taken the fancy of the young readers of that day, needed the cold New England background to bring out all its intensities of tint, all its splendors of light. Its effects were such as could not last, or could not be farther evolved; they were the expression of youth musing away from its environment and smitten with the glories of a world afar and beyond, the great world, the fine world, the impurpled world of romantic motives and passions. But for what they were, I can never think them other than what they appeared: the emanations of a rarely gifted and singularly poetic mind. I feel better than I can say how necessarily they were the emanations of a New England mind, and how to the subtler sense they must impart the pathos of revolt from the colorless rigidities which are the long result of puritanism in the physiognomy of New England life.

Their author afterwards gave herself to the stricter study of this life in many tales and sketches which showed an increasing mastery; but they could not have the flush, the surprise, the delight of a young talent trying itself in a kind native and, so far as I know, peculiar to it. From time to time I still come upon a poem of hers which recalls that earlier strain of music, of color, and I am content to trust it for my abiding faith in the charm of things I have not read for thirty years.

V.

I speak of this one and that, as it happens, and with no thought of giving a complete prospect of literary Boston thirty years ago. I am aware that it will seem sparsely peopled in the effect I impart, and I would have the reader always keep in mind the great fames at Cambridge and at Concord, which formed so large a part of the celebrity of Boston. I would also like him to think of it as still a great town, merely, where every one knew every one else, and whose metropolitan liberation from neighborhood was just begun.

Most distinctly of that yet



E. P. WHIPPLE.

uncitified Boston was the critic Edwin P. Whipple, whose sympathies were indefinitely wider than his traditions. He was a most generous lover of all that was excellent in literature; and though I suppose we should call him an old-fashioned critic now, I suspect it would be with no distinct sense of what is newer fashioned. He was certainly as friendly to what promised well in the younger men as he was to what was done well in their elders; and there was no one writing in his day whose virtues failed of his recognition, though it might happen that his foibles would escape Whipple's censure. He wrote strenuously and of course conscientiously; his point of view was solely and always that which enabled him best to discern qualities. I doubt if he had any theory of criticism except to find out what was good in an author and praise it; and he rather blamed what was ethically bad than what was æsthetically bad. In this he was strictly of New England, and he was of New England in a certain general intelligence, which constantly grew with an interrogative habit of mind.

He liked to talk to you of what he had found characteristic in your work, to analyze you to yourself; and the very modesty of the man, which made such a study impersonal as far as he was concerned, sometimes rendered him insensible to the sufferings of his subject. He had a keen perception of humor in others, but he had very little humor; he had a love of the beautiful in literature which was perhaps sometimes greater than his sense of it.

I write from a cursory acquaintance with his work, not recently renewed. Of the presence of the man I have a vivid remembrance: a slight, short, ecclesiasticized figure in black, with a white neckcloth and a silk hat of strict decorum, and between the two a square face with square features, intensified in their regard by a pair of very large glasses, and the prominent, myopic eyes staring through them. He was a type of out-dated New England scholarship in these aspects, but



HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

in the hospitable qualities of his mind and heart, the sort of man to be kept fondly in the memory of all who ever knew him.

Out of the vague of that far-off time another face and figure, as essentially New England as this, and yet so different, relieve themselves. Charles F. Browne, whose drollery wafted his pseudonym as far as the English speech could carry laughter, was a Westernized Yankee. He added an Ohio habit of talking to the Maine habit of thinking, and he so became a literary product of a rarer and stranger sort than our literature has otherwise known. He had gone from Cleveland to London, with intervals of New York and the lecture platform, four or five years before I saw him in Boston, shortly after I went there. We had met in Ohio, and he had personally explained to me the ducatless well-meaning of *Vanity Fair* in New York; but many men had since shaken the weary hand of Artemus Ward before I grasped it one day in front of the Tremont Temple. He did not recognize me, but he gave me at once a greeting of great impersonal cordiality, with "How

do you do? When did you come?" and other questions that had no concern in them, till I began to dawn upon him through a cloud of other half-remembered faces. Then he seized my hand and wrung it all over again, and repeated his



GEORGE TICKNOR.

friendly demands with an intonation that was now "Why, *how* are you,—how *are* you?" for me alone. It was a bit of comedy, which had the fit pathetic relief of his impending doom: this was already stamped upon his wasted face, and his gay eyes had the death-look. His large, loose mouth was drawn, for all its laughter at the fact which he owned; his profile, which burlesqued an eagle's, was the profile of a drooping eagle; his lank length of limb trembled away with him when we parted. I did not see him again; I scarcely heard of him till I heard of his death, and this pathetic image remains with me of the humorist who first gave the world a taste of the humor which characterizes the whole American people.

VI.

I was meeting all kinds of distinguished persons, in my relation to the magazine, and early that winter I met one who remains in my mind above all others a person of distinction. He was scarcely a celebrity, but he embodied certain social traits which were so characteristic of literary Boston that it could not be approached without their recognition. The Muses have often been acknowledged to be very nice young persons, but in Boston they were really ladies; in Boston literature was of good family and good society in a measure it has never been elsewhere. It might be said even that reform was of good family in Boston; and literature and reform equally shared the regard of Edmund Quincy, whose race was one of the most aristocratic in New England. I had known him by his novel of Wensley (it came so near being a first-rate novel), and by his *Life of Josiah Quincy*, then a new book, but still better by his Boston letters to the *New York Tribune*. These dealt frankly, in the old antislavery days between 1850 and 1860, with other persons of distinction in Boston, who did not see the right so clearly as Quincy did, or who at least let their interests darken them to the ugliness of slavery. Their fault was

all the more comical because it was the error of men otherwise so correct, of characters so stainless, of natures so upright; and the Quincy letters got out of it all the fun there was in it. Quincy himself affected me as the finest patrician type I had ever met. He was charmingly handsome, with a nose of most fit aquilinity, smooth-shaven lips, "educated whiskers," and perfect glasses; his manner was beautiful, his voice delightful, when at our first meeting he made me his reproaches in terms of lovely kindness for having used in my *Venetian Life*, the *Briticism directly* for *as soon as*.

Lowell once told me that Quincy had never had any calling or profession, be-

cause when he found himself in the enjoyment of a moderate income on leaving college, he decided to be simply a gentleman. He was too much of a man to be merely that, and he was an abolitionist, a journalist, and for conscience' sake a satirist. Of that political mood of society which he satirized was an eminent man whom it was also my good fortune to meet in my early days in Boston; and if his great sweetness and kindness had not instantly won my liking, I should still have been glad of the glimpse of the older and statelier Boston which my slight acquaintance with George Ticknor gave me. The historian of Spanish literature, the friend and biographer of Prescott, and a leading figure of the intellectual society of an epoch already closed, dwelt in the fine old square brick mansion which yet stands at the corner of Park Street and Beacon, though sunk now to a variety

of business uses, and lamentably changed in aspect. The interior was noble, and there was an air of scholarly quiet and



JULIA WARD HOWE.



THE TICKNOR MANSION.



ARLINGTON SPY POND.

of lettered elegance in the library, where the host received his guests, which seemed to pervade the whole house, and which made its appeal to the imagination of one of them most potently. It seemed to me that to be master of such circumstance and keeping would be enough of life in a certain way; and it all lingers in my memory yet, as if it were one with the gentle courtesy which welcomed me.

Among my fellow-guests one night was George S. Hillard, now a faded reputation, and even then a life defeated of the high expectation of its youth. I do not know whether his *Six Months in Italy* still keeps itself in print; but it was a book once very well known; and he was perhaps the more gracious to me, as our host was, because of our common Italian background. He was of the old Silver-gray Whig society too, and I suppose that order of things imparted its tone to what I felt and saw in that place. The war had come and gone, and that order accepted the result if not with faith, then with patience. There were two young English noblemen there that night, who

had been travelling in the South, and whose stories of the wretched conditions they had seen moved our host to some open misgiving. But the Englishmen had no question; in spite of all, they defended the accomplished fact, and when I ventured to say that now at least there could be a hope of better things, while the old order was only the perpetuation of despair, he mildly assented, with a gesture of the hand that pathetically waived the point, and a deeply sighed, "Perhaps; perhaps."

He was a presence of great dignity, which seemed to recall the past with a steadfast allegiance, and yet to relax itself toward the present in the wisdom of the accumulated years. His whole life had been passed in devotion to polite literature and in the society of the polite world; and he was a type of scholar such as only the circumstances of Boston could form. Those circumstances could alone form such another type as Quincy; and I wish I could have felt then as I do now the advantage of meeting them so contemporaneously.

VII.

The historian of Spanish literature was an old man nearer eighty than seventy when I saw him, and I recall of him personally his dark tint, and the scholarly refinement of his clean-shaven face, which seemed to me rather English than American in character. He was quite exterior to the Atlantic group of writers, and had no interest in me as one of it. Literary Boston of that day was not a solidarity, as I soon perceived; and I understood that it was only in my quality of stranger that I saw the different phases of it. I should not be just to a vivid phase if I failed to speak of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and the impulse of reform which she personified. I did not sympathize with this then so much as I do now, but I could appreciate it on the intellectual side. Once, many years later, I heard Mrs. Howe speak in public, and it seemed to me that she made one of the best

speeches I had ever heard. It gave me for the first time a notion of what women might do in that sort if they entered public life; but when we met in those earlier days I was interested in her as perhaps our chief poetess. I believe she did not care much to speak of literature; she was alert for other meanings in life, and I remember how she once brought to book a youthful matron who had perhaps unduly lamented the hardships of housekeeping, with the sharp demand, "Child, where is your *religion*?" After the many years of an acquaintance which had not nearly so many meetings as years, it was pleasant to find her, not long ago, as strenuous as ever for the faith of works, and as eager to aid Stepniak as John Brown. In her beautiful old age she survives a certain literary impulse of Boston, but a still higher impulse of Boston she will not survive, for that will last while the city endures.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

PART II.

CHAPTER XX.

THE next day Joan wanted to go against the enemy again, but it was the feast of the Ascension, and the holy council of bandit generals were too pious to be willing to profane it with bloodshed. But privately they profaned it with plottings, a sort of industry just in their line. They decided to do the only thing proper to do now in the new circumstances of the case—feign an attack on the most important bastille on the Orleans side, and then, if the English weakened the far more important fortresses on the other side of the river to come to its help, cross in force and capture those works. This would give them the bridge and free communication with the Sologne, which was French territory. They decided to keep this latter part of the programme secret from Joan.

Joan intruded and took them by surprise. She asked them what they were about and what they had resolved upon. They said they had resolved to attack the most important of the English bastilles on

the Orleans side next morning—and there the spokesman stopped. Joan said—

"Well, go on."

"There is nothing more. That is all."

"Am I to believe this? That is to say, am I to believe that you have lost your wits?" She turned to Dunois, and said, "Bastard, you have sense, answer me this: if this attack is made and the bastille taken, how much better off would we be than we are now?"

The Bastard hesitated, and then began some rambling talk not quite germane to the question. Joan interrupted him and said—

"That will do, good Bastard, you have answered. Since the Bastard is not able to mention any advantage to be gained by taking that bastille and stopping there, it is not likely that any of you could better the matter. You waste much time here in inventing plans that lead to nothing, and making delays that are a damage. Are you concealing something from me? Bastard, this council has a general

* Begun in April number, 1895.

plan, I take it; without going into details, what is it?"

"It is the same that it was in the beginning, seven months ago—to get provisions in for a long siege, and then sit down and tire the English out."

in wasting this day. They will re-enforce the bridge forts from this side to-night, knowing what ought to happen to-morrow. You have but lost a day and made our task harder, for we *will* cross and take the bridge forts. Bastard, tell me



JOAN SURPRISES THE CONSPIRATORS.

"In the name of God! As if seven months was not enough, you want to provide for a year of it. Now ye shall drop these pusillanimous dreams—the English shall go in three days!"

Several exclaimed—

"Ah, General, General, be prudent!"

"Be prudent and starve? Do ye call that war? I tell you this, if you do not already know it: The new circumstances have changed the face of matters. The true point of attack has shifted; it is on the other side of the river, now. One must take the fortifications that command the bridge. The English know that if we are not fools and cowards we will try to do that. They are grateful for your piety

the truth—does not this council know that there is no other course for us than the one I am speaking of?"

Dunois conceded that the council did know it to be the most desirable—but considered it impracticable; and he excused the council as well as he could by saying that inasmuch as nothing was really and rationally to be hoped for but a long continuance of the siege and wearying out of the English, they were naturally a little afraid of Joan's impetuous notions. He said—

"You see, we are sure that the waiting game is the best, whereas you would carry everything by storm."

"That I would!—and moreover that

I will! You have my orders—here and now. We will move upon the forts of the south bank to-morrow at dawn.”

“And carry them by storm?”

“Yes, carry them by storm!”

La Hire came clanking in, and heard the last remark. He cried out—

“By—*my baton!* that is the music I love to hear! Yes, that is the right tune and the beautiful words, my General—we will carry them by storm!”

He saluted in his large way and came up and shook Joan by the hand.

Some member of the council was heard to say—

“It follows, then, that we must begin with the bastille St. John, and that will give the English time to—”

Joan turned and said—

“Give yourselves no uneasiness about the bastille St. John. The English will know enough to retire from it and fall back on the bridge bastilles when they see us coming.” She added, with a touch of sarcasm, “Even a war-council would know enough to do that, itself.”

Then she took her leave. La Hire made this general remark to the council:

“She is a child, and that is all ye seem to see. Keep to that superstition if you must, but you perceive that this child understands this complex game of war as well as any of you; and if you want my opinion without the trouble of asking for it, here you have it without ruffles or embroidery—by God, I think she can teach the best of you how to *play* it!”

Joan had spoken truly; the sagacious English saw that the policy of the French had undergone a revolution; that the policy of paltering and dawdling was ended; that in place of taking blows, blows were to be struck, now; therefore they made ready for the new state of things by transferring heavy re-enforcements to the bastilles of the south bank from those of the north.

The city learned the great news that once more in French history, after all these humiliating years, France was going to take the offensive; that France, so used to retreating, was going to advance; that France, so long accustomed to skulking, was going to face about and strike. The joy of the people passed all bounds. The city walls were black with them to see the army march out in the morning in that strange new position—its front, not its tail, toward an English camp.

You shall imagine for yourselves what the excitement was like and how it expressed itself, when Joan rode out at the head of the host with her banner floating above her.

We crossed the river in strong force, and a tedious long job it was, for the boats were small and not numerous. Our landing on the island of St. Aignan was not disputed. We threw a bridge of a few boats across the narrow channel thence to the south shore and took up our march in good order and unmolested; for although there was a fortress there—St. John—the English vacated and destroyed it and fell back on the bridge forts below as soon as our first boats were seen to leave the Orleans shore; which was what Joan had said would happen, when she was disputing with the council.

We moved down the shore and Joan planted her standard before the bastille of the Augustins, the first of the formidable works that protected the end of the bridge. The trumpets sounded the assault, and two charges followed in handsome style; but we were too weak, as yet, for our main body was still lagging behind. Before we could gather for a third assault the garrison of St. Privé were seen coming up to re-enforce the big bastille. They came on a run, and the Augustins sallied out, and both forces came against us with a rush, and sent our small army flying in a panic, and followed us, slashing and slaying, and shouting jeers and insults at us.

Joan was doing her best to rally the men, but their wits were gone, their hearts were dominated for the moment by the old-time dread of the English. Joan's temper flamed up, and she halted and commanded the trumpets to sound the advance. Then she wheeled about and cried out—

“If there is but a dozen of you that are not cowards, it is enough—follow me!”

Away she went, and after her a few dozen who had heard her words and been inspired by them. The pursuing force was astonished to see her sweeping down upon them with this handful of men, and it was their turn now to experience a grisly fright—surely this *is* a witch, this is a child of Satan! That was their thought—and without stopping to analyze the matter they turned and fled in a panic.

Our flying squadrons heard the bugle and turned to look; and when they saw the Maid's banner speeding in the other direction and the enemy scrambling ahead of it in disorder, their courage returned and they came scouring after us.

La Hire heard it and hurried his force forward and caught up with us just as we were planting our banner again before the ramparts of the Augustins. We were strong enough now. We had a long and tough piece of work before us, but we carried it through before night, Joan keeping us hard at it, and she and La Hire saying we were able to take that big bastille, and *must*. The English fought like—well, they fought like the English; when that is said, there is no more to say. We made assault after assault, through the smoke and flame and the deafening cannon-blasts, and at last as the sun was sinking we carried the place with a rush, and planted our standard on its walls.

The Augustins was ours. The Tourelles must be ours too, if we would free the bridge and raise the siege. We had achieved one great undertaking, Joan was determined to accomplish the other. We must lie on our arms where we were, hold fast to what we had got, and be ready for business in the morning. So Joan was not minded to let the men be demoralized by pillage and riot and carousings; she had the Augustins burned, with all its stores in it, excepting the artillery and ammunition.

Everybody was tired out with this long day's hard work, and of course this was the case with Joan; still, she wanted to stay with the army before the Tourelles, to be ready for the assault in the morning. The chiefs argued with her, and at last persuaded her to go home and prepare for the great work by taking proper rest, and also by having a leech look to a wound which she had received in her foot. So we crossed with them and went home.

Just as usual, we found the town in a fury of joy, all the bells clanging, everybody shouting, and several people drunk. We never went out or came in without furnishing good and sufficient reasons for one of these pleasant tempests, and so the tempest was always on hand. There had been a blank absence of reasons for this sort of upheavals for the past seven months, therefore the people took to the upheavals with all the more relish on that account.

CHAPTER XXI.

To get away from the usual crowd of visitors and have a rest, Joan went with Catherine straight to the apartment which the two occupied together, and there they took their supper and there the wound was dressed. But then, instead of going to bed, Joan, weary as she was, sent the Dwarf for me, in spite of Catherine's protests and persuasions. She said she had something on her mind, and must send a courier to Domremy with a letter for our old Père Fronte to read to her mother. I came, and she began to dictate. After some loving words and greetings to her mother and the family, came this:

"But the thing which moves me to write now, is to say that when you presently hear that I am wounded, you shall give yourself no concern about it, and refuse faith to any that shall try to make you believe it is serious."

She was going on, when Catherine spoke up and said:

"Ah, but it will fright her so to read these words. Strike them out, Joan, strike them out, and wait only one day—two days at most—then write and say your foot *was* wounded but is well again—for it will surely be well then, or very near it. Don't distress her, Joan; do as I say."

A laugh like the laugh of the old days, the impulsive free laugh of an untroubled spirit, a laugh like a chime of bells, was Joan's answer; then she said—

"My foot? Why should I write about such a scratch as that? I was not thinking of it, dear heart."

"Child, have you another wound and a worse, and have not spoken of it? What have you been dreaming about, that you—"

She had jumped up, full of vague fears, to have the leech called back at once, but Joan laid her hand upon her arm and made her sit down again, saying—

"There, now, be tranquil, there is no other wound, as yet; I am writing about one which I shall get when we storm that bastille to-morrow."

Catherine had the look of one who is trying to understand a puzzling proposition but cannot quite do it. She said, in a distraught fashion—

"A wound which you are *going* to get? But—but why grieve your mother when it—when it may not happen?"

"*May not? Why, it will!*"

The puzzle was a puzzle still. Catherine said in that same abstracted way as before—

"*Will.* It is a strong word. I cannot seem to—my mind is not able to take hold of this. Oh, Joan, such a presentiment is a dreadful thing—it takes one's peace and courage all away. Cast it from you!—drive it out! It will make your whole night miserable, and to no good; for we will hope—"

"But it isn't a presentiment—it is a fact. And it will not make me miserable. It is uncertainties that do that, but this is not an uncertainty."

"Joan, do you *know* it is going to happen?"

"Yes, I know it. My Voices told me."

"Ah," said Catherine, resignedly, "if *they* told you— But are you sure it was *they*?—quite sure?"

"Yes, quite. It will happen—there is no doubt."

"It is dreadful! Since when have you known it?"

"Since—I think it is several weeks." Joan turned to me. "Louis, you will remember. How long is it?"

"Your Excellency spoke of it first to the King, in Chinon," I answered; "that was as much as seven weeks ago. You spoke of it again the 20th of April, and also the 22d, two weeks ago, as I see by my record here."

These marvels disturbed Catherine profoundly, but I had long ceased to be surprised at them. One can get used to anything in this world. Catherine said—

"And it is to happen to-morrow?—always to-morrow? Is it the same date always? There has been no mistake, and no confusion?"

"No," Joan said; "the 7th of May is the date—there is no other."

"Then you shall not go a step out of this house till that awful day is gone by! You will not dream of it, Joan, *will* you?—promise that you will stay with us."

But Joan was not persuaded. She said—

"It would not help the matter, dear good friend. The wound is to come, and come to-morrow. If I do not seek it, it will seek me. My duty calls me to that place to-morrow; I should have to go if my death were waiting for me there; shall I stay away for only a wound? Oh no, we must try to do better than that."

"Then you are determined to go?"

"Of a certainty, yes. There is only one thing that I can do for France—hearten her soldiers for battle and victory." She thought a moment, then added, "However, one should not be unreasonable, and I would do much to please you, who are so good to me. Do you love France?"

I wondered what she might be contriving now, but I saw no clew. Catherine said, reproachfully—

"Ah, what have I done to deserve this question?"

"Then you do love France. I had not doubted it, dear. Do not be hurt, but answer me—have you ever told a lie?"

"In my life I have not wilfully told a lie—fibs, but no lies."

"That is sufficient. You love France and do not tell lies; therefore I will trust you. I will go or I will stay, as you shall decide."

"Oh, I thank you from my heart, Joan! How good and dear it is of you to do this for me! Oh, you shall stay, and not go!"

In her delight she flung her arms about Joan's neck and squandered endearments upon her the least of which would have made me rich, but as it was, they only made me realize how poor I was—how miserably poor in what I would most have prized in this world. Joan said—

"Then you will send word to my headquarters that I am not going?"

"Oh, gladly. Leave that to me."

"It is good of you. And how will you word it?—for it must have proper official form. Shall I word it for you?"

"Oh, do—for you know about these solemn procedures and stately proprieties, and I have had no experience."

"Then word it like this. 'The chief of staff is commanded to make known to the King's forces in garrison and in the field, that the General-in-Chief of the Armies of France will not face the English on the morrow, she being afraid she may get hurt. Signed, JOAN OF ARC, by the hand of CATHERINE BOUCHER, who loves France.'"

There was a pause—a silence of the sort that tortures one into stealing a glance to see how the situation looks, and I did that. There was a loving smile on Joan's face, but the color was mounting in crimson waves into Catherine's, and her lips were quivering and the tears gathering; then she said—

"Oh, I am so ashamed of myself!—and

you are so noble and brave and wise, and I am so paltry—so paltry and such a fool!" and she broke down and began to cry, and I did so want to take her in my arms and comfort her, but Joan did it, and of course I said nothing. Joan did it well, and most sweetly and tenderly, but I could have done it as well, though I knew it would be foolish and out of place to suggest such a thing, and might make an awkwardness too, and be embarrassing to us all, so I did not offer, and I hope I did right and for the best, though I could not know, and was many times tortured with doubts afterward as having perhaps let a chance pass which might have changed all my life and made it happier and more beautiful than, alas, it turned out to be. For this reason I grieve yet, when I think of that scene, and do not like to call it up out of the deeps of my memory because of the pangs it brings.

Well, well, a good and wholesome thing is a little harmless fun in this world; it tones a body up and keeps him human and prevents him from souring. To set that little trap for Catherine was as good and effective a way as any to show her what a grotesque thing she was asking of Joan. It *was* a funny idea, now, wasn't it, when you look at it all around? Even Catherine dried up her tears and laughed when she thought of the English getting hold of the French Commander-in-Chief's reason for staying out of a battle. She granted that they could have a good time over a thing like that.

We got to work on the letter again, and of course did not have to strike out the passage about the wound. Joan was in fine spirits; but when she got to sending messages to this, that, and the other old playmate and friend, it brought our village and the Fairy Tree and the flowery plain and the browsing sheep and all the peaceful beauty of our old humble home-place back, and the familiar names began to tremble on her lips; and when she got to Haumette and Little Mengette it was no use, her voice broke and she couldn't go on. She waited a moment, then said—

"Give them my love—my warm love—my deep love—oh, out of my heart of hearts! I shall never see our home any more."

Now came Pasquerel, Joan's confessor, and introduced a gallant knight, the Sire de Rais, who had been sent with a message. He said he was instructed to say

that the council had decided that enough had been done for the present; that it would be safest and best to be content with what God had already done; that the city was now well victualled and able to stand a long siege; that the wise course must necessarily be to withdraw the troops from the other side of the river and resume the defensive—therefore they had decided accordingly.

"The incurable cowards!" exclaimed Joan. "So it was to get me away from my men that they pretended so much solicitude about my fatigue. Take this message back—not to the council, I have no speeches for those disguised ladies'-maids—but to the Bastard and La Hire, who are men. Tell them the army is to remain where it is, and I hold them responsible if this command miscarries. And say the offensive will be resumed in the morning. You may go, good sir."

Then she said to her priest—

"Rise early, and be by me all the day. There will be much work on my hands, and I shall be hurt between my neck and my shoulder."

CHAPTER XXII.

WE were up at dawn, and after mass we started. In the hall we met the master of the house, who was grieved, good man, to see Joan going breakfastless to such a day's work, and begged her to wait and eat, but she couldn't afford the time—that is to say, she couldn't afford the patience, she being in such a blaze of anxiety to get at that last remaining *bastille* which stood between her and the completion of the first great step in the rescue and redemption of France. Boucher put in another plea:

"But think—we poor beleaguered citizens who have hardly known the flavor of fish for these many months, have spoil of that sort again, and we owe it to you. There's a noble shad for breakfast; wait—be persuaded."

Joan said—

"Oh, there's going to be fish in plenty; when this day's work is done the whole river-front will be yours to do as you please with."

"Ah, your Excellency will do well, *that* I know; but we don't require quite that much, even of you; you shall have a month for it in place of a day. Now be beguiled—wait and eat. There's a saying that he that would cross a river twice

in the same day in a boat, will do well to eat fish for luck, lest he have an accident."

"That doesn't fit my case, for to-day I cross but once in a boat."

"Oh, don't say that. Aren't you coming back to us?"

"Yes, but not in a boat."

"How, then?"

"By the bridge."

"Listen to that—by the bridge! Now stop this jesting, dear General, and do as I would have you. It's a noble fish."

"Be good, then, and save me some for supper; and I will bring one of those Englishmen with me and he shall have his share."

"Ah, well, have your way if you must. But he that fasts must attempt but little and stop early. When shall you be back?"

"When I've raised the siege of Orleans. FORWARD!"

We were off. The streets were full of citizens and of groups and squads of soldiers, but the spectacle was melancholy. There was not a smile anywhere, but only universal gloom. It was as if some vast calamity had smitten all hope and cheer dead. We were not used to this, and were astonished. But when they saw the Maid, there was an immediate stir, and the eager question flew from mouth to mouth—

"Where is she going? Whither is she bound?"

Joan heard it, and called out—

"Whither would ye suppose? I am going to take the Tourelles."

It would not be possible for any to describe how those few words turned that mourning into joy—into exaltation—into frenzy; and how a storm of huzzahs burst out and swept down the streets in every direction and woke those corpselike multitudes to vivid life and action and turmoil in a moment. The soldiers broke from the crowd and came flocking to our standard, and many of the citizens ran and got pikes and halberds and joined us. As we moved on, our numbers increased steadily, and the hurrahing continued—yes, we moved through a solid cloud of noise, as you may say, and all the windows on both sides contributed to it, for they were filled with excited people.

You see, the council had closed the Burgundy gate and placed a strong force there, under that stout soldier Raoul de Gaucourt, Bailly of Orleans, with orders

to prevent Joan from getting out and resuming the attack on the Tourelles, and this shameful thing had plunged the city into sorrow and despair. But that feeling was gone now. They believed the Maid was a match for the Council, and they were right.

When we reached the gate, Joan told Gaucourt to open it and let her pass.

He said it would be impossible to do this, for his orders were from the Council and were strict. Joan said—

"There is no authority above mine but the King's. If you have an order from the King, produce it."

"I cannot claim to have an order from him, General."

"Then make way, or take the consequences!"

He began to argue the case, for he was like the rest of the tribe, always ready to fight with words, not acts; but in the midst of his gabble Joan interrupted with the terse order—

"Charge!"

We came with a rush, and brief work we made of that small job. It was good to see the Bailly's surprise. He was not used to this unsentimental promptness. He said afterwards that he was cut off in the midst of what he was saying—in the midst of an argument by which he could have proved that he could not let Joan pass—an argument which Joan could not have answered.

"Still, it appears she did answer it," said the person he was talking to.

We swung through the gate in great style, with a vast accession of noise, the most of which was laughter, and soon our van was over the river and moving down against the Tourelles.

First we must take a supporting work called a boulevard, and which was otherwise nameless, before we could assault the great bastille. Its rear communicated with the bastille by a drawbridge, under which ran a swift and deep strip of the Loire. The boulevard was strong, and Dunois doubted our ability to take it, but Joan had no such doubt. She pounded it with artillery all the forenoon, then about noon she ordered an assault and led it herself. We poured into the fosse through the smoke and a tempest of missiles, and Joan, shouting encouragements to her men, started to climb a scaling-ladder, when that misfortune happened which we knew was to happen—the iron bolt from

an arbalest struck between her neck and her shoulder, and tore its way down through her armor. When she felt the sharp pain and saw her blood gushing over her breast, she was frightened, poor girl, and as she sank to the ground she began to cry, bitterly.

The English sent up a glad shout and came surging down in strong force to take her, and then for a few minutes the might of both adversaries was concentrated upon that spot. Over her and about her, English and French fought with desperation—for she stood for France, indeed she *was* France to both sides—whichever won her won France, *and could keep it forever*. Right there in that small spot, and in ten minutes by the clock, the fate of France, for all time, was to be decided, and *was* decided.

If the English had captured Joan then, Charles VII. would have flown the country, the Treaty of Troyes would have held good, and France, already English property, would have become, without further dispute, an English province, to so remain until the Judgment Day. A nationality and a kingdom were at stake there, and no more time to decide it in than it takes to hard-boil an egg. It was the most momentous ten minutes that the clock has ever ticked in France, or ever will. Whenever you read in histories about hours or days or weeks in which the fate of one or another nation hung in the balance, do not you fail to remember, nor your French hearts to beat the quicker for the remembrance, the ten minutes that France, called otherwise Joan of Arc, lay bleeding in the fosse that day, with two nations struggling over her for her possession.

And you will not forget the Dwarf. For he stood over her, and did the work of any six of the others. He swung his axe with both hands; whenever it came down, he said those two words, "For France!" and a splintered helmet flew like egg-shells, and the skull that carried it had learned its manners and would offend the French no more. He piled a bulwark of iron-clad dead in front of him and fought from behind it; and at last when the victory was ours we closed about him, shielding him, and he ran up a ladder with Joan as easily as another man would carry a child, and bore her out of the battle, a great crowd following and anxious, for she was drenched with

blood to her feet, half of it her own and the other half English, for bodies had fallen across her as she lay and had poured their red life-streams over her. One couldn't see the white armor now, with that awful dressing over it.

The iron bolt was still in the wound—some say it projected out behind the shoulder. It may be—I did not wish to see, and did not try to. It was pulled out, and the pain made Joan cry again, poor thing. Some say she pulled it out herself because others refused, saying they could not bear to hurt her. As to this I do not know; I only know it was pulled out, and that the wound was treated with oil and properly dressed.

Joan lay on the grass, weak and suffering, hour after hour, but still insisting that the fight go on. Which it did, but not to much purpose, for it was only under her eye that men were heroes and not afraid. They were like the Paladin; I think he was afraid of his shadow—I mean in the afternoon, when it was very big and long—but when he was under Joan's eye and the inspiration of her great spirit, what was he afraid of? Nothing in this world—and that is just the truth.

Toward night Dunois gave it up. Joan heard the bugles.

"What!" she cried. "Sounding the retreat!"

Her wound was forgotten in a moment. She countermanded the order, and sent another, to the officer in command of a battery, to stand ready to fire five shots in quick succession. This was a signal to a force on the Orleans side of the river under La Hire, who was not, as some of the histories say, with *us*. It was to be given whenever Joan should feel sure the boulevard was about to fall into her hands—then that force must make a counter-attack on the Tourelles by way of the bridge.

Joan mounted her horse, now, with her staff about her, and when our people saw us coming, they raised a great shout, and were at once eager for another assault on the boulevard. Joan rode straight to the fosse where she had received her wound, and standing there in the rain of bolts and arrows, she ordered the Paladin to let her long standard blow free, and to note when its fringes should touch the fortress. Presently he said—

"It touches."

"Now, then," said Joan to the waiting battalions, "the place is yours—enter in! Bugles, sound the assault! Now, then—all together—*go!*"

And go it was. You never saw anything like it. We swarmed up the ladders and over the battlements like a wave—and the place was our property. Why, one might live a thousand years and never see so gorgeous a thing as that again. There, hand to hand, we fought like wild beasts, for there was no give-up to those English—there was no way to convince one of those people but to kill him, and even then he doubted. At least so it was thought, in those days, and maintained by many.

We were busy and never heard the five cannon-shots fired, but they *were* fired a moment after Joan had ordered the assault; and so, while we were hammering and being hammered in the smaller fortress, the reserve on the Orleans side poured across the bridge and attacked the Tourelles from that side. A fire-boat was brought down and moored under the drawbridge which connected the Tourelles with our boulevard; wherefore, when at last we drove our English ahead of us and they tried to cross that drawbridge and join their friends in the Tourelles, the burning timbers gave way under them and emptied them in a mass into the river in their heavy armor—and a pitiful sight it was to see brave men die such a death as that.

"Ah, God pity them!" said Joan, and wept to see that sorrowful spectacle. She said those gentle words and wept those compassionate tears although one of those perishing men had grossly insulted her with a coarse name three days before, when she had sent him a message asking him to surrender. That was their leader, Sir William Glasdale, a most valorous knight. He was clothed all in steel; so he plunged under the water like a lance, and of course came up no more.

We soon patched a sort of bridge together and threw ourselves against the last stronghold of the English power that barred Orleans from friends and supplies. Before the sun was quite down, Joan's forever memorable day's work was finished, her banner floated from the fortress of the Tourelles, her promise was fulfilled, she had raised the siege of Orleans!

The seven months' beleaguering was ended, the thing which the first generals

of France had called impossible was accomplished; in spite of all that the King's ministers and war-councils could do to prevent it, this little country maid of seventeen had carried her immortal task through, and done it in four days!

Good news travels fast, sometimes, as well as bad. By the time we were ready to start homewards by the bridge the whole city of Orleans was one red flame of bonfires, and the heavens blushed with satisfaction to see it; and the booming and bellowing of cannon and the banging of bells surpassed by great odds anything that even Orleans had attempted before in the way of noise.

When we arrived—well, there is no describing that. Why, those acres of people that we ploughed through shed tears enough to raise the river; there was not a face in the glare of those fires that hadn't tears streaming down it; and if Joan's feet had not been protected by iron they would have kissed them off of her. "Welcome! welcome to the Maid of Orleans!" That was the cry; I heard it a hundred thousand times. "Welcome to *our* Maid!" some of them worded it.

No other girl in all history has ever reached such a summit of glory as Joan of Arc reached that day. And do you think it turned her head, and that she sat up to enjoy that delicious music of homage and applause? No; another girl would have done that, but not this one. That was the greatest heart and the simplest that ever beat. She went straight to bed and to sleep, like any tired child; and when the people found she was wounded and would rest, they shut off all passage and traffic in that region and stood guard themselves the whole night through, to see that her slumbers were not disturbed. They said, "She has given us peace, she shall have peace herself."

All knew that that region would be empty of English next day, and all said that neither the present citizens nor their posterity would ever cease to hold that day sacred to the memory of Joan of Arc. That word has been true for more than sixty years; it will continue so always. Orleans will never forget the 8th of May, nor ever fail to celebrate it. It is Joan of Arc's day—and holy.*

* It is still celebrated every year with civic and military pomps and solemnities.—TRANSLATOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the earliest dawn of the morning, Talbot and his English forces evacuated their bastilles and marched away, not stopping to burn, destroy, or carry off anything, but leaving their fortresses just as they were, provisioned, armed, and equipped for a long siege. It was difficult for the people to believe that this great thing had really happened; that they were actually free once more, and might go and come through any gate they pleased, with none to molest or forbid; that the terrible Talbot, that scourge of the French, that man whose mere name had been able to annul the effectiveness of French armies, was gone, vanquished, retreating—driven away by a girl.

The city emptied itself. Out of every gate the crowds poured. They swarmed about the English bastilles like an invasion of ants, but noisier than those creatures, and carried off the artillery and stores, then turned all those dozen fortresses into monster bonfires, imitation volcanoes whose lofty columns of thick smoke seemed supporting the arch of the sky.

The delight of the children took another form. To some of the younger ones seven months was a sort of lifetime. They had forgotten what grass was like, and the velvety green meadows seemed paradise to their surprised and happy eyes after the long habit of seeing nothing but dirty lanes and streets. It was a wonder to them—those spacious reaches of open country to run and dance and tumble and frolic in, after their dull and joyless captivity; so they scampered far and wide over the fair regions on both sides of the river, and came back at eventide weary, but laden with flowers and flushed with new health drawn from the fresh country air and the vigorous exercise.

After the burnings, the grown folk followed Joan from church to church and put in the day in thanksgivings for the city's deliverance, and at night they fêted Joan and her generals and illuminated the town, and high and low gave themselves up to festivities and rejoicings. By the time the populace were fairly in bed, toward dawn, we were in the saddle and away toward Tours to report to the King.

That was a march which would have turned any one's head but Joan's. We

moved between emotional ranks of grateful country people all the way. They crowded about Joan to touch her feet, her horse, her armor, and they even knelt in the road and kissed her horse's hoof-prints.

The land was full of her praises. The most illustrious chiefs of the Church wrote to the King extolling the Maid, comparing her to the saints and heroes of the Bible, and warning him not to let "unbelief, ingratitude, or other injustice" hinder or impair the divine help sent through her. One might think there was a touch of prophecy in that, and we will let it go at that; but to my mind it had its inspiration in those great men's accurate knowledge of the King's trivial and treacherous character.

The King had come to Tours to meet Joan. At the present day this poor thing is called Charles the Victorious, on account of victories which other people won for him, but in our time we had a private name for him which described him better, and was sanctified to him by personal deserving—Charles the Base. When we entered the presence he sat throned, with his tinselled snobs and dandies around him. He looked like a forked carrot, so tightly did his clothes fit him from his waist down; he wore shoes with a rope-like pliant toe a foot long that had to be hitched up to the knee to keep it out of the way; he had on a crimson velvet cape that came no lower than his elbows; on his head he had a tall felt thing like a thimble, with a feather in its jewelled band that stuck up like a pen from an inkhorn, and from under that thimble his bush of stiff hair stuck down to his shoulders, curving outwards at the bottom, so that the cap and the hair together made the head look like a shuttlecock. All the materials of his dress were rich, and all the colors brilliant. In his lap he cuddled a miniature greyhound that snarled, lifting its lip and showing its white teeth whenever any slight movement disturbed it. The King's dandies were dressed in about the same fashion as himself, and when I remembered that Joan had called the war-council of Orleans "disguised ladies'-maids," it reminded me of people who squander all their money on a trifle and then haven't anything to invest when they come across a better chance; that name ought to have been saved for these creatures.



THE CAPTURE OF THE TOURELLES.

Joan fell on her knees before the majesty of France, and the other frivolous animal in his lap—a sight which it pained me to see. What had that man done for his country or for anybody in it, that she or any other person should kneel to him? But she—she had just done the only great deed that had been done for France in fifty years, and had consecrated it with the libation of her blood. The positions should have been reversed.

However, to be fair, one must grant that Charles acquitted himself very well for the most part, on that occasion—very much better than he was in the habit of doing. He passed his pup to a courtier, and took off his cap to Joan as if she had been a queen. Then he stepped from his throne and raised her, and showed quite a spirited and manly joy and gratitude in welcoming her and thanking her for her extraordinary achievement in his service. My prejudices are of a later date than that. If he had continued as he was at that moment, I should not have acquired them.

He acted handsomely. He said—

“You shall not kneel to me, my matchless General; you have wrought royally, and royal courtesies are your due.” Noticing that she was pale, he said, “But you must not stand; you have lost blood for France, and your wound is yet green—come.” He led her to a seat and sat down by her. “Now, then, speak out frankly, as to one who owes you much and freely confesses it before all this courtly assemblage. What shall be your reward? Name it.”

I was ashamed of him. And yet that was not fair, for how could he be expected to know this marvellous child in these few weeks, when we who thought we had known her all her life were daily seeing the clouds uncover some new altitudes of her character whose existence was not suspected by us before? But we are all that way; when *we* know a thing we have only scorn for other people who don't happen to know it. And I was ashamed of those courtiers, too, for the way they licked their chops, so to speak, as envying Joan her great chance, they not knowing her any better than the King did. A blush began to rise in Joan's cheeks at the thought that she was working for her country for pay, and she dropped her head and tried to hide her face, as girls always do when

they find themselves blushing; no one knows why they do, but they do, and the more they blush the more they fail to get reconciled to it, and the more they can't bear to have people look at them when they are doing it. The King made it a great deal worse by calling attention to it, which is the unkindest thing a person can do when a girl is blushing; sometimes, where there is a big crowd of strangers, it is even likely to make her cry if she is as young as Joan was. God knows the reason for this, it is hidden from men. As for me, I would as soon blush as sneeze; in fact, I would rather. However, these meditations are not of consequence; I will go on with what I was saying. The King rallied her for blushing, and this brought up the rest of the blood and turned her face to fire. Then he was sorry, seeing what he had done, and tried to make her comfortable by saying the blush was exceedingly becoming to her and not to mind it—which caused even the dog to notice it now, so of course the red in Joan's face turned to purple, and the tears overflowed and ran down—I could have told anybody that that would happen. The King was distressed, and saw that the best thing to do would be to get away from this subject, so he began to say the finest kind of things about Joan's capture of the Tourelles, and presently when she was more composed he mentioned the reward again and pressed her to name it. Everybody listened with anxious interest to hear what her claim was going to be, but when her answer came their faces showed that the thing she asked for was not what they had been expecting.

“Oh, dear and gracious Dauphin, I have but one desire—only one. If—”

“Do not be afraid, my child—name it.”

“That you will not delay a day. My army is strong and valiant, and eager to finish its work—march with me to Rheims and receive your crown.”

You could see the indolent King shrink, in his butterfly clothes.

“To Rheims—oh, impossible, my General! We march through the heart of England's power?”

Could those be French faces there? Not one of them lighted in response to the girl's brave proposition, but all promptly showed satisfaction in the King's objection. Leave this silken idleness for the rude contact of war? None of these but-



JOAN DICTATING LETTERS TO HER PARENTS.

terflies desired that. They passed their jewelled comfit-boxes one to another and whispered their content in the head butterfly's practical prudence. Joan pleaded with the King, saying—

"Ah, I pray you do not throw away this perfect opportunity. Everything is favorable—everything. It is as if the circumstances were specially made for it. The spirits of our army are exalted with victory, those of the English forces depressed by defeat. Delay will change this. Seeing us hesitate to follow up our advantage, our men will wonder, doubt, lose confidence, and the English will wonder, gather courage, and be bold again. Now is the time—prithee let us march!"

The King shook his head, and La Tremouille, being asked for an opinion, eagerly furnished it:

"Sire, all prudence is against it. Think of the English strongholds along the Loire; think of those that lie between us and Rheims!"

He was going on, but Joan cut him short, and said, turning to him—

"If we wait, they will all be strengthened, re-enforced. Will that advantage us?"

"Why--no."

"Then what is your suggestion?—what is it that you would propose to do?"

"My judgment is to wait."

"Wait for what?"

The minister was obliged to hesitate, for he knew of no explanation that would sound well. Moreover, he was not used to being catechised in this fashion, with the eyes of a crowd of people on him, so he was irritated, and said—

"Matters of state are not proper matters for public discussion."

Joan said, placidly—

"I have to beg your pardon. My trespass came of ignorance. I did not know that matters connected with your department of the government were matters of state."

The minister lifted his brows in amused

surprise, and said, with a touch of sarcasm—

"I am the King's chief minister, and yet you had the impression that matters connected with my department are not matters of state? Pray how is that?"

Joan replied, indifferently—

"Because there is no state."

"No state!"

"No, sir, there is no state, and no use for a minister. France is shrunk to a couple of acres of ground; a sheriff's constable could take care of it; its affairs are not matters of state. The term is too large."

The King did not blush, but burst into a hearty, careless laugh, and the court laughed too, but prudently turned its head and did it silently. La Tremouille was angry, and opened his mouth to speak, but the King put up his hand, and said—

"There—I take her under the royal protection. She has spoken the truth, the ungilded truth—how seldom I hear it! With all this tinsel on me and all this tinsel about me, I am but a sheriff after all, a poor shabby two-acre sheriff, and you are but a constable," and he laughed his cordial laugh again. "Joan, my frank, honest General, *will* you name your reward? I would ennoble you. You shall quarter the crown and the lilies of France for blazon, and with them your victorious sword to defend them—speak the word."

It made an eager buzz of surprise and envy in the assemblage, but Joan shook her head, and said—

"Ah, I cannot, dear and noble Dauphin. To be allowed to work for France, to spend one's self for France, is itself so supreme a reward that nothing can add to it—nothing. Give me the one reward I ask, the dearest of all rewards, the highest in your gift—march with me to Rheims and receive your crown. I will beg it on my knees."

But the King put his hand on her arm, and there was a really brave awakening in his voice and a manly fire in his eye when he said—

"No; sit. You have conquered me—it shall be as you—"

But a warning sign from his minister halted him, and he added, to the relief of the Court—

"Well, well, we will think of it, we

will think it over and see. Does that content you, impulsive little soldier?"

The first part of the speech sent a glow of delight to Joan's face, but the end of it quenched it and she looked sad, and the tears gathered in her eyes. After a moment she spoke out with what seemed a sort of terrified impulse, and said—

"Oh, use me; I beseech you, use me—there is but little time!"

"But little time?"

"Only a year—I shall last only a year."

"Why, child, there are fifty good years in that compact little body yet."

"Oh, you err, indeed you do. In one little year the end will come. Ah, the time is so short, so short; the moments are flying, and so much to be done. Oh, use me, and quickly—it is life or death for France!"

Even those insects were sobered by her impassioned words. The King looked very grave—grave, and strongly impressed.

His eyes lit suddenly with an eloquent fire, and he rose and drew his sword and raised it aloft; then he brought it slowly down upon Joan's shoulder and said:

"Ah, thou art so simple, so true, so great, so noble—and by this accolade I join thee to the nobility of France, thy fitting place! And for thy sake I do hereby ennoble all thy family and all thy kin; and all their descendants born in wedlock, not only in the male but also in the female line. And more!—more! To distinguish thy house and honor it above all others, we add a privilege never accorded to any before in the history of these dominions: the females of thy line shall have and hold the right to ennoble their husbands when these shall be of inferior degree." [Astonishment and envy flared up in every countenance when the words were uttered which conferred this extraordinary grace. The King paused and looked around upon these signs with quite evident satisfaction.] "Rise, Joan of Arc, now and henceforth surnamed *Du Lis*, in grateful acknowledgment of the good blow which you have struck for the lilies of France; and they, and the royal crown, and your own victorious sword, fit and fair company for each other, shall be grouped in your escutcheon and be and remain the symbol of your high nobility forever."

As my lady *Du Lis* rose, the gilded children of privilege pressed forward to



THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS.

From the painting by J. E. Lenepveu in the Panthéon at Paris.

welcome her to their sacred ranks and call her by her new name; but she was troubled, and said these honors were not meet for one of her lowly birth and station, and by their kind grace she would remain simple Joan of Arc, nothing more—and so be called.

Nothing more! As if there *could* be anything more, anything higher, anything greater! My lady Du Lis—why, it was tinsel, petty, perishable. But—JOAN OF ARC! The mere sound of it sets one's pulses leaping!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEARTS INSURGENT.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(*Continued.*)

WHEN Arabella, Jude, and Donn had disappeared on their matrimonial errand, the assembled guests yawned themselves wider awake, and discussed the situation with great interest. Tinker Taylor, being the most sober, reasoned the most lucidly.

"I don't wish to speak against friends," he said, "but it do seem a rare curiosity for a couple to marry over again! If they couldn't get on the first time, when their minds were limp, they won't the second, by my reckoning."

"Do you think he'll do it?"

"He's been put upon his honor by the woman, so he med."

"He'd hardly do it straight off like this. He's got no license nor anything."

"She's got that, bless you! Didn't you hear her say so to her father?"

"Well," said Tinker Taylor, relighting his pipe at the gas-jet, "take her all together, limb by limb, she's not such a bad-looking piece—particular by candle-light. To be sure, half-pence that have been in circulation can't be expected to look like new ones from the mint. But for a woman that's been knocking about the four hemispheres for some time, she's passable enough. A little bit thick in the fitch, perhaps; but I like a woman that a puff o' wind won't blow down."

Their eyes followed the movements of the little girl as she spread the breakfast cloth on the table they had been using, without wiping up the slops of the liquor. The curtains were undrawn, and the expression of the house made to look like morning. Some of the guests, however, fell asleep in their chairs. One or two went to the door, and gazed along the street more than once. Tinker Taylor was the chief of these, and after a time he came in with a leer on his face.

"By gad, they are coming! I think the deed's done!"

"No," said Uncle Joe, following him in. "Take my word, he turned rusty at the last minute. They are walking in a very unusual way; and that's the meaning of it!"

They waited in silence till the wedding party could be heard entering the house. First into the room came Arabella, boisterously; and her face was enough to show that her strategy had succeeded.

"Mrs. Fawley, I presume?" said Tinker Taylor, with mock courtesy.

"Certainly. Mrs. Fawley again," replied Arabella, blandly, pulling off her glove and holding out her left hand.

"There's the padlock—see? . . . Well, he was a very nice gentlemanly man indeed. I mean the clergyman. He said to me, as gentle as a babe, when all was done: 'Mrs. Fawley, I congratulate you heartily,' he says. 'For, having heard your history and that of your husband, I think you have both done the right and proper thing. And for your past errors as a wife, and his as a husband, I think you ought now to be forgiven by the world, as you have forgiven each other,' says he. Yes, he was a *very nice* gentlemanly man. 'The Church don't recognize divorce in her dogma, strictly speaking,' he says. 'And bear in mind the words of the service in your goings out and your comings in: What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Yes, he was a *very nice* gentlemanly man. . . . But, Jude, my dear, you were enough to make a cat laugh! You walked that straight, and held yourself that steady, that one would have thought you were going prentice to a judge; though I knew you were seeing double all the time, from the way you fumbled with my finger."

"I said I'd do anything to—save a

* Begun in December number, 1894, under the title "The Simpletons."

woman's honor," muttered Jude. "And I've done it!"

"Well, now, old deary, come along and have some breakfast."

"I want—some—more whiskey," said Jude, stolidly.

"Nonsense, dear. Not now. There's no more left. The tea will take the muddle out of our heads, and we shall be as fresh as larks."

"All right. I've—married you. She said I ought to marry you again, and I have straightway. It is true religion. Ha! ha! ha!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

MICHAELMAS came and passed, and Jude and his wife, who had lived but a short time in her father's house after their marriage, were in lodgings on the top floor of a house nearer to the centre of the city.

He had done a few days' work during the two or three months since the event, but his health had been indifferent, and it was now precarious. He was sitting in an arm-chair before the fire, and coughed a good deal.

"I've got a bargain for my trouble in marrying thee over again!" Arabella was saying to him. "I shall have to keep 'ee entirely—that's what 'twill come to! I shall have to make black-pot and sausages and hawk 'em about the street, all to support an invalid husband I'd no business to be saddled with at all. Why didn't you keep your health, deceiving one like this? You were well enough when I married you!"

"Ah, yes!" said he, laughing acridly. "I have been thinking of my foolish feeling about the pig you and I killed during our first marriage. I feel now that the greatest mercy that could be vouchsafed to me would be that something should serve me as I served that animal."

This was the sort of discourse that went on between them every day now. The landlord of the lodging, who had heard that they were a queer couple, had doubted if they were married at all, especially as he had seen Arabella kiss Jude one evening when she had taken a little cordial; and he was about to give them notice to quit, till by chance overhearing her one night haranguing Jude in rattling terms, and ultimately flinging a shoe at his head, he recognized the true ring of honest wedlock, and concluding

that they must be respectable, said no more.

Jude did not get any better, and one day he requested Arabella, with considerable hesitation, to execute a commission for him. She asked him indifferently what it was.

"To write to Sue."

"What in the name—do you want me to write to her for?"

"To ask how she is, and if she'll come to see me, because I'm ill, and should like to see her—once again."

"It is like you to insult a lawful wife by asking such a thing!"

"It is just in order not to insult you that I ask you to do it. You know I love Sue. I don't wish to mince the matter—there stands the fact: I love her. I could find a dozen ways of sending a letter to her without your knowledge, but I wish to be quite aboveboard with you and with her husband. A message through you asking her to come is at least free from any odor of intrigue. If she retains any of her old nature at all, she'll come."

"You've no respect for marriage whatever, or its rights and duties!"

"What *does* it matter what my opinions are—a wretch like me? Can it matter to anybody in the world who comes to see me for half an hour—here with one foot in the grave?... Come, please write, Arabella," he pleaded. "Repay my candor with a little generosity!"

"I should think *not*!"

"Not just once? Oh, do!" He felt that his physical weakness had taken away all his dignity.

"What do you want *her* to know how you are for? She don't want to see 'ee. She's the rat that forsook the sinking ship!"

"Don't—don't!"

"And I stuck to un—the more fool I! Have that strumpet in the house, indeed!"

Almost as soon as the words were spoken Jude sprang from the chair, and before Arabella knew where she was he had her on her back upon a little couch which stood there, he kneeling above her.

"Say another word of that sort," he whispered, "and I'll kill you—here and now! I've everything to gain by it—my own death not being the least part. So don't think there's no meaning in what I say."

"What do you want me to do?" gasped Arabella.



JUDE AT THE MILE-STONE.

"Promise never to speak of her."

"Very well. I do."

"I take your word," he said, scornfully, as he loosened her. "But what it is worth I can't say."

"You couldn't kill the pig, but you could kill me!"

"Ah—there you have me! No—I couldn't kill you—even in a passion. Taunt away!"

He then began coughing very much, and she estimated his life with an appraiser's eye as he sank back, ghastly pale. "I'll send for her," Arabella murmured, "if you'll agree to my being in the room with you all the time she's here."

The softer side of his nature, the desire to see Sue, made him unable to resist the offer even now, provoked as he had been, and he replied, breathlessly: "Yes; I agree. Only send for her."

In the evening he inquired if she had written.

"Yes," she said; "I wrote a note telling her you were ill, and asking her to come to-morrow or the day after. I haven't posted it yet."

The next day Jude wondered if she really did post it, but would not ask her; and foolish Hope, that lives on a drop and a crumb, made him restless with expectation. He knew the times of the possible trains, and listened on each occasion for sounds of her.

She did not come; but Jude would not address Arabella again thereon. He hoped and expected all the next day, but no Sue appeared; neither was there any note of reply. Then Jude decided in the privacy of his mind that Arabella had never posted hers, although she had written it. There was something in her manner which told it. His physical weakness was such that he shed tears at the disappointment when she was not there to see. His suspicions were, in fact, well founded. Arabella, like other nurses, thought that your duty towards your invalid was to pacify him by any means short of really acting upon his fancies.

He never said another word to her about his wish or his conjecture. A silent, undiscerned resolve grew up in him, which gave him, if not strength, stability and calm. One mid-day when, after an absence of two hours, she came into the room, she beheld the chair empty.

Down she flopped on the bed, and sit-

ting, meditated. "Now where the devil is my man gone to?" she said.

A driving rain from the northeast had been falling with more or less intermission all the morning, and looking from the window at the dripping spouts, it seemed impossible to believe that any sick man would have ventured out to almost certain death. Yet a conviction possessed Arabella that he had gone out, and it became a certainty when she had searched the house. "If he's such a fool, let him be!" she said. "I can do no more."

Jude was at that moment in a railway train that was drawing near to Alfredston, oddly swathed, and ghastly as Sebastiano's Lazarus, and much stared at by other passengers. An hour later his thin form, in the long great-coat and blanket he had come with, but without an umbrella, could have been seen walking along the five-mile road to Marygreen. On his face showed the determined purpose that alone sustained him, but to which his weakness afforded a sorry foundation. By the uphill walk he was quite blown, but he pressed on, and at half past three o'clock stood by the familiar well at Marygreen. The rain was keeping every body in-doors. Jude crossed the green to the church without observation, and found the building open. Here he stood, looking forth at the school, whence he could hear the usual singsong tones of the little voices that had not yet learnt Creation's groan.

He waited till a small boy came from the school—one evidently allowed out before hours for some reason or other. Jude held up his hand, and the child came.

"Please call at the school-house and ask Mrs. Phillotson if she will be kind enough to come to the church for a few minutes."

The child departed, and Jude heard him knock at the door of the dwelling. He himself went further into the church. Everything was new, except a few pieces of carving preserved from the wrecked old fabric, now fixed against the new walls. He stood by these; they seemed akin to the perished people of that place who were his ancestors and Sue's.

A light footstep, which might have been accounted no more than an added drip to the rainfall, sounded in the porch, and he looked round.

"Oh—I didn't think it was you! I didn't—Oh, Jude!" A hysterical catch in her breath ended in a succession of them.

He advanced, but she quickly recovered and went back.

"Don't go—don't go!" he implored. "This is my last time! I thought it would be less intrusive than to enter your house. And I shall never come again. Don't then be unmerciful. Sue, Sue, we are acting by the letter; and 'the letter killeth.'"

"I'll stay—I won't be unkind!" she said, her mouth quivering, and her tears flowing as she allowed him to come closer. "But why did you come and do this wrong thing, after doing such a right thing as you have done?"

"What right thing?"

"Marrying Arabella again. It was in the Alfredston paper. She has never been other than yours, Jude—in a proper sense. And therefore you did so well—oh, so well!—in recognizing it—and taking her to you again."

"God above!—and is that all I've come to hear? If there is anything more degrading, immoral, unnatural, repulsive, than another in my life, it is this meretricious contract with Arabella, which is called by the name of holy matrimony! And you too—you call yourself Phillotson's wife. *His* wife! You are more nearly mine."

"Don't make me rush away from you! I can't bear much! But on this point I am decided—I am his."

"I cannot understand how you did it—how you think it—I cannot!"

"Never mind that. He is the ordained of Heaven for me. And I—I've wrestled and struggled and fasted and prayed. I have nearly brought my body into complete subjection. And you mustn't—will you—wake—"

"Oh, you darling little fool! where is your reason? You seem to have suffered the loss of your faculties! I would argue with you if I didn't know that a woman in your state of feeling is quite beyond all appeals to her brains. Or is it that you are humbugging yourself, as so many women do about these things, and don't actually believe what you pretend to, and only are indulging the luxury of the emotion raised by an affected belief?"

"Luxury! How can you be so cruel, when I have—"

"You are the completest, most melancholy wreck of a promising human intellect that it has ever been my lot to behold—besotted with a fearful mysticism which

has led you on to a sickening degradation. It was deplorable cowardice in you that began it—that's all. Where is your scorn of convention gone? I *would* have died game!"

"You crush and insult me! Go away from me!" She turned off quickly.

"Dear—no, no—let me make my last appeal. Listen to this. We've both remarried out of our senses. I was made drunk to do it. You were the same. I was gin-drunk; you were creed-drunk. Either form of intoxication takes away the nobler vision. Let us then shake off our mistakes, and run away together!"

"Oh, no, no! . . . Why have you tempted me so far, Jude! It was too unkind—to do it. . . . But I've got over myself now. Don't follow me—don't look at me. Leave me, for pity's sake!"

She ran up the church to the east end, and Jude did as she requested. He did not turn his head, but took up his blanket, which she had not seen, and went straight out. As he passed the end of the church she heard his coughs mingling with the rain on the windows, and in a last instinct of human affection, even now unsubdued by her fetters, she sprang up as if to go and succor him. But she knelt down again, and stopped her ears with her hands till all possible sound of him had passed away.

He was by this time at the corner of the green from which the path ran across the fields in which he had scared rooks as a boy. He turned and looked back, once, at the building which still contained Sue; and then went on, knowing that his eyes would look on that scene no more.

There are cold spots up and down Wessex in autumn and winter weather; but the coldest of all when a north or east wind is blowing is the crest of the down by the Brown House, where the road to Alfredston crosses the old Ridgeway. Here the first winter sleets and snows fall and lie, and here the spring frost lingers last unthawed. Here in the teeth of the northeast wind and rain Jude now pursued his way, wet through, the necessary slowness of his walk from lack of his former strength being insufficient to maintain his heat. He came to the milestone, and, raining as it was, spread his blanket and lay down there to rest. Before moving on he went and felt at the back of the stone for his own carving. It was still there, but nearly obliterated by

moss. He passed the spot where the gibbet of his ancestor and Sue's had stood, and descended the hill.

It was dark when he reached Alfredston, where he had a cup of tea, the deadly chill that began to creep into his bones being too much for him to endure fasting. To get home he had to travel by a steam tram-car and two branches of railway, with much waiting at a junction. He did not reach Christminster till ten o'clock.

On the platform stood Arabella. She looked him up and down.

"You've been to see her?" she asked.

"I have," said Jude, literally tottering with cold and lassitude.

"Well, now you'd best march along home."

The water ran out of him as he went, and he was compelled to lean against the wall to support himself while coughing.

"You've done for yourself by this, young man," said she. "I don't know whether you know it!"

"Of course I do. I meant to do for myself."

"What—to commit suicide?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm blest! Kill yourself for a woman."

"Listen to me, Arabella. You think you are the stronger; and so you are, in a physical sense, now. You could push me over like a ninepin. You did not send that letter the other day, and I could not resent your conduct. But I am not so weak in another way as you think. I made up my mind that a man confined to his room by inflammation of the lungs, a fellow who had only two wishes left in the world, to see a particular woman and then to die, could neatly accomplish those two wishes by one stroke by taking this journey in the rain. That I've done. I have seen her for the last time, and I've finished myself—put an end to a feverish life which ought never to have been begun."

"Lord—you do talk lofty! Won't you have something warm to drink?"

"No, thank you. Let's get to our happy home."

They went along by the silent colleges, and Jude kept stopping.

"What are you looking at?"

"Stupid fancies. I see, in a way, those

spirits of the dead again, on this my last walk, that I saw when I first came here!"

"What a curious chap you are!"

"I seem to see them, and almost hear them rustling. But I don't revere all of them as I did then. I don't believe in half of them. The theologians, the apologists, and their kin, the metaphysicians, the high-handed statesmen, and others, no longer interest me. All that has been spoilt for me by the grind of stern reality."

The expression of Jude's corpselike face in the watery lamp-light was, indeed, as if he saw people where there was nobody. At moments he stood still by an archway, like one watching a figure walk out; then he would look at a window like one discerning a familiar face behind it. He seemed to hear voices, whose words he repeated as if to gather their meaning.

"They seem laughing at me!"

"Who?"

"Oh—I was talking to myself. The phantoms all about here, in the college archways and windows. They used to look friendly in the old days, particularly Joe Addison, and Ned Gibbon, and Sam Johnson, and Doctor Browne, and Bishop Ken—"

"Come along, do! Phantoms! There's neither living nor dead hereabouts, except a damn policeman! I never saw the streets emptier."

"Fancy! The Poet of Liberty used to walk here, and the great Dissector of Melancholy there."

"I don't want to hear about 'em! They bore me."

"Walter Raleigh coming up that lane—Wycliffe—Harvey—Hooker—Arnold—and a whole crowd of Tractarian Shades—"

"I don't *want* to know their names, I tell you! What do I care about folk dead and gone? Upon my soul, you are more sober when you've been drinking than when you are dry!"

"I must rest a moment," he said; and as he paused, holding to the railings, he measured with his eyes the height of a college front. "This is old Rubric. And this Sarcophagus; and up that lane Crozier and Tudor; and all down there is Cardinal, with its long front and its windows with lifted eyebrows, representing the great permanent sneer of the University at the efforts of such as I."

"Come along, and I'll treat you."

"Very well. It will help me home, for I feel the chilly fog from the meadows of Cardinal as if death-claws were grabbing me through and through. As Antigone said, I am neither a dweller among men nor ghosts. But, Arabella, when I am dead you'll see my spirit flitting up and down here among these."

"Pooh! You won't die. You are tough enough yet, old man."

CHAPTER L.

DESPITE himself, Jude recovered somewhat, and worked at his trade for several weeks. After Christmas, however, he broke down again.

With the money he had earned he shifted his lodgings to a more central part of the town. But Arabella saw that he was not likely to do much work for a long while, and was cross enough at the turn affairs had taken since her remarriage to him. "Damned if you haven't been clever in this last stroke," she would say, "to get a nurse for nothing by marrying me!"

Jude was absolutely indifferent to what she said, and, indeed, often regarded her abuse in a humorous light. Sometimes his mood was more earnest, and as he lay he often rambled on upon the defeat of his early aims.

"Every man has some little power in some one direction," he would say. "I was never really stout enough for the stone trade, particularly the fixing. Moving the blocks always used to strain me, and standing in the trying draughts in buildings before the windows are in always gave me colds, and I think that began the mischief inside. But I felt I could do one thing if I had the opportunity. I could accumulate ideas and impart them to others. I had just that little power in me, to acquire knowledge. I wonder if the Founders had such as I in their minds—a fellow good for nothing else but that particular thing?... I hear that soon there is going to be a better chance for such helpless students as I was. There are schemes afoot for making the University less exclusive and extending its influence. I don't know much about it. And it is too late, too late for me! Ah—and for how many worthier ones before me!"

"How you keep a-mumbling!" said Arabella. "I should have thought you'd

have got over all that craze about books by this time. And so you would, if you'd had any sense to begin with. You are as bad now as when we were first married."

On one occasion while soliloquizing thus he called her "Sue," unconsciously.

"I wish you'd mind who you are talking to!" said Arabella, indignantly. "Calling a respectable married woman by the name of that—" She remembered herself, and he did not catch the word.

But in the course of time, when she saw how things were going, and how very little she had to fear from Sue's rivalry, she had a fit of generosity. "I suppose you want to see your—Sue," she said. "Well, I don't mind her coming. You can have her here if you like."

"I don't wish to see her again."

"Oh—that's a change!"

"And don't tell her anything about me—that I'm ill, or anything. She has chosen her course. Let her go."

CHAPTER LI.

THE last lines to which the chronicler of these woes would ask the reader's attention are concerned with the scene in and out of Jude's bedroom when leafy summer came round again.

His face was now so thin that his old friends would hardly have known him. It was afternoon, and Arabella was at the looking-glass curling her hair, which operation she performed by heating an umbrella-stay in the flame of a candle she had lighted, and using it upon the flowing lock. When she had finished this, practised a dimple, and put on her things, she cast her eyes round upon Jude. He seemed to be sleeping.

Arabella, hatted, gloved, and ready, sat down and waited, as if expecting some one to come and take her place of nurse.

Certain sounds from without revealed that the town was in festivity, though little of the festival, whatever it might have been, could be seen here. Bells began to ring. The notes made her restless, and at last she said to herself, "Why ever doesn't father come?"

She looked again at Jude, critically gauged his ebbing life, as she had done so many times during the late months, and glancing at his watch, which was hung up by way of timepiece, rose impatiently. Still he slept, and coming to a resolution, she slipped from the room, closed the door noiselessly, and descended the

stairs. The house was empty. The attraction which moved Arabella to go abroad had evidently drawn away the other inmates long before.

It was a warm, cloudless, enticing day. She shut the front door, and hastened round into Chief Street, and when near the Theatre could hear the notes of the organ, a rehearsal for a coming concert being in progress. She entered under the archway of Old College, where men were putting up awnings round the quadrangle for a ball in the Hall that evening. People who had come up from the country for the day were picnicking on the grass, and Arabella walked along the gravel paths and under the aged limes. But finding this place rather dull, she returned to the streets, and watched the carriages drawing up for the concert, numerous Dons and their wives, and undergraduates with gay female companions, crowding up likewise. When the doors were closed and the concert began, she moved on.

The powerful notes of that concert rolled forth through the swinging yellow blinds of the open windows, over the house-tops, and into the still air of the lanes. They reached so far as to the room in which Jude lay; and it was about this time that his cough began again and awakened him.

As soon as he could speak he murmured, his eyes still closed, "A little water, please."

Nothing but the deserted room received his appeal, and he coughed to exhaustion again—saying, still more feebly, "Water—some water—Sue—Arabella!"

The room remained still as before. Presently he gasped again, "Throat—choked—water—Sue—darling—drop of water—please—oh, please!"

No water came, and the organ notes, faint as a bee's hum, rolled in as before.

Meanwhile Arabella, on her journey to discover what was going on, took a short-cut down a narrow street and through an obscure nook into the quad of Cardinal. It was full of bustle, and brilliant in the sunlight with flowers and other preparations for a ball here also. A carpenter nodded to her, one who had formerly been a fellow-workman of Jude's. A corridor was in course of erection from the entrance to the Hall staircase, of gay red and buff bunting. Wagon-loads of boxes con-

taining bright plants in full bloom were being placed about, and the great staircase was covered with red cloth. She nodded to one workman and another, and ascended to the Hall on the strength of their acquaintance, where they were putting down a new floor and decorating for the dance. The cathedral bell close at hand was sounding for five o'clock service.

"I should not mind having a spin there with a fellow's arm round my waist," she said to one of the men. "But, Lord, I must be getting home again! There's a lot to do. No dancing for me!"

When she reached home she was met at the door by Stagg and one or two other of Jude's fellow stone-workers. "We are just going down to the river," said the former, "to see the boat-bumping. But we've called round on our way to ask how your old chap is."

"He's sleeping nicely, thank you," said Arabella.

"That's right. Well, now, can't you give yourself half an hour's relaxation, Mrs. Fawley, and come along with us? 'Twould do you good."

"I should like to go," said she. "I've never seen the boat-racing, and I hear it is good fun."

"Come along."

"How I *wish* I could!" She looked longingly down the street. "Wait a minute, then. I'll just run up and see how he is now. Father is with him, I believe, so I can most likely come."

They waited, and she entered. Downstairs the inmates were absent as before, having, in fact, gone in a body to the river, where the procession of boats was to pass. When she reached the bedroom she found that her father had not even now come.

"Why couldn't he have been here!" she said, impatiently. "He wants to see the boats himself—that's what it is."

However, on looking round to the bed, she brightened, for she saw that Jude was apparently sleeping, as she had left him, in his usual half-elevated posture, being unable to lie down on account of his cough. He therefore could be left a little longer to himself. A second glance, however, caused her to start, and she went to the bed. His face was quite white, and gradually becoming rigid. She touched his fingers; they were cold, though his body was still warm. She listened at his chest.

All was still within. The customary bumping had ceased.

After her first appalled sense of what had happened, the faint notes of a military or other brass band from the river reached her ears, and in a provoked tone she exclaimed: "To think he should die just now! Why did he die just now?" Then meditating another moment or two, she went to the door, softly closed it as before, and again descended the stairs.

"Here she is!" said one of the workmen. "We wondered if you were coming, after all. Come along; we must be quick, to get a good place.... Well, how is he? Sleeping well still? Of course we don't want to drag 'ee away if—"

"Oh yes—sleeping quite soundly. He won't wake yet," she said, hurriedly.

They went with the crowd down Cardinal Street, where they presently reached the bridge, and the gay barges burst upon their view. Thence they passed by a narrow slit down to the Towing Path, now dusty, hot, and thronged. Almost as soon as they had arrived, the procession of boats began, the oars smacking with a loud kiss on the face of the stream as they were lowered from the perpendicular.

"Oh, I say—how jolly! I'm glad I've come!" said Arabella. "And it can't hurt my husband—my being away."

On the opposite side of the river, on the crowded barges, were gorgeous nosegays of feminine beauty fashionably arrayed in green, pink, blue, and white. The blue flag of the Boat Club denoted the centre of interest, beneath which a band in red uniform gave out the notes she had already heard in the death-chamber. College men in canoes with ladies, watching keenly for "our" boat, darted up and down.

The crowd surged, pushing Arabella and her friends sometimes nearly into the river, and she would have laughed heartily at the horse-play that succeeded if the imprint on her mind-sight of a pale statuesque countenance she had lately gazed upon had not sobered her a little.

The fun on the water reached the climax of excitement. There were immersions, there were shouts; the race was lost and won, the pink and blue ladies retired from the barges, and the people who had watched began to move.

"Well—it's been awfully good!" cried Arabella. "But I think I must get back to my poor man. Father is there, so far as I know; but I had better get back."

"What's your hurry?"

"Well, I must go.... Dear, dear, this is awkward!"

At the narrow gangway where the people ascended from the Towing Path to the bridge the crowd was literally jammed into one hot mass—Arabella with the rest; and here they remained motionless, Arabella exclaiming "Dear, dear!" more and more impatiently; for it had just occurred to her mind that if Jude were discovered to have died alone, an inquest might be deemed necessary.

It was nearly ten minutes before the wedged multitude moved sufficiently to let them pass through. As soon as she got up into the street Arabella hastened on. She did not go straight to her house, but to the abode of a woman who performed the last necessary offices for the poorer dead, where she knocked.

"My husband has just gone, poor soul," she said. "Can you come and lay him out?"

Arabella waited a few minutes, and the two women went along, elbowing their way through the stream of fashionable people pouring out of Cardinal Meadow, and being nearly knocked down by the carriages.

"I must call at the sexton's about the bell, too," said Arabella. "It is just round here, isn't it? I'll meet you at my door."

Two days later, when the sky was equally cloudless and the air equally still, two persons stood beside Jude's open coffin in the same little bedroom. On one side was Arabella, on the other the widow Edlin. They were both looking at Jude's face, the worn old eyelids of Mrs. Edlin being red.

"How beautiful he is!" said she.

"Yes. He's a 'andsome corpse," said Arabella.

The window was open to ventilate the room, and it being about noontide, the clear air was still and quiet without. From a distance came huzzas, and an apparent noise of persons stamping.

"What's that?" murmured the old woman.

"Oh, it's Remembrance day. That's the doctors in the Theatre conferring honorary degrees on the Duke of Hamptonshire and a lot more illustrious gents of that sort. The cheers come from the young men."

"Ay, young and strong-lunged! Not like our poor boy here."

An occasional word, as from some one making a speech, floated from the open windows of the Theatre across to this quiet corner, at which there seemed to be a smile of bitterness upon the marble features of the dead Jude, while the old superseded Delphin editions of Virgil and Homer and the dog-eared Greek Testa-

ment on the neighboring shelf, and the few other volumes of the sort that he had not parted with, roughened with stone-dust where he had been in the habit of catching them up for a few minutes between his labors, seemed to pale to a sickly cast at the sounds. The bells struck out joyously, and their reverberations travelled round the bedroom.

THE END.

RECENT IMPRESSIONS OF ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

BEARING in mind the time-honored predilection in favor of first impressions, and knowing by experience how rarely it happens that subsequent visits to a spot which one has left with regret do not dispel some illusions, it was not without doubt and misgiving that the writer approached Bombay for the third time, on this occasion by rail. Instead of taking the advice of well-meaning friends who pointed out the superior advantages in the way of comfort of the hotels in the "Fort," we went straight to a more suburban quarter in the vicinity of Malabar Hill. The chosen hostelry was the type of the old-time colonial hotel, a three-storied barrack, surrounded by tiers of trellised wooden galleries. The lower floor of the hotel was a vast apartment, with pillars supporting the story above. A large part of this space was occupied by the dining-tables, one or two private dining-rooms, and a species of hotel parlor at one end furnished with the dusty blackwood furniture peculiar to Bombay. These little rooms, occurring at intervals, were fenced in by board partitions reaching half-way up to the ceiling. Our quarters on the third floor opened, like all the others, on the wooden gallery surrounding the building, where the lodgers were accustomed to keep their long lounging-chairs, designed for the encouragement of laziness and the convenient consumption of "pegs" and cheroots. There was a view from this elevation of a back yard and of more or less dilapidated outbuildings, where a great deal of slipshod, half-caste house-keeping was going on in the shadow of the unfamiliar trees of the country. Beyond this were the distant church spires

and buildings of the city, factory chimneys, innumerable waving cocoanut tops, a hill capped with straight-stemmed fan-palms, all dim of outline and undecided in the smoke and yellow haze. At whatever time of day one looked forth in this hot October weather, it was always an afternoon sky that one saw. In the freshness of the early morning, before sunrise, when it was our custom to enjoy the chota hazri, or "little breakfast," which was placed on a table outside the door, there was still the same vaporous horizon, with just a faint flush of rose; but one might know that it was morning from the clamorous activity of the crows, kites, and broad-winged buzzards which wheeled past, keeping watchful eyes on our breakfast-table. The writer cannot but regret the time squandered in fishing for crows with indifferent success by means of something edible attached to the end of a hanging string; but the temptation was sometimes irresistible, for while we sat at the table one or more of them, perched on the rickety shutters or swinging on a neighboring tree-top, watched us with glittering eyes and heads pertly cocked, and if we stepped into the room for a moment, there was a sudden swoop, a rustle of sable wings, and the swift flight of the glossy pirate with a dripping egg or a banana, closely pursued by his less daring brethren. It is not of much use to play tricks on the Indian crows, and the earlier one accepts (temporarily at least) the prevalent belief that they contain the souls of those who were up to sharp practices during their human incarnation, the easier it becomes to understand their ways. Witness the case of the young torpedo engineer, who, being plagued by them beyond endurance, carefully con-

coated a torpedo in a flower-pot seductively baited, to which he attached the wires of an electric battery. Needless to say that he was hoist with his own petard, while the "sanhedrim of gray-headed crows" gravely chuckled from the neighboring tree-tops. The writer once offered a liberal reward to the house-servants at the hotel to induce them to catch one alive for artistic purposes, but no crow was forthcoming.

This early breakfast in the open air had a savor which the more elaborate functions at the table d'hôte did not possess. It is true that the menu was limited and unvarying, confined to tea, toast, and eggs, with whatever fruit happened to be in season; that the salt was of doubtful whiteness, and the pepper-box an ex-receptacle for Keating's insect-powder; but none of these things had power to detract from the enjoyment of the situation. This rickety balcony, overlooking the swaying, lustrous cocoanut fronds, had attractions unequalled by the most inviting of the damask-lined retreats sacred to good cheer which look down on the tumult of the boulevards; and the mere fact that one was obliged to be always on guard against the sudden raids of the feathered buccaneers added a peculiar zest to the "little breakfast." When mangoes were ripe, and were served to us delectably iced and wrapped in a napkin, one could only look forward to the sailing of the steamer with sincere regret. A brief gastronomic flirtation with another fruit did not leave as pleasant an after-taste as the brief acquaintance with the sumptuous mango, for this much lauded and abused delicacy, commended as much by its admirers as it is execrated by its foes, is of gigantic size, and endowed with a correspondingly aggressive odor, so that one cannot indulge in it surreptitiously, but must take the whole neighborhood into his confidence. In the early afternoon, before the landward breeze began to stir among the tree-tops, one desired nothing better than to lie at full length in the long chair, with an iced peg and a cigarette, watching for the first streak of wind-ruffled blue sea to appear on the horizon; and if for a moment one went inside, to dive into a trunk and lift out trays, the atmosphere felt like the sudorium of a Roman bath, and an entire change of raiment became expedient, and yet the soft

breeze, as it gained in strength, lifted one's papers off the table and scattered them over the room. This apartment, arranged to open on a veranda at each end, so that the wind might draw through the open-work of the partition which divided the sitting-room from the bedroom, and with blinds at each end which could be so slanted as to leave full play to the lightest breeze, had its drawbacks, for the bath-room was somewhat dark and grewsome, and it took time to become accustomed to the formidable size of the cockroaches, two of which had their lair under the washbowl in a recess of the wood, whence their exaggerated antennæ protruded, while the owners clung back downwards to the rim.

In these early October days one was only cool while fanned by the punkah at dinner-time, or under its rhythmic sway at night, or while driving in the breeze along the Back Bay, far more decorative in its Southern fashion than the Rotten Row or the Bois, and which adds so much to the attractions of Bombay. At the table d'hôte, notwithstanding the punkahs, one was always conscious of a beaded brow while slowly absorbing iced fluids. As in other hotels of the same period, the crockery had evidently been in use since the days of Warren Hastings, and must have done faithful service for many different social castes, for some pieces might have graced the table of a former Governor-General, while the majority—notched, chipped, and discolored—represented more democratic levels; and the knives were one and all thin and pointed with long usage and daily scouring in the sand by native servants. The manager was an anæmic Irishman, whose daily routine included the absorption of an unlimited number of pegs, varied by an occasional drive to the "Fort" in an antiquated two-wheeled buggy by way of exercise. On the morning after our arrival I came down at 6.30 A.M. with a color-box, intending to begin a sketch among the carved and painted houses of the quarter, and found him sitting outside at a little table on which stood a tall glass of whiskey and potash water. His face was red and plentifully perforated with open pores, suffused with moisture, but he looked comparatively cool, clad in white drills. Glancing at my painting-traps and realizing with amazement, in which I detected a shade of compassion,



MARKETING, SEHARUNPOOR.

that I actually intended to walk, he assured me that such excessive exertion was usually followed in this climate by sudden death. In turn, I assured him of my entire resignation, founded on a hopeful belief in the perfect beatitude of nirvana, etc., and he allowed me to proceed, having washed his hands, as it were, of all responsibility. When we started on an indefinite cruise through Mofussil regions he gave us much kindly advice, but said that travelling by railway at night exposed one to fevers and was extremely dangerous, in which he was partly right.

I think he never expected to see us again, but when we returned, some six months later, in the stewing month of April, we found him in bed, emaciated by a malady brought on by excessive consumption of pegs and want of other exercise, but he recovered sufficiently to be shipped northward on an Anchor liner.

At this hotel we had our first experience of the bedroom punkah, and it was

not altogether satisfactory. In order that the punkah frill might sweep within a few inches of our faces the mosquito-nettings were removed, as we vainly believed what we had been told, that mosquitoes were unable to perform their alimentary functions in a strong current of air. At first the soft fanning, the regular dip, and the long wave of cool air which passed over us were delightfully soporific, but we had not calculated on the punkah-wallah habit of dropping off to sleep, and although the cries and objurgations addressed to these drowsy menials from neighboring rooms failed to arouse us, we were soon awakened by the sensation of heat, and by the feeling that we were helplessly in the power of the singing miscreants. Our landlord had expressed astonishment at my demand for a punkah, since the anticipation of coming "cool weather" had lowered his anæmic temperature, and he had slept under a blanket for the two previous nights. A notable feature of the hotel was the long

corridors like dark tunnels, the blaze of blinding yellow light at each end, with green leaves framing vignettes of golden haze and smoke and stiff fan-palms, or a distant blue line of water dotted with white lateen-sails, and the pair of punkah coolies at each open door, one asleep with his mahogany shins stretched half-way across the passage, and the other languidly pulling at the cord which hangs from the fanlight over the door. Glimpses of the interiors were not easily had, although the doors were all ajar, as tall screens of carved blackwood panelled with Turkey red stood just beyond the thresholds. The company at this hotel was cosmopolitan to a degree, made up of people representing the different Anglo-Indian castes, and travellers who were arriving or departing by the weekly liners. A veteran colonel just back from a campaign in Beloochistan consoled us, when we complained of the heat, unjustly perhaps, for the mercury never rose to the height which people take as a matter of course during the progress of a New York summer. He said that in Beloochistan they were accustomed to emerge from their tents, when an interval between dust-storms permitted, at 4 A.M., and sit outside to drink in the freshness of the morning, when the mercury fell to 104° Fahr. My *vis-à-vis* at the table was an energetic young American, absorbed in the pursuit and capture of wild animals for a transatlantic menagerie. We were taken by our plausible friend to see a couple of unhappy tiger cubs, and were nearly induced to purchase one of them, but remembering in time the restricted accommodations of our apartment on the Avenue Wagram, and the unsympathetic character of the concierge, we wisely backed out at the last moment. But of the several hotels in Bombay which we occupied at intervals, the one which I remember with keenest satisfaction stood at the end of an alley of slender-stemmed and stately fan-palms, and on our right, as we approached it, a sunburnt hill-side, from which red rocks protruded, rose into a high ridge crowned with still taller fan-palms. Curving across and above the gate-posts was the quaintly alliterative name of the Parsee landlord, Rustomjee Ruttonjee; but as this hotel differed but slightly from the others in service and cuisine, its chiefest attraction was the entire loveliness of the view from the win-

dows. When one reluctantly awakens at 5 A.M. and looks down on the dull gray twilight of a European city street, usually saddened at that hour by a leaden sky, it is not always with a feeling of joy that he thinks of the coming day; but here, in the stillness of the early morning, when the waning moon hung in the mellow western sky over the purple sea, dotted with white sails, which showed here and there beyond the solid floor of matted tree-tops, so thickly interlaced that the dark ground was only visible in places, stretching away from under the windows, and hiding the Mahaluxmee Battery and the sea-road, it seemed a waste of time and of life to lie abed.

In the near foreground below, a round green pool fringed about with drooping banana leaves reflected the light of the sky, and on the topmost branches of a tree which almost touched the windows sleek emerald-green parrots sat and plumed themselves. At sundown a strong sea-breeze blew the cocoanut-tops about, and they waved and tossed like sable plumes sharply cut against the vapory red horizon. There is a delightful spot near the shore and close to the Mahaluxmee Battery, conducive to meditation and vague speculation as to what is going on in the far-off west beyond the sunset, and here the Parsees, especially those of the wealthier class, are accustomed to station themselves when the red sun sinks behind the purple rim of the sea, shot through with iridescent crimson and violet tones. This brief halt does not have the appearance of a religious function, although most of them gaze fixedly at the great luminary as it disappears, but all seem to be enjoying the coolness of the air, and relaxing, at the same time, into a little friendly gossip with their neighbors. Their horses and coachmen look sleek and well fed, and, like their masters, have a comfortable and prosperous air. But few of the men, and those usually of the older generation, stick to their hereditary costume, although many still wear the shiny mitre-like hat, and most of them are adorned by English tailors; some of the young men still keep up the narrow turban closely built around a skull-cap. Nearly all the ladies wear the pale, delicately tinted shawls, which harmonize so well with their melancholy black eyes and clear complexions.

Of the more correct and orthodox hotels of the "Fort" the writer has nothing whatever to say in disparagement, and the American or English tourist who chooses to sojourn there may, with but a slight stretch of fancy, imagine that he is still at Charing Cross or the Grand Midland, and enjoying the superior comforts of those famous hostelries. To the hotels in more remote Mofussil capitals the transition from those referred to is by no means abrupt, and in spite of the changes which are being rapidly effected, most of them still retain features which, to say the least, are unmistakably local, and which cause the experienced traveller to prefer the dâk bungalow where it still exists. In one of these northern centres it was only with great difficulty and by the display of persistent energy that we succeeded in reaching the dâk bungalow at all, in consequence of the aggressive enterprise of the hotel "touts" at the railway station, and their influence over both servants and drivers. The hotel which was most difficult to escape from, and which had a rather undesirable reputation, was the Lord Donnybrook. Its rules and regulations, printed with the old-fashioned worn-out type which has probably done unremitting service since the days of Clive, were surrounded by an ornamental border such as one still finds on bottles of "Bengal chutney." Among other items we read that "A single person occupying a double beaded room, will have to vocate it for a single beaded one, if required for a married couple or 2 persons." Also that "Visitors will be good enough not to strike the Hotel servants, any complaints made against them will be attended to." Notwithstanding our directions to the driver, we were taken to this hotel, but fearing that we might fail in complying with its somewhat lengthy schedule of rules, we persisted in our original design of going to the bungalow, and probably missed one of the choicest experiences of a life-



CHOTA HAZRI.

time. We had no reason to regret having chosen the bungalow. It was a long, narrow, one-storied structure, with a veranda extending the whole length of its front. The apartments were all exactly alike, consisting of a living-room or parlor, bedroom, and bath-room, each with a door on the other side, giving access to a little private piazza. As we arrived just before Christmas, which is the great season for Mofussil travel, the place was crowded, but the khansamah and his twin brother, grave and portly Mussulmans, became unusually sympathetic and attentive when they realized that we appreciated their efforts. Never in India did we find such cookery at a hotel, for there was no table d'hôte, and each guest was served in the privacy of his apartment. Every dish was brought in hot; chops and steaks were placed on the table still sizzling on the grill, according to the local fashion; there were juicy teal and partridges, and the curry was generously spiced. For all this we were only required to pay the sum of five rupees a day (for two persons occupying the same quarters), in addition to one rupee each for room-rent. The expectations of the khansamah and his brother did not end here, and they were not disappointed; but one day they reluctantly called our attention to an item in the printed list of rules allowing each person twenty-four hours occupancy only in case the room



THE FORT, BOMBAY, FROM MALABAR HILL.

was wanted by a new-comer, and at the same time showed us a written complaint in the bungalow book, where we had been obliged to inscribe the date of our arrival, and, alas! we were now the oldest inhabitants, having sadly overstaid our time. The khansamah insinuated that we should make a little trip which we had projected to a neighboring point of interest, and after two or three days' absence he would send a carriage for us and reserve our rooms. "Chota hazri" was usually laid on the table in the outer room at an early hour, and we were invariably awakened by the chirping and twittering of the sparrows, which, far from waiting for any invitation to help themselves to butter and jam, resented our appearance on the scene with indignation and vehement scolding. The diminished pat of butter which remained for us was usually pitted with the marks of their beaks. It was quite impossible to keep out these impudent marauders, but it was amusing to watch the manner of their entrance and exit. The door opening on the veranda was closed by a transparent mat of cane or grass, which touched the floor, and they had an ingenious manner of crawling under it in spite of its weight.

The only incongruous note in this bun-

galow* was the punkah, whitewashed like the high bare walls of the sleeping-room, and tied up against the ceiling. It was then the height of the short winter, following the nine months of furnace heat, and the sight of this unseasonable implement sent a chill through one's marrow.

It is only of late years that travellers have begun to invade India in any considerable numbers, and consequently hotel accommodations are often insufficient, except in the show places and in the most populous business centres, so that in many cities of over 100,000 inhabitants the public bungalow is the only accommodation to be found. This is now often supplemented by the "waiting-rooms" at the railway station, provided with restaurant and two or three bedrooms. But during the "cold weather," the popular travelling season in this country, both bungalow and waiting-rooms are often full, and the traveller has difficulty in finding a place to lay his head. We were once obliged to throw ourselves on the mercy of the station-master, who finally made us comfortable in an unoccupied saloon-carriage belonging to the executive engineer of the district.

For any one who has work to do, the privacy and seclusion of the dâk bungalow offer material advantages. As each meal is cooked separately and served in

* This famous bungalow has been suppressed, the hotel-keepers of the city having represented to the local powers that it ruined their business and was quite unnecessary.

the traveller's apartment, he escapes the stiff and fussy table d'hôte at the hotel, an institution which never seems to be quite at home in India.

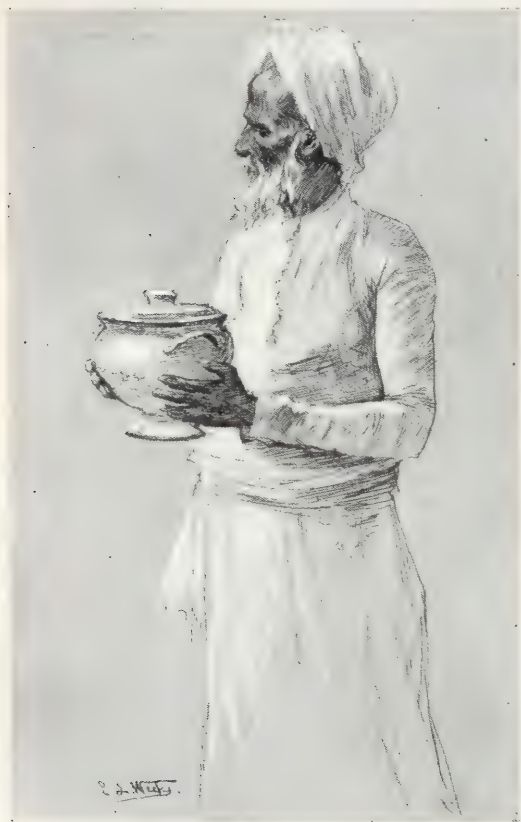
But the cookery is usually rather heavy, as the khansamah's favorite utensil is the frying-pan; and one need not expect to find superfluous luxury in the way of furniture. The rooms being unprovided with windows for the most part, and as the little light which there is enters through the curtained half-glass doors, they are dark and chilly in the winter-time, and have a ghostly and uncanny feeling about them even by daylight, so that the occupant often prefers to take his meals on the sunny veranda during the daytime. There are seldom any fastenings to the doors, and it is sometimes impossible even to close them. When the khansamah brings in a smoky kerosene lamp at nightfall, he pulls down the transparent curtains, or "dhurries," of split cane over the glass part of the doors, thus enabling any one outside who wishes to study the habits of the occupant to look in, while remaining invisible himself. But when the crackling fire of brushwood is lighted in the chimney, the room loses something of its gloom and loneliness. Fireplaces are found wherever the

winter is felt, but seldom south of the tropic; and during the long periods when the rooms are locked up and deserted they serve as refuges for bats, lizards, and the ubiquitous mongoose. It is not customary at these caravansaries to make out a bill for the departing guest, as the khansamah is usually more skilled in mental arithmetic than in writing, but we found that such documents, when we could get them, had a certain literary value. The presiding genius of the Ahmedabad bungalow, known as Shaikh Boodhoo, was a hairy, shaggy-browed Mussulman, somewhat advanced in years, as the major part of his bristling blue-black beard was quite white at the roots—and, by-the-way, it is not always easy to determine the age of a Mussulman, since he cultivates baldness from infancy, when conscientious enough to follow the dictates of the Prophet, and he usually begins to dye his beard at an early period. A constantly recurring item in his weekly account was, "Lamp oil burn"; and he sometimes began his bill with the lines, "for feeding 1 gentleman and a Lady. Rs. annas." At another place of entertainment the khansamah, who did not even pretend to speak English, much less write it, when the bill was called for summoned his little boy



PUNKAH WALLAH.

from school to perform this literary task. The result was a very creditable piece of penmanship on pink paper, with fourteen repetitions of the line, "Food for 2 men Little Big Breakfast Dinner Rs 6-8—"; and the document ended with, "For writing of this Bill 8 annas." He got it, for the laborer was worthy of his hire. A feature of the Ahmedabad "rest house," and a rather depressing one should the visitor have an ill turn, was a small band of frowzy ill-kempt white vultures, which



THE KHANSAMAH.

were accustomed to strut and amble about the compound, and to look in at the door in the early morning to see if perchance there was any streak of luck for them. But if the stranger appeared in his normal state of health they would rise clumsily from the ground and flop heavily and sadly away to some more promising neighborhood.

II.

Travellers who visit India for no other purpose than the indulgence of globe-trotting proclivities, and those, as well, who have a special object of study, will often find their circles of interest gradu-

ally widening. Few can escape being attracted by the strange and piquant contrasts of modern Anglo-Indian life, thrown into such strong relief by the mediæval background of unchanging native custom. While the Ameer of Afghanistan has recently concluded the alliance with England, has strengthened his defences, and, according to a French journalist, has sent to a London firm an order for a million uniforms and a tailor to fit them on his men, the account of the pageants and ceremonies at Cabool on the occasion of his son's betrothal reads like a chapter from Froissart's *Chronicles*.

At official functions, such as durbars, or at fêtes given by native princes, and at semi-official gatherings, characterized by an intermingling, if not a momentary blending, of races, one has the best opportunities of observing these curious oppositions, to borrow a term from the painters' vocabulary. One of the most interesting affairs of this kind, at which the writer had the good fortune to be present, was a garden party given by the Lieutenant-Governor of one of the Northern Presidencies, and the ostensible reason for this function was the reception of certain native dignitaries and the delegates of neighboring chieftains. The parklike grounds surrounding Government House, with long vistas of greensward winding among tall trees, shrubbery, and parterres gorgeous with the winter flora of India, were decorated with tents and marquees where refreshments were served; chairs and benches were scattered about, and there were tennis-courts of seductive smoothness. It was late in December, clear and calm, but the chill in the air as the sun went down seemed hardly in accord with all this summer luxuriance and the costumes and parasols of the ladies, although some of them compromised by wearing fur capes. At similar entertainments in Europe the smart gowns and hats of the ladies give the key-note of color, but here they were quite outshone by the groups of native grandees, all attired with more or less splendor, and presenting much the effect, wherever a few of them were gathered together, of bouquets of multicolored orchids. In the suffused red light of sunset all these marvellous combinations of changeable silks, scarlet cashmere, and embroidered velvet with gold lace galore glowed with additional lustre.

Against the sober green of the foliage

all the strangely shaped turbans of silk and satin, pale lavender and white and gold, or with changing tints of palest blue or cream-color, seemed to compete in brilliancy with the masses of flowers around them. There is often a subtle something, either in the bearing or in the fashion of dress of these worthies, particularly those of portly presence and prestige, which reminds one of old portraits of Henry VIII. or François I. in all their purple and fine linen. The more barbaric red and gold liveries of the "bearers" and other servants added a more positive if less delicate note of color. Strolling about among the groups of Europeans were two brothers, one the type of the ideal Sikh, with handsome aquiline features, pale brown skin and black beard, set off by a loosely wound turban of pale lemon-color, and a long, tight-fitting kufan of black velvet. For the most part these native personages showed a tendency to group themselves together, and to sit silently apart from the Europeans, not, it would seem, from any consciousness of being out of place, for they performed their social duties with much seriousness and dignity, but perhaps they dreaded the effort and difficulty of carrying on in an unfamiliar tongue conversation suitable to the occasion. It may be that some of this aloofness is the result of hereditary habit, not unpardonable in a race where one family, at least, has always lived up to its standard as an example for the others. Where they show a disposition to cultivate the society of Europeans they are not always the gainers to any large extent. Naturally they are at once sized up by their shrewd, if not always unfriendly, critics, and measured according to Western standards, and even a Serene Highness is at once set down as a good fellow, a dunce, or a cad. The fact that but few of the reigning dynasties have been long established, or date back to the early days of English rule (a fact which has nothing to do with their "claims of long descent," in many cases of undoubted authenticity), and that all of them owe their present position and continuance of power to the supreme government, has doubtless something to do with the rather



SUNSET FROM THE CUMBULLU HILL.

patronizing tone often taken by Europeans when speaking of native potentates. At a polo match which took place near the cantonment in the same district the great mass of the spectators were Indian, although few of the higher castes were represented among the invited guests. The Rajah of a neighboring state, who was himself a polo-player of renown, had sent his team, which had already made a record of many victories. A line of regimental mess tents afforded the best positions for viewing the contest. These tents, or rather marquees, were, in most cases, lined with the decorative cotton prints now so well known in Europe, carpeted with rugs, and furnished with lounging-chairs; the silver of each regiment, often including monumental trophies won by their teams on other fields, was displayed on the refreshment tables. There was a fair showing of ladies; and among the younger men, mainly of the military caste, but never by any chance in uniform, were many faces recalling the ruddy sunburnt types so familiar at Zermatt in the season. There is usually a striking uniformity among modern Britons of this type, whether one meets them tranquilly lunching on the apex of the Matterhorn, or tearing about on polo ponies at Benares in the season of the hot winds and in the heat of the day, when the prudent coolie, with more respect for his complexion, has gone to bed under his sheltering eaves.

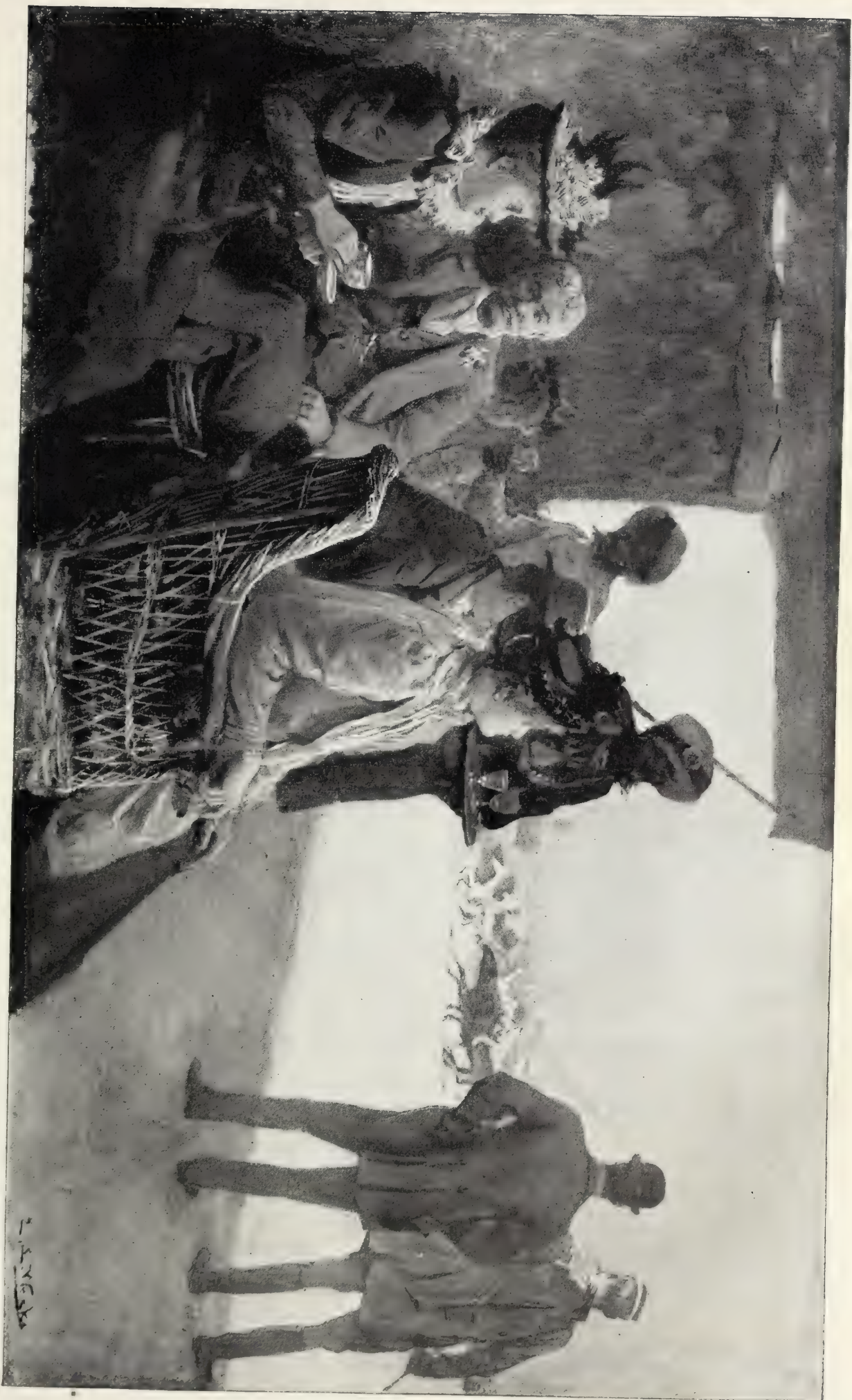
On this occasion I was the guest for the day of Sigismond Justh, the Hungarian novelist, who was studying life from

the officers' quarters of a native regiment, and as we both became interested in reminiscences of Paris, and in the adventures of a young officer of engineers who had just crossed the Pamir from Siberia by a new route, we failed to see the end of the match, which was fought out in a distant part of the field. The mess dinner which followed appeared to verify my friend's conviction that these gentlemen had mastered the art of being comfortable and of living together in harmony, quite after the manner of a large family. There was an air of homely comfort with a spice of luxury at the mess bungalow, as well as at the private quarters of each officer; screens were placed wherever an insidious draught could penetrate, and there were wood fires in every room.

My Hungarian friend had visited, during the previous winter, a military station in Algeria, where the officers, with all the amiable characteristics of their race and all the *bonne volonté* possible, had somehow failed to surround themselves with that atmosphere of home comfort which the Briton in exile knows so well how to create. During the interval before dinner we made the round of the camp and visited the hospital barracks with the captain, most genial of hosts, as it was his day for inspection. We met on the road a group of regimental musicians practising on strange instruments, one of which resembled a bagpipe, and their leader, a young Afghan of formidable physique, who had rather the air of a brigand than a refined musician and an improvisateur, in obedience to a word from the captain, promised to bring his men to the bungalow after dinner. When we returned we found them installed in the drawing-room and tuning up their instruments. The captain, provided with a ponderous volume of Afghan songs and ballads, was assisted by the towering young brigand who led the orchestra in drawing up the programme, while the other musicians, nearly all members of a tribe of gypsies from the hills of the border-land, and having the appearance of Pathans as well, swarthy and long-haired, seated themselves along the base of the white wall, holding their peculiarly shaped instruments. Never have I seen a stranger and more picturesque contrast of races than was presented by this group of half-savage minstrels on their good behavior, and the young officers in braid-

ed mess jackets of scarlet or drab, and the two guests stretched out in bamboo chairs, wearing the conventional black and white, which is always *de rigueur* on festal occasions. There was a quality in this weird Afghan music which suggested the prolonged and plaintive cadences of the Spanish gypsies, and it appealed the more forcibly to the poetic nature of my fellow-guest from its affinity with that of his own country.

At this cantonment we found the usual little club or neutral ground for informal social meetings, which, as in other small stations, had a domestic, homelike air, rather than that of a public rendezvous; ladies came in and played on the piano or sang duets with men in tennis costume, who dropped in from time to time, and there appeared to be a conspicuous absence of that formality usually to be found in larger clubs. Residents or visitors, all seemed to be on the same terms of good-fellowship, and, as at the mess table, quite as if they all made part of the same large family. This enforced intimacy, where people are thrown together of necessity, may have its disagreeable side, but the writer is free to admit that he was not made aware of it, or it may be presumed that those clubs at which he was presented were exceptionally fortunate as regards the personal and social qualities of their members. In the principal Mofussil capitals, where the European element is larger, these clubs naturally have a more metropolitan character. As at the smaller ones, there are always well-kept cemented tennis-courts, a billiard-room, library, and reading-room, where the leading journals of every country, HARPER'S and other American magazines, are almost invariably found, as they are everywhere, except in some of the best-known Parisian circles, where the *Police Gazette* is often the only representative of American illustrated literature. But in the great cities these institutions are planned on a more generous scale. At the Byculla Club the stranger cannot but be impressed with the faultless service and the air of luxury pervading the living quarters of resident members, and which might well have the effect of deterring many a bachelor from launching into the untried, from giving up the certainty of an easy existence for the perils and uncertainties of housekeeping in a country bungalow, or, worse still, of married life



THE POLO MATCH, FROM THE MESS TENTS.

in an Indian hotel. Ample stabling accommodation is provided for the horses and carriages of resident members, and in a climate like that of Bombay, where plenty of air and space is of primary importance, the height and spaciousness of most of the rooms are very satisfactory after the comparatively cramped quarters of most hotels in the Fort. The "Yacht Club," which is, in a way, the jockey club of Bombay, stands close to the sea and near the Apollo Bunder—the popular gathering-place when the band plays there at sundown, as well as a landing-place for passengers by sea—presents at first sight the appearance of a summer casino, with its framework of varnished wood, innumerable awnings and flags, and strengthens the illusion which the traveller sometimes has, on landing at the "Bunder," that he has reached an Oriental watering-place rather than a bustling commercial sea-port; for there is an absence, in this quarter at least, of the unsightly surroundings which generally mar the approach to other great capitals. At the dinner hour, seldom earlier than half past eight, the lofty dining-room, with a multitude of small tables, at which parties of four, six, or eight are seated, ladies in evening dress, and men who are usually types of the civil or military orders, gives one an impression in which much that is agreeably familiar is flavored with something more novel and exotic. There are no long punkahs suspended overhead, but the servants at each table, in blue liveries adorned with silver lace, wield great palm-leaf fans brilliantly draped and frilled. All these slowly moving masses of color shot through with the sparkle of gold or silver threads, the twinkling lights, and the intermittent fanning of the sultry sea-breeze which draws in through the open spaces, over the wide tracts of polished floor, stamp the scene with the unmistakable character of the South which lies beyond the tropic.

III.

.... "And Yama said,—For this question it was inquired of old even by the gods; for it is not easy to understand it; subtle is its nature. Choose another boon, O Nachiketas! Do not compel me to this!"

It was intimated to the writer a year ago, more or less, that some comments on the present financial situation in India, what is properly known as the Rupee

Question, would be timely and acceptable. Since that time each successive mail has brought in reviews and solutions of the state of affairs; suggestions, statements, and reports; complaints, amendments, and explanations—each offering the only practical solution of this financial equation. Hindoos, Parsees, and Mussulmans have all rushed into print; bankers, Japanese ministers, and retired army officers have all written letters expressing their conflicting opinions with more or less lucidity, where technical experts, fearing to commit themselves, have shown a wise reticence, or have only added to general perplexity.

To attempt the unravelling of this tangled skein is a task which few skilled financiers would care to undertake, but it is still possible to present a few of the causes which are thought to have led to the present depreciation of the currency, and some of the devices by which the home government had hoped to help India out of the difficulty, but which have so far proved inadequate. When the East India Loan Bill (£10,000,000) was brought up from the Commons and read for the first time in the House of Lords (December 19, 1893), Lord Kimberly moved the second reading of the bill, and explained at some length the circumstances which rendered necessary an application to Parliament for further power to raise a loan in England for the service of India.

He then said in his speech in regard to the closing of the mints in that country, an experiment which it was imagined by the government might check the downward tendency of the rupee: "If it should so happen that this policy of closing the mints should entirely fail, we shall be thrown back into our original situation, which is a very grave one, because at the present price of silver the exchange, if measured as it is usually measured, stands at no more than one shilling and one-eighth; and speaking in round numbers, at that rate of exchange the government of India would be landed in a deficit of no less than 6,000,000 rupees. That would be a deficit of a most serious and alarming character." Turning to another point, the Secretary of State remarked: "With regard to the trade in silver, of course before we closed the mints silver went to a large extent to India for the purpose of being coined into rupees. Any one might



THE GARDEN PARTY—SUNSET.

present silver at the mints, and that silver was coined, and he received the rupees. Naturally at all times there was a good deal of silver that did not find its way to the mints, but now all the silver sent must be for other purposes. The question naturally arises: What are these other purposes: what is the reason for this very large, continuous demand? . . . Quite recently I have been able to ask the opinion of Sir David Barbour, who was financial member of the Council of the government of India, and who has just returned to this country. He tells me his opinion that there exists in India always a very large demand for silver, and that demand has been stimulated in the ordinary way in which a demand is stimulated for a commodity by the large fall in the price of silver. The natives generally consider that this is a most favorable opportunity to purchase silver for the purpose of ornaments; and Sir David Barbour thinks that probably accounts for the larger part of the demand. When we remember that

the population of India numbers 287,000,000, we see that any increased demand from so vast a population may easily produce a very considerable result. The other cause may be connected with speculation. At all events, there is the fact that this very large amount of silver is now going into India."

In the course of the same debate the Marquis of Salisbury expressed his opinion that there was no possible way of making the rupee rarer by artificial means, and deplored the measures which had been taken; also that the attempt to create a "rupee vacuum" by processes analogous to those of physical science would surely fail, for in spite of the most skilful manipulation rupees were still creeping in by channels both obvious and obscure. He also believed that the "private mints" of India were unusually active.

Ever since the close of the civil war in America there has been a disposition on the part of India to attribute its financial embarrassments to the United States, and

the silver policy of our government has had, beyond a doubt, much to do with its recent misfortunes. Among other remedies proposed, the introduction of a gold standard has been taken into consideration, and an import duty on silver has been imposed, which, it is expected, will enable the government to derive a larger profit from its monopoly of coining rupees from cheap silver, and thus avoid the complications which would certainly arise from further taxation. A Hindoo banker, who has written a memorandum on this matter (March, 1894), gives as an additional reason for the step that the price of silver has been so much lowered in England and America that 100 tolas* of silver, which cost 106 rupees before, can now be purchased in Bombay for from 85 to 86 rupees. It is the opinion of many that if bimetallism had been adopted long ago the country would have been saved from the evils of its present monetary policy, but at present this could only be done by concert with the leading nations of the world.

Among the many criticisms called forth by the action of the government in closing the mints, that of the Japanese Minister of Finance is one of the most intelligent, and sums up the situation in a few words: "The stoppage of free-silver coinage in India," he said, "has only increased the amount of current silver coin, and materially injured the popular confidence in that metal. The primary object of the stoppage was to limit the increase of silver coin and to prevent its depreciation; but that the contrary result was obtained can be attributed to nothing but the ignorance of the British authorities on Indian affairs. The reason of the unexpected result appears to be as follows: Indians have little confidence in each other; and only those are respected as men of wealth who possess most gold and silver money and adorn their persons with most ornaments of the same metal. They bury their rupees in the earth, and do their best not to spend them. But with the stoppage of silver coinage, silver coins no longer increased, and the Indians began to unearth their buried coins, which were brought into the money market. Thus, though silver was no longer coined, its circulation suddenly increased. This was a most unexpected result, and the English did not foresee it when they gave the injuri-

* A tola is a weight equal to 180 grains Troy.

ous order." Forced by the cries and lamentations of the sufferers to continue its series of financial experiments, the "British Raj" has imagined an "automatic method" of keeping the rupee's head above water for a while longer, and has provided means to pay in gold for all the rupees offered at the fixed rate of 1s. 4d. each. Thus the rupee would be automatically kept from rising beyond that figure should it ever reach it. In the meantime the leading journals of the country continue to denounce the tardy and fruitless measures of the home government, to assert that it has lost the confidence of the people of India, and to lament over the miseries of a great empire sorely oppressed by such a grievous burden. In spite of all the measures proposed and carried out, the rupee has continued to dwindle, until no one dares to prophesy what will finally be left of it; but at the same time the average revenues of the empire have been unchanged; there has been no occasion for extraordinary expenditures, such as war or famine, and, according to a reliable authority, there is surplus money to the value of 9,000,000 rupees locked up in the Treasury. As useless an experiment, this observer thinks, as locking up silver dollars in the American Treasury. Among those who suffered the most, and who, it would seem, have often just cause for complaint, are the officials, officers, and public servants, whose salaries are paid in rupees at rates fixed by the government when the rupee was worth its nominal value of two shillings. In many cases these salaries have not been increased, and while usually sufficient for current expenses in India, fall wofully short when officials thus paid have families in England, and are obliged to send home drafts payable in pounds sterling. To meet the necessities of this class the fixed rate of exchange was devised and a "compensation allowance" granted.

Although it is doubtless a disreputable source of gain to profit by the misfortunes of our neighbors, it must be admitted that it is not always an ill wind which blows the traveller to the "coral strand" at this critical moment. However conscientious he may be, he can hardly help profiting by the situation if he carries a letter of credit, circular notes, and, moreover, a few "five-p'un" notes in his pocket, which will bring him in, if I am not mistaken, an additional premium.

While he will find the cost of living at hotels nearly or quite the same as it was ten years ago, he will also find that the prices of imported goods and native commodities of all sorts have remained nearly

unchanged and importers, who buy in sovereigns and sell in rupees, and whose business, to use their own words, "is rapidly going to pot and to rot, and disappearing just as fast as the rupee has disappeared."



UNDER THE PUNKAH AT THE YACHT CLUB.

stationary, for competition has increased, and dealers have been afraid to raise their prices for fear of losing custom. Some keen observer has been looking about to find those who have profited by the fall of the rupee, but he has as yet discovered no one: not among the poor ryots, who were supposed at one time to be making their fortunes and burying them in the ground; nor among "middle men"; and certainly not among the English mer-

IV.

It is quite possible to dislike reforms and to entertain a rooted aversion for the improvements proposed by philanthropists, which, when carried out, do so much toward destroying the local charm of a country like India. At the same time one cannot but admit that there are dark and filthy corners in the social fabric which are sadly in need of wholesome purification, although the new elements



THE CHAPRUSSI, GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

introduced during this process are apt to be, like the restored patches on the Doge's palace, somewhat incongruous and out of harmony with the rest. In view of the extent to which this country has been made a field for all manner of experiments, financial, moral, and educational, it would be an interesting theme for any student of social problems to make a thorough study of these various schemes for the amelioration of alien races from their very start, and to note how far they have proved successful. That many of them have been productive of good results thus far is sufficiently evident, and particularly those bearing on the physical well-being of the Indian. The Hindoo, the Mussulman, the Parsee, has each his own "gymkana" or open-air club for the encouragement of out-of-door exercise and athletic sports; each race now has its experts and semi-professionals in the cricket-field as well as in polo and tennis. Much interest was re-

cently awakened by the address of a distinguished Hindoo scholar, the vice-chancellor of one of the principal universities, in which he deplored at length the premature decline of the Hindoo graduate, his feebleness and want of physical stamina, much of which he attributed to the prevalent custom of early marriage, as well as to the lack of regular physical training. He contrasted this lamentable state of the intellectual Hindoo with the greater vigor of the Parsee and Mussulman youth and their long tenure of life. Some of the learned gentleman's conclusions have been disputed, and the abnormal poverty of the Hindoo students, particularly the Mahrattas, is believed by many to be an important reason. The cause of physical culture has, however, received an impetus, and within a few years there has been a large increase of bicycling, tennis, and cricket. Merely to enumerate these laudable efforts, many of which originated in the governing country, would necessitate an article by itself. The Hindoo peasant and laborer sees his oldest and most cherished institutions attacked and slowly undermined in the interests of progress, and one of them is the village well, that most picturesque place of rendezvous in all primitive communities.

The mild Hindoo has not yet become reconciled to compulsory purification, and it may take time to induce him to abandon customs which his ancestors have followed for ages. But a very sensible innovation has been recently introduced, and one to which all classes have taken kindly, in the shape of postal packets of quinine, sold at reduced rates by the local postal authorities. Nothing seems to have escaped the strong searchlights which have been thrown on the sore spots of India by medical, moral, and sanitary commissions, and even opium-eating, that mainstay and sole dissipation of innumerable classes from Rajpoot to ryot, has narrowly escaped being made a matter for legislation. The Opium Commission, which has recently been stirring up all India to its very depths, was instituted for the purpose of attacking the abuse of opium, and restricting its sale and consequent consumption. The Indian daily papers during the past winter have been nearly monopolized by reports of its proceedings, by the evidence on both sides, and by the letters and protestations written by people of every race

and caste; and it may be said without reservation that the results of these investigations have been an undoubted triumph for the opium-eater, and that, far from lessening the consumption of the drug, they are likely to increase it beyond all precedent. Even the disinterested motives of those who originated the commission have been questioned by the uneducated classes in the Punjaub, who believe that it was sent out by English merchants, with the object of stopping the opium trade, in order to introduce their own whiskey as a substitute. In short, so different has been the effect of this investigation from that which was anticipated that few can read the reports without feeling inclined to try the drug, and see how it works on their own systems. Wherever a medical officer reported on the condition of his men just returned from active service in Burmah or elsewhere, it appeared that the best soldiers, morally and physically, those who were always exempt from such maladies as dysentery, fever, cholera, and rheumatism, were the opium-eaters; they were able to go longer without food or

stimulants, and to do more work. The testimony of physicians, both European and native, was almost invariably in favor of the drug when used moderately in the simple form known to native consumers. While scientists, philosophers, and empirics in Europe have been experimenting for ages to find the elixir of life, these simple Orientals have contented themselves with producing, by homœopathic doses of opium, effects analogous to those hoped for from the discovery of Dr. Brown-Séquard, and if they have not succeeded in renewing their youth, have certainly managed to make it last longer. Many who understand the nature of the people fear that if they were unable to procure their daily dose of opium they would resort to cheap alcoholic stimulants, far more disastrous in their effects. There are others who say that the "political barometer is unsteady," and that it is a bad time for officious or meddlesome interference with native customs.

The subject of "child widowhood" and the generally inferior condition of women in India has been attracting much atten-



THE TEMPTERS.



MODERN FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

tion of late, and now we are beginning to hear the other side of the question. We are told that all are not so badly off as some of these eager reformers would have us believe.

Intelligent and progressive Hindoos have begun to compare their own marriage customs with those which obtain in Christian countries, and while deploring the evil which often results from the system so long in use, according to which the bridegroom marries in the dark, as it were, and is seldom enlightened as to the qualities, intellectual and physical, of his bride until it is too late to retract, are beginning to make comparisons and to ask questions difficult to answer. While they are generally disposed to accept the superiority of things European on trust, like articles purchased in a "Europe shop," they find it hard to understand why divorce and legal separation, which are not sanctioned by Hindoo custom, are so prevalent in Europe. But if the existing abuses are to be remedied by the edu-

cation of women rather than by legislative interference with long-established custom, there is abundant reason to suppose that every advantage enjoyed by their sex elsewhere will eventually be given them. On every hand new schools and colleges for girls are being opened, which often have classes for young married women; and they have long since begun to avail themselves of the opportunities offered for higher education, and are competing successfully with their brothers even for the degree of M.A. But at present Eurasians and Parsees head the list of university honors. An English reviewer, who does not altogether believe in "the disabilities of Indian women and the hide-bound system which allows them no opportunities of shining," has lately written in the *Calcutta Review* some reminiscences of the Begum Sumroo, a lady who, in the early part of this century, governed a native state, led armies, and altogether triumphantly established the ability of her sex in that country.

V.

One cannot remain twenty-four hours in India without becoming aware that caste distinctions flourish among the English as well as among the disciples of Brahma, and if one has not given any previous thought to the matter, the conviction that such is the case may give him the degree of satisfaction which usually results from the discovery of the new and unexpected. The impression may have taken form and substance on the outward-bound P. and O. steamer, that microcosm of Anglo-Indian society. Although the code is as yet unwritten, it is none the less potent, and the sagacious Hindoo contemplates its workings with inward amusement, for he has often been sermonized on the evils of his caste system. It is perhaps merely an accentuation, a slight exaggeration of the leading divisions recognized in the mother-country, which, after all, have some *raison d'être*, for they resemble in no small measure those adopted by the parent race in the primitive days of India. But there is only a little friction here and there, a shadow of discontent among those who fancy that they have not been assigned the highest places at the table. Here, as elsewhere, it is among those whose claims to precedence rest upon visible foundations that one finds the most broadly democratic spirit, together with an easy-going disposition to ignore the whole business. The cultivated Eurasian of either sex, nevertheless, often finds it rather uphill work to reach the higher social levels, for the same race prejudice exists here as in America, and with less reason.

Strange as it may seem, one cannot get away from the impression that money is not the corner-stone of the social edifice in this military hierarchy, and that the possession of even a shred of power confers more distinction than the possession of unlimited bonds. Titles, being as familiar as the current coin of the realm, have not that prestige which attaches to them elsewhere, and a rising M.P. or a political "organ" of any sort usually receives as much attention as the owner of a hereditary name. This state of matters is readily explained when one bears in mind that the men who govern India to-day are the civilized successors of the vikings who wrested the empire from the misrule of the Moguls and Mahrattas, and

founded a military despotism, which has gradually been replaced by a milder sway, with as much republican latitude as is consistent with that common-sense which seems to be the ruling principle of the Indian government. Those who hold the reins of power are not, as a rule, overburdened with money, and one may enjoy the strange spectacle of a vast empire, numbering over 283,000,000, having among them many who possess extraordinary wealth, not to speak of princes holding treasure and territory by inherited right, governed by men in many cases "actually living in straitened circumstances" in order that they may properly perform their duties (*vide* speech of the late Viceroy). Obligated by the exigencies of their position to keep up a certain show of state and to entertain extensively on salaries which, with the ever-decreasing value of the rupee, are often barely adequate for necessary expenses, and would hardly give them the position of social units elsewhere, it is, after all, not to be wondered at that these men who hold sway over millions should make the most of this reversal of the usual state of things. When they return to the mother-country after long years of honorable service, and are lost in the roar of London, too often with little to show for it in the way of gain, they may sometimes regret the importance and influence attached to their late position in India, if not its comparative pomp and luxury, as well as its harassing cares and responsibilities. Like the natives of Europe, India has its decorations, which are usually awarded for distinguished services, military or civic, or for exceptional merit, to judge from their brief and brilliant lists, and these distinctions are not to be had for the asking, or to be gained by what the French call *tripotage*. The Star of India is usually conferred upon those who have achieved greatness, and there is another order reserved for those who are born great or have greatness thrust upon them, as the rajahs and chiefs of state, or other members of reigning families.

It seems a fitting place to venture the observation that between the attitude of the government towards the native population, of whatever race or caste, and the attitude of the individual Briton when he comes in contact with the humble Hindoo, there is a wide difference, which, how-

ever, is being gradually lessened. It has often been remarked by Anglo-Indians that whenever a difference occurs between an Englishman and a native, to be settled by law, the chances are that the latter will get the best of it; and while the government seems anxious that no shadow of suspicion should tarnish the reputation for fairness and equity which its officers are expected to maintain in their dealings with the native, and while it is ever too ready to make concessions, the manner of the European in his relations with the humbler classes often seems arrogant and overbearing. This attitude is sometimes, however, a mere affectation of brusqueness arising partly from the habit of command, and it is moreover invited by the servility and obsequious demeanor of the laboring classes and domestics. But these subordinate castes can hardly be held responsible for what might be termed an inherited manner, the result of long ages of oppression and serfdom; and even now, when they are gradually becoming accustomed to privileges which their predecessors never enjoyed, they still maintain their traditional attitude of conquered vassals. But, on the other hand, among the educated classes, and those who have reaped the most benefit from the established order of things, may be noted an ever-increasing and even aggressive consciousness of equality, often expressed by that studied insolence of manner which is the aim of a certain class of republicans, while among the European element there is certainly less of that bullying spirit which was formerly considered the correct thing; and it is a fact worthy of note, also, that from this class, which has profited most by English rule, little or no assistance could be hoped for by the government in time of peril.

Notwithstanding the financial difficulties in which the government of India is involved at this present moment, the discontent expressed by the native journalists, and the general poverty of the country,* which is by no means an evil of recent date, one cannot but carry away the impression that India is a well-governed country, and that much of the credit is due to the men chosen to fill the higher offices, and to the superior equip-

ment of those whose positions are gained through competition. The mills that grind are not too much *en évidence*, and whenever one comes in contact with officials in their official capacity, he feels that he is dealing not with automatons, but with men who do not find it necessary to assume that aggressive and autocratic demeanor which most republicans have learned to accept so meekly. There are few of the monopolies* that exist in Europe, such as the exclusive right of government to manufacture incombustible matches and rank tobacco, as well as to exclude rival articles of better quality. It should not be imagined, however, that the condition of the people, particularly among the agricultural laborers, or ryots, leaves nothing to be desired, and the "poverty of India" in general may be considered as a problem for which no permanent solution has yet been found. As a consequence of the increasing financial embarrassments, the germs of the strife between labor and capital have at last reached India, and have given birth to strikes conducted with truly Western pertinacity. We hear of strikes among railway and freight-house employés, among factory hands, and lastly a rebellion among the punkah wallahs, who refused to continue their refreshing ministrations during the late heated term at the old rates. Many are the schemes which have been set on foot for the improvement of the lower castes, of the ryots; and even the wretched pariah, the outcast and scapegoat of his race, has not been forgotten, since it has been proposed, as an experiment, to found a colony of pariahs somewhere near Madras, and then make them self-supporting agriculturists instead of a burden to the community. Some of the most sensible of these humanitarian projects relate to improved sanitation, as has been mentioned elsewhere, but they do not always meet with the enthusiastic reception which they merit, either from the English press or from the people whom they are intended to benefit.

What is to become of India even in the near future, what social and political conditions of things will be finally evolved from the various elements now in fusion, are questions of absorbing interest, and of which it is difficult to foretell the final issue.

* "It has been calculated that the average income per head of population in India is not more than 27 rupees a year." (Lord Cromer in 1883.)

* The salt monopoly is a notable exception.

A THANKSGIVING BREAKFAST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PERHAPS you remember the house, a little remote from the avenue and its approaches, in that part of the town which is now the fashionable centre, but was then on the edge of a wood, a house sitting high on its terraces, half covered with honeysuckles green all winter, and half hidden by its hedges.

Here Miss Veronica and her sister lived, intrenched not only behind their hedges, but behind a respectability that took small note of new people and affairs; and as some trees find sustenance in the decay of their roots, they nourished themselves upon past grandeur. Administrations came and administrations went; they passed like ephemera before Miss Veronica and Miss Sedley. In forty years they had not thought it worth while to attend a President's levee, or to enter the White House at all. The Capitol had blown up the bubble of its mighty dome unvisited by them. The civil war had surged over the country, scarcely causing them a heart-throb. When Early made his raid upon the borders of the town they only smiled to hear of it; they were Southern ladies and safe in any event. Soldiers marched and countermarched in street and avenue; they only bowed their blinds and sat further back in their parlors. Milly and Hark became free people, and the country rocked with jubilation and blazed with banners; so far as they were conscious of it they regarded it as a part of the latter-day ruin. A President was impeached; it did not signify; the new Presidents were like children playing with crowns and sceptres. As nearly as possible time and the march of nations stood still that Miss Veronica Sidney and her sister Sedley might pass, pausing if not with the President who had been an uncle-in-law of some long-dead aunt of theirs, yet with his immediate successors.

The income of these old gentlewomen was very small, consisting of the rents of certain houses, sometimes paid and sometimes not, and it was now smaller than ever, since under the new system of street improvement some of the houses had simply been swallowed in the abyss of the betterments. But their needs were very small also. They changed the fashion of their garments but little; one wax candle

burned a long while; and the best part of the table was its thin old silver. The Easter ham, stuffed with chives and shallots, lasted them almost to Ascension; and there was some of the Christmas pudding left for Twelfth-night. They paid wages now to Milly, small ones, but none at all to Hark, who waited at table and on the door, and had his satisfaction in it; and the two old slaves, beaming and content, said nothing about the fact that they were much better off than their mistresses, having long ago squatted on some vacant lots, and having now sold out for an independence. Milly went home every evening, and came back every morning as Miss Veronica opened the door to go out to six-o'clock mass, for the sisters were devout Catholics. And with Milly came half a dozen little pickaninnies in every size and shade, who played all day on the brick floor of the great kitchen or in the area behind it, and who were fed at no particular cost on potatoes and gravy. Hark did the marketing and whatever might become a man; and if now and then dainties in the shape of an early radish or a crisp lettuce, a shaddock dressed with sherry, a deviled crab, a bird, appeared on the table, the ladies only thought how apt Hark was at getting the money's worth, and never dreamed that it was Hark's money.

So Miss Veronica's and Miss Sedley's days went by in a great quiet. They had a few friends somewhat like themselves, with whom they exchanged visits. They occasionally went over to the convent and got the news of the world. They now and then read a newspaper, but with the air of holding it with a pair of tongs. They regarded a woman who wrote for the papers as false to her sex; an interviewer was something less reprehensible than a house-breaker perhaps; and they associated suffrage in their minds with divorce, and regarded them both as scandals, for mention of which, were it necessary to allude to them, you lowered your voice. Their contempt for the North, its fasts and feasts and people, was inbred, but was not active, the subject being too remote to concern them. They looked askance at the employment of women in the Treasury; and they took almost as much care not to brush their skirts against

a Treasury girl as against a play-actress, as they called it—a person who represented to them an unknown quantity, not exactly human, but allied to the powers of evil. And as for modern science, so far as they knew anything about it, it was a fairy story, or a lure of the devil, and they regarded mention of protoplasm or germs or evolution as uncomfortably near profanity. They did endless cross-stitch with crewels on canvas, and some beautiful tambour-work on muslin. They had a week of dissipation when one of the fairs of their church took place, and they would revel in half the bad passions of the race over the countless raffles for a picture, an India shawl, a lace mantle, there. When Miss Sedley broke her arm, Miss Veronica kept the bandages wet with holy water, and was confident that the dressing did more good than the surgeon's splints. And Miss Sedley had for some time been putting by a secret hoard, if by possibility it might reach such proportions that Miss Veronica could make the pilgrimage to Lourdes, not very long known then, and wash away the little knobs that were coming on the joints of her long white slender fingers.

So, neither of the world nor in the world, they sat one summer morning, now and then murmuring a sentence or two, wearing their old sheer muslin gowns, a little open at the ruffled throat, a faint color from the heat upon their withered cheeks, the slightly loose and thin gray hair having the fine curl about the brow which belongs alike to age and infancy, as beautiful, alas! as it is given to old women to be. And they slowly waved their great feather fans, more with a sense of the terrible heat that struck up from the blazing concrete pavements outside, than with any actual experience of it here where the south wind blew in the windows and brought with it the sweetness of the roses that bent their long stems and swung damask and maroon and blush and white, such heavy hundred-leaved roses as summer seldom gives the North. Miss Sedley had yawned and yawned again. "Dear, dear," she said. "It does seem as if life were too empty to live. One day just like another, and nothing ever happening."

"Sometimes it seems to me," said Miss Veronica, "as if we were our own ghosts," and then she stopped, overcome with the irreverence of the fancy. "I

mean we are really so dead, not merely dead and alive, but dead. There is nothing that could happen."

"Oh, sister!"

"There is no one to come. And no one to go. Nothing to hope for. Nothing to wish. There *are* old people who amount to something. But I reckon they married, or their sisters did—"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"If we only had some one to love, Sedley, I would not care how worthless—it would be better than stagnation."

"Oh, sister!"

"I've always been tolerably content, you know," said Miss Veronica, taking the little powder-puff from the reticule on her arm and cooling her face with it, "but lately I have thought we might as well be dead and done with as done with and not dead!"

"I'm afraid it is very irreligious. I feel so, too. I'm afraid perhaps we've been living too well. It has puffed us up and made us discontented. I'm afraid I had better tell Milly," said Miss Sedley, "not to put caraway into the next seed-cakes."

Perhaps the sisters were dozing then, the briefest moment possible, when a blow from the knocker resounded through the hall, and resounded again with determination, before Hark could loiter up from the kitchen and shuffle along to the door.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Miss Sedley. "To think of any one out in this heat! Who do you suppose it can be? Perhaps it is Mrs. Entwisle's Polly about the gooseberries. You don't think it can be Father Walter? I wish the sherbet—Oh—ah—yes—no—I'm sure—" For Hark was taking an impression of his thumb on a visiting-card, and Miss Veronica had slowly adjusted her lorgnon and read

MISS CELESTE DREER

*The Graphic.
The Free Press.*

without, however, observing the lower left-hand corner, and had passed the card to her sister.

"Dreer?" she said. "Dreer? There were the Yardley Dreers, and the Queen Anne County Dreers—well, well— Yes, Hark, of course we shall be pleased." And then a young lady in a frou-frou of light summer silk and a hat of corn-flowers and poppies was in the room and bending with a pretty grace to the old

ladies, opening a fan that swung at her waist, taking the seat they both indicated at the same moment, a pair of keen quick eyes busying themselves with the environment.

"No," she said, in bright crisp tones. "I'm so sorry. But I'm neither the Yardley nor the Queen Anne Dreers. I'm just a no-account Dreer. But when I was quite a little girl old Chancellor Babb used to tell me of you—"

"The Chancellor! Indeed! It is so long since—"

"And my kind friend, General Fitz Hardee—"

"Oh, certainly, any friend of General Fitz Hardee's!"

"And so I am venturing, although it is so unceremonious, and I am awfully afraid a thunder-gust is coming up."

And by this time the lively eyes had taken in the lofty old-fashioned room, where the Canton mattings diffused their odor of dates; where Windsor chairs stood between white dimity-covered sofas; bright Lowestoft china illuminated dark wall-cabinets; spidery tables held jars of pot-pourri and great bowls of fresh roses and one or two faded silken-bound Souvenirs and Annuals; a spindle-legged piano, whose ivory inlay was yellow as old paper, companioned a harp over whose strings and tarnished gilding she could in an instant see Miss Sedley drooping the flaxen ringlets and curving the round white arms of long ago; and half-guessed in the shadow and the dimness the portraits of gentlemen in gold lace, and of ladies in long corsets and scarfs and feathers, looked down from the walls among century-old engravings framed in black and bearing long-descended stains.

"Oh, we do not mind the thunder-gusts," said Miss Veronica.

"I do, then," said the visitor. "I grow stone-cold, and have to have something warm to drink, and nearly die with fright anyway. But I had to come. You know, after Congress is gone and there's nothing doing at the departments or in society, there's so little to write about, and—"

"You want to tell them at home that you have seen their old friends," said Miss Sedley.

"Oh, dear, no! nothing of the sort. You must excuse my saying so, but what a perfectly charming room this is! Who would think down in our stuffy little

boarding-house that such a cool bowery place of seclusion could be found in the same town? You can never know anything about the heat here. Why, some nights I just gasp for breath. We take our chairs out on the sidewalk after dark and simply suffer. I went to sleep last summer for six weeks with the thermometer at a hundred and two, and it was ninety-eight when I woke up. In the daytime it is hotter after a shower than it was before. I held my parasol down coming up here, for the heat from the pavement was worse than the heat from the sky. Oh, it is so deliciously cool in here!" And she stopped talking long enough to use her fan vigorously.

"We were thinking it warm," said Miss Veronica.

"In this place! Why, it belongs to the Dwelling of Delightful Days! It is ages ago here, but without the dust of ages. Oh, it is fine to have your grandmothers' old low-boys when you don't have to have your grandmothers' old cobwebs too! And will you really let me see the things you have that belonged to the President? What treasures! oh, what treasures!"

And Miss Veronica and Miss Sedley were as wax in the hands of this young business woman; and the gold-embroidered waistcoat, and the Malines lace ruffles, and the gold snuff-box, and the order given by the King of Spain, and the diary kept at sea, and the sleeve-links and the mourning-ring and the paste knee-buckles, and the lock of his hair, passed processionally before her.

"And this work-box," said Miss Veronica at last, "was once the property of Queen Marie Antoinette."

"That!"

Miss Sedley bridled. "Perhaps you have not examined it," she said. "It is ebony and niello-work."

"I beg your pardon. I'm right glad you told me. I thought it was just bits of wood-cuts, you know, laid on the black wood and varnished over, like mamma used to do."

"The i-dea!" said Miss Sedley. "It came from the Little Trianon. There is her thimble with the topaz top; there is the bit of lace and lawn she was beginning—see where the needle was stuck in hurriedly as she laid it down. There is a tiny blood-spot where she pricked her finger—"

"Oh, the poor lovely creature! the

poor, great, sweet martyr! Oh, Miss Sidney, if you would let me touch it!" And she lifted it over the tip of her finger, and suddenly pressed her lips upon the tiny spot and held it to her glowing cheek.

"You dear child! You dear girl!" cried Miss Veronica. "How susceptible you are! We should not have shown it to you. We—"

"Oh, yes, yes! You have given me such a pleasure! It has been such an experience!"

And at that Miss Sedley had gone upstairs and brought down a gown in which some one had danced with Aaron Burr, two breadths and a gore of a brocade whose delicate rose tints and multitudinous yellowing ribbons would not have been unbecoming to either of the gentle ladies then. "Now," said Miss Sedley, when this also had been sufficiently admired, "I think we really must have some sherbet, sister. Shall I speak to Hark?" And while Miss Veronica was telling the adventures of that dance, Celeste was eating cherry ice with a little thin gold apostle-spoon, and wondering how these people lived cut off from the present; and if they really were alive; and were she once outside could she ever find the house again; and if she could remember half that she had seen and heard. And she walked home almost as well pleased with herself as she was when, some ten days afterward, she again stood at the door with the slip of newspaper containing the letter in which she had described the place, the house, the treasures, and themselves.

She received, as she expected, the most cordial welcome. The sweet old ladies—Miss Veronica tall and slender, Miss Sedley not so tall and not so slender, in their soft muslin gowns, with their great feather fans, and the faint flush of the heat on their cheeks—seemed to have been sitting in the same spot since she left them. "I declare," she said afterwards, "I wanted to pinch myself to make sure it wasn't some absurd enchantment, or I wasn't dreaming, or something." But she only waved her own fan and unfolded the newspaper.

"Now," she said, gayly, "it is my turn. I have brought you something. And I do hope it will give you the pleasure to read it that it did me to write it!"

Miss Veronica and Miss Sedley Sidney bent their heads together over the slip of paper she handed them. She had cut off

the scare-heads because she had not been responsible for them, and would not have had them—"Two Ancient Beauties of the District," "Butterflies in Amber," "Links with Aaron Burr"—and the letter itself she knew was not half bad. She had taken off her hat at their request, they a little flattered that youth had found them pleasant enough to come back so soon, and she sat with a smile on her face expectant of the smile on theirs.

"Oh!" she suddenly heard Miss Veronica exclaim, like a cry of pain; "it is impossible!"

"Oh!" Miss Sedley echoed her sister. "I cannot believe it."

The faint blush on their faces grew a deep scarlet, their eyes were staring wide and frightened, their lips trembled, their hands trembled.

"I cannot read it," stammered Miss Veronica. "I—I—have never been so insulted in my life."

"So outraged," whispered Miss Sedley. "So humiliated!"

"I don't know what you mean!" cried Celeste, her cheeks blazing. "Do you—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Veronica, looking at her a moment with burning eyes. "We do not mean anything. Only please to go away."

"But I don't understand," urged Celeste. "Haven't I said enough? Have I made a mistake? Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh, it is all wrong!" cried Miss Sedley.

"All wrong?" Celeste repeated, tremulously.

"Oh, cruel! Wrong and cruel!"

"Wrong and cruel! Why, there must be— You can't— I don't see—"

"You don't see," exclaimed Miss Veronica, "that you have come into our quiet lives and stripped them bare, and let in the glare as if I threw that blind open to the sun? That you have violated our hospitality—"

"Our welcome."

"Our friendliness," the slip of paper shaking in the knobby fingers.

"Our confidence."

"That you have betrayed us, exposed us. Oh, we shall not dare to be seen upon the street—"

"To show our faces."

"I—I thought you would be pleased," faltered Celeste.

"Pleased! Pleased to be held up as a show; to be bandied about the crowd; to

be vulgarized; to be in the mouth of people as if we were criminals; to be—to be profaned—”

“And we have lived such quiet lives, so respectable,” said Miss Sedley, her lips quivering again. “And now our modesty, our decency—”

“Oh, don’t, don’t, don’t!” cried Celeste, springing up with her hands upon her eyes, from which the tears were spurting. “How could I tell? Every one else has liked it. People have offered me money to do it. It is my livelihood. I got enough to pay a week’s board for the letter—”

“A reporter!”

“But, oh! I would never, never have done it if I had thought you felt this way. I don’t understand now. I don’t see why. Oh, I liked you so! You were so sweet to me. I never saw any one I felt so near to all at once. And now—Oh, you are breaking my heart!” And her voice had risen almost to a scream, and she had thrown herself on her knees beside Miss Veronica, and buried her face in the lady’s lap, sobbing bitterly.

“I am glad you feel so,” said Miss Sedley. “It is something to have you see what you have done.”

“Oh, oh!” she cried, lifting her hot wet face. “It isn’t any matter about me. Oh, I am so sorry I did it, when you feel so! I couldn’t know—I never dreamed—oh! oh! oh!” And she cried so that Miss Veronica, who at first had shrunk away, put out her hand and laid it on her hair. But the sobs only grew wilder, more uncontrollable, and convulsive.

“Really,” said Miss Veronica, “you mustn’t. Indeed you mustn’t. I—I didn’t know you were so sensitive—I am sure—”

“Please don’t feel so,” prayed Miss Sedley. “Oh, please! I forgive you. We forgive you. Oh, do get up! You will make yourself sick!” And then it became evident that they had something more on their hands than they could manage. The thunder that had been growling in the sky for some minutes burst in a sudden clap. Miss Veronica reached for her smelling-salts; and Miss Sedley remembered and hastened for something warm to drink; and Celeste, vainly trying to swallow her sobs and stay her tears, toppled over white and stiff; and Hark and Milly came and carried her up stairs, and Miss Sedley herself put her to bed in the room in the wing with the southern exposure and the gal-

lery, and sent for Dr. John. “I don’t know but we have killed her,” she whispered over and over to Miss Veronica.

“The fact is,” said Dr. John on taking leave, “that she is about used up. And this was bound to come. She’s the most hard-working little thing in town. Up at the Capitol, into the Departments, over at the White House, down to the printing-offices, every morning, every afternoon at the receptions, and every night reporting a dinner or a ball, and hunting out new facts to write about betweenwhiles.”

“Oh, my goodness, doctor! What for?”

“For the news of the world. And she has a high standard for the honor of her profession, and will run all over town to verify an item, about a ribbon, maybe. I told her she would break down the last time she had one of these attacks. It would wear out a man of brass, to say nothing of a little Southern girl brought up on eider-down. And just now she seems to have had a shock. How in the world came she here?” And he looked about him quizzically.

“Oh, she has! she has had a shock!” cried Miss Sedley. “And it’s our fault! I don’t know but we have killed her. You must, you must bring her round, doctor. Your father could, and you can”—with the implicit confidence that every one had in Dr. John as the dispenser of life and death—“and we will spare no pains.” And the two poor ladies forgot all about the sin of the sufferer, forgot the heat and their delicate old toilettes, and bathed the girl, and rubbed her, and fed her, and watched over her day and night.

“It is quite worth the pains,” said Miss Sedley, coming down into the drawing-room, where, after three or four days of anxiety, Miss Veronica was drawing a free breath. “The beautiful young creature—so finely bred! How she came to be working like she does—that sort of work—I reckon she hasn’t any mother. You can see she’s a lady to the tips of her fingers. You can see it,” said Miss Sedley, in a whisper, “by her under-clothes.”

“How pretty she is, lying there so white in all the heat! Oh, how I should like a daughter like that—”

“Veronica!”

“I should! Indeed, indeed! But, there—”

“The indelicacy!”

“I don’t care anything about the indelicacy,” said Miss Veronica, recklessly.

"I should have liked the daughter. I would have taken better care of her, too, I reckon—"

"She told me she was in the Treasury once, sister." Veronica deserved some reproof, and should have the undiluted fact. "In the Treasury."

"Sedley!"

"And she seemed to think it a misfortune to have lost the place."

"Oh!" shuddered Miss Veronica. "Do not let us think of it any more." And she went out to the pantry and poured a little rose-water into the palms of her hands, as if she were cleansing herself, and Celeste too, of a stain. Then they took up their great feather fans again with fresh enjoyment, for Celeste was resting sweetly upstairs, watched by the young friend for whom she had begged them to send, saying Jinny had no engagement now, and would be glad to come and relieve them.

"It is dreadful, my giving you such trouble," Celeste had sighed. "And bringing two people in upon you! It only shows what saints and angels you are."

"Oh, we have grown so fond of you, my child!"

"Then you will call me Celeste. I sha'n't think you've forgiven me till you call me Celeste."

"We have forgotten all about forgiving. It was an accident, a misunderstanding. You will forget it too, dear—I mean—Celeste."

They had scarcely composed themselves with their fans when there came a series of resounding blows of the knocker, and they heard the prancing of horses down at the gate.

"Why doesn't Hark hurry?" exclaimed Miss Sedley, with the consciousness that such a summons should be answered at once, and slipping down the hall herself.

"Hark, where's this you're at? Don't you hear the door?" she cried. And then Hark brought in the cards of the Russian Minister and the inquiries of Madame the Princess for Miss Dreer. And directly afterward there came another boom of the knocker, and there was a basket of flowers from the White House. And the news of Miss Dreer's sickness having spread, as news spreads nowhere else with more rapidity, cards from the British embassy and from the German, and the personal inquiry of more than one of the

South American Ministers, followed all the week, with flowers and fruits and wine from these just leaving for the summer in Europe, and those for Newport and the North.

"I feel like I had changed my identity," said Miss Sedley.

"Because some foreign officials have left cards on our guests?" said Miss Veronica, with dignity.

"We have been out of the world so long."

"We never were in it personally, except by family tradition."

"I hope it won't keep Mrs. Entwisle away."

"It seems absurd, when we hardly know where next month's dinners are coming from," replacing in its envelope the bill she had just received. "We shall have to sell the G Street house now; this charge for the betterments is more than it is worth. It is perfectly infamous. But," with a helpless sigh, "they have everything their own way. There is only the place across the Avenue left."

"Sister—why couldn't we keep Celeste here? She has to pay her board elsewhere, and she may as well pay it to us—"

"Pay us board!" said Miss Veronica.

"She wouldn't stay if she didn't, you know. And that dear little creature that is taking care of her—I don't know why I call her little; she's taller than I am, but she's a dear. She's so sweet and bright. I really don't know which I love the best. And that engaging girl that comes to see them, Mattie Tillinghurst—"

"She certainly is refinement and grace itself. I wonder—"

"And just see what a difference it makes with us already! When I heard them all three laughing together this morning, oh, I felt forty years younger!"

"If we were only able to keep open house—"

And then there was a rustle in the hall where two pairs of slippered feet had been creeping down the stairs.

"I heard you!" cried Celeste, gayly. "I heard you! Oh, if you only would! We would be so well behaved—"

"Celeste! You down! Oh, my dear, isn't this imprudent? That is right, Miss Jinny, the pillows. There, dear, lie right down," said the two ladies together, bustling about one of the sofas.

"I feel so nicely," said Celeste, "I couldn't have the face to stay upstairs

any more. It's been an imposition any way. And I really think we must go home, unless you were in earnest just now and would let us stay that way. You know we couldn't stay and be a burden—if we didn't do just as we do down in E Street. And it would be the kindest, loveliest, and most Christian act, giving homes to two homeless girls, which the most they could pay wouldn't half pay for—”

“Oh, sister,” cried Miss Sedley, “it seems too good to be true—to keep these dear things all the time! You will say Yes?”

“Sedley, if you will promise not to shed a tear. We can't have Celeste excited one atom. Yes. You shall send for your trunks, my dears. And if you like the home it shall be yours while it is ours.” And Celeste, who could not be excited, tottered up from the sofa and fell upon their necks, with an arm round each, in a passion of tears and kisses.

“To think of having a home!” she cried. “And such a home! And with you! Oh, Jinny, doesn't it seem as if we had gone to heaven! And, oh, it is really—really too hot for heroics!”

It was several days after Jinny had brought up and disposed their worldly belongings, and a feeling of peace and bliss, a sense of youth and cheer, had settled over the household, that Miss Sedley brought to Celeste's sofa a number of the cards that had been left during her illness. They had been sitting in the moonlight, while the ineffable fragrance of the great grandiflora magnolia tree, a half-mile away, rolled in softly all about them, and the candles had been but a little while lighted.

“‘Señor and Madame Castilla,’” read Celeste. “Yes. I've been a very good friend of theirs. And they know it.”

“You!” said Miss Veronica, as if she had heard the mouse boast in relation to the lion.

“Oh yes. You know, I have written a good deal about both of them. In Europe the censorship of the press gives importance to every item; and if anything really is in the paper they feel there that it means something. And so all I have said about them—they cut out every scrap and sent it home—counted for more than it was worth. And when they were going away—you know they were promoted to another mission, and he was

made a Grand Panjandrum or something—she sent for me and told me all this, and gave me that,” and she held out her hand with its ring of sapphires and diamonds.

“It—it seems impossible,” murmured Miss Sedley, under her breath.

“But, my love,” said Miss Veronica, “because they like flattery, it doesn't make the business—the dealing in personality—any less reprehensible.”

“Sister!”

“Well, dear, perhaps not,” said Celeste, “when you show me that it is reprehensible. People want it, at any rate; and people will have what they want; and if I don't give it to them another will.”

“You might say that of any disgraceful business.”

“But it isn't disgraceful,” said Celeste, coaxingly. “You need a great deal of enlightenment. I describe the inside of a beautiful home; it shows them far in the wilderness how to have a beautiful home. I describe a fine lady; women all over the country can be fine ladies on that model. I tell the social happenings; and I don't know that they are not as much to the purpose really as the political happenings. I'm sure they're a great deal pleasanter. Just look at this place before they had telegraphs and reporters and correspondents and interviewers—”

“Oh yes, how perfect, how lovely it was!”

“You dear little innocent angels! Well, we let a flood of light in. And men can't do now as they did then—without being found out, you know. Oh yes, and here are the Russian embassy cards again. How good it was to send their carriage for us to take the air!”

“It made me feel like an adventuress, driving out in state with imperial arms on the carriage door,” said Miss Veronica.

“I don't know,” said Miss Sedley. “I reckon I enjoyed it. Although I was a little afraid of the men on the box.”

“Well, you saw what a splendid city they are making of it—”

“At our expense.”

“And there never was a sweeter sight in that carriage,” said Miss Jinny, “than your two dear aristocratic faces.”

“Oh, but the Princess herself is beautiful,” said Celeste. “I wish you had seen her leaving her box, with her velvet and ermine cloak falling about her, and the

long thick braid of her fair hair down one side to her knee. 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.' Don't you remember, Jinny dear? It was the night you made your hit in *Cinderella Afterwards*, and the house came down, and you thought they were applauding the beautiful Princess, and that made them go wild with applauding you again, and all the diplomats and the little attachés stood up and shouted, and the stage was half covered with flowers for you—'

"The stage!" exclaimed two startled voices.

"Why, yes; the stage of the National. Where she had her last engagement. And she had an offer of an engagement from a New York manager the very next day but one, and she refused it, the little goose, so that she might stay on at the National till it closed, and be with me, and get her things ready to marry Jerome, when, if she'd kept on, she might be one of the great actresses—"

"An actress!"

"She's a very good one as it is. Oh, she can make you laugh, and she can make you cry, and her dancing is—"

"A dancer!"

Miss Veronica was as white as death. Miss Sedley was secretly, but involuntarily, crossing herself.

"Oh, that I should live to see the day!" one murmured.

"Merciful mother!" moaned the other.

"Miss Veronica! Dear Miss Sedley! What is it?" cried the girls, springing toward them. "What is the matter?"

"Oh!" Miss Sedley was whispering. "I must see Father Walter."

But Miss Veronica waved them off, gathering her skirts away. "In our house!" she exclaimed. "In our mother's drawing-room! The pollution of it!"

"What, what, Miss Sidney!"

"An actress!" and Miss Veronica's tones were unmistakable.

"Oh!" And both the girls fell back. But in a moment Celeste had thrown her arms round Jinny, who had begun to cry.

"Didn't you know she was an actress?" she exclaimed to the two horrified ladies. "I thought every one knew it. And what of it? Most of the people here would think it an honor to have her in their houses. An actress, indeed! Virginia Cantrell is just as good as I am,

and a great deal better, for she is a genius, too, and she is the soul of honor and uprightness. She is just as good as you are! She is better!" cried the infuriated Celeste. "For she doesn't keep out of the way of the world for fear of being contaminated, but she is in the world, doing her duty with the talent God gave her, and not contaminated by it. And you had better ask Father White about her, and he'll tell you she's as true a Catholic as you are. You run right up stairs and pack your trunk, Jinny, and I'll pack mine. I wouldn't stay another night in this house for money! I thought it was too good to be true—our having such a pleasant home," and here Celeste began to cry, "with two angels—narrow-minded angels—but angels all the same. Live creatures sweeping by on the current—couldn't live with barnacles—"

Was Jinny acting? It crossed Miss Veronica's mind that here was more desecration of the drawing-room with its portraits and spider-legged tables and jars of pot-pourri packed by dear fingers a half-hundred years ago and more. And then she felt as if her heart were a millstone that would sink her into a bottomless pit. She instinctively put her hand in her reticule for the companionship of her little rosary.

For Jinny had left Celeste, and was approaching her with outstretched arms. "Miss Sidney," she said, "you're not going to send me away for that? You *don't* think there is any harm in me? You can't tell what it has been to me to think I had this resting-place. I should have played so much better if I had always had such a support behind me. And, indeed, I can't think what you mean. I never did anything you need be ashamed of if you were my own mother."

The candles only made darkness visible in the long room round the little spot near Celeste. But the moonlight streamed through the window and bathed the girl in a white glow—so tender, so appealing, so innocent—No, no, only a play-actress! Miss Veronica lifted her open hand as if warding off a great terror or a bitter draught, and turned her head aside. "It is very late," she said, hoarsely. "We will not talk any more. Please go to bed." And as she stood up there was an air of gentle authority about her that was not to be disobeyed.

"Oh!" cried Celeste, as she swept by

her, following Jinny. "I've no doubt you will go to heaven, you are so good. But how surprised you will be when you get there to find Jinny nearer to God than you are!"

Miss Veronica put out the candles, and looked round for her sister. But Miss Sedley had gone too. She sank into the arm-chair by the hearth that Celeste had filled with ferns from Kalorama, forgetting to close the windows through which the summer night breeze still rolled heavy with perfumes into the moonlighted place. She was entirely bewildered, weak and faint with her mental confusion. She did not know whether she had suffered a degradation, her mother's parlor a desecration, or whether she must reverse the opinions, the prejudices of a lifetime. Why had all this oversetting come to her? Why had she been suffered to grow fond of this young actress—the word made her shiver; why had it not been that pretty Mattie Tillinghurst, Celeste's other friend, who ran in every day and made the house gay with laughter? She had a warm feeling for that child the moment she saw her—old General Tillinghurst's daughter they called her. There had been a time when Tom Tillinghurst—However, all that was in the golden age. And these were dark days. She was cold in all the warm night, filled with a sort of vague horror of she knew not what. Perhaps she fell asleep; she did not know; but certainly the broad moonbeam had come round and fallen full upon her mother's portrait, lighting the wistful eyes and the sweet mouth there; had slowly shifted and lain across the picture in the panel and silvered it with a glory—an old print of the Shepherd with the stray lamb in His arms, and with the gaze of unspeakable tenderness in His eyes, the gaze bent full on her and seeming to search her soul. If she were in the body or out of it, Miss Veronica could not have told, only for an instant her soul was bared to her own gaze. And then the moonlight passed, and she was shivering like one alone in a wide black desert, and felt suddenly, with a sense of infinite relief, the warmth of two young arms about her neck, and heard Jinny saying: "Oh, you mustn't be afraid of me. I truly am not bad. Dear, I can't have you sitting up down here alone. Don't you fret—I am going away of my own accord. Poor Miss Veronica, you must go to bed or

you'll be ill." And she had reached up her arms and drawn the girl down into her lap and hidden her old face in her breast.

And directly afterward there was a swish of drapery and patter of feet on the matting. "Oh, sister! sister!" sobbed Miss Sedley. "You know the world moves, and we must move with it. And our mother used to say we weren't here to judge, but to help. And if we love our Lord, we must do the work of our Lord. And Celeste feels so badly that she spoke so! And if they're not good, we must make them good. And they are—oh, they're every whit as good as we are!" Just then the mocking-birds hanging in their cages outside the windows of the next street suddenly burst into their wild night-song, and with their arms round one another the four happy people had a beautiful time crying together.

The air next morning was like air purified by a thunder-storm passing through it. When Mattie Tillinghurst stopped to ask if Celeste had a letter for her to post on her way to work, Miss Veronica's prepossessions gave their last flicker.

"It's too bad to be bound to a desk in the Treasury when you would like to be flying down the Potomac on the *Arrow*," said Mattie.

"Tom Tillinghurst's daughter in the Treasury!" exclaimed Miss Veronica.

"And mighty glad to be there," said Mattie. "At least in general, you know. Just for this moment, perhaps, I would prefer being a bird out in the Rock Creek woods, or a young colt rolling on the flowers of the high-field up where we used to live in the Virginia hills."

"I wish you would take me down to the Treasury some day, Mattie," said Miss Veronica, meekly. "I should like to see—"

"Oh, come now!" cried Mattie, "before it is any warmer. I will show you all over it—the beautiful cash-room and the great vaults full of gold. And you shall see them printing new greenbacks upstairs and counting old ones downstairs—enough to make you despise money, though I don't know how you could despise it any more than you do."

"I've had such a delightful morning," said Miss Veronica, when she came home, and Jinny had taken her bonnet and parasol, and she sat sipping the iced buttermilk that Celeste brought her, while

Miss Sedley had her clabber and cream. "And it seems to me as if the Treasury were fairly peopled with ghosts. I've seen the sisters and wives and widows and daughters of half the people we used to know in the old days, that had dropped out of the great world—"

"Into the greater world," said Celeste.

"Why, it's our Faubourg St. Germain! And, Sedley, you must go down yourself. We really must make a business of acquainting ourselves with affairs—"

"I don't know how Father Walter—"

"No one would like it better than that great, noble, comforting spirit. I feel as if we had been asleep while things were growing. You've no idea what a country it is! I am going to the Patent Office to-morrow, and then—Who is that?" For a young man was mounting the terrace steps two at a time.

"I must break it to you gently," said Celeste, laughing, but catching her disengaged hand, with its little thready rings. "It is Jinny's Jerome. And he is a New-Englander!"

But Miss Veronica rose to the occasion. "I suppose he is also an American," she said.

"He is a scientific man. And he has—discovered a germ."

"Perhaps it wasn't his fault," said Miss Veronica.

"I hope it isn't unfeminine," said Miss Sedley to her sister one night some weeks afterward, when Celeste had gone up stairs to finish her *Graphic* letter, and Jinny had gone down to the gate with her lover, "but I must say it is pleasant to have a man going and coming about the house. It—it makes you feel as if you were alive, and not shut off from the world. It makes you feel as if you belonged to the race. It really makes you feel as if, after all, you weren't set away on a shelf to mould. It's natural to have a man about the house. We've been living an unnatural life."

"I don't know how we could have helped it," said Miss Veronica.

"Well, it can't last long," said Miss Sedley, pensively. "He'll take her away presently. But there's this about it: he'll be coming back to attend to that bill of his in the winter. It's a serious matter with him, Celeste says, to carry that bill."

"Then he must carry it," said Miss Veronica. "Let me see. Isn't there a Senator by the name of Sumner? I

thought there was. He was very wrong on the slavery question, wasn't he? Well, by-gones are by-gones. And he is interested in old prints and medals, some one said. And"—here she lowered her voice—"isn't—isn't—isn't Butler in the House? I shall go to see him. Oh yes, oh yes, I shall. I shall present the case. He must be a power. And—let me see," she said again, with her finger on her lips, "who are our own Senators?"

"We haven't any, you know," said Miss Sedley, bitterly. "They are all—what is it they call them?—carpet-baggers."

"Very well. Carpet-baggers will want the countenance of the old gentility. I shall see them all." And although her heart was shaking and her voice was trembling, the gentle old lady, who had never yet dared to stop a street car by herself, was already lobbying Jerome's bill through Congress for all she was worth.

Miss Sedley glanced at the portraits on the wall with an air of apprehension. But the personage in knee-breeches and a powdered wig, with the sword at his side, the roll of parchment in his hand, and the red curtain and the thunder-storm behind him, continued looking over her head in sublime unconcern; and as for the wax medallions in their tarnished frames, the lady there in low relief, with a high comb and an eye askew, and the gentleman with a stiff stock and a bang, went on gazing at each other with stolid indifference to the affairs of a lesser world than theirs. But the glance somehow reassured Miss Sedley. Whatever new scenes shifted across the view, the world still moved on the same axis.

It was in the mild and beautiful November weather, when all the blue river distances were swathed with sun-gilded hazes, the late roses were still blooming, and the flag floating from the top of the unfinished monument looked like a flower itself against the sky, and the bland Indian summer was sweeter than ever real summer was, that Miss Veronica sat at the head of her table one morning ready to carve a Potomac swan. "My dears," she said to the bride and groom on her either hand—when, after a nuptial mass, they had come home to a Thanksgiving breakfast, where Celeste and Mattie and Miss Sedley assisted, the latter resplendent in an adaptation of the Aaron Burr bro-

cade which Jinny had made without injuring it—"my dears, it is not especially a festival of our Church, and it is not a festival of our part of the country, at least it used not to be—I don't know that we ever kept the day before, Sedley? But I feel as if I could not sufficiently honor it and express my thanks to-day for the goodness which, against our will, has taken us out of the clefts of the rock and into the living currents by overturning our prejudices and enlightening our ignorance—"

"You mean by giving us all these young people, sister," regardless of the spot made by every falling tear.

"Yes, these poor young people who never can know any such pleasure as ours, unless when they shall be old and sad and lonely and—"

"And tired to death of life as it was, sister."

"They shall have young blood poured

into their veins as we have had, young eyes given them to see the world, young voices to put them in tune with it—"

"And young hearts to make them love it!" cried Celeste.

And as they all fell on Miss Veronica and Miss Sedley in turn, the latter, struggling and blushing and rearranging herself, exclaimed: "It's a sort of new mission field, isn't it? The mission of Youth to Age. But, oh, Veronica!" she said, "don't you remember Bettie Brierley, who declared there were four men she would never marry—a preacher, or a Protestant, or a Frenchman, or a widower?"

"And she is the third wife of a French Protestant preacher," said Miss Veronica, examining her carving-knife. "I dare say she knows a good deal more now than she did then. I suppose you mean how scandalized we should have been a year ago at this Thanksgiving Breakfast."

OUT OF THE WORLD AT CORINTO.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

EVERY now and again each of us, either through his own choice or by force of circumstance, drops out of step with the rest of the world, and retires from it into the isolation of a sick-room, or to the loneliness of the deck of an ocean steamer, and for some short time the world somehow manages to roll on without him.

He is like a man who falls out of line in a regiment to fasten his shoelace, or to fill his canteen, and who hears over his shoulder the hurrying tramp of his comrades, who are leaving him farther and farther behind, so that he has to run briskly before he can catch up with them and take his proper place once more in the procession.

I shall always consider the ten days we spent at Corinto, on the Pacific side of Nicaragua, while we waited for the steamer to take us south to Panama, as so many days of non-existence, as so much time given to the mere exercise of living, when we were no more of this world than are the prisoners in the salt-mines of Siberia, or the keepers of light-houses scattered over sunny seas, or the men who tend toll-gates on empty country lanes. And so when I read in the newspapers the other day that three British ships of war were

anchored in the harbor of Corinto, with their guns loaded to the muzzles with ultimatums and no one knows what else besides, and that they meant to levy on the customs dues of that sunny little village, it was as much of a shock as it would be to the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow were they told that that particular spot was wanted as a site for a World's Fair.

For no ships of any sort, certainly no ships of war, ever came to Corinto while we occupied the only balcony of its only hotel. Indeed, that was why we were there, and had they come we would have gone with them, no matter to what port they were bound, even to the uttermost parts of the earth.

We had come to Corinto from the little island of Amapala, which lies seventy-five miles farther up the coast, and which guards the only port of entry to Honduras on the Pacific seaboard. It is supposed to belong to the Republic of Honduras, but it is in reality the property of Rossner Brothers, who sell you everything from German machetes to German music-boxes, and who could, if they wanted it, purchase the entire Republic of Honduras in the morning, and make a present of it to the Kaiser in the course of the afternoon. You have only to

change the name of Rossner Brothers to the San Rosario Mining Company, to the Pacific Mail, to Errman Brothers, to the Panama Railroad Company, and you will identify the actual rulers of one or of several of the republics of Central America.

It is very well for President Zelaya, or Barrios, or Vasquez, or whatever his name may happen to be this month, to write to the New York *Herald* and tell the people of the United States what the revolution in his country means. It does no harm, no one in the United States reads the letter, except the foreign editor who translates it, and no one in his own country ever sees it, but it makes him happy in thinking he is persuading some one that he governs in his own way. As a matter of fact he does not. His country, no matter what her name may be, is ruled by a firm of coffee-merchants in New York city, or by a German railroad company, or by a line of coasting steamers, or by a great trading-house, with headquarters in Berlin or London or Bordeaux. If the President wants money he borrows it from the trading-house; if he wants arms, or his soldiers need blankets, the trading-house supplies them. No one remembers now who was President of Peru when Henry Meiggs was alive, and to-day William L. Grace is a better name on letters of introduction to Chili and Peru than that of a Secretary of State.

When we were in Nicaragua, one little English banking-house was fighting the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the President and the entire government, and while the notes issued by the bank were accepted at their face value, those of the government were taken only in the presence of a policeman or a soldier, who was there to see that you did take it. You find this condition of affairs all through Central America, and you are not long in a republic before you learn which merchant or which bank or which railroad company controls it, and you soon grow to look upon a mule loaded with boxes bearing the trade-mark of a certain business-house with more respect than upon a soldier who wears the linen ribbon of the government. For you know that at a word the soldier will tear the ribbon from his straw sombrero and replace it with another upon which is printed "Viva Dr. Somebody Else," while the trade-mark of

the business-house will continue so long as English and German merchandise is carried across the sea in ships. And it will also continue as long as Great Britain and Germany and the United States are represented by consuls who are at the same time the partners of the leading business firms in the seaport over which their consular jurisdiction extends. For few Central American republics are going to take away a consul's exequatur as long as they owe him in his unofficial capacity for a large loan of money; and the merchant, on the other hand, knows that he is not going to suffer from the imposition of a forced loan, nor see his mules seized, as long as the tin sign with the American eagle screaming upon it is tacked above the brass business plate of his warehouse.

There was a merchant in Tegucigalpa named Santos Soto—he is there still, I believe—and about a year ago President Vasquez told him he needed a loan of ten thousand dollars to assist him in his struggle against Bonilla, and as Soto was making sixty thousand dollars a year in the country, he suggested that he had better lend it promptly. Soto refused, and was locked in the quartel, where it was explained to him that for every day he delayed in giving the money the amount demanded of him would be increased one thousand dollars. As he still refused he was chained to an iron ball and led out to sweep the streets in front of his shop, which extends on both sides of the principal thoroughfare of the capital. He is an old man, and the sight of the chief merchant in Tegucigalpa sweeping up the dust in front of his own block of stores had a most salutary effect upon the other merchants, who promptly loaned the sums demanded of them, taking rebates on customs dues in exchange—with one exception. This merchant owned a jewelry store, and was at the same time the English consular agent. He did not sweep the streets, nor did he contribute to the forced loan. He values in consequence his tin sign, which is not worth much as a work of art, at about ten thousand dollars.

There is much that might be written of consuls in Central America that would differ widely from the reports written by themselves and published by the State Department. The most interesting thing about them, to my mind, is the fact that none of them ever seem to represent a

country which they have ever seen, and that they are always citizens of another country to which they are anxious to return. I find that after Americans Germans make the best American consuls, and Englishmen the best German consuls, while French consuls would be more useful to their countrymen if they could speak French as well as they do Spanish. Sometimes, as in the case of the consul at Corinto, you find a native of Italy representing both Great Britain and the United States. A whole comic opera could be written on the difficulties of a Nicaraguan acting as an English and American consul, with three British men-of-war in the harbor levying on the customs dues of his native land, and an American squadron hastening from Panama to see that their English cousins did not gather in a few islands by mistake.

If he called on the British admiral, and received his seven-gun salute, would it constitute a breach of international etiquette if he were rowed over to the American admiral and received seven guns from him; and as a native of Nicaragua could he see the customs dues, which comprise the government's chief source of revenue, going into the pockets of one country he so proudly serves without complaining to the other country which he serves with equal satisfaction? Every now and then you come across a real American consul who was born in America, and who serves the United States with ability, dignity, and self-respect, so that you are glad you are both Americans. Of this class we found General Allen Thomas at La Guayra, who was later promoted to the position of Minister at Caracas, Mr. Alger at Puerto Cortez, Mr. Little at Tegucigalpa, and Colonel King at Caracas.

The consul at Belize, which is the most important port on the Caribbean Sea, cannot speak or write good English, and the letters of introduction which he gave to us, unasked, hurt our pride as Americans to such a degree that we did not present them, but kept them as curiosities of literature. They are at the service of the State Department at any time. This consul has other failings. It lies in his power to do much towards improving the consular service by leaving it promptly.

We found that the firm of Rossner Brothers had in their employ the Ameri-

can and English consuls, and these gentlemen endeared themselves to us by assisting at our escape from that island in an open boat. They did not tell us, however, that Fonseca Bay was one of the most treacherous stretches of water on the admiralty charts; but that was, probably, because they were merchants and not sailors.

Amapala was the hottest place I have ever visited. It did not grow warm as the day wore on, but began briskly at sunrise by nailing the mercury at fever heat, and continued boiling and broiling until ten at night. By one the next morning the roof over your head and the bed-linen beneath you had sufficiently cooled for you to sleep, and from that on until five there was a fair imitation of night.

There was but one cool spot in Amapala; it was a point of land that the inhabitants had rather tactlessly selected as a dumping-ground for the refuse of the town, and which was only visited by pigs and buzzards. This point of land ran out into the bay, and there had once been an attempt made to turn it into a public park, of which nothing now remains but a statue to Morazan, the Liberator of Honduras. The statue stood on a pedestal of four broad steps, surrounded by an iron railing, the gates of which had fallen from their hinges, and lay scattered over the piles of dust and debris under which the park is buried. At each corner of the railing there were beautiful macaws which had once been painted in brilliant reds and greens and yellows, and which we tried to carry off one night, until we found that they also were made of iron. We would have preferred the statue of Morazan as a souvenir, but that we doubted its identity. Morazan was a smooth-faced man with a bushy head of hair, and this statue showed him with long side-whiskers and a bald head, and in the uniform of an English admiral. It was probably the rejected work of some English sculptor, and had been obtained, no doubt, at a moderate price, and as very few remember Morazan to-day it answers its purpose excellently well. We became very much attached to it, and used to burn incense to it in the form of many Honduranian cigars, which sell at two cents apiece.

When night came on, and the billiard-room had grown so hot that the cues slipped in our hands, and the tantalizing

sight of an American ice-cooler, which had never held ice since it left San Francisco, had driven us out into the night, we would group ourselves at the base of this statue to Morazan, and throw rocks at the buzzards and pigs, and let the only breeze that dares to pass over Amapala bring our temperature down to normal. We should have plotted a revolution by rights, for the scene was set for such a purpose, and no one in the town accounted in any other way for our climbing the broken iron railing nightly, and remaining on the steps of the pedestal until two the next morning.

They, I suppose, were used to heat, and could sleep with the thermometer at ninety, and we did not mind the pigs or the buzzards, and if we did plot to convert Honduras into a monarchy and make Somerset king, no one heard us but the English edition of Morazan smiling blandly down upon us like a floor-walker at the Army and Navy Stores, with his hand on his heart and an occasional buzzard soaring like Poe's raven above his marble forehead. The moonlight turned him into a figure of snow, and the great palms above bent and waved and shivered unceasingly, and the sea beat on the rocks at our feet.

It was an interesting place of rendezvous, but we tired of a town that grew cool only after midnight, and in which the fever stalked abroad by day. So we chartered a small boat, and provisioned it, and enlisted a crew of pirates, and set sail one morning for Corinto, seventy-five miles farther south. There was no steamer expected at Corinto at any earlier date than at Amapala, but in the nature of things one had to touch there some time, and there was a legend to which we had listened with doubt and longing to the effect that at Corinto there was an ice-machine, and though we found later that the ice-machines always broke on the day we arrived in port, we preferred the chance of finding Fonseca Bay in a peaceful state to yellow fever at Amapala. It was an exciting voyage. I would now, being more wise, choose the yellow fever, but we did not know any better then. There was no deck to the boat, and it was not wide enough for one to lie lengthwise from side to side, and too crowded to permit of our stretching our bodies fore and aft. So we rolled about on top of one another, and were far too miserable to

either apologize or swear when we bumped into a man's ribs or sat on his head.

We started with a very fine breeze dead astern, and the boat leaped and plunged and rolled all night, and we were hurled against the sides and thumped by rolling trunks, and travelling-bags, and gun-cases, and boxes of broken apollinaris bottles. The stone-breaker in a quarry would have soothed us in comparison. And when the sun rose fully equipped at four in the morning the wind died away absolutely, and we rose and sank all day on the great swell of the Pacific Ocean. The boat was painted a bright red inside and out, and the sun turned this open red bowl into an oven of heat. It made even our white flannels burn when they touched the skin like a shirt of horse-hair. As far as we could look on every side the ocean lay like a sea of quicksilver, and the dome of the sky glittered with heat. The red paint on the sides bubbled and cracked, and even the native boatmen cowered under the cross-seats with their elbows folded on their knees and their faces buried in their arms; and we had not the heart to tell them to use the oars, even if we had known how. At noon the chief pirate crawled over the other bodies and rigged up the sail so that it threw a shadow over mine, and I lay under this awning and read Barrie's *Lady Nicotine*, while the type danced up and down in waving lines like the letters in a typewriter. I am sure it was only the necessity which that book impressed upon me of holding-on to life until I could smoke the Arcadia mixture that kept me from dropping overboard and being cremated in the ocean below.

We sighted the light-house of Corinto at last, and hailed the white custom-house and the palms and the blue cottages of the port with a feeble cheer.

The people came down to the shore and crowded around her bow as we beached her in front of the custom-house, and a man asked us anxiously in English, "What ship has been wrecked?" And we explained that we were not survivors of a shipwreck, but of a possible conflagration, and wanted ice.

And then, when we fell over the side bruised and sleepy, and burning with thirst, and with everything still dancing before our eyes, they refused to give us ice until we grew cooler, and sent out in the meanwhile to the comandancia for



ON THE WAY TO CORINTO.



PRINCIPAL HOTEL AND PRINCIPAL HOUSE AT CORINTO.

some one who could identify us as escaped revolutionists. They took our guns away from us as a precaution, but they could have had half our kingdom for all we cared, for the wonderful legend proved true, and at last we got the ice in large thick glasses, with ginger ale and lemon juice and apollinaris water trickling through it, and there was frost on the sides of the glasses, and a glimpse of still more ice wrapped up in smoking blankets in the refrigerator. Ice that we had not tasted for many days of riding in the hot sun and through steaming swamp-lands, and which we had last seen treated with contempt and contumely, knocked about at the bow of a tug-boat in the North River, and tramped upon by many muddy feet on Fifth Avenue. None of us will ever touch ice hereafter without handling it with the same respect and consideration that we would show to a precious stone.

The busybodies of Corinto who had decided from the manner of our arrival that we had been forced to leave Honduras for the country's good, finally found a native who identified me as a filibuster he had met during the last revolution at Leon. As that was bringing it rather near home, Griscom went after Mr. Palazzo, the Italian who serves both England and the United States as consul. We showed him a rare collection of autographs of secretaries, ambassadors, and prime ministers, and informed him that

we intended taking four state-rooms on the steamer of the line he represented at that port. This convinced him of the necessity of keeping us out of jail, and he satisfied the local authorities as to our respectability, and that we had better clothes in our trunks.

Corinto is the best harbor on the Pacific side of Nicaragua, but the town is not as large as the importance of the port would suggest. It consists of three blocks of two-story houses, facing the harbor fifty feet back from the water's edge, with a sandy street between each block of buildings. There are

about a thousand inhabitants, and a foreign population which varies from five residents to a dozen transient visitors and stewards on steamer days. The natives are chiefly occupied in exporting coffee and receiving the imported goods for the interior, and the principal amusement of the foreign colony is bathing and playing billiards. It has a whist club of four members. The fifth foreign resident acts as a substitute in the event of any one of the four players chancing to have another engagement, but as there is no one with whom he could have an engagement, the substitute is seldom called upon. He told me he had been sitting by and smoking and watching the others play whist for a month now, and hoping that one of them would have a sunstroke.

We left Corinto the next morning and took the train to Lake Managua, where we were to connect with a steamer which crosses the lake to the capital. It was a beautiful ride, and for some distance ran along the sea-shore, where the ocean rolled up the beach in great waves, breaking in showers of foam upon the rocks. Then we crossed lagoons and swamps on trestles, and passed pretty thatched villages, and saw many beautiful women and girls selling candy and sugar-cane at the stations. They wore gowns that left the neck and shoulders bare, and wrapped themselves in silk shawls of solid colors, which they kept continually loosening

and rearranging, tossing the ends coquettishly from one shoulder to the other, or drawing them loosely about the figure, or like a cowl over the head. This silk shawl is the most characteristic part of the wardrobe of the native women of Central America. It is as inevitable as the mantilla of their richer sisters, and it is generally the only bit of splendor they possess. A group of them on a feast-day or Sunday, when they come marching towards you with green, purple, blue, or yellow shawls, makes a very striking picture.

These women of the pueblo in Honduras and Nicaragua were better looking than the women of the lower classes of any country I have ever visited. They were individually more beautiful, and the proportion of beautiful women was greater. A woman there is accustomed from her childhood to carry heavy burdens on her head, and this gives to all of them an erect carriage and a fearless uplifting of the head when they walk or stand. They have never known a tight dress or a tight shoe, and they move as easily and as gracefully as an antelope. Their hair is very rich and heavy, and they oil it and comb it and braid it from morning to night, and wear it parted in the middle, and drawn tightly back over the ears, and drawn around the head in heavy braids. Their complexion is a light brown, and their eyes have the sad look which one sees in the eyes of a deer or a dog, and which is not so much the sign of any sorrow as of the lack of intelligence. The women

of the upper classes are like most Spanish-American women, badly and over dressed in a gown fashioned after some forgotten Parisian mode, with powder over their faces, and with their hair frizzled and curled in ridiculous profusion. They are a very sorry contrast to a woman of the people, such as you see standing in the doorways of the mud huts, or advancing towards you along the trail with an earthen jar on her shoulder, straight of limb, and with a firm fine lower jaw, a low broad forehead, and shy sad eyes.

Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, is a most dismal city, built on a plain of sun-dried earth, with houses of sun-dried earth, plazas and parks and streets of sun-dried earth, and a mantle of dust over all. Even the stores that have been painted in colors and hung with balconies have a depressed, dirty, and discouraged air. The streets are as full of ruts and furrows as a country road, the trees in the plaza are lifeless, and their leaves shed dust instead of dew, and the people seem to have taken on the tone of their surroundings, and very much more of the dust than seems absolutely necessary. We were there only two days, and felt when we left as though we had been camping out on a baseball diamond; and we were sure that had we remained any longer we would have turned into living statues of clay when the sun shone, and of mud when it rained.

There was no American minister or consul at Managua at the time of our



HARBOR OF CORINTO.

visit, but the English consul took very good care of us, and acted as our interpreter when we called upon the President. Relations between the consul and President Zelaya were somewhat strained at that time, and though we knew this we told the consul to tell the President how much he was admired by the American people for having taken the stand he did against the English on the Mosquito Coast question, and that we hoped he would

stead of being forced as she is now to make them take the long journey around Cape Horn, it would be of inestimable benefit. He also said that the only real objection that had been made in the United States to the canal came from those interested in the transcontinental railroads, who saw in its completion the destruction of their freight traffic.

He seemed to be a very able man, and more a man of the world than Bonilla, the President of Honduras, and much older in many ways. He was apparently somewhat of a philosopher, and believed, or said he did, in the survival of the fittest as applied to the occupation of his country. He welcomed the gringos, he said, and if they were better able to rule Nicaragua than her own people, he would accept that fact as inevitable and make way before them.

We returned to Corinto after wallowing in the dust-bins of Managua as joyfully as though it were a home, and we were so anxious to reach the ocean again that we left Granada and Leon, which are, so we are told, much more attractive than the capital, out of our route.

Corinto was bright and green and sunny, and the waters of the big harbor before it danced and flashed by day and radiated with phosphorescent fire by night. It was distinctly a place where it would occur to one to write up the back pages of his diary, but it was interesting at least in showing us the life of the exiles in these hot, far-away seaports among a strange people. There was but one hotel, which happened to be a very good one with a very bad proprietor, who, I trust, will come some day to an untimely death at the end of one of his own billiard-cues. The hotel was built round a patio filled with palms and ramparts of empty bottles from the bar, covered with dust, and bearing the name of every brewer and wine-grower in Europe. The sleeping-rooms were on the second floor, and looked on the patio on one side and upon a wide covered veranda which faced the harbor on the other. The five resident gringos in Corinto lived at the hotel, and sat all day on this veranda swinging in their hammocks and swapping six-months-old magazines and tattered novels. Reading matter assumed an importance in Corinto



PRESIDENT ZELAYA OF NICARAGUA.

see that the British obtained no foothold near our canal. At which the English consul would hesitate and grin unhappily, and remark, in a hurried aside, "I'll be hanged if I'll translate that." So we continued inventing other pleasant speeches derogatory to Britons and British influence in Nicaragua until Somerset and his consul protested vigorously, and the President saw what we were doing and began to enjoy the consul's embarrassment and laughed, and the consul laughed with him, and they made up their quarrel for the time being, at least. Zelaya said, among other things, that if there were no other argument in favor of the Nicaragua Canal than that it would enable the United States to move her ships of war quickly from ocean to ocean, in-



THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE AT MANAGUA.

it had never attained before, and we read all the serial stories, of which there was never more than the fourth or sixth instalment, and the scientific articles on the Fall of the Rupee in India, or the Most Recent Developments in Electricity, and delighted in the advertisements of seeds and bicycles and baking-powders.

The top of our veranda was swept by a row of plane-trees that grew in the sandy soil of the beach below us, and under the shade of which were gathered all the idle ones of the port. There were among them thieving ships' stewards who had been marooned from passing vessels, ne'er-do-wells from the interior who were "combing the beach" and looking for work, but not so diligently that they had seen the coffee plantations on their tramp down to the coast, and who begged for money to take them back to "God's country," or to the fever hospital at Panama. With them were natives, sailors from the rolling tug-boat they called a ship of war, and barefooted soldiers from the quartel, and longshoremen with overdeveloped chests and muscles, who toil mightily on steamer days and sleep and eat for the ten days between as a reward.

All of these idlers gathered in the shade around the women who sold sweet

drinks and sticks of pink and yellow candy. They were the public characters of the place, and the centre of all the gossip of the town, and presided over their tables with great dignity in freshly ironed frocks and brilliant turbans. They were very handsome and very clean-looking, with bare arms and shoulders, and their hair always shone with cocoanut oil, and was wonderfully braided and set off with flowers stuck coquettishly over one ear. The men used to sit around them in groups on the bags of coffee waiting for export and on the boxes of barbed wire, which seemed to be the only import. And sometimes a small boy would buy a stick of candy or command the mixture of a drink, and the woman would fuss over her carved gourds, and rinse and rub them and mix queer liquors with a whirling stick of wood that she spun between the palms of her hands. We would all watch the operation with great interest, the natives on the coffee-sacks and ourselves upon the balcony, and regard the small boy while he drank the concoction with envy.

The veranda had loose planks for its floor, and gaping knot-holes through which the legs of our chairs would sink suddenly, and which we could use on

those occasions when we wanted to drop knives and pencils and water on the heads of those passing below. Our companions in idleness were the German agents of the trading-houses and young Englishmen down from the mines to shake off a touch of fever, and two Americans who were taking a phonograph through Central America. Their names were Edward Morse and Charles Brackett, and we will always remember them as the only Americans we met who were taking money out of Central America and not bringing it there to lose it.

Every afternoon we all tramped a mile or two up the beach in the hot sun for the sake of a quarter of an hour of surf-bathing, which was delightful in itself, and which was rendered especially interesting by our having to share the surf with large man-eating sharks. When they came, which they were sure to do ten minutes after we had arrived, we generally gave them our share.

The phonograph men and our party did not believe in sharks; so we would venture out some distance, leaving the Englishmen and the Germans standing like sandpipers where the water was hardly up to their ankles, and keeping an anxious lookout for us and themselves. Had the sharks attempted to attack us from the land, they would have afforded excellent protection. When they all yelled at once and ran back up the beach into the bushes, we knew that they thought we had been in long enough, and we came out, and made as much noise as we could while doing so. But there would be invariably one man left behind—one man who had walked out farther than the others, and who, owing to the roar of the surf, could not hear our shrieks of terror. It was interesting to watch him from the beach diving and splashing happily by himself, and shaking the water out of his ears and hair, blissfully unconscious of the deserted waste of waters about him and of the sharp black fin that shot like a torpedo from wave to wave. We would watch him as he turned to speak to the man who the moment before had been splashing and diving on his right, and, missing him, turn to the other side, and then whirl about and see us all dancing frantically up and down in a row along the beach, beckoning and screaming and waving our arms. We could observe even at that

distance his damp hair rising on his head and his eyes starting out of their sockets as he dug his toes into the sand and pushed back the water with his arms, and worked his head and shoulders and every muscle in his whole body as though he were fighting his way through a mob of men. The water seemed very opaque at such times, and the current appeared to have turned seaward, and the distance from shore looked as though it were increasing at every step.

When night came to Corinto we would sit out on the wharf in front of the hotel and watch the fish darting through the phosphorescent waters and marking their passage with a trail of fire, or we would heave a log into it and see the sparks fly just as though we had thrown it upon a smouldering fire. One night one of the men was obliging enough to go into it for our benefit, and swam under water, sweeping great circles with his arms and legs. He was outlined as clearly in the inky depths below as though he wore a suit of spangles. Sometimes a shark or some other big fish drove a shoal of little fish towards the shore, and they would turn the whole surface of the water into half-circles of fire as they took leap after leap for safety. Later in the evening we would go back to the veranda and listen to our friends the phonograph impresarios play duets on the banjo and guitar, and in return for the songs of the natives they had picked up in their wanderings we would sing to them those popular measures which had arisen into notice since they had left civilization.

This was our life at Corinto for ten idle days, until at last the steamer arrived, and the passengers came on shore to stretch their legs and buy souvenirs, and the ship's steward bustled about in search of fresh vegetables, and the lighters plied heavily between the shore and the ship's side, piled high with odorous sacks of coffee. And then Morse and Brackett started with their phonograph through Costa Rica, and we continued on to Panama, leaving the five foreign residents of Corinto to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their whist, and richer and happier through our coming in an inaccurate knowledge of the first verse and tune of "Tommy Atkins," which they shouted at us defiantly as they pulled back from the steamer's side to their quiet haven of exile.



PLUMBLOSSOM BEEBE'S ADVENTURES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



THIS is how Mr. Sam Beebe, tea-merchant of Ling-pu, took Plumblossom Liu to be his wife, to hold and to honor, to keep and to cherish.

The go-between brought her in, and she sat down as she was bidden, in his fine house facing the harbor, holding a handkerchief which she presently began twisting about in her hands and pulling nervously, while her large, round, cat-cornered black eyes were cast down at

the floor. Her face was the shape of an olive, and just as expressionless.

"He comes some other side, in country," said the go-between. "He belong kidnap girl—some man have tief her. Been tlained singsong girl, but no can do; no gottee good voice. He velly good girl—can plomise he alle time have been velly good."

"But she is not alive," said Sam. "No belong girl—belong wooden t'ing. What

for she no move, no laugh, no belong alive girl? Have makee die? My want-chee one-piecee gal can makee play-pidgin, makee laugh, makee chin-chin." He meant by this a merry girl who could laugh and talk.

"He got too muchee fear," said the go-between. "He no sabee what fashion man you belong. No have see foreign man. He t'ink you no likee him."

"Talkee play-pidgin," said Sam (play-pidgin is, literally, funny business). "See can makee laugh. Chop-chop," said he, which means hurry up; "makee play-pidgin talk."

"No can talkee chop-chop," said the agent; "no can t'ink chop-chop."

"Oh, you one-piecee foolo," said Sam. "Tell her my come Eulopean side where women got dlasses. Ling-pu side alle gals got tlousers. My t'ink she b'long one-piecee man."

The pidgin-English is too confusing to follow farther. His joke about suspecting from her trousers that she was a man was conveyed to her in Chinese; and a smile broke over her face—a childish smile, such as one might win from a grave European miss of six, if one were very amusing indeed.

"Good enough," said Sam; "she's really quite pretty."

Plumblossom put her handkerchief in her bosom and endeavored to do without it. Then she took it out again, and began to try to pull it to pieces again.

"Hang it!" said Beebe; "there she is, glum again. I don't want a stuffed image. Tell her I must have good spirits. Here, I'll do what I can in Chinese, and you help me out. Tell her she must learn English. She must get a pair of India-rubber jaws. Oh, my! no one knows what rubber is in China. Well, say that she must eat with a knife and fork alle same a farmer cuts up a pig. Tell her I wear white boards around my wrists and around my neck—these things, you know—and have got on harness under my coat—suspenders—like a horse. Tell her you will show her my great big tub where I go swimming like a fish every day. I'm like a duck, you know. Tell her I've got web feet. Good! Why, she's as merry as a grig! That's what I want—fun all the time. I hate quiet people and I hate solemn people. Tell her I am velly good man—no wantchee slave or servant—wantchee Number One wife—Number One proper, alle same European. I want her to put on European clothes and see my friends—no, that will alarm her. Don't tell her that; time enough for that."

He used many Chinese words, and Plumblossom gathered in many of his ideas. After a time, while he talked, she arose and went to him, and put out her hand and giggled. Nothing but friendliness prompted her—indeed, I doubt whether she could have said why she did it.

Sam was charmed with her. He had been quite as nervous as she. He fully appreciated the awkwardness of the situation. Now he saw in a flash her desire to please even in the strange position in which she was placed. He was delighted with her.

"More better you talk to him," said the go-between. "More better I go 'way."

"Yes," said Sam. "Leave her here. I will pay you to-morrow at my office. Hold on! You tell this girl that she is to take care of my house, my money, and my servants. Tell her my boy will show her all the rooms, and how to use the things, and how I want her to live. I go away for two weeks in my house-boat to-morrow. When I come back she must have learned everything, ready to make me a nice home."

Thus Sam Beebe married Plumblossom. Such unions—or rather unions of foreigners and China women—were more common twenty years ago, and forty years ago, than now, for now there are good schools in the treaty ports, and the children of Europeans are not so generally sent home to Europe to be polished and married there. Steam has made the world smaller. More women go to China every year. There grow less and less excuse for and less and less tolerance of the irregular unions that once were common. But Sam was one of the few who really, seriously meant to make a China woman his wife, and to live out his days in China. He did not mean to sequester Plumblossom in the basement of his house with the servants, never to be seen by his friends. Nor did he intend to have her come stealthily from the Chinese quarter, to flit away in the mornings. There are many customs in China, but Sam's way was aboveboard.

He came to Ling-pu years ago to learn the tea business. Unfortunately he fell in love just as he was leaving. A prim little maiden, set against a background of Devonshire hedge, with a cloud of tree foliage over it, and a square Saxon church tower over that, did the mischief. Arrived in Ling-pu, he at once decked his bedroom with a photograph of Miss Prim. He soon took it down, because the following steamer brought word that her father objected. She was not to think of love "or any other nonsense" for years, or till she was five-and-twenty. That was one reason why Beebe became so pro-Chinese that it was inadvisable to criticise China folk ever afterward. Differences of opinion about the natives help to make life endurable at the treaty ports. Ling-pu, like all those ports, is a place belittled by the custom of its people in forever referring to the antipodes as "home." They keep on saying, "I've sent home for that book"; "these prunes are from the army and navy stores at home;" "I spent three months at home five years ago;" or, "I'd as soon be buried if I could not go home every winter." That custom and what it implies are hurtful to one's happiness in Ling-pu. Then, again, it is a place where one's set or social circle becomes a little band of bores, whose stories one gets to know by heart, where the perfidious English and American women are very few, and are married to the other fellows,



"YELLOWISH-BROWN WALLS IN AN ALLEY."

as a rule. Like all the other treaty ports, Ling-pu is a place where everybody dines at eight or half past, as near bedtime as possible, because there is nothing else to do at night. It is a place where every man meets literally every other man of consequence at the club at noon, each person going there with the desperate

hope that he may hear of a good book to order from home, or of a tiny suggestion of scandal, or that he may meet a new-comer from anywhere on God's green earth who will be able to talk of something new, or who, at any rate, has not heard one's best stories till he is tired of them.

Not one word of this is my opinion of

the picturesque life in those charming treaty ports. This snarling description of them is what Sam Beebe gave me when he was explaining how he had become pro-Chinese purely from love of the Chinese for their sterling commercial honesty, their polish, their philosophy, and their need of champions to oppose those who slander them. Then, again, Sam said he had to take one side or the other out of his love for the English, who would die of *ennui*, unless there was something to quarrel about.

A few words about some phases of life in the Chinese treaty ports will explain not only Sam Beebe's attitude toward the Chinese, but the entire course of his extraordinary conduct. Most Europeans in these ports fancy that they detest the Chinese—just as a goodly many in the Japanese ports detest the Japanese. They refuse to know more about the natives than they can learn by looking at them in the streets and shops through jaundiced eyes. Many boast that they have employed faithful servants for years at a time, yet never knew the name of one. They call them "boy," "cook," and "larn pidgin," those being the names of the posts to be filled in each household. These and most of the others repeat the silliest and most cruel lies that can be found in books upon China—lies that are plentiful in all conscience. They tell strangers that all Chinese eat dogs and rats, slaughter or sell their girl babies, beat their wives and often kill them, have no hearts, never show affection, never bathe or wash, and so on *ad infinitum*. They pass by the artistic treasures of the Chinese with a grimace, and fill their houses with things Japanese, chosen solely because they are Japanese, without regard to their merit or lack of it. Or they load their walls with a still lower grade of ornaments brought at great expense from England. They decline to learn or use a single word of Chinese, preferring to force the Chinese to talk to them in "pidgin-English," which sounds like English baby prattle. In every thousand English are half a dozen men who cast their lot in China in a friendly, practical spirit, recognizing the excellent qualities of the Chinese, and ascribing their faults to bad government, a silly religion, and Oriental torpor.

Beebe lost patience with the Chinese-haters, and called them "second-hand English," or no Englishmen at all, but a

special breed, like the Shanghai chickens. He ridiculed them for dressing their wives and children in the fashions of three decades ago. Their barelegged children matched their own straight-up-and-down silk hats, in his mind; matched their taste for port and madeira, their fondness for monocles, beards, and side whiskers, and their heavy drinking. Even the old-fashioned games at cards they played aroused his sarcasm. He turned to the Chinese for naturalness and genuineness, and became interested in them. He saw the men painting houses with sponges or rags dipped in their paint-pots. He saw the carpenters holding their bucksaws sideways instead of up and down. He saw them pulling their knives toward instead of away from their bodies. The thousands of men and women riding in wheelbarrows interested him, and it amused him to note the conceit of the barrowmen, who taunted the 'ricksha coolies, saying, "We push like men; you pull alle same as horses." Every object in the swarms of humanity was strange: the women in trousers, the better-class men in long skirts; the girl children with their hair coiled over one ear, their little brothers with their trousers split up the inside of each leg, and crowns of tinsel or worsted upon their sacred heads. The modesty of the women pleased him. And their dress was as modest as their behavior, showing no hint of the figure, nothing save their heads, hands, and feet.

When Sam called in a tailor, the man came loaded like an immigrant, with bags of sample-books. This man measured only one half or one side of him—from the seam in the back of his coat out to the end of the left-hand sleeve. He put down a strange jumble of Chinese fly-tracks on a piece of paper, not in lines, but in great confusion. When he brought the garments to try them on they were inches too big in all directions, but he knew what he was about. "Oh, can cuttee," he said; "more better make plenty big first time." Beebe called in a boot-maker, and was still more interested. This mechanic came with nothing but his fan and a pencil. He tore the margin off a sheet of newspaper, and made a few measurements of Beebe's foot with that. He bound Beebe's toes with the piece of paper, and nicked the paper where it came together. So he measured the instep, the ankle, the length

of the foot, nicking the paper afresh each time.

While Sam Beebe was thus interested in the tea business and in the Chinese, a fearful thing befell the little Chinese girl who was destined to cross the path of his life in so peculiar a manner. She was a farmer's daughter, and lived in the Holland-like water-threaded country near Soo-chow. Her name was Liu, and she lived in a village full of Lius—all relatives and of the same family—where farming was the only occupation save that of the keeping of a little water-side tea-house by one of the Lius. Plumblossom had two little brothers, but they went to school, and left her and her mother to do most of the work of the little three-acre rice farm that was their homestead. Very much of Plumblossom's time was taken up with attending the buffalo, whose principal business was to pump up the water with which the farm-land was frequently soaked. This buffalo belonged to two households, to Plumblossom's father and his richer next-door neighbor, but the neighbor had only one child, a grown-up son, so it fell out that she was the one to lead it to the water when it had nothing else to do than cool itself and keep off the flies by submerging all of itself except its snout. Also she was the one to lead it along the tow-path and up to the graveyard near the village joss-house, that it might graze, and save the cost of so much other food. And after her father had put the chain of buckets into the canal, and adjusted its wheel to the big cogged buffalo wheel

that was pivoted flat upon the ground, she it was who sat just outside the circular track of the clumsy but gentle brute, and talked to let him know that she was by, and that he could not doze and loaf and chew the cud as he forever wanted to do. Before she hitched the buffalo to the bar of the wheel she blinded him with a tortoise-shell over each eye. The two hollow shells were tied the right distance apart in a loop of rope, and when the loop was thrown over the buffalo's head the shells fitted over his eyes like two



"SHE WAS A FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

cups. Once blinded and hitched and set to work, she had nothing to do but to sit down and talk to him or to herself.

However hot it might be she was comfortable. The irrigation wheel was under a picturesque shed made of four poles supporting a thick thatched roof. On the way to Soo-chow once Plumblossom had seen some such sheds that were beautified by pumpkin vines that climbed the posts and trailed all over the thatch, ornamenting the posts with their big starlike leaves, and glorifying the roofs with their greenery and their numerous great yellow blossoms. The Chinese love flowers quite as much as do the Japanese, and Plumblossom, like all her people, had them around her or in her hands during each month of the twelve. So her father's pump-shed was one of those that were made gay in late summer with a blooming pumpkin vine. She had plenty of company. She had the dog, the pig, and her mother, and the next door farmer's wife, when they were tending the rice or taking the seed plants out of the little bed where they first grew and planting them in the big sunken field. She had all the active life of the canal for company. The tow-path was on the other side of the canal, and a rest-house was opposite where she used to sit. All the incessant business of that highway went on before her eyes. She saw travellers in wheel-barrows, richer folk in Sedan chairs, tramps, soldiers, coolies with their loads swung from bamboos bridging their shoulders. She saw the shaven-headed, spotted-skulled priests in gray footing it from city to city, story-tellers gathering little crowds in the rest-house, where, also, poor travellers often stopped to build a fire and cook their rice and tea. And up and down the river went all the craft, sailing, rowing with the big yoolo, or tracking—as that locomotion is called when all the crew yokes itself to a hawser and pulls a boat along. She saw the rice-boats, each carrying the grains in a basket the size of a cabin. She saw the great chop-boats of merchants and mandarins, the man-power boats that go by means of a huge paddle-wheel worked by gangs of coolies, the little noisy fleets of fishing-boats, and now and then she saw the "glass boat" of a white foreign devil, and the gorgeously carved and gilded "flower-boats" of those women who are not allowed houses in cities, and who lead

wrong lives because they are slaves, and were bought and taught music and singing and pretty accomplishments of all kinds for that purpose. Plumblossom did not think much, but if she had been ever so thoughtful she could not have imagined it possible that she would ever be some one's boughten slave, or have to do with foreign devils.

She was twelve or thirteen years of age, and, physically, as much the woman as though she were thirty. And she was pretty, with a plump, dimpled, doll-like face, large soft eyes, and a thick-lipped mouth. On one day, while she was watching the buffalo and its grazing, the sun had sunk almost to the rim of the great luxuriant plain around her. She was about to turn the buffalo homeward when she came upon an express-boat, a long narrow vessel like a large rowboat, propelled by a yoolo in the stern, and fitted to carry one or two passengers. It was tethered to her side of the canal, and just as she first saw it a kindly-looking, middle-aged woman emerged from under the mats that covered the middle of the boat and questioned her about her home and people and age and what not. Plumblossom chatted with her freely, and even accepted some European candies which the woman gave her. The stranger told her she had lost a daughter just like Plumblossom in looks and age, and then, as if this train of thought led naturally to it, she said she still had some of her daughter's clothing, though she had no use for it. Said she: "I have here in the boat a beautiful pair of her trousers, silk, and very broad, with a foot of rich embroidery on the bottoms. If they will fit you, you may have them. Come down and try them on over your own."

How many, many times the girl had been warned never under any circumstances to venture upon a strange boat! How many times she had warned other children in the same way! She looked toward her home. No one was in sight. What harm could it do to try to get a beautiful pair of silk trousers? Surely none except an honest woman could have so kind a heart and voice. So she leaped aboard the boat, down in the shadow of the high bank of the canal, and followed the woman under the mats. She had not more than bent herself and gone half-way in when some one clapped a hand over her mouth and threw her on the



"PLUMBLOSSOM'S TIME WAS TAKEN UP WITH ATTENDING THE BUFFALO."

boat's bottom. It was a man who did this. The woman put his hand away and bandaged her mouth with an old blue cotton apron, and then tied her wrists and ankles. Then she stroked her hair and patted her head, and talked kindly to her, while Plumblossom felt the keel of the boat grate down from the bank, and then felt it swaying to and fro, sideways, with the strong strokes of the yoolo as it shot along the canal—which way she could not tell. All she could see was the man seated in the stern, and working the single broad oar with his foot as if it were a third hand.

"You pretty piece of jade-stone," said the woman. "Don't be frightened. No

harm is going to happen to you. You are going to a fine city to dress well, and eat rich food, and have nice times. There, there, don't be frightened."

"Tell her that's if she's quiet," said the man at the yoolo, or sculling-oar. "If she screams or makes a noise, or tries to escape, I will cut her throat. I will chop her all up into fish-bait, and sprinkle her over the water."

"Yes, yes," said the woman in a soothing tone; "she will be good. Never mind him, pretty blossom. You and I will have nice times, and you shall live like a mandarin's daughter."

All night long the express-boat sped on and on without stopping, and so Plum-

blossom was taken to Ling-pu, stolen to become a slave girl, and to be sold to the highest bidder, white or yellow. Upon her promise not to try to escape, the woman gave her better clothes than she had ever seen in her native village. She was better fed and more kindly treated than any girl she had ever known. On every alternate day a man of the actor class came and gave her lessons in singing. He also taught her to accompany herself, when she sang, upon what we might call a guitar. Most of the songs he taught her were classical, beautiful, such as are sung in the forbidden city of the Emperor. One or two would not be thought very nice in Europe or America, or, as a general rule, in China. She was taught how to dress her hair fashionably, how to cover her face with wet paste so that it would be deathly white and pretty when it dried. Jewels were loaned to her whenever she went out with her mistress to the tea-gardens or the theatre. Her little brain was kept in a whirl with sight-seeing among the shops and theatres, tea-houses and tea-gardens, and with merry parties of the friends of her owners. But her future hung over her like a black, threatening cloud. Other captives, a few kidnapped and the others purchased—in the North, where folks are poor, or in Kwan-tung, where they are greedy—filled her little mind with thoughts of dreadful things that might befall her when she changed owners. Her worst dread connected her future with the foreign barbarians—the white men. She preferred to look forward to beggary. In that she shared the opinion of all the Chinese.

She was being trained for sale—to Sam—and at the same time, slowly and unconsciously, he was forming his mind and tastes to the point at which such a bargain would be possible. If the story of how they lived as man and wife, and what untoward circumstances marred their bliss, seems long a-coming from my hand, the reader must have patience. Were they English folk the action of their story would be its all in all, but in China the conditions that surrounded this couple make the best of the tale, make the tale possible, and are more interesting than the tale itself—sad and peculiar as it is.

Sam Beebe was unconsciously in training to take Plumblossom or some other China woman to wife. He saw many

Chinese women, but he did not see her. In China the wives of the poor are like the poor, always in evidence. They are to be seen in the shops, serving and laboring; in the shop doorways, sewing and nursing; and in the streets and roadways, bearing burdens and running errands. In the country one sees them at work in all the fields. But the nicer women are seldom seen. Their lives are spent indoors in the women's quarters of the dwellings and mansions, and when they leave their houses they do so in Sedan chairs, where only their faces are seen, and then only by those who approach the front of the vehicle. Sam never saw the wives of his acquaintances among the Chinese. Nor did they ever speak of them unless he inquired how they were. Then each Chinaman would reply, "My little stay-at-home is well." The only ones, except coolie women, that Sam saw were the singsong girls he met at the dinners that his Chinese friends gave, and that he gave in return. Chinese gentlemen and merchants invite their friends to banquets in very queer houses. They are the best restaurants in China. The viands are brought in from the cookshops, and the women of each house and the singsong girls, who are hired to come and make music, add greatly to the cost and finish and pleasure of such meetings. What might be the difference if he were not present, Sam never knew, but at all such repasts to which he was invited not a single breach of even European propriety ever marred the occasions. We may all join Sam at one of these banquets, and get an insight as deep into Chinese private life as it is easy for any stranger in China to enjoy.

Fancy any one of a hundred gates in any one of a hundred yellowish-brown walls in an alley in a crowded city. Enter the gate and behold a small court with a two-story house hemming in three sides of it. Around the front of the second story a balcony, and in the windows, looking out, young girls, with chalked white faces, jet eyebrows and eyes, and gaudy silks and showy hair jewelry. In some windows, old women with baldish heads and protruding teeth—for no one knows the dental science there. Enter a large square room on the ground-floor. At one end see the great four-poster bed, its sides all but enclosed with carved wooden panels lined with richly embroidered silk.

At the other end of the room—the usual place of honor found in every room in every house in China—a raised platform, either padded and with pillows and a smoking lay-out in the middle, or set with two chairs and a table between them for the lay-out. On the walls, scrolls with painted words or painted pictures on them. On a table, the flower of the season. In the middle of the room a large circular dining-table, at which no man can say he is the MacGregor. Fancy the places all occupied at the table, and it loaded with viands in bowls and saucers: a large roast fish, sliced roast duck with cut-up pancake, peanuts sugared, a ragout of tripe, almonds, almond pudding, shrimp croquettes, stewed pigeon and pigeons' eggs, sliced fish and stewed chicken in one bowl, sliced ham, grapes, boiled sharks' fins, vegetables of many sorts. In front of each man at table a saucer of soy, a pipe, a cup of hot samsu or rice wine, chopsticks. Behind each man a baby-faced girl to light the pipe. The girls form an outer circle around the table. Having all the world of colors to choose from, they resemble the lilies with their loose coats and big trousers, the silk coats embroidered around the edges, the trousers deeply embroidered at the bottoms, where their tiny V-shaped embroidered silk shoes (just big enough for your two middle fingers) peep out. The sleek, glossy hair of each young woman is incrustated with very small pearls and jade-stones made in a shield for each side of her head. Behind, in and around each coil, are pins of gold, enamel, or jade-stone. No women in the world have more beautiful hair or dress it more beautifully. These girls are like children, wide-eyed in repose, but always ready to exclaim "hi-yah" and to giggle. Nine times in ten when spoken to they make this sound of assent, "Hic!" Every now and then there is a stir at the door, betokening the arrival of a singsong girl. She comes in great style, swaying upon her squeezed feet—her "golden lilies," as a lily sways in a perfumed breeze—so the poets describe it. She has an old woman with her. She carries a gourd-shaped guitar, with thumb-screws as big as the hair-pins in an ancient Japanese picture of a lady. She sings—usually, but not always—out of the top of her head, and accompanies herself on the guitar, lightly. Whenever she attempts high notes or a tremolo the

men yell like Irishmen in a fight. She is always applauded, praised, and thanked. Sam has heard singsong girls with the sweet pure voices of angels or of children, and has noticed that over their delicious singing the Chinamen lose their heads. The meal wears on for hours. Eating is indulged in strangely—a bit of this or that, now and then, between talks, between smokes, between games. Guess-finger is the favorite game. Two men clinch their fists, and throw them out with a varying number of fingers displayed. Each must guess the added number of the fingers shown. They guess out loud, as an officer yells orders on a battle-field. If one guesses right, all the others watching, the other man must drain his samsu-cup.

Out of the interest in these antipodean folk that was thus developed in Sam Beebe came his purchase of one of them for \$400, without the jewels, which the proprietor said ought to go with her; came Plumblossom's realization of almost the worst dread she harbored—the very worst being that of indiscriminate acquaintance with foreigners.

Thus they wedded, and were reasonably happy. Indeed, she was as happy as a doll could be. No land produces more willing, obedient, uncomplaining wives. As they say of the doll half of Japan, "the women never answer back," so it is said of the Chinese toy-women. Plumblossom bore her husband a fine boy and girl. She never answered back when he scolded, swore, or complained. She lived only to wait upon him. And though forbidden even to speak to her former companions, and though none else of her nation, except coolie women, would recognize her existence, she was happy—because Sam was kind and her children loved her. She was not only loyal, virtuous, and submissive, she was a helpful companion. She knew as much about his hobby—rare porcelain—as he did, and more of the religion of the established church than he began to know. She was not the doll she looked. If any one ever was lucky in that sort of wedlock it was Sam, his best friends thought.

She and Sam had been married less than eleven years when he went to England to look after the estate of his father, who had recently died. He was the heir to the farm in Devonshire. He became a boy again when he reached there. The



"GUESS-FINGER IS THE FAVORITE GAME."

country charmed him; he would be insensate whom Devon would not charm. And lo! his former flame, Miss Prim, had also lost her father, and had come into a large farm adjoining his. It was necessary to see her. She welcomed him effusively. She had never married. Her admiration for him was evident. He became gallant, and said pretty, soft things. She purred, and showed him half of a sixpence he had given her when a boy. Together their land would be the finest farm owned by a commoner in that corner of England. On the other hand, she was narrow and very pious; while he— There were many thises and thats to put together. He weighed them, and proposed marriage to her—the second time. He begged her not to reply until she received a letter from him. In that letter he told her of Plumblossom and the boy and girl.

She replied by post, saying that she realized the force of his excuses for his conduct. He was in a barbarous land, far from home. He had been heart-broken. (She had been, too.) This "acquaintance with the native woman"—she was at first dreadfully shocked—but, as he said, it was formed when he was

young and never expected to return to civilization. She could only say, "let bygones be bygones." So they were married, and travelled about Europe for a year. During most of that year Sam thought of his companion. When he was packing to take her to China he thought of Plumblossom and his children—and I hope he thought of what a scoundrel he was. He began to talk a great deal of what was on his mind—I mean of parts of it—his children.

"Sam," said Mrs. Beebe, "I can think only of you, not of myself. Your happiness is henceforth my only care. I am well along in life; we may have no such blessings. I will adopt your children. I have been thinking of it. I have decided it. I will hear nothing against it."

"God bless you, madam!" said he. "Then I have not a care in the world." To himself he said, "I will not annoy my wife with the matter, but I will see that Plumblossom is comfortable as long as she lives." Thus he and his new wife settled the future of all concerned—in their minds.

In Ling-pu Sam Beebe's arrival with an English wife startled no one. She

was welcomed in the best houses, and the wonder of the community, whether she knew of Plumblossom's existence, was hidden from her. The men asked Sam point-blank what he was going to do with the China woman, and he blustered that he would never forget her, that she should never want. He felt a sinking at his heart, however, and he postponed his visit to his old home day after day. At last he went there, and told Plumblossom the whole story. She was perfectly calm—outwardly. She took it like an Indian, or a clam. In the same way she would have gone to the headsman's block. In Japan and China they have sayings like this: "Well, thank God, the worst has happened! Now luck must change for the better."

"Do you want to come here with your Number Two wife?" she asked. "This house is yours. I will leave it. I understand that you Europeans never show two wives."

He knew what she intended by the expression "Number Two wife." He quivered under the thrust. But he was in the wrong and she was in the right. He could say nothing.

"I want Eunice and Sam," he said. "I cannot get along without them, Plumblossom."

"That's proper," she said. "You will always have them, Mr. Beebe. They will be always safe with you—in your home—here, with their mother and your true wife."

"But, Plumblossom, I want them with me all the time. I must—"

"Oh, you will come back to me, then? I am glad."

"No, I will not come back to you. Now understand this, Plumblossom. I am married proper now. I have taken a Number One European wife. She will take care of my children. She will treat them kindly, love them, be a good mother to them."

"You are crazy," she said; and now her eyes blazed. "I will not fool you by pretending not to understand you. I am your only wife. You said so to me a thousand times. I am a good and honest wife. I have done no wrong. Now hear me. So long as we are together the children belong to both of us. If you leave me, under the Chinese law they are mine. I have inquired. I am right. Go away now, and come back sensible. Do not in-

sult me. Stay away till you are yourself. I can wait as many years as you like."

Beebe went back to his hotel crestfallen. He told Mrs. Beebe that he did not know what to do; that he feared the China woman would never part with the children. He was despondent. Now that his boy and girl were kept from him, he longed for them, loved them as he had not known he could love any one or any thing. He became gloomy, and remained ill-tempered for days at a time. He talked continually of his children, and put their portraits in his bedroom, which was also his wife's. She read his thoughts, and, with the pride and confidence of an English woman, determined to go herself and bring the boy and girl back with her. Plumblossom was a meek kitten of a woman, she had always heard. She could easily handle her, she thought.

She called on the China woman, and, instead of a kitten, encountered a tiger. She was graciously permitted to explain her errand before the tiger showed its claws.

"Hi-yah!" exclaimed Plumblossom; "you come from my husband, and you want my children? Do you know what you are in China? You are his mistress! Do you know your place, your duty?" (Here she backed against the only door that her victim might not escape.) "The duty of a Number Two woman, of a concubine, in China, is to wait upon her man's mother and upon his wife. How dare you sit in my parlor? How dare you put on airs like a true woman? If you come here, come to the kitchen door, and humble yourself. Now go, and—and—be ashamed of yourself to let a European gentleman's wife see the proof of her husband's sin."

Plumblossom spoke in pidgin-English, but made herself understood.

Matters did not mend afterward. Sam Beebe was gloomy. Ill-nature began to be second nature with him. Mrs. Beebe was still of a mind to have his children to bring happiness back to her home. She concluded that Plumblossom would sell them. She had heard that the Chinese make it a common practice to sell their flesh and blood. She despatched Sam's boy with \$200 to offer it to Plumblossom for young Sam. Plumblossom sent the messenger back with his ears tingling. Then she called on Sam at his office, and bade him come and see her.

Her manner impressed him, and he followed her home. Once in-doors she trembled with such excitement as he had not believed she could ever be subject to. And still she tried to talk calmly.

"I can catch \$500 for one of the children," she said. "What do you say?"

"Sell one of the children?" he cried. "Good God! are you mad?"

"No b'long mad," said she. "I no want sell children. Your Number Two wife want me to sell. She sent servant pay me \$200. Very good. I think you want me sell one—maybe you poor."

She fell back upon pidgin-English, to give freer expression to her thoughts. He was all but paralyzed with alarm, for he knew the children were hers to do as she pleased with.

"Think maybe can catchee plenty money. Think I go look see can find somebody wantchee child. If you live Number One true wife then children belong alle same you, alle same me; my no can sell. If you like more better Number Two woman, then children b'long China mother; maybe she wantchee sell one."

"Are you mad?"

"No—no b'long clazy. My thinkee plover China fashion. Supposee you wantchee buy one-pieceee child—somebody else no can get."

"Yes, yes," said Sam, "I'll buy both; well, one, then. I'll pay what you say."

"No," said she; "supposee you talk plover plice. You sabe how much you child can catchee. You child no belong countly gal like me—belong fine Eulopean genterman child. Before time you tellee me in your countly evelybody can catchee \$5000 if makee die when tlavel. S'posee you pay \$5000 one-pieceee child."

"Plumblossom, if you say so, I will pay well for the boy. Not \$5000, but I will take both children, and see that you have money and are cared for while you live."

"Boy?" she said. "Who talkee boy? My talkee girl. My wantchee boy—no can sell. My alle time talkee sellee gal. Hi-yah! you thinkee me foolo? You pay me \$5000, you catchee gal. You no wantchee? My can get plenty man wantchee gal."

"You cannot mean what you say. You would sell our little girl—you, a China woman, knowing what it means to sell a girl?"

"What t'ing?" she asked—meaning

"what's the matter?" "My have been sell before time, and my catchee good luck. My been good, good gal, good wife. What man can say my no good Number One wife? Hey! You speakee me bad?"

Sam Beebe was at his wits' ends. He inferred from what she said that she wanted a great price for his daughter, though she would sell her to a stranger for what she could get. Then he feared she would reason that she had a right to part with his son to any one at any time, perhaps without his knowledge. The price she asked for his daughter showed him that she preferred not to let the children go to the care of Mrs. Beebe. He was alarmed at her words, and worse frightened by his own helplessness. He pleaded with her, begged her not to sell them—at least, not to any one but him. He swore he would not leave the house until she promised that the children should both be sold to him or should stay with her. He was greatly excited, and even his voice quivered.

She listened in a strange mood. She raised herself taller and taller, and strode up and down the room softly, like a cat, yet with vigorous strides. When he paused for breath she went swiftly to him and released a storm of words:

"Be a man," she said, in half pidgin-talk, half Chinese. "Be worthy of your wife—your real wife—and your children. Your slave woman has bewitched you. I would not sell one of the hairs of my children for all the money in Ling-pu. You know me better than to think ill of me. Who talked of selling children? Did I? No; in my country that is done by beggars and paupers and wicked people. I am not one of them. It was a European who proposed it—a Number Two woman. Yes, you can go back to her and say I despise her, and tell her that in China decent wives do not even talk of selling children."

At the end of her tirade she did what Sam had never seen her do before—she wept. She flung her head upon her arms on a table and sobbed pitifully.

Alas! Sam had a crying wife at both ends of the chain that connected the two. For Mrs. Beebe spent many a weary day in tears. He and she disagreed continually. She made a time about his drinking—in China, where Europeans drink like fishes! She made a fuss about the club, and would not countenance card-playing.

He was a man of the world, while her world had lain all in the shadow of a village church. Both had been their own masters too long. She crossed him too often, and this, on top of Plumblossom's refusal to let him have his own children, made him unhappy. Time humbled his pride, and he began to call at Plumblossom's to see his boy and girl. He spent his afternoons with them, and drove about with them daily. He only shared his dinner-time with Mrs. Beebe, and when he did not quarrel with her, she quarrelled with him. She fancied that his visits to his other house were not wholly due to his fondness for his children, and that gave her a chance to widen the breach in her home.

Six months after her arrival in Ling-pu

she went back to England. She said, frankly, that she would never see China again, and yet that she did not care to go home and confess she had made a mistake. He agreed to go with her, and to explain that for her health's sake it was better for her to remain in England, and that in a few years he would be able to join her and live upon his fortune.

That was years ago, also. People in Ling-pu have almost forgotten how his English wife looked. His daughter is with her in England, receiving an English training. His son is in business with him in Ling-pu. Plumblossom is so self-contained and calm and softly catlike that it is difficult for Sam to believe that she was ever excited for a few hours when she was a young mother.

TWO.

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR.

I DREAMED I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band;
A thorn-wreath crowned the other's matted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of brow;
A radiant spirit-smile of wondrous grace
Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble-carvèd Grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with pain,
With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.

Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently said:
"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou thy lot.
By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led;
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou not."

I pondered long. "O Life," at last I cried,
"Perchance 'twere wiser Death to choose; and yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied!"
The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my hand.
"Thou didst mistake," he said, in underbreath,
"And choosing Life, didst fail to understand.
He with the thorns is Life, and I am Death."

EDITOR'S STUDY.



I.

I ENVY the stranger who saw Clovelly first. No one has ever seen it again as he saw it. This unique little fishing-village on the Devon coast became self-conscious no doubt from the moment it attracted notice and was openly admired. It began to put on airs not native, until it became what it is now—a little scene set for a theatre, or an Elzevir edition of a pleasure-place. Originally, I fancy, it was not so. Nature made it pretty, and man made it naïvely and unconsciously picturesque. But it has had the fate of all pretty beings who win admiration and come to be stared at, and then learn the commercial value of beauty and of notoriety. It has the air of posing for visitors, and probably it has acquired the habit, and poses when the spectators are not looking at it. It is conscious of itself. The two donkeys pose—the same two that pose in all the photographs of the one narrow, steep, zigzag street. They stand about all day with their saddles and panniers, and look stupid and resigned, but probably are not less self-conscious than the rest of the inhabitants. Even a donkey who is photographed every day acquires the look of a person accustomed to face the camera. He looks more donkey than is natural. He is as much bric-à-brac as the collection of china at the tiny inn. The street itself poses—a rough narrow stairway lined with quaint cottages, which all have a mercantile aspect, with their display of photographs, shells, flowers, and frequent signs of “tea for sixpence.” Even the sea, lying at the bottom of this sequestered gully, down by the petty harbor, where the fishing-smacks rest on their beams at low tide, the sea dotted with boats and miniature colored sails—even the sea, open and free, and rounding up apparently as it is seen over the rounding shore, blue or even iridescent in the shifting lights and currents, seems to dimple and whimple in self-consciousness. It is part of the set scene. All summer on pleasant days—for the Devon coast has its share of the liberal supply of waters that makes all England so lovely to look at—visitors, or “trippers,” as they are called, come by hun-

dreds, in steamers and coaches and brakes and all sorts of traps, and crowd the little street of Clovelly so that it is as difficult to get through it as it is to walk in Cheap-side at noon. Clovelly then becomes almost lost in its hungry admirers, who themselves become the sight, the “opera,” to which the hamlet furnishes the scene. And it is not unlike an opera either in that it is difficult to understand the words. For though the trippers are from all parts of the world, the most of them are from Devon, and they speak the English language as it is understood in that favored region, so distinguished for wild moors of granite ruggedness and heather bloom, grand and yet refined coast lines, sweet farms and homesteads, and Devonshire cream. The language is as thick, though not always as soft, as the cream. The descendants of Devon who use it, modified, in the United States, are accused of using “Americanisms.” On the whole, it is to be regretted that the emigrants to America did not carry with them the Devonshire cream along with their language.

II.

If the other English resorts and watering-places do not pose like Clovelly, they all have the air of being satisfied with themselves and conscious of their attractions. There is great variety of beauty and very little monotony. To the traveller accustomed to long distances and wide spaces everything seems on a tiny scale, but even in going a short distance the change of scenery, of speech, of manners, is so marked that the mind is impressed with the feeling that it is experiencing a great world. The journey from the extreme east at Margate to the southwest at Penzance can be made by daylight in one day, but so rapid are the shiftings of scenery, so varied are the villages, cities, cathedrals, and country houses of distinction, so much of history and romance is crowded into the transit of a few hours, that the stranger may well fancy he has passed over a continent. It seems wondrous, again, that such a little kingdom, whenever one goes away from the great centres of population, London

and Manchester, can be so provincial. This is, perhaps, the charm at the bottom of it all, that each region retains so much of its original life and characteristics, and is so secluded. The pulse of London, of course, is felt to beat in every part, but individuality of sections is not destroyed by this vital connection. I spoke of everything being on such a small scale, and yet this statement ought to be modified by a very important matter of observation. I recall the request of the man to his architect that he wanted a small house with many large rooms. This is exactly what England is. Considering the throng in the towns, the multiplicity of intersecting railways, the crowd on all station platforms, evidences of the dense population and its active circulation, one wonders to see so much open country, so much moor and down and grazing-ground, and so many pleasure-grounds and commons, such great parks, and even forests, and in the towns themselves so much space left for health and recreation. It is easy to say that all this grew out of aristocratic conditions, but there has been great foresight used in the development with the growth of population. Spaces seem to have been left, by common consent and arrangement, in and about all the large towns and villages. For one thing, the cathedrals and churches, and the colleges of the great universities, are commonly treated with a sense of their dignity, and ample space is left about them to show their architecture. This at least was the old order, and I for one should not like to see it give way to utilitarian ideas. No one can see such a great cathedral close as that at Salisbury, ample green and flower beds, and stately residences set in leisurely dignity, or the quadrangles and great meadows and avenues of trees and sequestered shaded walks and gardens of Oxford and Cambridge, without gratitude to the wise founders of these lovely resorts of piety and learning. At home, with an almost illimitable amount of land, with space enough for a dozen Englands, we have almost always scrimped our spaces about churches and colleges, and allowed them no more room than we would to factories or prisons. Surely we could as well have afforded space to the dignity of learning and of religion as little and crowded England. In the matter of public parks we have—it is only now a few years—be-

gun to bestir ourselves, and when the expense and difficulty of setting them apart have grown very great by our want of foresight. We are just coming to know that plenty of open spaces in and about our cities is not only of the highest sanitary value, but adds immensely to the value and pleasure of daily life. To build was our one idea, forgetting that where not to build is quite as important. Where have we, in a town of like importance, such a noble esplanade and promenade as that of Plymouth Hoe? This great promenade is an open park of half a mile in extent, rising out of the town and fronting the sea, green and exquisitely kept, with winding paths and comfortable seats for every point of view. It is flanked by the fort and by stately residences, and overlooks the harbor and breakwater, the ocean and the beautiful headlands towards the Cornish coast. Near the fort is a light-house, and fronting the broad promenade a statue of a native of Devon, the heroic Francis Drake, who was wont to sail out of this harbor, and a fine memorial of the Armada, set up on the 19th of July, 1888, the three-hundredth anniversary of the day when the boastful Spanish fleet was sighted off the coast. And to the left, below the great fortress, lies the Barbican, the old dock in the harbor where the fishing-boats land. It has been a famous place for centuries. From this landing used to sail Sir Richard Grenville, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Frobisher, and Sir Walter Raleigh on their world-wide expeditions of discovery and marauding—indeed, it was from this spot that the gallant Raleigh embarked on his last journey to the Tower and the block. But, more important to us, the spot is marked by a stone where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked on the *Mayflower*—the little company of Mr. Bradford, probably not much noted in 1620, but whose performances in the world Plymouth now likes to commemorate by a fine window in the Guildhall.

III.

Notwithstanding the cockneys who are not content to stay in London, but pervade the summer resorts, and some other people, including cockneys born in America, but without the educated impudence of the English kind, England is a charming place to loiter in in the summer sea-

son. If I were asked, however, to say what is one of its distinctions, I should say, seriously, that it is a place where the traveller can have his boots blacked. I do not mean daubed over with a sticky compound, and uncleared and dim in an hour, but permanently polished. In the smallest and most out-of-the-way inn in England (and I am glad to say that unpretending inns can still be found that preserve the old traditions of comfort and civility) boots are polished, highly polished. This may seem a very low and unimportant matter to mention. It is, however, a note of good service, and one of the characteristics of the high civilization of our British friends, as much so as their habit of travelling about with trees for their boots. It means a determination to be comfortable and well cared for throughout. The whole of society is built upon this idea; the servants are servants for the sake of making society comfortable; and I am not sure but well-brushed clothes and polished boots are as much a part of the English constitution as the five-o'clock cup of tea. Nobody knows exactly what the constitution is; but Mr. Balfour, when he rises in the House of Commons and says that such and such a proceeding violates it, is not surer he is right than the humblest subject is when he appeals to it in a matter of his individual comfort. The idea of the average Britisher is to get the most satisfaction possible out of his daily life, in little things as well as in large, and he will not put up with slack service, among other annoyances; and the servants, who are in turn served by other servants, feel in the same way. This means, I take it, subordination and order, or, in other words, civilization. And a sense of some leisure goes with this enjoyment of the small things. I have never heard the English accused of lack of enterprise, or lack of sturdiness and a disposition to have their own way, but they certainly have come to the idea that life is too valuable to be frittered away in perpetual uneasiness. And I am pleased to bear my testimony to one thing, at least among the class who travel for business or pleasure, and some who travel rarely, that they know enough to lie abed in the morning. We got the raw idea from the English that "early to bed and early to rise makes a man happy, healthy, and wise"; but they seem to have given up

this notion pretty generally; and if they are wise, and obviously healthy, and tolerably happy, they evidently now owe this blessing to plenty of sleep in the most delicious time for sleep. There is another rule for the workers in factories and mines; and I noticed in the great prison of Dartmoor, fourteen hundred feet above the sea, on the desolate and cloud-covered moor, that the convicts were required to hustle out at five o'clock in the morning. But these examples do not interfere with my general conclusion, for I fancy that these compelled classes, these early risers, are not the healthiest and happiest, and probably not the wisest. Another version of the adage is that getting up at daylight makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. I do not see, however, that the wealthiest in England are the class that get up first in the morning. And speaking still of a civilized way of living, one cannot but see, in spite of the democratic talk and the labor agitations and the poverty and the liberal use of spirits, that there is a good deal of solid content in England, even when the country is stirred—as it rarely is stirred otherwise—by a general election. One marks a general disposition to mind one's own business, and to wait in a conservative sort of way for time to right existing hardships. There is much of the disposition that Teresa, the excellent spouse of Sancho Panza, had. You will remember that memorable conversation between the pair in relation to the expected governorship of the island, and Sancho's desire to make his daughter "my lady." Sancho had said that he should drop dead were he not sustained by the hope of soon becoming governor of an island. "Not so," quoth the wife. "Do thou live and let all the governments in the world go. Thou camest into the world without government, thou hast lived hitherto without government, and thou mayest be carried to thy long home without government when it shall please the Lord. How many people in this world live without government, yet do well enough, and are well looked upon!" Teresa is a type of a considerable portion of rural England, which is content with its condition, which is delighted to see the coach of my lord and lady rattle through the town and call at the inn, and which in the late elections was easily led to give hearty cheers for the House of Lords. And the San-

chos of the Island are governed, not knowing it, by the Teresas.

IV.

England is about to take up seriously the drink problem. I think the recent election settled this. The turning down of Sir William Harcourt in Derby was no doubt due to his advocacy of the local-option bill, for, though his majority would have been reduced, it is likely that he would have escaped the wave that engulfed so many Liberals but for the special hostility of the public-houses and licensed victuallers, and the general public dread or misunderstanding of the bill he advocated in Parliament, and to which he had pledged his party. This scheme was in principle what our local-option law is—that each community shall vote whether it will or will not license the selling of intoxicating liquors. This issue had to be met on the Conservative side. The leading speakers denounced the bill as an unwarranted invasion of personal liberty and of vested rights, and gained votes thereby, but they also recognized the enormity of the evil of intemperance, and the necessity of dealing with the problem in a radical way. The shrewd English statesman always tries to know what the public opinion is, and to satisfy it as well as guide it. Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is to-day the most popular man in England, not only by reason of his courtesy and ability, but in the trust in his character and his elevated morality, expressed himself clearly in favor of legislation that should respect vested rights, and leave all men free to have what in moderation they wish to drink, without subterfuge and without hypocrisy (I am not quoting his words), but that should be a solid gain in temperance reform, and minimize the evils of the present public-house system. The evils of excessive drinking are generally recognized; there are too many public-houses, beyond all reasonable necessity even of a drinking community, and the relation of the drinking habit to poverty and crime is forcing itself upon the public mind. But there has been no unity of action among temperance men; some are for local option, others for prohibition, others for some scheme of drastic regulation. Judge Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown") has struck the right key by calling for the formation of a United Temperance Party. The response to this

call was immediate, from the high-class newspapers and from Church of England dignitaries and from dissenting bodies.

But the English are intensely practical. They do not care to attempt the impossible, taking human nature as it is, nor to commit themselves to theoretical legislation, of which the practical working is more than doubtful. And they have, high and low, a strong sense of vested rights, and of the sacredness of property which has been legally come by, and that compensation shall be made for it when the public interest demands its surrender. The words of the Bishop of Chester, who endorses Judge Hughes's proposal, are worth quoting: "No government, however strong, can afford to entangle itself with the temperance question till the reformers have ceased to make havoc of one another. No government, however strong, can afford to set at naught a united temperance party resolutely bent on 'a definite, moderate, and reasonably comprehensive policy.' Not only so, 'the trade' itself, strong as it has been, is and will be against inequitable and over-drastring proposals, will be shorn of half its strength against a measure which by its fairness and practicability carries with it the mind and conscience of the moderate multitudes." Exactly what scheme of reform the United Temperance people will propose is not yet known, though signs point to a popular control in communities of the traffic, by some such plan as the Gothenburg, that is, that the selling of liquor should be done by the town or borough. The expected law must require the local authorities to deal with the retail liquor traffic in some specified way. The Archdeacon of Manchester, Dr. Wilson, writes that "the preliminary condition is to secure an equitable settlement of the compensation of the present license-holders. Nothing can be done while this blocks the way. This question can only be settled when the leaders of reform schemes agree on some compromise, such as the giving notice of the termination of licenses, with the option of sale previous to the termination. It is certain that the whole force of the Church of England will be thrown on the side of the reform. It could not generally support Sir William Harcourt's bill; but it will support one that is more just and workable and durable and hopeful, and is not so purely negative. We want

better public refreshment and meeting rooms for the people, real dining and drawing rooms for them, and not only less drink sold." Another suggestion is that there should be a long notice to publicans, as was proposed in Lord Aberdare's bill, say ten years. If a long notice is given, the publicans will have no just ground of complaint if at the end of the time specified there is a free reduction of the number of public-houses. The Harcourt bill, which, it is said, never could have done any appreciable good in England, and actually exempted Ireland, drove the publicans into the support of the Unionist government, but they make a great mistake if they suppose that the Unionist party will regard with indifference the vice and the misery and the crime which are associated so largely with the present public-house system.

Action is expected and demanded of the new government. The Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Plymouth urges unity

of action for the new legislation, in the urgent need for reform in the licensing laws. It is evident from the action of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, in controlling the sale of liquor in the transfer of Bechuanaland, and from the speeches of Mr. Balfour, that they felt the responsibility of the situation. The problem is a most complicated one which the government has to face. Vested rights must, in the Englishman's sense of justice, be cared for, and it is evident that Mr. Balfour speaks for the moderate English masses when he intimates the injustice of a local option-law which would put the minority under the tyranny of a mere majority, and subject vested interests to the recurring hazard of a fluctuating popular vote. What is desired is a stable reform, and none the less radical because it is reasonable and moderate. It is needless to say that the United States will watch the English experiment with the greatest interest.



POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on September 12, 1895.—News was received at Washington that on July 13th a Wyoming constable and his posse of twenty-six settlers arrested a hunting party of Bannock Indians, and murdered fifteen of them. The United States District-Attorney and Marshal reported that the murders were planned with deliberation.

On September 1st a slight earthquake shock was felt along the Atlantic seaboard from Delaware to Long Island.

The Cuban rebellion continued with vigor. Fifteen thousand Spanish troops were landed on the island September 9th.

After one defeat and one race lost through fouling the American sloop *Defender*, *Valkyrie III.* brought to an end the international contest for the *America's* Cup by crossing the starting-line off Sandy Hook September 12th, and withdrawing from the race.

During the month anarchists were active throughout Europe. In Russia the nihilists, on August 19th, blew up the barracks at Taola, killing 300 persons. Nine hundred nihilists were arrested September 6th in Moscow and St. Petersburg. A bomb was exploded on the stairway of the French consulate at Ancona, Italy, August 16th. An anarchist with a lighted bomb was arrested in Baron Rothschild's bank at Paris, September 5th.

Advices from Kars, September 9th, reported that five Armenian villages had been pillaged by Turks. One hundred Mussulmans were killed by Bulgarians at Janacli, in Macedonia, August 9th.

News was received August 26th that four of the leaders of the attack upon the Christian mission at Ku-Cheng, China, had been beheaded.

DISASTERS.

August 15th.—The town of Przytyk, in Poland, was destroyed by an incendiary fire, leaving 4000 persons homeless.

August 19th.—A boiler in the Gumry Hotel, at Denver, exploded and the building burned. Twenty-six persons were killed.

OBITUARY.

August 14th.—At Leipsic, Baron von Tauchnitz, the publisher.—At Norristown, Pennsylvania, Thomas Hovenden, the artist, aged fifty-five years.

August 16th.—At Eureka Springs, Arkansas, ex-United States Senator Samuel Bell Maxey, aged seventy years.

August 19th.—At Lake Minnewaska, New York, ex-Justice William Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States, aged eighty-seven years.—At Osceola, Wisconsin, Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, aged sixty-seven years.

August 22d.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Luzon Burritt Morris, ex-Governor of Connecticut, aged sixty-eight years.

August 25th.—At North Adams, Massachusetts, Henry Oscar Houghton, the publisher, aged seventy-two years.

September 1st.—At Washington, Marshall McDonald, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE BICYCLERS.

A Farce.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



"MY ELDEST?"

CHARACTERS:

MR. ROBERT YARDSLEY, *an expert.*
MR. JACK BARLOW, *another.*
MR. THADDEUS PERKINS, *a beginner.*
MR. EDWARD BRADLEY, *a scoffer.*
MRS. THADDEUS PERKINS, *a resistant.*
MRS. EDWARD BRADLEY, *an enthusiast.*
JENNIE, *a maid.*

The scene is laid in the drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins, at No. — Gramerey Square. It is late October; the action begins at 8.30 o'clock on a moonlight evening. The curtain rising discloses Mr. and Mrs. Perkins sitting together. At right is large window facing on square. At rear is entrance to drawing-room. Leaning against doorway is a safety bicycle.

Perkins. Well, Bess, I'm in for it now, and no mistake. Bob and Jack are coming to-night to give me my first lesson in biking.

Mrs. Perkins. I'm very glad of it, Thaddens. I think it will do you a world of good. You've been working too hard of late, and you need relaxation.

Perkins (doubtfully). I know that—but— from what I can gather, learning to ride a wheel isn't the most restful thing in the world. There's a great deal of lying down about it; but it comes with too great suddenness; that is, so Charlie Cheeseborough says. He learned up at the Academy, and he told me that he spent most of his time making dents in the floor with his head.

Mrs. Perkins. Well, I heard differently. Emma Bradley learned there at the same time he did, and she said he spent most of his time

making dents in the floor with other people's heads. Why, really, he drove all the ladies to wearing those odious Psyche knots. The time he ran into Emma, if she hadn't worn her back hair that way she'd have fractured her skull.

Perkins. Ha! ha! They all tell the same story. Barlow said he always wore a beaver hat while Cheeseborough was on the floor, so that if Charlie ran into him and he took a header his brain wouldn't suffer.

Mrs. Perkins. Nevertheless, Mr. Cheeseborough learned more quickly than any one else in the class.

Perkins. So Barlow said—because he wasn't eternally in his own way, as he was in every one else's. (*A ring is heard at the front door.*) I guess that's Bob and Jack.

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. Mr. Bradley, ma'am.

Perkins. Bradley? Wonder what the deuce he's come for? He'll guy the life out of me. (*Enter Bradley.*) Ah, Brad, old chap, how are you? Glad to see you.

Bradley. Good-evening, Mrs. Perkins. This your eldest? [*With a nod at Perkins.*]

Mrs. Perkins. My eldest?

Bradley. Yes—judged from his togs it was your boy. What! Can it be? You! Thaddens?

Perkins. That's who I am.

Bradley. When did you go into short trousers?

Perkins (with a feeble laugh). Oh, these—ha! ha! I'm taking up the bicycle. Even if it weren't for the exhilaration of riding, it's a



"HE DROVE ALL THE LADIES TO WEARING THOSE
ODIOUS PSYCHE KNOTS."

luxury to wear these clothes. Old flannel shirt, old coat, old pair of trousers shortened to the knee, and golf stockings. I've had these golf stockings two years, and never had a chance to wear 'em till now.

Bradley. You've got it bad, haven't you? How many lessons have you had?

Perkins. None yet. Fact is, just got my wheel—that's it over there by the door—pneumatic tires, tool-chest, cyclometer, lamp—all for a hun.

Bradley (with a laugh). How about life-insurance? Do they chuck in a policy for that? They ought to.

Perkins. No—but they would if I'd insisted. Competition between makers is so great, they'll give you most anything to induce a bargain. The only thing they really gave me extra is the ki-yi gun.

Mrs. Perkins. The what?

Perkins. Ki-yi gun—it shoots dogs. Dog comes out, catches sight of your leg—

Bradley. Mistakes it for a bone and grabs—eh?

Perkins. Well—I fancy that's about the size of it. You can't very well get off, so you get out your ki-yi gun and shoot ammonia in the beast's face. It doesn't hurt the dog, but it gives him something to think of. This is the way it works. (*Gets the gun from tool-box.*) I'm the rider—see? (*Sits on a chair, with face to back, and works imaginary pedals.*) You're the dog. I'm passing the farm-yard. Bow-wow! out you spring—grab me by the bone—I—ah—I mean the leg. Pouf! I shoot you with ammonia. [*Suits action to the word.*]

Bradley (starting back). Hi, hold on! Don't squirt that infernal stuff at me! My dear boy, get a grip on yourself. I'm not really a ki-yi, and while I don't like bicyclists, their bones are safe from me. I won't bite you.

Mrs. Perkins. Really—I think that's a very ingenious arrangement; don't you, Mr. Bradley?

Bradley. I do, indeed. But, as long as we're talking about it, I must say I think what Thaddeus really needs is a motorman-gun, to squirt ammonia, or even beer, into the face of these cable-car fellows. They're more likely to interfere with him than dogs—don't you think?

Perkins. It's a first-rate idea, Brad. I'll suggest it to my agent.

Bradley. Your what?

Perkins (apologetically). Well, I call him my agent, although really I've only bought this one wheel from him. He represents the Czar Manufacturing Company.

Bradley. They make Czars, do they?

Perkins (with dignity). They make wheels. The man who owns the company is named Czar. I refer to him as my agent, because from the moment he learned I thought of buying a wheel he came and lived with me. I couldn't get rid of him, and finally in self-defence I bought this wheel. It was the only way I could get rid of him.

Bradley. Aha! That's the milk in the coconut, eh? Hadn't force of mind to get rid of the agent. Couldn't say no. Humph! I wondered why you, a man of sense, a man of dignity, a gentleman, should take up with this—

Perkins (angrily). See here, Brad, I like you very much, but I must say—

Mrs. Perkins (foreseeing a quarrel). Thaddeus! 'Sh! Ah, by-the-way, Mr. Bradley, where is Emma this evening? I never knew you to be separated before.

Bradley (sorrowfully). This is the first time, Mrs. Perkins. Fact is, we'd intended calling on you to-night, and I dressed as you see me. Emma was in proper garb too, but when she saw what a beautiful night it was, she told me to go ahead, and she— By Jove! it almost makes me weep!

Perkins. She wasn't taken ill?

Bradley. No—worse. She said: "You go down on the 'L.' I'll bike. It's such a splendid night." Fine piece of business this! To have a bicycle come between man and wife is



KI-YI GUN.

a pretty hard fate, I think—for the one who doesn't ride.

Mrs. Perkins. Then Emma is coming here?

Bradley. That's the idea, on her wheel—coming down the Boulevard, across Seventy-second Street, through the Park, down Madison, across Twenty-third, down Fourth to Twenty-first, then here.

Perkins. Bully ride that.

Mrs. Perkins. Alone?

Bradley (sadly). I hope so—but these bicyclists have a way of flocking together. For all I know, my beloved Emma may now be coasting down Murray Hill escorted by some bicycle club from Jersey City.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh dear—Mr. Bradley!

Bradley. Oh, it's all right, I assure you, Mrs. Perkins. It's merely part of the exercise, don't you know. There's a hail-fellow-well-metness about enthusiastic bicyclists, and Emma is intensely enthusiastic. It gives her a chance, you know, and Emma has always wanted a chance. Independence is a thing she's been after ever since she got her freedom, and now, thanks to the wheel, she's got it again, and even I must admit it's harmless. Funny she doesn't get here, though (*looking at his watch*); she's had time to come down twice.

[*Bicycle bells are heard ringing.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Maybe that is she now. Go and see, will you, Thaddens? [*Exit Thaddens.*]

Perkins (without). That you, Mrs. Bradley?

[*Mrs. Perkins and Bradley listen intently.*]

Two Male Voices. No; it's us, Perk. Got your wheel?

Bradley and Mrs. Perkins. Where can she be?

Enter Perkins with Barlow and Yardsley.

They both greet Mrs. Perkins.



BARLOW AND YARDSLEY.

Yardsley. Hullo, Brad! You going to have a lesson too?

Barlow. Dressed for it, aren't you, by Jove! Nothing like a Tuxedo coat for a bicycle ride. Your coat tails don't catch in the gear.

Bradley (severely). I haven't taken it up—fact is, I don't care for fads. Have you seen my wife?

Yardsley. Yes—saw her the other night at the Academy. Rides mighty well, too, Brad. Don't wonder you don't take it up. Contrast, you know—eh, Perk?

Perkins (turning to his wheel). Bradley's a little worried about the non-arrival of Mrs. Bradley. She was coming here on her wheel, and started about the same time he did.

Barlow. Oh, that's all right, Ned. She knows her wheel as well as you know your business. Can't come down quite as fast as the "L," particularly these nights just before election. She may have fallen in with some political parade, and is waiting to get across the street.

Bradley (aside). Well, I like that!

Mrs. Perkins (aside). Why—it's awful!

Yardsley. Or she may possibly have punctured her tire—that would delay her fifteen or twenty minutes. Don't worry, my dear boy. I showed her how to fix a punctured tire all right. It's simple enough—you take the rubber thing they give you and fasten it in that metal thingumbob, glue it up, poke it in, pull it out, pump her up, and there you are.

Bradley (scornfully). You told her that, did you?

Yardsley. I did.

Bradley (with a mock sigh of relief). You don't know what a load you've taken off my mind.

Barlow (looking at his watch). H'm! Thaddens, it's nine o'clock. I move we go out. The moon is just right.

Yardsley. Yes—we can't begin too soon. Wheel all right?

Perkins. Guess so—I'm ready.

Bradley. I'll go out to the corner and see if there's any sign of Mrs. Bradley. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Perkins (who has been gazing out of window for some moments). I do wish Emma would come. I can't understand how women can do these things. Riding down here all alone at night! It is perfectly ridiculous!

Yardsley (rolling Perkins's wheel into middle of room). Czar wheel, eh?

Perkins (meekly). Yes—best going—eh?

Barlow. Can't compare with the Alberta. Has a way of going to pieces like the "one-horse shay"—eh, Bob?

Yardsley. Exactly—when you least expect it, too—though the Alberta isn't much better. You get coasting on either of 'em, and half-way down, bang! the front wheel collapses, hind wheel flies up and hits you in the neck, handle-bar turns just in time to stab you in the chest; and there you are, miles from home, a physical, moral, bicycle wreck. But the Arena wheel is different. In fact, I may say



"HAVE YOU A SHAWL-STRAP IN THE HOUSE?"

that the only safe wheel is the Arena. That's the one I ride. However, at fifty dollars this one isn't extravagant.

Perkins. I paid a hundred.

Yardsley. A wha—a—at?

Perkins. Hundred.

Barlow. Well, you are a—a—good fellow. It's a pretty wheel, anyhow. Eh, Bob?

Yardsley. Simple beauty. Is she pumped up?

Perkins. Beg your pardon?

Yardsley. Pumped up, tires full and tight—ready for action—support an elephant?

Perkins. Guess so—my—I mean, the agent said it was perfect.

Yardsley. Extra nuts?

Perkins. What?

Yardsley. Extra nuts—nuts extra. Suppose you lose a nut; what you, going to do—get a tow?

Barlow. Guess Perkins thinks this is like going to sleep.

Perkins. I don't know anything about it. What I'm after is information; only, I give you warning, I will not ride so as to get round shoulders.

Yardsley. Then where's your wrench? Screw up your bar, hoist your handles, elevate your saddle, and you're O.K. What saddle have you?

Perkins (tapping it). This.

Barlow. Humph! Not very good—but we'll try it. Come on. It's getting late.

[*They go out. Perkins reluctantly. In a moment he returns alone, and rushing to Mrs. Perkins, kisses her affectionately.*

Perkins. Good-by, dearest.

Mrs. Perkins. Good-by. Don't hurt yourself, Thaddeus. [Exit Perkins.

Mrs. Perkins (leaving window and looking at

clock on mantel). Ten minutes past nine and Emma not here yet. It does seem too bad that she should worry Ed so much just for independence' sake. I am quite sure I should never want to ride a wheel anyhow, and even if I did—

Enter Yardsley with a piece of flannel in his hand.

Yardsley. I beg pardon, Mrs. Perkins, but have you a shawl-strap in the house?

Mrs. Perkins (tragically). What is that you have in your hand, Mr. Yardsley?

Yardsley (with a glance at the piece of flannel). That? Oh—ha-ha—that—that's a—ah—a piece of flannel.

Mrs. Perkins (snatching the flannel from Yardsley's hand). But Teddy—isn't that a piece of Teddy's—Teddy's shirt?

Yardsley. More than that, Mrs. Perkins. It's the greater part of Teddy's shirt. That's why we want the shawl-strap. When we started him off, you know, he took his coat off. Jack held on to the wheel, and I took Teddy in the fulness of his shirt. One—two—three! Teddy put on steam—Barlow let go—Teddy went off—I held on

—this is what remained. It ruined the shirt, but Teddy is safe. (*Aside.*) Barring about sixty or seventy bruises.

Mrs. Perkins (with a faint smile). And the shawl-strap?

Yardsley. I want to fasten it around Teddy's waist, grab hold of the handle, and so hold him up. He's all right, so don't you worry. (*Exit Mrs. Perkins for shawl-strap.*) Guess I'd better not say anything about the Pond's Extract he told me to bring—doesn't need it, anyhow. Man's got to get used to leaving pieces of his ankle-bone on the curb-stone if he wants to learn to ride a wheel. Only worry her if I



"WHERE? THE POLICE STATION!"

asked her for it—won't hurt him to suffer a week.

Enter Bradley.

Bradley. Has she come yet?

Yardsley. No—just gone up stairs for a shawl-strap.

Bradley. Shawl-strap? Who?

Thaddeus (outside). Hurry up with that Pond's Extract, will you?

Yardsley. All right—coming. Who? Who what?

Bradley. Who has gone up stairs after shawl-strap—my wife?

Yardsley. No, no, no. Hasn't she got here yet? It's Mrs. Perkins. Perk fell off just now and broke in two. We want to fasten him together.

Barlow (outside). Bring out that pump. His wheel's flabby.

Enter Mrs. Perkins with shawl-strap.

Mrs. Perkins. Here it is. What did I hear about Pond's Extract? Didn't somebody call for it?

Yardsley. No—oh no—not a bit of it! What you heard was shawl-strap—sounds like extract—very much like it. In fact—

Bradley. But you did say you wanted—

Yardsley (aside). Shut up! Thaddeus banged his ankle, but he'll get over it in a minute. She'd only worry. The best bicyclers in the world are all the time falling off, taking headers, and banging their ankles.

Bradley. Poor Emma!

Enter Barlow.

Barlow. Where the deuce is that Ex—

Yardsley (grasping him by the arm and pushing him out). Here it is; this is the ex-strap, just what we wanted. (*Aside to Bradley.*) Go down to the drug-store and get a bottle of Pond's, will you? [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Perkins (walking to window). She can't be long in coming now.

Bradley. I guess I'll go out to the corner again. (*Aside.*) Best bicyclers always smashing ankles, falling off, taking headers. If I ever get hold of Emma again, I'll see whether she'll ride that— [*Rushes out.*]

Mrs. Perkins. It seems to have made these men crazy. I never saw such strange behavior in all my life. (*The telephone bell rings.*) What can that be? (*Goes to 'phone, which stands just outside parlor door.*) Hello! What? Yes, this is 1181—yes. Who are you? What? Emma? Oh dear, I'm so glad! Are you alive? Where are you? What? Where? *The police station!* (*Turning from telephone.*) Thaddens, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Yardsley. (*Into telephone.*) Hello! What for? What? Riding without a lamp! Arrested at Forty-second Street! Want to be bailed out? (*Drops receiver. Rushes into parlor and throws herself on sofa.*) To think of it—Emma Bradley! (*Telephone bell rings violently again; Mrs. Perkins goes to it.*) Hello! Yes. Tell him what? To ask for Mrs. Willoughby Hawkins. Who's she? What, you! (*Drops the receiver; runs to window.*) Thaddeus! Mr.



"TELL HIM TO ASK FOR MRS. WILLOUGHBY HAWKINS."

Yardsley! Mr. Bradley!—all of you—come here, quick.

[*They rush in. Perkins with shawl-strap about his waist—limping. Barlow has large air-pump in his hand. Mrs. Perkins grows faint.*]

Perkins. Great heavens! What's the matter?

Barlow. Get some water—quick!

[*Yardsley runs for water.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Air! Give me air!

Perkins (grabbing pump from Barlow's hand). Don't stand there like an idiot! Act! She wants air!

[*Places pump on floor and begins to pump air at her.*]

Barlow. Who's the idiot now? Wheel her over to the window. She's not a bicycle.

[*They do so. Mrs. Perkins revives.*]

Perkins. What is the matter?

Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. Willoughby Hawkins—arrested—Forty-second Street—no lamp—bailed out. Oh, dear me, dear me! It'll all be in the papers!

Perkins. What's that got to do with us? Who's Mrs. Willoughby Hawkins?

Mrs. Perkins. Emma! Assumed name.

Barlow. Good Lord! Mrs. Bradley in jail?

Perkins. This is a nice piece of—ow—my ankle, my ankle!

[*Enter Bradley and Yardsley at same time, Bradley with bottle of Pond's Extract, Yardsley with glass of water.*]

Bradley. Where the deuce did you fellows go to? I've been wandering all over the square looking for you.

Perkins. Your wife—

Bradley (dropping bottle). What? What about her—hurt?

Mrs. Perkins. Worse! [Sobs.

Bradley. Killed?

Mrs. Perkins. Worse—l-lol-locked up—in jail—no bail—wants to be lamped out.

Bradley. Great heavens! Where?—when? What next? Where's my hat?—what'll the baby say? I must go to her at once.

Yardsley. Hold on, old man. You're too excited. I know the police captain. You stay here, and I'll run up and fix it with him. If you go, he'll find out who Mrs. Hawkins is; you'll get mad, and things will be worse than ever.

Bradley. But—

Barlow. No buts, my dear boy. You just stay where you are. Yardsley's right. It would be an awful grind on you if this ever became known. Bob can fix it in two minutes with the captain, and Mrs. Bradley can come right back with him. Besides, he can get there in five minutes on his wheel. It will take you twenty on the cars.

Yardsley. Precisely. Meanwhile, Brad, you'd better learn to ride the wheel, so that Mrs. B. won't have to ride alone. This ought to be a lesson to you.

Perkins. Bully idea (*rubbing his ankle*). You can use my wheel to-night—I—I think I've had enough for the present. (*Aside.*) The pavements aren't soft enough for me; and, oh Lord! what a stony curb that was!

Bradley. I never thought I'd get so low.

Yardsley. Well, it seems to me that a man with a wife in jail needn't be too stuck up to ride a bicycle. But—by-by—I'm off.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Poor Emma—out for freedom, and lands in jail. What horrid things policemen are, to arrest a woman!

Bradley (indignantly). Served her right! If women won't obey the law they ought to be arrested, the same as men. If she wasn't my wife, I'd like to see her

sent up for ten years or even twenty years. Women have got no business—

Barlow. Don't get mad, Brad. If you knew the fascination of the wheel you wouldn't blame her a bit.

Bradley (calming down). Well—I suppose it has some fascination.

Perkins (anxious to escape further lessons). Oh, indeed, it's a most exhilarating sensation: you seem to be flying like a bird over the highways. Try it, Ned. Go on, right away. You don't know how that little ride I had braced me up.

Barlow (with a laugh). There! Hear that! There's a man who's ridden only eight inches in all his life—and he says he felt like a bird!

Perkins (aside). Yes—like a spring chicken split open for broiling. Next time I ride a wheel it'll be four wheels, with a horse fastened in front. Oh my! oh my! I believe I've broken my back too. [*Lies down.*]

Bradley. You seem to be exhilarated, Thaddeus.

Perkins (bracing up). Oh, I am, I am. Never felt worse—that is, better.

Barlow. Come on, Brad. I'll show you the trick in two jiffies—it'll relieve your worry about madame, too.

Bradley. Very well—I suppose there's no way out of it. Only let me know as soon as Emma arrives, will you?

Mrs. Perkins. Yes—we will.

[*They go out. As they disappear through the door Thaddeus groans aloud.*]

Mrs. Perkins. Why—what is the matter, dear? Are you hurt?

Perkins. Oh no—not at all, my love. I was only thinking of Mr. Jarley's indignation tomorrow when he sees the hole I made in his curb-stone with my ankle—oh!—ow!—and as for my back, while I don't think the whole spine is gone, I shouldn't be surprised if it had come through in sections.

Mrs. Perkins. Why, you poor thing—why didn't you say—

Perkins (savagely). Why didn't I say? My heavens, Bess, what did you think I wanted the Pond's Extract for—to drink, or to water the street with? Oh Lord! (*holding up his arm*). There aren't any ribs sticking out, are there?

Barlow (outside). The other way—there—that's it—you've got it.

Bradley (outside). Why, it is easy, isn't it?

Perkins (scornfully). Easy! That fellow'd find comfort in—

Barlow (outside). Now you're off—not too fast.

Mrs. Perkins (walking to window). Why, Thaddeus, he's going like the wind down the street!

Perkins. Heaven help him when he comes to the river!

Barlow (rushing in). Here we are in trouble again. Brad's gone off on my wheel. Bob's



"MISSUS WILLERBY
'AWKINS."



"POOR DEAR EDWARD!"

taken his, and your tire's punctured. He doesn't know the first thing about turning or stopping, and I can't run fast enough to catch him. One member of the family is in jail—the other on a runaway wheel!

[Yardsley appears at door. Assumes attitude of butler announcing guest.

Yardsley. Missus Willerby 'Awkins!

Enter Mrs. Bradley, hysterical.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, Edward!

[Throws herself into Barlow's arms.

Barlow (quietly). Excuse me—a—Mrs. Hawkins—ah—Bradley—but I'm not—I'm not your husband.

Mrs. Bradley (looking up, tragically). Where's Edward?

Mrs. Perkins. Sit down, dear—you must be completely worn out.

Mrs. Bradley (in alarm). Where is he?

Perkins (rising and standing on one leg). Fact is, Mrs. Bradley—we don't know. He disappeared ten minutes ago.

Yardsley. What do you mean?

Mrs. Bradley. Disappeared?

Barlow. Yes. He went East—at the rate of about a mile a minute.

Mrs. Bradley. My husband—went East? Mile a minute?

Perkins. Yes, on a bike. Yardsley, take me by the shawl-strap, will you, and help me over to that chair; my back hurts so I can't lie down.

Mrs. Bradley. Ned—on a wheel? Why, he can't ride!

Barlow. Oh yes, he can. What I'm afraid of is that he can't stop riding.

Bradley (outside). Hi—Barlow—help!

Mrs. Bradley. That's his voice—he called for help.

Yardsley (rushing to window). Hi—Brad—stop!—Your wife's here.

Bradley (in distance). Can't stop—don't know how—

Barlow (leaning out of window). By Jove! he's turned the corner all right. If he keeps on around, we can catch him next time he passes.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, do, do stop him. I'm so afraid he'll be hurt.

Mrs. Perkins (looking out). I can just see him on the other side of the square—and, oh dear me!—his lamp is out.

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, Mr. Yardsley—Mr. Barlow—Mr. Perkins—do stop him!

[By this time all are gazing out of window, except Perkins, who is nursing his ankle.

Perkins. I guess not. I'm not going to lie down in the road, or sit in the road, or stand in the road to stop him or anybody else. I don't believe I've got a sound bone left; but if I have, I'm going

to save it, if Bradley kills himself. If his lamp's out the police will stop him. Why not be satisfied with that?

Bradley (passing the window). For Heaven's sake! one of you fellows stop me.

Yardsley. Put on the brake.

Barlow. Fall off. It hasn't got a brake.

Bradley (despairingly, in distance). Can't.

Mrs. Perkins. This is frightful.

Perkins (with a grimace at his ankle). Yes; but there are other fearful things in this world.

Mrs. Bradley. I shall go crazy if he isn't stopped. He'll kill himself.

Yardsley (leaving window). I have it. Got a length of clothes-line, Mrs. Perkins?

Barlow. What the dickens—

Mrs. Perkins. Yes.

[She rushes from the room.

Mrs. Bradley. What for?

Yardsley. I'll lasso him, next time he comes around.

Perkins (with a grin). There'll be two of us! We can start a hospital on the top floor.

Mrs. Perkins (returning). Here—here's the line.

[Yardsley takes it hurriedly, and tying it into a noose, hastens out.

Perkins (rising). If I never walk again, I must see this.

[Limps to window.

Mrs. Bradley. He's coming, Mr. Yardsley; don't miss him.

Barlow. Steady, Bob; get in the light.

Mrs. Perkins. Suppose it catches his neck?

Perkins. This beats the Wild West Show.



"KINDLY PRETEND I'M A SHAWL."

[*A crash.*

All. He's got him.

[*All rush out, except Perkins.*

Perkins. Oh yes; he learned in a minute, he did. Easy! Ha, ha! Gad! it almost makes me forget my pain.

Enter all, asking: "Is he hurt? How do you feel?" *etc.* *Yardsley has rope-end in right hand; noose is tied about Bradley's waist, his Tuxedo coat and clothing much the worse for wear.*

Mrs. Bradley. Poor dear Edward!

Bradley (weakly kissing her). Don't m-mind me. I—I'm all right—only a little exhilarated—and somewhat—er—somewhat breathless. Feel like a bird—on toast. *Yardsley,* you're a brick. But that pavement—that was a pile of 'em, and the hardest I ever encountered. I always thought asphalt was soft—who said asphalt was soft?

Perkins. Easy to learn, though, eh?

Bradley. Too easy. I'd have gone on—er—forever—er—if it hadn't been for Bob.

Mrs. Bradley. I'll give it up, Ned dear, if you say so.

Mrs. Perkins (affectionately). That's sweet of you, Emma.

Bradley. No, indeed, you won't, for—er—I—I'd rather like it while it's going on, and when I learn to get off—

Yardsley. Which you will very shortly.

Barlow. You bet! he's a dandy. I taught him.

Bradley. I think I'll adore it.

Perkins. Buy a Czar wheel, Brad. Best in the market; weighs only twenty pounds. I've

got one with a ki-yi pump and a pneumatic gun you can have for ten dollars.

Jennie (at the door). Supper is served, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Perkins. Let us go out.

[*She and Mrs. Bradley walk out.*

Yardsley (aside). I say, Brad, you owe me five.

Bradley. What for?

Yardsley. Bail.

Barlow. Cheap too.

Yardsley. Very. I think he ought to open a bottle besides.

Perkins. I'll attend to the bottles. We'll have three.

Barlow. Two will be enough.

Perkins. Three—two of fizz for you and Bob and the ladies, and if Bradley will agree, I'll split a quart of Pond's Extract with him.

Bradley. I'll go you. I think I could take care of the whole quart myself.

Perkins. Then we'll make it four bottles.

Mrs. Perkins (appearing at door with her arm about Mrs. Bradley). Aren't you coming?

Perkins (rising with difficulty). As fast as we can, my dear. We've been taking lessons. *Yardsley,* you tow Bradley into the dining-room; and, *Barlow,* kindly pretend I'm a shawl, will you, and carry me in.

Bradley. I'll buy a wheel to-morrow.

Perkins. Don't, Brad. I—I'll give you mine. Fact is, old man, I don't exactly like feeling like a bird.

[*They go out, and as the last, Perkins and Bradley, disappear stiffly through the portières, the curtain falls.*

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

THE man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, locked his hands over the top of his head, and began:

"Curious fellows, those Wayback farmers are; droll chaps to deal with, too; cute and sharp at a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old hayseed whose eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on.

"He was a genial, white-headed old fellow, who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple-pie order, and dwellings serene in comfort.

"He listened closely while I explained and expatiated on the utility and excellence of our especial make of machines; then taking a fresh supply of Cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:

"'Waal, stranger,' he said, 'your machine may be all right; but now see here. I settled here in the airy fifties, broke the trail for the

last few miles, blazin' the trees as we came along. I had a fair start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an axe, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. I built a log house with a shake ruff an' a puncheon floor, an' a cow-shed of popple poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airly an' down late, clearin' up land by degrees, an' diggin' a livin' out o' the sile by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's been good to me. He's gi'n me housen an' barns; He's gi'n me horses an' cattle; He's gi'n me sheep an' swine, an' feathered fowl o' many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that, I'll be everlastingly durned if I'll be so mean as to ask Him to pump water for 'em.'

"And then," continued the story-teller, "he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course I couldn't urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him. Independent, wasn't he?"

Then the windmill man chuckled, as if he enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described; and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.



WISHED TO GO ON.

DANCING-MASTER. "One, two, three; one, two, three. So. Once more now. One, two, three; one, two, three."

POLLY. "I knows dat now. Tan't I do on an' learn the four, five, thix?"

A QUESTION OF IMPORT.

He was an ex-member of the United States army, and was naturally proud of it. His experiences during the civil war were many, and formed the staple of his conversation not only when he had guests, but in the bosom of his family. As time went on, his adventures grew in importance and magnitude, and there came to be a pronounced belief among his friends that his imaginative powers were becoming by no means impaired by advancing years.

Most appreciative of all his listeners was

his youngest son, who night after night delighted to clamber upon his father's knee, with the never-varying request of "Papa, tell us some more about what you did in the war." And he was always ready to tell the boy something more; and as the narratives grew in number, and the parental feats increased in valor, the boy grew wide-eyed, and proud to think of the warriorlike qualities of his father, until one night, when the story was told, the child innocently said, "But, daddy dear, couldn't you get anybody to help you put down that rebellion?"

THE WOE OF A HUMORIST.

FOR years I'd dwelt upon a thought—no matter what it be.
 'Twas full of wondrous import—or, that is, it was to me.
 I'd ne'er confided to a friend the very slightest hint
 That I had dwelt upon it or had deemed it had much in't.
 And after many years had passed I tried to write it out,
 But found it most elusive, for it put my pen to rout
 I could not do it up in prose or write it down in verse,
 And every effort that I made seemed than the other worse.

But one day like a rush the words to give it to the world
 Came to me, and a sonnet—yes, a sonnet—was unfurled.
 It ran in stately periods, and when I had it done
 It seemed of all the sonnets quite the very greatest one.
 I read the sonnet to my friend—the best friend that I had—
 And as I finished up the lines his face looked mortal sad.
 "I truly think," said he, and sighed, "my mind has left me quite.
 I cannot truly see the point of what you've read to-night."

I read it to my wife, and she, sweet-hearted soul—she said,
 "I always like your verses, dear"—then shook her bonny head—
 "But you can do much better work than this, it seems to me.
 You waste your genius and your time at writing parody."
 A last resource, I tried it on my eldest little boy,
 And he received it with a smile that tokened inner joy.
 "It's bully, daddy dear," said he, and snuggled to my vest;
 "But I must say I like your rinkty-dinkty nonsense best."

I sent it to an editor. "He'll understand," said I.
 A day, a week, and e'en a month brought from him no reply.
 But finally the answer came. 'Twas like the serpent's hiss.
 "Dear Blank," said he, "I swear I've tried, but can't find fun in this."
 And so it goes. The worst of woes in all my mortal span
 Has been to find myself set down as just a funny man—
 To find, when I am serious and try to do my best,
 My friends and family opine I'm much in need of rest.

CARLYLE SMITH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

CAPTAIN DUMESNIL and his company of chasseurs à pied had occupied a huge brewery in Alsace as a temporary outpost of the French army. Somewhat nearer the German lines

than the small garrison would have liked, still the massive stone walls of the building and its outlying yards, and the high hill upon which it stood, gave the little band of Gauls a comforting sense of security, despite the nearness of the enemy.

The brewery was full of beer. Every one of its vast stories held immense vats, casks, puncheons, barrels, tuns, of all kinds of beer, but the chasseurs would have none of it. They wondered at the depraved appetite of their Alsatian fellow-citizens, but they neither drank nor destroyed the beer.

For months the tricolor floated peacefully over the brewery, and the tide of war went surging by. At last an Alsatian priest brought to Dumesnil the news that the German army was to make a general advance, and that he was reliably informed that the Third Battalion of the Wild Jaegers was to make a secret night attack upon the brewery as the first move of the campaign. It was early morning. Before night the chasseurs à pied could put a goodly distance between themselves and the enemy. But Captain Dumesnil had been ordered by his commander to hold the brewery until relieved. He summoned his subalterns to meet him and agree upon a plan of defence. Upon first occupying the brewery, all approaches save one had been destroyed by pits, abatis, and heaps of rocks. There was but one way of entering the brewery, and that was through a pair of great gates that led into a walled court-yard. Once within the court-yard, entrance to the brewery could be gained by means of the many doors and windows. The court-yard walls were twenty feet high and three feet thick.

"The defence must be made at the court-yard walls," said Lieutenant Renaud.

"True. I have an idea," said Dumesnil, tapping his forehead thoughtfully.

The artisans of the company were called and set at work. By supper-time the gates were calked with rags and pitch, and so arranged by deft carpentry that when they were shut and barred they were a pair of water-gates that would hold back a flood, scarcely letting a drop escape.

It was a dark moonless night. The clock of the village church beat a single stroke as the Third Battalion of Wild Jaegers, with measured but silent step, swung through the sleeping hamlet and steadily climbed the brewery hill. At the head of the column marched the commander, Major Schlesinger, cautiously peering through the darkness, expecting every minute to hear the whistle of a rifle-ball or the challenge "*Qui vive?*" But no sentry opposed their advance, and even the gates of the brewery court-yard were wide open before them. They entered. All was dark and silent. Although he believed the enemy to have flown, the major halted the battalion in the court-yard. He thought that the silence and air of desertion might portend some sudden



A WISE METHOD.

"Don't you think that Janette has made a mistake in the way she has gone on the stage? She has begun at the top, instead of at the bottom."

"Oh no; she has done wisely. It is so much easier to work down to one's level than to work up to one's idea of it."

and dire catastrophe prepared for them by the enemy. The Wild Jaegers softly came to an order arms, and the major was about to advance toward the gloomy building looming high before him, when the court-yard gates crashed together, and there was a sound as of the rushing of mighty waters. Cries of fear and astonishment rose from the court-yard; yells of triumph rang out from the brewery. In a little while lights flashed along the walls and from every window, and cast a red sullen glare upon a dark, foam-flecked, sombre flood that wellnigh filled the court-yard, and where, from the innumerable windows of the brewery, pipes, spigots, and bungs emptied vats, tuns, and kegs into the brimming lake of beer.

"*Le diable!*" cries Lieutenant Renaud. "Not a German appears floating on the surface of the beer. Cannot a man of them swim?"

"It is well," mutters Captain Dumesnil. "There were too many to make prisoners, and I should hate to shoot them as they floated on the surface, struggling for life."

"*Peste!*" shrieks Sergeant Grignon. "The

beer sinks! The gates are leaking! The Germans will yet escape!"

Chasseurs rush to the gates. No leaks are to be seen, yet the beer is sinking rapidly; and presently long lines of small whirlpools appear, then noses, and upturned faces with open mouths; and while the French stare in fascination the upturned faces turn downward after the retreating flood, and the Third Battalion of Wild Jaegers is disclosed waist-deep in their national beverage.

"Hoch!" shouts Major Schlesinger, fiercely.

"Hic, hic," respond the Wild Jaegers, gayly.

"Get in line there!" roar the file-closers, as the men fall on their knees chasing the last drops of beer.

"Charge!" orders the major. On roll the soldiers, and the brewery is won, and seventy Frenchmen are prisoners of war. The King hears of the bold exploit, and as the Third Battalion of Wild Jaegers wheels in review at the next evening parade, the rays of the setting sun are glinted back from every breast by the Iron Cross.

WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.



IF THE MAN FAMINE CONTINUES.

BARLOW. "My dear Miss Roberts, I believe it is your turn. I was scheduled to devote the ensuing ten minutes to Miss Harlow, but she has not yet arrived, and will of course have to go down to the foot of the list. May I have the pleasure?"





